

Only a word
Lovingly spoken ;
Dropped by someone,
Right from the heart ;
To some sad life,
'Tis a sweet token,
That in Love's joys
He has a part.

OUR AGE.

Ah ! Who can sound the depths, so vast and dim,
Of the tide's mighty sweep of this great age ?
Or follow one fine thread, through all its course,
Along the web the awful Present weaves ?
At times, 'twould seem as if the lust for gain
Had crushed all finer feelings to the earth ;
When lo ! a brave, unselfish, noble deed
Illumes the page with a transcendent light.
The jostling swaying crowd of anxious men,
Swept on by some unknown resistless force,
Without the time for thought, or calm debate—
To them, my heart in sympathy goes forth.
The mighty warfare waged with bitterness,
Between the Rich and Poor of every clime ;
Where money strives to crush, with cruel wrongs,
The life-blood from the hearts of working men ;