A FACE.
Yes, Memory plays the trick
Of noting forms designing,
For long, long days we see one curve,
Or one sweet face's lining.
And then, 'tis all gone by,—
We think no more of meeting;
For time has placed its seal
With golden year-drops fleeting.
Yet somewhere in the life,
For nothing ever passes,
Still lingers face, and line, and curve,
And dim hair's golden masses.
And yet 'tis almost dead,
Our life's so black and dreary,
With not one ray, or form, or good
Of sunny hours cheery.
When over a finger's touch
There comes a thrill of longing,
That form, that face which we have met,
To that one curve belonging.
Yes, Memory plays the trick
Of noting forms designing,
For long, long days we see one curve
Of one sweet face's lining.

AMBITION.
If thou would'st rise
To worldly honors and immortal name,
Lift up thine eyes;
Humility is not the road to fame.
If thou would'st rise where eagles wing their flight,
Thine eyes must not be dazzled by the light
Of noon-day sun within the skies,
But hold and fearless face its fiercest beam;
And, as the moon that shines within the night,
The sun's reflected rays thine own will seem.

Red and Blue.
Saucy lips and laughing eyes,—
If a cousin, where's the harm?
Under such a fair disguise—
Saucy lips and laughing eyes—
'Twould occasion no surprise
If they have a luring charm.
Saucy lips and laughing eyes!
If a cousin, where's the harm?

Red and Blue.

A LOVE KNOT.
A lacing of a lady's shoe
Once loosed itself, as lacings doe,
And tying it, in galantry,
A youthful lover bent his knee.
But soon once more it came unty'd,
And then the lady showed with pride
How she herself a knot could tie
Which would both ty'me and chance defy.
Long years since then have passed away;
The hair of both has turned to gray;
A lady's shoe is loose again,
A man, now old, stoops down as then.
He ty's it as in days of yore
A lady taught him, years before;
And looking in her eyes he sees
Sad tears for ancient memories.

Vale Lit.