

Then of the trials that wring us most,
 Around, within, above ;
 Of every pang we are aware,
 Of all the wrenchings that can tear ;
 Can there be aught more hard to bear
 Than leaving those we love ?

The painter's picture fades away,
 "So too our love must die ;"
 But more than yet we think or feel,
 Around the parting hour shall steal,
 And after years may fail to heal
 The wounds of one good-bye.

PRESENTATION LINES.

Written for Miss Clare, manageress of the Federal
 Palace Hotel, Melbourne, on a copy of Ken-
 dall's Poems, which she was send-
 ing to a gentleman friend.

This little book I choose for you,
 And send it now with care,
 In hopes that you'll within it find,
 Some word or sentence to remind
 You of a friend you left behind,
 Who still remains *Miss Clare*.

THE ALBION HOTEL,

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

ONCE spirits that congenial run,
 Were met in this hotel,
 Where old or young may have begun
 Their downward tramp to hell,
 Still social custom prompted one
 To ring the parlor bell.