

Thou weakling! My power is stupendous,  
What need of thy service have I?"

The Brook said: "O, turbulent Ocean!  
I noiselessly steal to thy brink,  
And bear thee, salt Sea, what thou lackest,  
A drop of fresh water to drink."

### A WITHERED NOSEGAY.

(From the French of Louis Fréchette. Translated in the original metre.)

Here's a posy of poor faded flowers, that I keep  
As jealously guarded as gems in a heap,  
For in their dead relics the fragrance I find  
Of a hand that for me deigned the blossoms to bind.  
And, when mem'ry floats back on the stream of the  
past,  
And I think of the days too enchanting to last,  
On these roses, that nought but Time's hand shall pro-  
fane,  
Love's halo of gold will for ever remain.  
Poor flow'rets! How often the tears from my eyes,  
Like dewdrops, unheeded, have watered your dyes;  
Alas! your bright crimson can never return,  
But still in your leaves the dear past I discern.  
Sleep here, on my heart! and my lips' latest breath  
Shall touch you caressingly even in death.