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## ADDISON, HOLLIER & LUCAS, 210, REGENT STREET.

A maid sat at her spinning wheel, And listlessly did play With rack and reel, but could not work, Her thoughts were far away.

"And why am I thus doom'd" she sigh'd, "In sorrow here to pine,\_ "Ah! Conrad, will that hour ne'er come "When thou wilt call me thine?"

"Lisette! Lisette!"her mother cried \_\_ Spoke from the room within; Where old and blind she long had lain,\_\_ "Lisette! why cease to spin?"

Fash went the wheel and busy now The thread her fingers plied; Why stops the wheel?\_\_Why starts the maid? Young Conrads at her side. 5

"My own, my best, my fairest one, "Thou knowst I love thee well; "And yet such tidings sad have I "These lips refuse to tell."

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"Lisette! Lisette!" again was heard\_\_\_\_\_\_ Spoke from that room within:\_\_\_\_\_\_ "I do not hear thy wheel; once more "Why dost thou cease to spin?

And now the wheel with busy hum Went round\_but all in vain; Her tears fell fast\_she could not work; The wheel has stopped again.

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"I come," her lover said, "to take "A last farewell of thee". He kissd her cheek\_she could not speak\_ But wept right piteously.

"Lisette!" again the mother cries, Now loud and harsh she spoke; "My mother dear! I cannot work, "For oh! my heart is broke!"

(A.H.L. 874)

DIC

"LISETTE AT HER SPINNING WHEEL"

A POEM WITHOUT WORDS.

by E.J.LODER.









( \* H.L. 871)



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(A.H.L. 874)











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