

A face.

A kinder face, where meet the thoughts of human
 understanding
 whose reach the slope of wisdom steep all
 sympathies are based on.

The Conscienceless.

In older days
 the gallant knight
 a plumed helmet wore;
 he won the love
 of maidens in
 half-conscious days of yore.

Ah ha! then youths!
 thus can you gain
 a woman's ardent praise?
 thus can you seek
 to win as love
 if youth no hat to wear?