

TRUE MANHOOD.

(Written for the Review)

God's aid and grace will never fail,
Sir Galahad of the Holy Grail:
For that his heart is chaste and pure
Before his glance shall foemen quail!

Alert, his soul all baseness spurns
God's love, a fire within it burns!
Where sunlit summits distant shine
His chastened eye forever turns!

Alike Fame's guerdon he disdains.
And sordid pelf and paltry gains,
And Pleasure's cup whose wreathed flow'rs
Hide poison-thorns and endless pains!

Gross chains of Sense away he flings.
And mounts to taste ethereal springs,
In lands whose sun is God's own Face!
Whose stars, the Angels' shimmering wings

Pure flow'rets on a fragrant lea,—
Fair sunsets on a sun-kissed sea,
The brook's glad song,—the laughter sweet
Of childish play:—these symbols be

Of that triumphant, blissful state
Whose joys his steadfast soul await
Where purest worth finds recompense
Beyond the skies' cerulean gate!

REV. JAS. B. DOLLARD.