



But now I see I was not plucked for nought,  
 And after in life's vase  
 Of glass set while I might survive,  
 But by a kind hand brought  
     Alive  
 To a strange place.

That stock thus thinned will soon redeem its hours,  
 And by another year  
 Such as God knows, with freer air,  
 More fruits and fairer flowers  
     Will bear,  
 While I droop here.

H. D. T.

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**BETTINA !**

LIKE an eagle proud and free,  
 Here I sit high in the tree,  
 Which rocks and swings with me.  
 The wind through autumn leaves is rattling,  
 The waves with the pebbly shore are battling ;  
     Spirits of ocean,  
     Spirits of air,  
 All are in motion  
     Everywhere.  
 You on the tame ground,  
 Ever walking round and round,  
 Little know what joy 't is to be  
 Rocked in the air by a mighty tree.

A little brown bird sate on a stone,  
 The sun shone thereon, but he was alone,  
 Oh, pretty bird ! do you not weary  
 Of this gay summer so long and dreary ?  
 The little bird opened his bright black eyes,  
 And looked at me with great surprise ;  
 Then his joyous song burst forth to say —  
 Weary ! of what ? — I can sing all day.