

"I'll sing my song each day for thee,
And live the moments as they fly,
With gladden'd heart, with sounding glee,
And thou shouldst do the same as I."

AUTOGRAPHS.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

EACH wish, my fairest child, I pen,
F or thee I write with earnest heart ;
F or who shall say, that ere, again,
I shall behold thee ; when we part
E 'en now the time is near, I start.

H ere are my wishes, then, sweet child,
A long life's pathway may thou go,
R ob'd white, as now, in virtue mild,
R etaining pure, thy virtue's snow.
I wish thee this, and wish thee more,—
S o long as thou on earth hath life,
O h ! may thy heart be never sore,
N or vex'd with anxious care or strife !

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Short is the time, my friend, since I
First heard thy voice, first saw thy face,
And yet, the days in gliding by,
Have left within my mind a trace—
A friendly trace of thee and thine,
Which I am sure will long remain
Within my heart, to cheer and shine
With other joys, to lessen pain.