

## T O M Y H U S B A N D .

## I.

BEFORE my heart was wed  
 It roved the earth around,  
 And reared its shrines in distant lands,  
 By Fame made hallowed ground.  
 There, burning sacred vestal-fires,  
 For heroes long a-gone,  
 With sympathies removed from life,  
 It silently lived on;  
 And found its heaviest care,  
 Before it met with you,  
*To be dreaming of the Old World,*  
*And tarrying in the New!*

## II.

Before my thoughts were wed,  
 They weaved full many a tale  
 Of love, and home in castle gray,  
 And sweet rose-sheltered vale.  
 The days of chivalry came back,  
 With tilts and tourneys bold;  
 And fancy pictured each fair scene  
 A '*field of cloth of gold*:'  
 Till, wearying of the age,  
 A discontent up-grew,  
*To be dreaming of the Old World,*  
*And tarrying in the New!*

## III.

Before my will was wed,  
 It promised I should stray  
 Where'er my heart had built a shrine,  
 Or thought had dreamed the way:  
 O'er merry England, pleasant France,  
 Along the haunted Rhine,  
 In buried Rome, in classic isles,  
 And sacred Palestine.  
 Thus, 'mid my daily toils,  
 A sweet relief I knew —  
*To be dreaming of the Old World,*  
*Though tarrying in the New!*

## IV.

But now, my heart, and will,  
 And thoughts are wed to thee;  
 And though each aim and dream is changed,  
 They'd not again be free.  
 Than knight or hero, famed of old,  
 Thy life is dearer far,  
 And sweeter than all storied lays  
 Or youth's romances are.  
 And 't is a greater joy  
 To hope and strive for you,  
*Than be dreaming of the Old World,*  
*While tarrying in the New!*

v.

We'll seek a quiet home,  
 In that far, pleasant land,  
 Whose flowery vales will lovelier be  
 Than all its golden sand;  
 Where bold Nevada's snowy wall  
 Hides many a fairer grove  
 Than bard hath sung or legend kept,  
 Or careful skill may prove.  
 Oh! sweeter, happier far  
 Will be, (*I know 't is true,*)  
*Than my dreamings of the Old World,*  
 OUR 'SWEET HOME' IN THE NEW!

L. E. D.'S.

## STRAY FANCIES OF YOUNG LIFE.

BY PHIL. KROMMOK.

I WISH you could have seen her — my first love !

I had reached the advanced age of ten when my heart surrendered itself to Fanny C —, and the young lady was no older. We attended the same school, and she used to cast at me side-long, modest glances of affection, in answer to my somewhat broad stare of admiration, when we encountered each other in the street, on our way to the temple of learning. At last, one evening we met at a juvenile party; we were both seized with a chronic blushing, and when in the course of some kissing game, I chose her, and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, she was quite overpowered. I remember now the joyous spring-like thrill which that chaste, pure kiss of boyish affection sent tingling through my blood. We became bound to each other from that happy minute.

I dreamt of that girl for three nights successively, and when Saturday came was miserable, very miserable; for I knew I should not see her again until Monday. I wandered in the direction of her father's residence on Saturday afternoon, instead of playing 'hockey' with my companions. He lived in a court. I dared not turn into it, but I paced by the end several times with the air of a corsair disappointed in love.

I detected myself now often before a looking-glass, continually brushing my hair and putting on clean collars. I polished my shoes every day, and in my progress toward refinement, even declined to engage in any outside games. Fanny and I would meet each other at appointed times and places, and take long walks together. Where we wandered in these excursions, I know not, but I was certainly very happy; and when I returned home, was always anxious to know if there was n't a rent in my apparel behind, or white-wash on my jacket, or some other