

TO MELANCHOLY.

Not in the haunts of men, O Melancholy!
Thy presence hath been sweet;
For there thou art a vanity, a folly,
Which we would fain secrete,
'Mid hollow smiles that hide the cares below,
As sunlight glints above the winter snow,
Or Autumn, tinting earth with colours gay,
Hides 'neath his artist touch the progress of decay.

But in the old and melancholy woods,
When shadows flit around
Like guardian spirits of the solitudes
And the mysterious sound
Of distant cataracts through the gray trunks heard,
Throbs down the lonely dells with echoes weird,
I love to wander with thee, and to draw
From thy calm lips high themes that elevate and awe.

Mirth singeth like the summer grasshopper
That dies with summertide;
But thou, more constant, patiently dost bear
The winter winds that chide
The leaves and flowers away inclemently
From the lean meadow and the shivering tree,
While the round, ruddy berries of the holly
Shine 'mid their dark green leaves—thy wreath, O Melan-
choly!

Is it thine eyes that smile on me at even,
Through purple twilight air,
Shining afar in the mysterious heavens
Like tender thoughts we bear.
Deep in the silent shadows of the breast,
Of one whose love our lonely life has blest?
Or the faint lustre of the evening star,
Whose beams like lilies fall on earth from heaven afar?

FRANK WATERS.