

## STANZAS.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

TELL him I lingered alone on the shore,  
Where we parted in sorrow to meet never more;  
The night wind blew cold on my desolate heart,  
But colder those wild words of doom "Ye must part!"

O'er the dark heaving waters I sent forth a cry,  
Save the wail of those waters there came no reply.  
I longed like a bird o'er the billows to flee  
From my lone island home and the moan of the sea.

Away—far away—from the wild ocean shore,  
Where the waves ever mnmur, "No more, never  
more."\*  
Where I dream 't is his voice, and then wake but to hear  
That lone song of the surges, so mournful and drear.

Yet tell him our own fairy isle of the sea  
Is still dear in its desolate beauty to me,  
Though a hollow wind sighs through the echoing bowers,  
Where I wander alone through an Eden of flowers;

Though the wing of the tempest o'ershadows the wold,  
Where the asphodel meadows once blossomed in gold,  
And the silence and chill of the sepulchre sleep  
On its dream-haunted woodlands that border the deep.

And say, though the night-wind blew cold, and the gloom  
Of our parting was drear as the night of the tomb,  
I know when all shadows are swept from the main,  
Our own star o'er the waters shall tremble again.

When the clouds that now veil from us heaven's fair  
light;  
Their soft silver lining turn forth on the night;  
When time shall the vapors of falsehood dispel,  
He shall know if I loved him, but never how well.

Though we meet not again in our island of flowers;  
Though the hollow winds sigh through its desolate  
bowers,  
Every bud that the wing of the tempest has riven,  
Shall blossom again in the islands of heaven.

\* No more—no more—no more!  
Such language bears the solemn sea  
To the sands upon the shore.

*Lines to One in Paradise.*

## THE SIGH.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

WE meet no more in silent bower,  
No more in festive hall—  
Nor when comes on the twilight hour,  
And night dews 'gin to fall—  
The stars in quiet beauty shine,  
As once they shone on high,  
When all thy radiant looks were mine,  
Though only now *thy sigh*.

ANother looks within thine eyes,  
So angel-like serene,  
He cannot tell how softly lies  
My spirit-love between—  
I envy not thy hand in his,  
But when I pass thee by,  
For me there is enough of bliss  
May I but hear thee sigh

## SONNET.—THE STARS.

BY REV. S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

BRIGHT lamps of the illimitable sky!  
Hung by Jehovah's all-creating hand,  
Amid the chambers of his temple high  
Where ye have gazed with never-sleeping eye,  
Upon this darkened orb, this far-off land,  
While age succeeding age hath rolled away.  
Ye saw fair Eden—the destroying flood—

The rise of empires, and their sad decay—  
The deeds of heroes, and earth's fields of blood:  
Ye have beheld the path old Time hath trod  
Man's idol-worship—his neglect of God;  
And, beaming as of old from heaven's high tower,  
To all the world, at evening's hallowed hour,  
Ye speak—how eloquent!—your Maker's love and power!