

fancy also; it is well to call all the powers of the *mind* into harmonious action.

Oh! joyous hours were those of early life,
 When at the fount of learning glad I bent,
 And 'mid bright forms with emulation rife
 Sought light, *while fancy* inspiration lent.

Each well remember'd face, each loving group
 Glides phantom-like and noiseless through those halls;
 And dimly o'er the clustering graceful troop,
 Steal softened shadows on the school-room walls.

A charm was there! a halo of delight
 Gilded, and glanc'd round wisdom's mystic lore;
 And eyes of love, and minds in native light,
 Mingled sweet glances, and sweet influence bore.

We gather 't oft, with ardent zeal and might,
 The flowers which grew on science' verdant slope,
 Or plum'd our powers for a mysterious flight,
 To realms where grandeur dwells, and smiling hope.

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And ever now, through time's oblivious gloom,
 I backward send a glance of earnest love,
 And with imagination's fervent bloom,
 Deck youthful scenes in colors from above.



THE FIRST CROSS WORD.

BY MRS. PHELPS.

"You *seem* happy, Annette, always. I have never been in a family where the husband and wife *seemed* more so."

"Well done, Kate," said Mrs. Huntingdon, laughing; "you have used the word *seem* only twice in that short sentence. And now you have a begging way about you, as if you were really in earnest to hear something about married life, before taking the fatal step. It is well Henry is not here, to see the look of sadness in the eye of his bride-elect. He might fancy her heart was full of misgivings, instead of wedding finery."

"Don't laugh at me, Annette; talk with me as you used to do. I love Henry, you know, and yet I have many misgivings about