

LOVE'S SLEEP

443

For he has had his season,
Like the lily and the rose,
And it but stands to reason
That he should want repose.

We prized the smiling Cupid
Who made our days so bright ;
But he has grown so stupid
We gladly say good-night.
And if he wakens tender
And fond, and fair as when
He filled our lives with splendour,
We'll take him back again.

And should he never waken,
As that perchance may be,
We will not weep forsaken,
But sing, " Love, tra-la-lee !"

TRUE CULTURE

THE highest culture is to speak no ill ;
The best reformer is the man whose eyes
Are quick to see all beauty and all worth ;
And by his own discreet, well-ordered life,
Alone reproves the erring.

When thy gaze
Turns in on thine own soul, be most severe.