



• • • The Queen of Hearts. • • •



H, Love, so young and yet of ancient fame,
Where is thy youthful boast, thy vaunting claim,
That thou canst make the proudest bend the knee,
And force the sceptic scorn to yield to thee?
Thy charm upon his heart so softly steals,
That all too late he knows and feels
Thy subtle power and would his life reverse—
His jeering laugh is turned to bitter curse.
But what avails this poor and worthless prize—
A blighted life, a few despairing sighs—
Methinks these trophies sorry proof indeed,
For one whose courage fails when most his need.
Thy trusty bow is useless in thy hands,
Whene'er an Athens maid before thee stands.
The Master's grandest work, so pure and true
That e'en thy god-head bows in reverence due,
To her whose matchless charm and winning grace,
Whose lustrous eyes and smiling, radiant face
Can scorn the coquette's wiles and subtle arts,
And fairly crown her reigning Queen of Hearts.
When thou canst send thy swift, unerring dart
To find its mark in that imperious heart,
When thou has ceased to falter at her feet,
Thy triumph then, oh, Love, will be complete.

G. T. J.