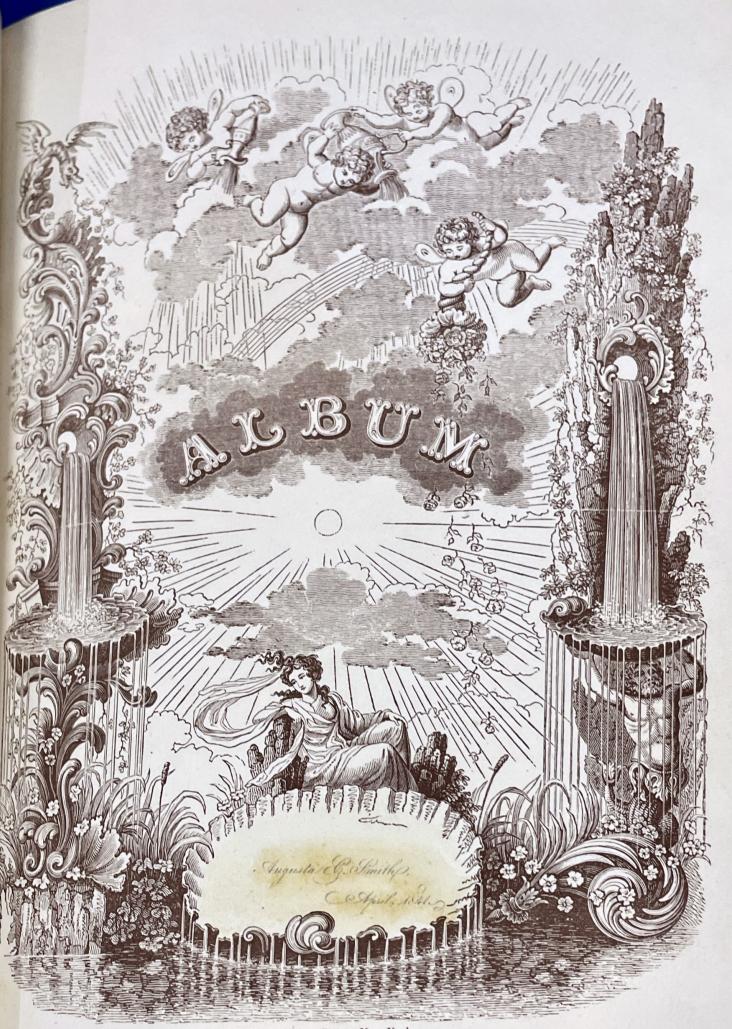


Miquila & Lmith.



J. C. RIKER, 15 Ann Street, New York.



To Agusta. Here friendship's soft hand is gustining Its & arlands round momoris bower; And oh! may the links it is binding, Be chaished through many an hour. Affere fancy's bright prictures are glowing In all the attractions of art; Their magical thouds round the hears. The future with visions of joy; And friety's hand is directing To the world where no kriels annoy. Then take the bright garlands they're wreathing, and bind them for laye round the heart; They will cherist its mobilest feelings, and lack under passion depart. When the rose on thy cheek shall be faded, and time shall have fur oved thy brown When sorrow's cold hand shall thave shaded The pleasure which days les that wow, When friends whom thy heart for dly charshed, Whoy Ishared mi its for and its gloobs, I the hopes of the but he art shall have perished, and left there to weep, o'er the sout! Then him in that cold cheerless home, Then Shalt find each soft trembling flower affect survived, all the ravages of time! Hudgers Timale Institute!

For Mils Is Album. that wite in an Album! How Strange it would seem one unaccustomed to prose or to dream! the command is whom me and so I must try, Be it ever to silly, so quaint, or so dry. And now for a subject, O lokat shall it be? The pleasures of friendship, or sweet nommony? The first has been oft and so charmingly Sung. It would only be spoiled by my faltering tringue. I therefore prefer to write on the latter, A formycake baked on a large earther platter. In happy two England, the land of my brith. A portion the fainst, the deaust of earth, Where old father bled in glory appears As he shaked in the blast his rich golden eard, There, in my boyhood, oft. oft I remember When o'er hill and plain, the bleak winds of December Were Sweeping in fung and filling the snow,

What I Love .-This is a changing world and its very changes make it looks. Spittle pleasure can they enjoy who are ever herailing the matability of earthly things, and mourning that generation after generation Just head with measured steps in the same beaten track. I for to read of the antique customs & meagre accommodations four ancestors, but to enjoy the comforts and lugary of this, which, dispite of grumblers I am determined to regard as a better and wiser When spring dissolves the fleey covering which has long ashrouded our mother earth, and she blooms afresh, I love to listen to the rapturous notes of the early birds to inhale the baling air, and age on the unchained waters as if rejorcing in their recovered liberty. How to welcome the rising sun, while its first glancing rays can searcely chase away the liquid drops, sparkling on blade and leaf. Hove the columness of the summer evening, when the rustling but answering to the gentle yephyr, scarcely disturbs the quiet stillness which invites to holy meditation; and when the queen of night sits broudly on her rolling throne spanning the starry vault, I love in such a seeme to drink the flowing strains of distant music, and in my were to forget that care and pain have aught to do with earth. When spring & summer are in turn vanishing as if I loved them nd, I love their departure, and hail with joy the coming of the securding season. I love the peculiar sensation which automa hings its reperied fruits its gorgeons yet mellowed tints - its