

March 1868

Some one before our time has said know
th^e self. And another has answered well
when perposed that if we can know ourselves
Then we ourselves.

But I believe it an impos-
sibility for some people even to learn themselves
for one day alone. As ~~it~~ is that
day perhaps there may be a closer change
within themselves.

And again perhaps some
of us may be a trifle more steadfast
And at least it is almost by all who
are really wise, that none escape these
changes. Though it is hoped by me that I
may never (as the one in the following story) change
unknown to myself

I love to muse and oft alone
Have wondered when the cooling breeze
Of evening gently streaked among
The white oak and the maple trees

On one such evening when the moon
Shined gently up the eastern sky
I heard a voice so sweet it drew
From my cold heart a kindred sigh

And that sweet voice at last was still
When I another in suspense
Commenced half pleading but at last
Gave out its soul in confidence

Saying yes dear one my youthful hope
Has ever pinned unto thee
Should fate estrange thy gentle heart
A dreary world were left to me

Though earth should lend her neatest charm
And palace halls were to me given
Whose beauty spared me not of smiles
Without you were a sorry heaven

Love in profusion all other joys
My brightest hope and pillow'd ease
And waft me here an eastern spring
Temed by a gentle tropic breeze

While golden treasure shower down
For me praises pomp and glory
Still you not here my dearest one
This life would be an empty story

And I through weariness must stray
Groggrets toward the end of life
Whilst other hearts around me joyous
This world were no conflicting strife

Some gentle one relieve me from
This wild suspense and say that you
Will be my angel here on earth
And walk beside me whilst I true
To every word and deed and thought
Shall guide you o'er life's pathway through
When youth and beauty both are gone
Our love shall live and still be new

That gentle voice too sweet to die
Around my heart in echoes clung
It seemed those words were angels words
Bestowed upon the guileless young

With all the truth a loving heart
Can pledge mine pledges unto thee
So cheer I on through life's darkest hour
My greatest joy shall ever be

Blame's clasped to hand again they told
How love and faithfulness combined
Soother on the stream of life
Would soothe the draining drops of time