

LINES TO A BABY ASLEEP.

BY W. C. S.

Softly, softly, let me breathe not,
 Though my heart with rapture teemeth,
 And my thoughts, oh! let me wreath not
 But in silence—whilst thou dreameth.

Who would break thy holy slumbers?
 Who would chase that smile away?
 On thy ear, perchance the numbers
 Fall, of sweet seraphic lay.

See! the little lip is moving—
 Human language all unknown—
 Oh! doth any spirit loving
 Whisper to thee, little one?

Surely naught but bliss thou knowest,
 Earth hath scarce impress'd thee yet;
 Not a single furrow shewest—
 On thy placid brow—regret.

Would that I could search thee truly,
 All thy pure delight could know,
 Borne from heaven to earth so newly—
 Come to dwell with care below.

Then my soul to light aspiring,
 Gleams of deathless bliss might taste:
 But, alas! my heart's desiring
 Still must be—desire unblest.

Yet I gaze with admiration,
 Bending o'er thee, baby boy,
 Till my brain with exultation
 Reels beneath a weight of joy.

For I oft in memory linger,
 Backward far as childhood's years,
 Ere the world with freezing finger
 Touch'd my hopes and made them fears.

But no light from high forth beaming,
 Leadeth back the mind so far,
 As when I—like thee now dreaming—
 Dream'd unmoved by grief or care.

Thus methinks 'tis heaven's devising
 That thy soul, sweet boy, should be
 Pure at dawn, for sin arising
 Soon will spot thy purity.

LINES

BY MARY P. M.

To the rose the sun is welcome, she blushes soft beneath
 his beam,
 And the lily lifts her snowy head to greet his fervent
 gleam;
 Oh, there's life and joy and gladness, where his glowing
 footsteps rove,
 And the sun of our existence is the smile of those we
 love.

True type of faith untiring, where'er the sun's beams
 stray,
 The constant flower will fondly turn to meet his worship'd
 ray;
 And what the sun is to that flower, still true though he
 may rove,
 Is that sweetest joy the heart can feel—the smile of
 those we love.

SCRAPS FOR THE GARLAND.

BY A. J.

A mimic world is found in me,
 Of storm and sunshine, land and sea,
 Come, let us read the mystery:
 An ocean beats within my side,
 Like the rough sea's o'erwhelming tide;
 The breast from which its muffled roar
 Is echoed back, is as the shore
 That marks its barriers—each emotion,
 The gentle winds that stir the ocean;
 And pleasure like a placid day,
 Bids its rudé billows tranquil lay.

But Passion comes! Its surges rise
 Like waves that bound to meet the skies,
 When the wild tempest fitfully
 Pours its wild fury on the sea,
 The tide which lay so late at rest,
 Roars like a torrent in my breast;
 Whose headlong waters seem to roll
 In wild career above my soul,
 And reason, like a bark astray,
 Founders upon its stormy way.

And should the skies again grow fair,
 Yet, what a scene of woe is there!
 Love unrequited! Feelings torn,
 Like weeds upon the white waves borne,
 The thoughts of happiness o'erthrown,
 Like clouds across the welkin blown,
 While hopes that are to float no more,
 Are cast like wrecks upon the shore,
 Oh! though the tempest's breath hath died,
 'Tis long before its waves subside!

A DIRGE.

HITHER, virgins, hither bring,
 Scented flowrets from the vale;
 Cull the blooming sweets of spring,
 Waving to the spicy gale.

Bring the drooping lily white,
 Emblem of her modest worth!
 Strew the yellow primrose, bright,
 O'er yon mound of rising earth.

When lamenting Ellen's doom,
 Softly chant the plaintive lay:
 Virgins, o'er her early tomb
 Spread the choicest gifts of May.

She was lovely—she was fair!
 Why did William prove unkind?
 Why distress her with despair?
 Why derange her lovely mind?

She no more shall sigh in vain!
 No more weave the willow green.
 Here she rests, devoid of pain;
 Here, alas! her grave is seen.

Hither, virgins, hither bring
 Scented flowrets from the vale;
 Cull the blooming sweets of spring,
 Waving to the spicy gale.