

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## A KNOT OF HAIR.

## I.

SHE has a knot of russet hair:  
It seems a simple thing to wear  
Through years, despite of fashion's check,  
The same deep coil about the neck;  
But there it twined  
When first I knew her,  
And learned with passion to pursue her,  
And, if she changed it, to my mind  
She were a creature of new kind.

## II.

On others she may flash the wise,  
Strong light of apprehending eyes,  
And make who fronts her beauty great  
With hopes that awe and stimulate.  
The happy lot  
Be mine to follow  
These threads through lovely curve and hollow,  
And muse a lifetime how they got  
Into that wild, mysterious knot.

## III.

O first of women who hast laid  
Magnetic glory on a braid!  
In others' tresses we may mark  
If they be silken, blond, or dark;  
But thine we praise,  
And dare not feel them;  
Not Hermes, god of theft, dare steal them;  
It is enough for aye to gaze  
Upon their vivifying maze.  
Academy. MICHAEL FIELD.

## ON THE GARDEN TERRACE.

## HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE.

SURELY this leaf-screened terrace path,  
This moss-flecked stair of time-worn stone,  
Some strange inherent magic hath —  
Some witching glamour of its own!  
So lingeringly my feet have strayed  
As loath to break the spell which seems  
To breathe o'er this long balustrade  
A very atmosphere of dreams.

No miracle of art is here,  
No feat of engineering skill,  
Forever bidding us reverse  
The triumph of a master-will.  
Yet, surely, was he blest, whose thought  
Conceived yon sombre screen of yew,  
Then reared his pillar'd wall, and wrought  
This living idyl from the two.

To this the changing seasons bring  
No phase to make that beauty less,  
Which lives in every perfect thing  
By its own right of loveliness.  
So tenderly the touch of Time  
Has worked its will with Haddon Hall —  
So deftly guided in their climb  
The draping ivy on its wall,

Since first those deep-set windows gleamed  
O'er this green square of velvet sward,  
And ladies from the terrace beamed  
To watch the bowlers, and reward  
With ripple of applauding din  
Some winning stroke; and all the place  
Was crisp *frou-frou* of crinoline,  
And fartlingale, and rustling lace.

And I — who watched the gloaming's dyes  
Fade to a blush; and by and by,  
Low in the east, a pale moon rise  
Through filmy bands of dove-grey sky —  
Can picture yet those shapes of yore,  
And dream my vagrant fancy hears  
The softly clicking bows, once more  
Rolled by gay, gallant cavaliers.

## L'ENVOI.

Dear record of a peaceful past,  
I cannot think thee senseless stone!  
A very living heart thou hast,  
Kept warm by memories of thine own.  
Good Words. S. REID.

## BY THE GATES OF THE SEA.

BRIGHT amber bars o'er all the west,  
With glow as deep as ruddy ore;  
The weary coming home for rest,  
And children's laughter from the shore.  
The mellow chimes of evening bells,  
The ships receding o'er the main;  
The tear-dimmed eyes and sad farewells  
Which have been and will be again.

A seven years' child upon the sands  
Amidst the gold-lipped mystic shells  
Which murmur of fair, sunny lands  
Where wondrous music ebbs and swells.  
With growing joy his eager ear  
Hears songs from isles in emerald seas,  
And strains of heavenly music clear  
Of his life's far-back mysteries.

An aged man with silvered hair  
Gazing into the glowing west  
With wistful eyes and yearning prayer  
For peace and home and perfect rest;  
Slow searching through the years gone by  
For some sweet, tender long-lost strain;  
And vainly calling with a sigh  
On friends who answer not again.

Two children on the shining shore  
Amidst their palaces of sand;  
Two worn ones by the cottage door —  
The open Book of God at hand.  
Two lovers happy, loyal, brave,  
And knit together for the strife,  
Two resting in one peaceful grave —  
So thus goes on the round of life!  
Argosy. ALEXANDER LAMONT.