

may be tenderly disposed toward Mr. Jones, and I may be enraptured with Miss Brown. I cannot state the reasons of this conviction on my heart, further than that I have proved it to be true in more cases than one. I have been honored with the confidence of lovely and high-minded women. I have entertained for them a feeling absolutely fraternal. I never, though they were beautiful, young and accomplished, passed in their presence the limits of quiet, deep, enduring friendship. I said that the happiness produced by this sentiment was more agreeable than that of love. It was disturbed by no fears; it was overshadowed by no doubts; it flowed on perpetually like a strong, bright river, whose current was never lessened. Alas! distance now separates me from the first of those fair friends—and the second "is not." I stood by the death-bed of the latter; I held her hand in mine, as from her lustrous eyes the light of life departed. I heard her last words—and often in those my sad hours, when the curtains of darkness are drawn around the earth, they sound in my ears with all their mournful meaning. "Farewell, my best friend," she said, "so live that you may meet me in the better land." I mourned for her as few husbands

have mourned for their wives—and yet, had she lived, I would have seen her the wife of another with a pleasure equal to that with which I witnessed the marriage of my first fair friend, who is now living with her artist-husband in some marble palace in the city of the Cæsars. Therefore am I a devout believer in Platonism.

Were I, adorable Miss Smith, to relate for your delectation my experiences in love, you would be too much astonished. I could tell things much more remarkable than the affair with the fickle damsel of nineteen. I know you would be delighted to hear them, but I shrink from the task. Tom Moore sings,

You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!

which is doubtless true; but having no great partiality for the odor of stale rose leaves, I will not present them to your beautifully chiseled olfactories. Enough if I remark, concludingly, that the result of my adventures in the fairy land of Love, has left me with but little desire to re-equip myself for new feats of arms. I am un-Quixoted. My last affair did it. I am a devout believer in Platonism. P. B.

THE WATERMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN, AFTER THE OLD DANISH.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

"O, MOTHER, give me good counsel and aid,
How shall I meet the beautiful maid?"
She built him a steed of the watery wave,
And a bridle and saddle of sand she gave.
She dressed him like a knight so gay,
And to Mary's church-yard he rode away.
He tied his steed at the church door,
He went round the church three times and four.
The waterman into the church then went,
While great and small around him bent.
The priest stood at the altar there,
And cried—"What pale knight have we here?"
Then smiled to herself the lovely maid—
"O would the pale knight were mine!" she said.
He stepped over one stool and two:
"O, maiden give me your troth so true."

She gave him her hand right willingly;
"Here hast thou my troth—I'll follow thee."
They went with the marriage crowd away,
And danced all fearlessly and gay.
They danced down on the ocean strand;
They were alone now, hand in hand.
"Hold, beautiful maid, my steed for me—
The neatest little ship I'll bring to thee!"
And when they came into the sand,
Then all the ships turned into land.
And when they came upon the Sound,
The beautiful maid sunk on the ground.
And long upon shore they heard the cry
Of the beautiful maid come shrieking by.
I counsel ye, maidens, as well as I can—
Go not to dance with the Waterman.

SONNET.

"SOME FELL BY THE WAYSIDE."

BY ELIZABETH OKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

Not yet, not yet, oh pilgrim! cast aside
The dusty sandal, and the well-worn staff;
Athirst and fainting, yet must thou abide
One peril more—and strength in thy behalf
Shall once again be born—it is the last!
Thou sinkest by the lonely wayside down,
And life, o'errepent and weary, ebbeth past.

The lengthening shadows on thy path are thrown,
And thou wouldst rest, forgetful of life's dream,
Deluding, vain, and empty, and here die.
Not yet! not yet! there still is left one gleam
To onward lure thy too despairing eye;
Gird on thy staff, the shrine is yet unwon;
Oh! lose not thou the prize, by this last work undone.