

THE WEST WIND.

Soft as the flush of yon russet sky
 Hovers the wind of the west;
 Soft as the love of a mother's eye,
 Tender and sweet as her lullaby
 To the murmuring babe at her breast.

Slipping away from the shadow of dusk
 It cossets the kindling sea.
 The moon-boat rises to keep its tryst
 With the stars that sprinkle the greying mist
 And the west wind sings to me.

Breathes to me sadly the last low prayer
 Of my true love far away.

Scatter his kisses across my hair,
 Whisper a heart-ease for every care,
 Till I live in the love of yesterday.

—*Dartmouth Lit.*



THE HOTHOUSE VIOLET SPEAKS.

TO A FAIR WOMAN.

I've calmly lived my sunny little life
 Under the crinkling glass, and free from strife;
 The sky above and all around is blue,
 And from this haven now I come to you.

Fair Lady, tell me have I heard aright
 That other flowers do not live so bright?
 That in dark forests and by noisy streams
 The pale wood violet sheds its purple beams?

While we are merry in this fireside glow
 My humble cousin shivers in the snow;
 And yet a cricket whispered once to me
 That I the captive was,—my cousin, free!