

The river flowed disdainfully along,  
 And dashed aside the willow's bending boughs;  
 Nor stayed to listen to the plaintive song,  
 Nor heard the murmur of its trembling vows;  
 But hurried onward thro' the verdant mead  
 With scornful, proud, and unabated speed.

And yet, the streamlet had its favourite spots,  
 Where it would linger murmuring 'mid the trees;  
 Creeping through banks of pale forget-me-nots,  
 And flower-beds thronged by honey seeking bees;  
 Here it would tarry through long sunny hours,  
 Kissing the bending boughs and budding flowers.

This was in summer;—but the winter came:  
 The beauties of the sylvan haunts were lost;  
 The flowery beds no longer gleamed the same;  
 The stream was bound in one hard chain of frost;  
 The constant willow breathed its song again—  
 The ice-bound river heard and knew the strain.

And when the streamlet listened to the tree,  
 It felt the power of the magic song,  
 And sought no longer from the place to flee,—  
 And knew its former slight was proud and wrong;  
 It gave the love it had refused before,  
 And tree and stream were true for evermore. D. S.

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### LETTERS FROM LINDEN HILL.

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To \_\_\_\_\_ ACROSS THE WATER:

*My Dear and Superlative Correspondent*.—All praise be unto you for your pleasant gift of letter-writing—and many thanks for the last proof of your abilities.

With respect to my answer, I told you lately nearly all my news—and have not the faintest conception how I am to fill another sheet of paper, unless I adopt the mode Mr. G. P. R. James finds so successful in writing Romances. His plan, you are aware, is very simple when he wants to make a new book, and consists merely in writing over again one of the old stories backwards.

Now, for such talk as I have. You remember my Hibernian favorite "Maurice." Well, he insanely entered the bonds of wedlock the other day with a servant maid of ours—not the inebriated Julia, whose sudden incompetency in connection with the coffee-urn, doubtless still holds "a place in your memory,"—and appears to be in the enjoyment of great piece of mind. Send him your congratulations when you write again, and I will deliver them, and he will be your sworn friend and eloquent advocate for the rest of his life.