

A Gift to Thee.

On page of thine I cannot trace
 The cold and heartless common-place —
 A statute fixed and marble grace.

For ever as these lines are penned,
 Still with the thought of thee will bend
 That of some loved and common friend —

Who in Life's desert track has made
 His pilgrim tent with mine, or strayed
 • Beneath the same^{*} remembered shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves
 In freedom which the heart approves —
 The negligence which friendship loves.

And wilt thou prize my poor gift less
 For simple air and rustic dress,
 And sign of haste and carelessness?

Oh! more than spacious counterfeit
 Of sentiment^{*} or studied wit,
 A heart like thine should value it.

Yet I fear my gift will be
 Unto thy book, if not to thee,
 Of more than doubtful courtesy.

Yet vainly on thy gentle shrine,
 Where Love, and Mirth and Friendship twine
 Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

—WHITTIER.

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Ayl (L.P.)