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That the cherished smile of our-worshipped one
May fade for us, ere the set of sun;
The eyes grow bright at another's tone,
And the lips bless other names than our own.

O, all too soon, the loving heart,
With its bright and glorious dream-mind part;
But their memory comes in a lonely hour—
Like a faded, cherished, and broken flower.

And their perfumed breezes ever float
On the sea of life, like a fairy boat;
Or fade away in a broken swell,
Like the mournful notes of a sad sea-shell."

S.

We have no more right, wantonly or carelessly, to wound
the minds than to wound the bodies of our fellow-beings;
and in many instances the former is the more cruel of
the two.