



Literary.





* * * The Girl I Never Have Met. * * *



HERE'S to the girl I never have met!
Here's to my love I have never seen yet!
Here's to the girl in whose heart is a song,
Contented and joyous all the day long;
Ready with sympathy, comfort, and aid,
Battling with vanities—never dismayed,
Never a murmur, never a fret—
Here's to the girl I never have met!

Here's to a soul all noble and sweet,
Here's to sincerity—scorning deceit,
Here's to the union of beauty and art,
Here's to a loving and generous heart,
Free from unselfishness, trustful and pure,
A fountain of love which shall ever endure.
Once could I see her, I'd never forget
My dear little woman I never have met.

Here's to my darling who loves me, I know—
The girl who will help me life's journey to go—
The bright star to guide my poor ship of life home,
Safe in the harbor—out of the foam.
To comfort and help me and teach me the right,
Showing the day where to me all is night.
I've sought her in vain—I am seeking her yet—
Here's to my ideal I never have met!

L. C.



I prithee set me free !
Yet—why should I be afraid?
Though I am bound fast by thy wiles,
Thou hast given thy heart to me.

“B.”

◆ ◆ ◆ To Her. ◆ ◆ ◆

Why did'st thou enchant me, fair maid,
With thy smiles and sweet, covert glances?
Of you I am half afraid,
For danger lurks on the lip that smiles,
And lurks in the eye that dances.
Wilt thou never free me, fair maid?

