

BELL'S REVERY.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

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"WHAT'S the matter, Bell? Will no sweet friend tell
Where remembrance this eve is straying?
Thou hast sat as still as the ice-bound rill
That sleeps 'neath the brow of yon snow-clad hill,
Where the moonbeams in crowds are playing.

"I have watched the smile that has crept the while
O'er thy features, soft light diffusing;
It appeared to start from thy warm, young heart,
And to tremble thy ruby lips apart,
Like a dew-drop through rose-leaves oozing."

As my words fell clear on the maiden's ear,
Lo! her thought-shaded brow grew lighter;
And the smile broke out in a silvery shout
That rippled away as she turned about,
While her eye, as she spoke, waxed brighter.

"Just a year to-night, 'neath the moon's soft light,
(It was chilly, November weather;)
Did my footsteps wait at the garden-gate
Till my lips touched those of my spirit-mate,
While his hands pressed my own together.

"I can ne'er forget, for it thrills me yet,
The bliss of that first fond greeting;
Though we breathed no word, still our hearts were
stirred

Where Love had lain like a frightened bird,
Till they urged on our lips this meeting.

"Oh! the joy that stole in my inmost soul
As the pledge of his heart was given!
Why, there seemed a lack in the sky's broad track!
For the moon and the stars all seemed gathered
back
To give me a glimpse of Heaven.

"And the dewy sod, where my feet had trod,
Seemed a-quiver from deep emotion;
Like mad waves that dart, with a sudden start,
And shatter their snow-white crests apart
On the breast of the mighty ocean.

"Ah! that joy was sweet as when waters meet
That have flowed toward each other ever;
When the waves in bands join their jeweled hands,
And blended thus kiss the golden strands,
Gliding onward in one forever.

"From that bliss unspoke I at length awoke,
And since then, with our hearts united,
We have moved along with the busy throng,
As happy and blest as the birds of song
Whose strains breathe of love required.

"Though he speaks with pride of his 'bonnie bird,
As he snatches the same soft greeting—
Though pure joy seems still my glad heart to fill,
My soul ne'er wakes to the same wild thrill
That she owned at the first fond meeting."