

best, most tenderly beloved object of his warm heart's pristine love and veneration.

The hallowed love of such a husband, is the far-off goal to which the adoring wife's most ardent wishes fly, borne upon the strong untiring pinion of woman's faithful and unending love. Cheered by the smile of such a being, the envious summer's parching heat, the ruthless winter's pinching cold, impart no pang. they pass unheeded over her sheltered head, light as the fleecy cloud ; unregarded as Zephyr's balmy breath. Supported by his manly form, what sorrow, what anxious care can assail her bosom's calm repose ? Serene as the smooth surface of the glassy lake, unruffled by the storm's rude blasts, her peaceful hours speed on pleasure's wind.

How beautiful is such a union ! Oh ! 'tis a sight that Angels might delight to fix their lingering gaze upon, lost in mute rapture and admiring awe. Mutually giving and receiving strength, the blissful pair tread life's thorny path on light fantastic toe, gaily tripping on, unmindful of all, of care or woe—his powerful arm each dangerous briar removes ; her delicate fingers presents to his refreshed senses each beauteous flower that shed its perfume on their illuminated way.

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All yesternight you met not.  
 My lady love, forget me not.  
 When I am gone, regret me not.  
 But here or there, forget me not.  
 With your arched eyebrow threat me not.  
 And tremulous eyes, like april skies,  
 That seem to say, *forget me not.*  
 I pray you, love, forget me not.  
 In idle sorrow see me not.  
 Regret me not--forget me not.  
 Oh ! leave me not—oh, let me not.  
 Wear quite away ;—forget me not.  
 With roguish laughter fret me not.  
 From dewey eyes, like April skies,  
 That ever look, *forget me not.*