

FORGOTTEN.

A DEWY bank, where ox-eyed daisies peep
From out the shelter of the waving grass
To catch a vision, ere they fall asleep,
Of snow-white petals in the river-glass.

A myriad baby-insects on the wing,
Kissing their own reflections in the stream,
Midst leafy shadows, which the willows fling
Around each tiny ripple's silver gleam,

And by the water's edge a little flower,
Which bends her head, then laughs aloud to see,
That the blue sky, which mocks each passing shower,
Can image back no fairer hue than she

The dark-leaved ivy, trailing near her side,
Seemed ever dull and sad, but just to-day
Duller and sadder, as the onward tide
Bears a bright, golden lily on its way

"Sweet flower," it said, "in drifting down the
stream
I've passed full many a blue forget-me-not.
But none so wondrous fair as thou; I ween,
Who lingers near thee knows a happy lot!

"Yet I would bless the passing oar which
cast
My life untrammel'd on the river's breast,
Since I have seen thee; memory to the last
Shall single out thy form from all the
rest."

"I live, and memories are for the dead."
She answered, paling at the march of night;
So take me with you " But the lily's head
Shook in the breeze, then drifted out of sight.

The twilight deepens till the world's
asleep,
And e'en the nightingale has ceased
her song;
The moon and stars their silent vigil
keep,
Whilst daisies dream of sunshine all
night long

Uprooted by the faithless lily's touch,
All wet with dew there bends upon
the stream
blue forget-me-not, whose watery
touch
Lurks in the mirror where her smile
had been.

What saving form supports her as she
falls?
What power can intervene twist her
and death?
It is the ivy spray which fearless
crawls
Close to the gaping river's icy
breath

I was too sad for thee in sunny
hour,
It whispered, but to-night remember
me,
And make my strength thine own,
poor wounded flower,
Till heaven's own sunshine bid the
shadows flee"

