

Love.

'When men describe what is, or might be an exquisite happiness, there steals a melancholy over the description; and Mr. Emerson makes it a primary condition.'

"That we must leave a too close and lingering adherence to the actual, to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in *hope*, and not in *history*. Let any man go back to those delicious relations which make the beauty of his life, which have given him sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will shrink, and shrink. Alas! I know not why, but infinite compunctions imbitter in mature life all the remembrances of budding sentiment, and cover every beloved name.—Every thing is beautiful, seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour, as seen from experience. It is strange how painful is the actual world—the painful kingdom of time and space. There dwell care, canker and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the muses sing. But with names and persons and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday, is grief.

But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat, and the most trivial circumstances associated with one form, is put in the amber of memory; when we become all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets, mere pictures.

For, though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven, seizes only upon those of tender age, although a beauty, overpowering all analysis or comparison, and putting us

quite beside ourselves, we can seldom see after thirty years, yet the remembrance of these visions outlast all other remembrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows."

For the Mayflower.

The Estranged.

We met as strangers; we, who, once,
Had distance severed but one day,
Had sprung with joyful haste to greet,
And fondly chide the long delay;
Now, measured were our steps and slow,—
And frigid was each outstretched hand;
While icy words were all that spoke,
A welcome to our native land.

We coldly listened to the voice
Our hearts once wildly leapt to hear,—
And, with a stoic's calmness, gazed
On features memory counted dear;
And little thought the gay who viewed
Our meeting, we had ever been
Friends, bosom-friends, ere traitor tongues,
And pride and absence came between.

With them we talked of worldly things,—
And smiling dwelt on days long past,—
"Ah, ours were childish hopes," we said,
"Which foolishly we thought might last,
But we had wiser grown since then;"—
And while our hearts our lips belied,
Repressed each word of tenderness,
And called upon our prompter, pride.

And then we parted as we met,
With unmoved tones and placid smile,
But ah, the phantoms of the past,
Reproached us, bitterly, the while:
Those hours of youth together spent;
Our daily converse, heart with heart;
The walks, the flowers, the sports we loved,
In vivid colour seemed to start;
And at each image, sorely wrung,
Our anguished souls would fain have cried,
"Forgotten be each fancied wrong,
Let naught but death our hearts divide."

Oh, had we thus all pride subdued,
How blooming now affection's flowers,—
While withered hopes, and vain regrets,
Would cast no gloom on future hours.

Alas, remorse is all too late,
Yet, severed by the ocean, we
In solitude and silence mourn,
That Friendship's joys should blighted be.

ANON.

The Oppressed Seamstress.

A TRUE TALE.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Some people seem to have an idea that they pay too much for everything, and it is a positive duty to employ those who will work the cheapest.

Mrs. Ellsworth lived very sumptuously, and her daughters dressed very elegantly. We won't call them extravagant, because