

How feeble is that vital thread,
Which holds us to the earth ;
It may be snapt at hoary age,
Or at the infants' birth.
We see it break in every clime,
At every age and hour,
And still we live as if its strength,
Could match our Maker's power.

The curse of sin like Cain's mark
Is stampt on every brow ;
And to the idols of the earth
We in submission bow.
Earth's things may seem as tangible
To life's short-sighted eyes,
But from the magic touch of death
The cherish'd vision flies.

The soul itself, like Noah's dove,
But flutters out its stength
Around the earth, its safety ark,
Then flies away at length.
Perchance it may, while hovering here,
Some olive-leaf procure,
An emblem of a spirit-world,
Whose solid base is sure.

THE END.