

SHADOWLAND.

H! in that sunless land ne'er cease
 To walk gray figures of the past,
 Where wraiths of shattered idols cast
 A gloom on present paths of peace.
 And from the travelled shores of years
 The ghosts of wasted hours arise,
 With silent lips and speaking eyes,
 And dripping with remorse's tears!

Or from that lake of splendid dreams,
 As golden once as hope's high brow,—
 But turned to bitter blackness now,
 And fed by sorrow's hundred streams,—
 The shades of seared ambition loom,
 Like fickle friendship turned to hate;
 And with the mocking hand of fate
 They stab the victim of their doom.

And if, perchance, there should unroll
 Before the mind some brilliant page,—
 Unsought, but given to assuage
 The bitter current of the soul;
 Yet still remains some leaven there
 To mar the joy—the thought that he
 A solitary guest must be,
 And that none else the feast may share!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.