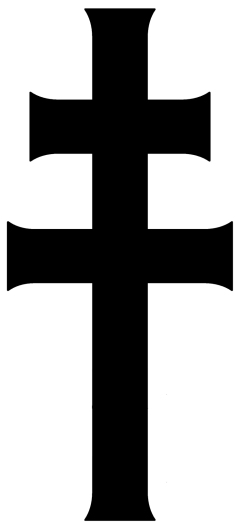


Book Title

Author Lastname

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Invitation

Now spring appears, with beauty crown'd,
And all is light and life around,
Why comes not Jane? When friendship calls,
Why leaves she not Augusta's walls?
Where cooling zephyrs faintly blow,
Nor spread the cheering, healthful glow.
That glides through each awaken'd vein,
As skimming o'er the spacious plain,
We look around with joyous eye,
And view no boundaries but the sky.

Already April's reign is o'er,
Her evening tints delight no more;
No more the violet scents the gale,
No more the mist o'erspreads the vale;
The lovely queen of smiles and tears,
Who gave thee birth, no more appears;
But blushing May, with brow serene,
And vestments of a livelier green,
Commands the winged choir to sing,
And with wild notes the meadows ring.





Book Title

O come! ere all the train is gone,
No more to hail thy twenty-one;
That age which higher honor shares,
And well becomes the wreath it wears.
From lassitude and cities flee,
And breathe the air of heav'n, with me.

— Matilda Betham,
“Elegies and Other Small Poems”





Рогожин dreams

I watched in reverie as my blood slowly pooled on the cobble-stone road. It gleamed a most beautiful crimson under the noon sun. No ruby could ever compare. For rubies gleam only of age; but blood gleams wholly of life.

Looking up one last time, I saw her flushed, still delicate visage beset by a golden halo; and within her hands the dagger that brought forth the gentle flood that now whispered my secrets to the world, from upon the crimsoned blocks of the cobble-stone road.

— A.H. Ištván, “Prima Hora”





The Blind Boy

Her work was soon finish'd, her books all laid by,
Her coat and her bonnet put on,
And joyfully taking mamma's ready hand,
To the school for the blind she is gone.

With delight and amazement there Emma beheld
Poor Jem at his daily employ;
As he platted his basket, he sung to his work,
And smil'd with contentment and joy.

"Ah, mamma," exclaim'd Emma, as home they return'd,
"Ev'ry penny you give me I'll save;
Neither gingerbread, comfit, nor nut will I buy,
Till a basket of Jem's I can have."

— Anonymous, "The Keepsake"



— *The End* —

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