

HELEN.

Tiny bud of womanhood,
Lightly swayed by airy mood,
Alike by sun and shadow wooed:

In her ringlets' careless grace
Hint of deep'n'ing shade we trace,
The while a sunbeam lights her face.

In her eyes the sky's clear blue,
Flecked with touch of softer hue,
And rays of love anon shot through.

On her cheek the lily blows,
Vying with the red, red rose,
As oft the sweet blush comes and goes.

Ruby lips where kisses steal,
Parting, pearl-white teeth reveal,
As petals pink cream-buds unseal.

Tinkling music in her tongue,
When by sprite of laughter strung,
Like to silvery bells low-rung.—

In her heart nor guile nor stain:
Darling mine, long so remain:—
Life's joy be yours, be mine its pain!

THE TYPE.

An iron will, forged to maintain the Right,
And yielding nought though blow descend on blow;
Impliable, tried in the furnace white,
Shaped to one mould, none other mould to know.