

SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS.

The pride and the wealth of city and town,
Are smiling and bowing on yonder down,
While I lie here by this unruffled sea,
Thinking, O love, such tender thoughts of thee.

Sweet fall the vesper chimes from yonder tower,
Sweet rise the even songs o'er shrub and flower,
While I lie here by this unruffled sea,
Thinking, O love, such tender thoughts of thee.

Thro' the gleaming casement of yonder hall,
Float the laugh and the music's rise and fall,
While I lie here by this low-sighing sea,
Thinking, O love, such tender thoughts of thee.

Into the wave sinketh a silver star,
Out of the west a lone sail lifteth far,
While I lie here by this low-sighing sea,
Thinking, O love, such tender thoughts of thee.

O, let the world's gay songs and laughter die,
And all its pleasant sights and sounds go by,
While I lie here by this low-sighing sea,
Thinking, O love, such tender thoughts of thee.

SUNNY, SILVER STREAM.

O sunny stream that glancest down yon green declivity, would that half the gladness of thy genial nature were in the hearts of men.

O silver stream that dancest, as if thou wert never weary of thy witching motion, through yon sloping mounds, sweet with the breath of new blown blossoms and softer than velvet to the touch, how many a mile has thou babbled on by town and village, through copse and glen, over meadow and plain.

How many a troth has thou, smiling, heard plighted in scores of grassy dells and flowery glades;—how many a wild secret has thou, weeping, learned in scores of tangled tickets and gloomy dingles.

How often have tears of joy and sorrow,—tears of very gladness and very grief,—thick as showers and transient as autumn suns, mingled with thy sweet waters. And still thou chatterest on,—the same sunny, silver stream that the first hardy adventurer found thee,—the pearl of his long sought paradise,—laughing at the sorrows and disappointments of men, mocking by thy very nature their vanities and follies.

How often when the sunny days,—O happy days! of youth, that now seem so unreal through the long vistas of the years, were all golden and real, have I loitered idly by thy side, speculating on the mysterious being of the bubbles that would burst, and waiting in vain for the fabled fairies that would not come. How often have I plucked in wanton mood the one pale blossom that would grow only in that one place, and then wept real tears for unappeasable regret as the voice of thy waters seemed to chide the thoughtless act. How often have I sunk into vague delicious reverie, listening to the melody thou dost ever make, until its notes grew full of quaint meanings, and I heard legend and tale, startling and fantastic, unfolded, till I drew back affrighted, and straggled slowly again