

SOMETHING YET.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

They call me beautiful, and fame
Forever echoes on my name,
And crowds before me bow,
Yes, I have loveliness and grace,
Where years as yet have left no trace,
And laurels bind my brow.

Like an enchanted palace, raised
By poet-dreams, when fancy blazed
With burning glory, seems
My home! that place of all most blest—
That ark of refuge and of rest,
That sleeps in golden gleams.

Its graceful marble-spires float high,
As if to kiss the smiling sky;
And in its dreamy halls,
Mid all things bright, I pass the hours,
While far in starlight groves and flowers
Sweet music swells and falls.

And he—no form of marble mold,
Whose classic charms, all fair and cold,
Stand sadly in the real,
Where dreamy poets sigh to view,
Silent and calm and *soulless* too,
Their idolized ideal—

These, these are scarce more bright than he
Whose heart and genius shrine for me
A heaven of love and light!
And infant angels in my dreams
Are not more beautiful than seems
My smiling child to-night.

Fame, riches, beauty—ay, and love—
By woman prized all else above,
Are mine—but one regret,
Faint, strange, and shadowy, haunts my brain,
And grasps afar—in vain, in vain—
Ah, there's a something yet!