

MARRED.

In thoughtful mood I held my pen,
 Before me lay the paper white :
 I longed for power thereon to write
Words that would touch the hearts of men.

My pen into the ink I dipped,
 Idly I held it o'er the sheet
 And pondered on my theme so sweet ;
But from its point a black blot slipped.

Before me lay a new-born year,
 The days unstained, all fair and bright ;
 And, as I viewed the lovely sight,
I vowed from sin to keep it pure.

'Twas but a thoughtless word indeed,
 Borne idly on the passing air ;
 But, oh, it soiled my year so fair,
And caused a wounded heart to bleed.