

A MAY SONG.

When trees of spring are frosted o'er
With blossoms white as snow,
And robins sound their morning calls
In meadow-fields below,
O heart of mine! the fonder shines
The dawning light of day
And brighter glows the world, beneath
The virgin smile of May.

O May! I love thy breezes mild,
That sweep up from the seas;
I love thy fields of em'rald green,
Their pure anemones.
Thou bringest back the beaming smiles,
Joy's lustre to mine eyes—
O life! O love! Thou'rt sweeter far,
When kissed by sunny skies.

A FADED PICTURE.

Within its little frame, so old and rare,
Upon the wall, it's hung for many years—
Those ruby lips, sweet, folded in glad prayer,
And soft, blue eyes, that knew no bitter tears.

That tender face, lit up by God's, pure smiles,
Glow fresh, from out its canvas, faded, worn,
So spirit-like, to bless life's afterwhiles
And cheer my throbbing heart, oppressed, forlorn.

O picture of my childhood's, golden day!
The smart, white gown, decked in its yards of
lace,