

THE VIOLET.

WHY lingerest thou, pale violet, to see the dying year;
 Are autumn's blasts fit music for thee, fragile one, to hear;
 Will thy clear blue eye, upward bent, still keep its chastened glow,
 Still tearless lift its slender form above the wintry snow?

Why wilt thou live when none around reflects thy pensive ray?
 Thou bloomest here a lonely thing in the clear autumn day.
 The tall green trees, that shelter thee, their last gay dress put on;
 There will be nought to shelter thee when their sweet leaves are gone.

O violet, like thee, how blest could I lie down and die,
 When summer light is fading, and autumn breezes sigh;
 When winter reigned I'd close my eye, but wake with bursting spring,
 And live with living nature, a pure, rejoicing thing.

I had a sister once who seemed just like a violet;
 Her morning sun shone bright and calmly purely set;
 When the violets were in their shrouds, and summer in its pride,
 She laid her hopes at rest, and in the year's rich beauty died. *

STANZAS.

NATURE doth have her dawn each day,
 But mine are far between;
 Content, I cry, for sooth to say,
 Mine brightest are, I ween.

For when my sun doth deign to rise,
 Though it be her noontide,
 Her fairest field in shadow lies,
 Nor can my light abide.

Sometimes I bask me in her day,
 Conversing with my mate;
 But if we interchange one ray,
 Forthwith her heats abate.

Through his discourse I climb and see,
 As from some eastern hill,
 A brighter morrow rise to me
 Than lieth in her skill.

As 't were two summer days in one.
 Two Sundays come together,
 Our rays united make one Sun,
 With fairest summer weather.

D. H. T.