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For THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

THE VALENTINE.

BY CASTAR RETT.

VS the tender plant by the wind is loosed,
And the mould around disturbed,
So distress is marked in your tembling form,
And your faith is swayed by the passing storm,
And your darling home perturbed.

But, my fair young friend, I would braver be
Than to weep at Folly's shrine;
For a single tear, or a painful thought,
Is a tribute pure, that you give for naught
To a mocking valentine.

"Twas a cruel joke to betray your trust
In the "creature" man, my sweet;
And it grieves me sore that a youth, unkind,
Should deceive you thus, and the cynic mind
Be your foil when next we meet.

While 'twas not I who afflicted thus,
And you hold me not in blame,
Yet my portion now is a boding fear
That we never more may be quite so near,
Tho' you seeming be the same.

Had it borne the breath of a sweet perfume—
Were the missive fair of view,
Had it vowed the love of a sickly swain,
In the rhyme absurd, and the promise vain—
It had welcomed been by you.

But the vulgar print of a vulgar face!
And the dowdy style of gown!
"Twere enough to palsy a stronger mind,
And a harder heart—for the words unkind
Would have served to bring you down.

And the playful jibes of the children by!
And the wicked postman's smile!
Oh, my dear, why *did* you betray your heart
To the thoughtless thus, when your proper part,
Was to hide it close the while?

When you draw more near the "uncertain" age,
And your life in care is led,
You may spurn the heart, as a useless thing,
That to-day you hold as the sacred spring
Of the foolish tears you shed.

I may know somewhat of the grief you feel,
And I may not love you less,
But the happy heart, and the reckless way,
Would become you more than the sighs that play
From a simple maid's distress.

Yet affection shows through the idle wrong,
And the tears in tribute fall—
Tho' a maid is weak in the older eyes,
And a maiden's love, to the worldly wise,
Is a foolish fancy all.

But there is no faith like the lovely faith
Of an unsophistic maid;
And there is no sorrow so pure, indeed,
As the first heart-grief from the maiden freed
When her idol low is laid.

You are still my friend, and I hope shall be,
Through our fortunes, ill or good;
But to-day one stronger desire mine—
That you yet may cherish a "valentine,"
As a wife and loved one should.