

Hand clasped with hand, in silence for a space,  
The Centuries sat ; the sad old eyes of one  
(As grave paternal eyes regard a son)  
Gazing upon that other eager face.  
And then a voice, as cadenceless and gray  
As the sea's monody in winter time,  
Mingled with tones melodious as the chime  
Of bird choirs singing in the dawns of May.

## THE OLD CENTURY SPEAKS.

By you Hope stands. With me Experience walks,  
Like a fair jewel in a faded box.  
In my tear-rusted heart sweet pity lies.  
For all the dreams that look forth from your eyes,  
And those bright-hued ambitions, which I know  
Must fall like leaves and perish in Time's snow  
(Even as my soul's garden stands bereft)  
I give you pity ! 'tis the one gift left.

## THE NEW CENTURY.

Nay, nay, good friend ! not pity, but Godspeed.  
Here in the morning of my life I need  
Counsel, and not condolence ; smiles, not tears,  
To guide me through the channels of the years.