

Enigma.

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
 And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell:
 On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
 And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd.
 'Twill be found in the sphere when the river ascends,
 'Tis seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
 'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
 Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death.
 It presides over his happiness, honour and health.
 Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
 Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
 But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
 In the whisper of conscience its voice will be found,
 Nor even in the whirlwind of passion be drown'd.
 'Twill not soften the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
 'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear.
 'Tis in shade let rest like a delicate flower —
 Oh! breathe on it softly — it dies in an hour."

The answer is No.

I loved thee too fondly, I loved thee too well,
 I loved thee far more than I ever could tell;
 'Twas the joy of my being, the life of my heart:
 I loved thee too fondly, for now we must part!

I loved thee too blindly — too blindly, I know;
 I thought but of joy, I dreamed not of woe;
 I thought not of parting — its heart-rending pain:
 I loved thee too blindly, I loved thee in vain!

I loved thee too wildly — thou never canst know
 How strong is my anguish, how deep is my woe;
 Yet I love, still I love thee, and never there'll be
 A prayer for thy joy, and a blessing for thee!

Anonymous.