"Methinks,

Most things die duly in their time. When ripe, Their uses end stored up in seeds and husks, For new beginnings of th' eternal round Of earth's existences. A grain of sand In little is an image of the world; It has its axis and equator, all The primal forces in it are the same As rule the universe. A higher law Lifts man above the level of the rest With heart and intellect; nor is he doomed, I fain would hope, to vanish at the last, Like morning mist that melts into the blue."

Beneath the stately pines, shot through and through With slanting rays, they sat, and Isa's eyes Beamed with soft lights; but all of love and joy. Some dawning thoughts, half-risen, flashed along Her heart's horizon, and she felt and knew, As every woman knows, love's lightest touch, By her divinest instinct to be true. "I cannot reason, Basil! if I would"-Her voice was low and laden with her love— "Can only think, as woman thinks of one Who sways her being, as they say the moon Draws all the tides of ocean in her wake. I cannot give thee reasons, I have none, Save that my heart knows it unerringly. The weak, untutored infant in the arms Of its fond mother, from her speaking eyes Learns things ineffable; but no less sure, More sure, than after-reason ever knows, With painful questioning and high debate, When men build up a Babel to the skies."

"My Basil!" said she, pausing as she spake,
And wondering if he deemed her overbold;
With gentle hand she wished to touch, not pierce,
Those stubborn thoughts of his and soften them.
She thought upon a scene one summer day,
When she, with troops of maidens bearing flowers,
And wreathing them in garlands as they passed,
Greeted the gallant soldiers of "The King's."
Love that day smiled upon her, as she gave
The roses she had gathered, dreaming not
Of what would happen her; caught by his looks
And gentle thanks, she blushed, confused to feel
Her cheek was all aglow, and blushed the more,
Of some vexation conscious in herself,