

POLARIA.

I.

ON FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

Which, reader, is the more real and true ?

First love, answer many voices. First love ; nothing half so sweet in after life. Nothing which gives so much pleasure and soft pain, dear to the heart ; nothing so pure, so true, so lasting.

What of second love, then ?

It does not exist, again answer the many voices. There is no love but first love, all else is shadow.

Do you believe this, reader, or have you passed through sufficient sorrow and disappointments enough to learn the truth and greatness of second love ? Of that love which "alters not where it alteration finds," which is truer, purer, more sublime than that first gust of passion, that first outburst of life's exuberance which the young uphold above all else ?

First love is more vivid, more passionate, more expressive than second love, but it is less noble, less pure, less lasting and less deep.

In the spring of life, when all is bright around, the kindly sun beaming in unclouded splendour, earth's richest treasures scattered freely abroad, when the heart, careless still and gay, bursts into song at sight of flower or blue sky, seeing not, because it suspects not, the clouds slow-rising behind the far distant hills, and feels mighty impulse from within itself to share with all its own unspeakable joy, it is passing sweet to meet that other heart full, too, of yet unrevealed emotions and treasures of delight, and to pour forth all, all that pent-up flood of dim aspirations, lovely fancies, graceful imaginings that till now vainly sought expression and shape. Most sweet to hear the glorious melody of the low-breathed whisper—"I love thee,"—to wander through shady lane, through grove and forest, by murmuring streamlet, and over daisy-spangled meadow, to watch the colour changing on the cheek, as change the