

MY BIRCHEN BARQUE.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

My birchen barque, my birchen barque!
When Fortune's storms made Love a rover,
He shap'd it for his own trim ark
To float Care's deluge gaily over.
Then leave the boasting pioneer
To hew his skiff from yonder pine,
And, dearest, with young love to steer,
Become a passenger in mine:
In swan-like grace thy form resembling—
With joy beneath thy sweet limbs trembling—
For lightsome heart, oh such a boat
On summer wave did never float!

Think'st thou, my love, that painted barge,
With gaudy pennant flaunting o'er her,
Could kiss, like *her*, the flowery marge
Nor break the foam-bells formed before her?
Look, sweet, the very lotus-cup,
Trembling as if with bliss o'erbrimmed,
Seem'd now almost to buoy her up
As o'er the heart-shaped leaves we skimmed—
Those floating hearts, beside their flowers,
Half bear the boat and both of ours!
For lightsome heart, oh such a boat
On summer wave did never float.

SYMPATHY.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

SMILES responsive meet our own,
And our griefs may tears beguile—
Question not if either one
Meet thy very tear or smile;
Thou hast touched a human chord:
That alone should joy afford.

Dearest, lay thy hand in mine—
Meek and saint-like as thou art,
May the holiness of thine
Find its way unto my heart—
Pass through eyes, whose hallowed ray
Chaseth all of sin away.

Thus to sit with thee beside,
With thy truthful, earnest eyes—
Let the worst of fate betide,
This is snatched from Paradise—
This one hour will ever be
Brightest held in memory.

Thou dost nestle timid, meek,
Nestle like a gentle bird;
And confidingly dost seek
Answering glance for every word,
That, in cadence sweet and low,
From thy trusting lips doth flow.

Yet I feel that even now,
With thy nun-like hand in mine,
Only half my fevered brow
Doth its agony resign;
Still, alone, the weary heart
Bears its deep and hidden smart.

Upward cast are thy meek eyes,
Half reproachful, half in doubt;
And, with new and sad surprise,
Thou dost search my meaning out;
Now thy head dost thou incline,
Only half thy thoughts are mine!

Others wing themselves away,
Missions borne for thee alone,
And forever and alway
Hid from the beloved one—
Never quite the same to me
Are the joys that come to thee!

Many things the storm to-night
Bringeth home unto thy heart—
Thoughts that dim thy brow of light—
Yet in these I have no part,
Nor in the tear that dims thine eye,
Nor the heaving of that sigh.

Dearest, I reproach thee not,
Though the tear upon thy lid
Come from something half forgot,
Shadow-like in memory hid;
And the sigh come all unbidden,
E'en from thee its birth-place hidden.

We are left alone to bear
All of fate that 's dark and deep;
In our anguish and despair
Who with us can sit and weep?
We but mind them of a grief
Which in weeping finds relief.

'T is not ours—an older wo,
Smothered in the lapse of years,
And forgotten long ago,
Claimeth now a flood of tears.
Oh, beloved! thou wilt bear
Sorrows that I may not share.

'T is the lot of human kind!
But thy meek and truthful eyes,
Nor reproachful, nor unkind,
Turn from me unto the skies,
As instinctively to tell
Not *alone* we there shall dwell.