

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 Fréchet. 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.