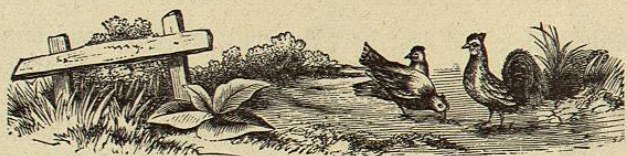


A dreamer dropped a random thought; 't was old, and yet
't was new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-fire on
the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley
still!

A nameless man amid a crowd that thronged the daily
mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied, from the
heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from
death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random
cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.



→*MY MOTHER.*←

That was a thrilling scene in the old chivalric time—the wine circling
round the board, and the banquet-hall ringing with sentiment and song—
when the lady of each knightly heart having been pledged by name, St.
Leon arose in his turn, and, lifting the sparkling cup on high, said: “I
drink to one



HOSE image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory is dead;
To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis, and true;

To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledge to you.”

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid his hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eyes;

And Stanley said, “We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high.”

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another—

Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, “My mother.”



THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM."

BY THOMAS MOORE.



WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever
gave,
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over
their wave?

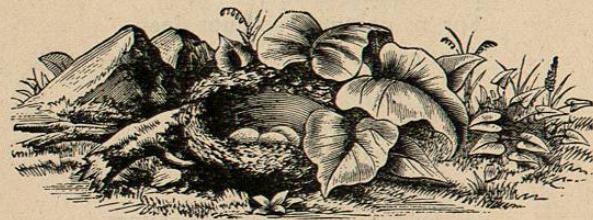
O, to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the lake
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.
Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool shining walks where the young people meet.

(148)



"Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave."

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the sun.
When the spirit of fragrance is up with the day,
From his harem of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos, like a lover
The young aspen-trees till they tremble all over.
When the east is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And day, with its banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world!





—
MOLLY CAREW.
—

TO THE HARD-HEARTED MOLLY CAREW—THE LAMENT
OF HER IRISH LOVER.

—
BY FATHER PROUT.
—



OH hone!

Oh! what will I do?
Sure my love is all crost,
Like a bud in the frost . . .

And there's no use at all
In my going to bed;
For 'tis dhrames, and not sleep,
That comes into my head . . .

And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew,
And indeed 'tis a sin
And a shame.

You're complater than nature
In every feature;
The snow can't compare
To your forehead so fair;
And I rather would spy
Just one blink of your eye
Than the purtiest star
That shines out of the sky;

(150)

—
Tho'—by this and by that!
For the matter o' that—
You're more distant by far
Than that same.

Och hone, wierasthrew!
I am alone
In this world without you!

Och hone!

But why should I speak
Of your forehead and eyes,
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake the schoolmaster

To put it in rhyme?—
Though there's one BURKE,
He says,
Who would call it *Snublime* . . .

And then for your cheek,
Throth, 'twould take him a week
Its beauties to tell
As he'd rather:—

Then your lips, O machree!
In their beautiful glow
They a pattern might be
For the cherries to grow.
'Twas an apple that tempted
Our mother, we know;
For apples were scarce
I suppose long ago:
But at this time o' day
'Pon my conscience I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt
A man's father!

Och hone, wierasthrew !
I'm alone
In this world without you !

Och hone !

By the man in the moon !
You tease me all ways
That a woman can plaze;
For you dance twice as high
With that thief Pat Macghee
As when you take share
Of a jig, dear, with me;
Though the piper I bate,
For fear the ould chate
Wouldn't play you your
Favorite tune.

And when you're at Mass
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew;
While you wear on purpose
A bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet
Pretty face get a peep.
Oh! lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandering
Sowl !

Och hone ! like an owl,
Day is night,
Dear, to me without you !

Och hone !

Don't provoke me to do it;

For there's girls by the score
That loves me, and more.

And you'd look very queer,
If some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marching
In pride down the street.

Troth you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die of surprise
To think 'twasn't you
Was come to it.

And faith ! Kitty Naile
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say,
"Kitty Naile, name the day."
And though you're fair and fresh
As the blossoms of May,
And she's short and dark
Like a cowl'd winter's day,
Yet, if *you* don't repent
Before Easter—when Lent
Is over—I'll marry
For spite.

Och hone ! and when I
Die for you,
'Tis my ghost that you'll see every night.



—*THE ORIGIN OF THE OPAL.*—

ANONYMOUS.



DEW-DROP came, with a spark of flame
He had caught from the sun's last ray,
To a violet's breast, where he lay at rest
Till the hours brought back the day.

The rose looked down, with a blush and
frown;
But she smiled all at once, to view
Her own bright form, with its coloring warm,
Reflected back by the dew.

Then the stranger took a stolen look
At the sky, so soft and blue;
And a leaflet green, with its silver sheen,
Was seen by the idler too.

A cold north-wind, as he thus reclined,
Of a sudden raged around;
And a maiden fair, who was walking there,
Next morning, an *opal* found.

(154)



—*MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.*—

BY ROBERT BURNS.



WHEN chill November's surly blast,
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
(Began the reverend sage;)
Dost thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasures rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began,
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride;

(155)

I've seen yon weary winter-sun
 Twice forty times return;
 And every time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!
 Mis-spending all thy precious hours
 Thy glorious youthful prime!
 Alternate follies take the sway;
 Licentious passions burn;
 Which tenfold force give Nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might:
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right.
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want, oh! ill-matched pair,
 Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of fate,
 In pleasure's lap carest;
 Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh! what crowds, in every land,
 Are wretched and forlorn;
 Through weary life this lesson learn,
 That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
 Inwoven with our frame!
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame!
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor, o'erlabor'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth,
 To give him leave to toil:
 And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, though a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
 By Nature's law design'd,
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty or scorn?
 Or why has man the will and power
 To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast:
 This partial view of human-kind
 Is surely not the last!

The poor, oppressed, honest man,
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn!

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
 But, oh! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn!



—*THE CHILDREN.*—

BY CHARLES DICKENS.



WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And the school for the day is dismissed,
 And the little ones gather around me,
 To bid the good-night and be kissed;
 Oh, the little white arms that encircle
 My neck in a tender embrace!
 Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
 Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
 Of my childhood too lovely to last:
 Of love that my heart will remember,
 When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
 Ere the world and its wickedness made me
 A partner of sorrow and sin,
 When the glory of God was about me,
 And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
 And the fountains of feeling will flow,
 When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
 Where the feet of the dear ones must go;