

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1872.

But the green grass is withered no flowers blooming there
A few leafless branches are all that remain
Like dreams of my boyhood now shattered & broken
Tell a things are changed since the "days that are gone"
I sought then the "Rock" that overhung the clear water
Fond hoping that time there had lightly passed o'er
But the brown moss had crept o'er the letters there grown
And dark looked the waves as they rolled to the shore,
It is vain then I tried to seek joy in the present
The past were but visions, no traces remain.
As nature has changed so the hearts have been faithless
That vowed they'd be true "in the days that are gone."

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- Friendship's Valentine -

- Written to Mary McBill Feb. 14th 1872 -

No tender tales have I to tell
Of Love's Joy and Pain
When hopes and fears work the sway
And both alternate reign
No bleeding heart, a sacrifice
I bring to Venus' Shrine
No Mary this, alone accept
As "Friendship's Valentine"