Departed Days.

Like dear, dead friends, to us more dear Far more beloved since we may gaze No more upon their faces here.

Are our sweet vanished days Within these hearts of ours they wake A sad, sweet spell, and minister

Us better, holier. Though lost to us, ah, who shall say We may not live them o'er again, As we may meet our dead some day Beyond the shifting main?

Unto our souls ever to make

Within our breasts let hope, the star, With power to cheer each throbbing life, Shine brightly till we greet the far Flown bliss beyond the strife.

-G. N. Lovejoy, in N.Y. Evening Post.

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Wanders full of odor by; Soon, alas, the wintry blast

Strips the woodland bare, Sweet bird, Strips the woodland bare! Sing, and make the morn thy friend! Circle round each happy tree

Where thy brother mates attend, Full of lovons liberty Speed thy wing from spray to spray-Teach the world thy merry song; Swittly summer glides away-Pleasure lasts not long, Sweet bird.

Pleasure lasts not long! ove Daga - Charles Swain.

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