

In rainbow tinted uniform,
Immortal spark of air,—
In interchanging glances seen,
In blushing shades of red between,
In ruby lips the tempting queen,
Inwreathed beyond compare.

Each rose's fragrance fades away,
Each spangled butterfly,
Each humming bird may come and go,
Each summer chase away the snow,
Each rosy cheek shall paler grow,
E'er charms like yours shall die.

FACES WE MEET.

SOME are like a picture book,
Some deeper splendor show,
Some are sour in every look
And colder than the snow.

Some look but like the devil,
And hardened lines are seen,
Some faces are not civil
And more like grass are green.

Some conceit alone can show,
Vain weakness marks their look,
They haven't seen what others know
From nature's open book.

Some are blithe and always gay,
Cheering with their laughter,
Yet their brightness fades away,
Leaving nothing after.