

The Midnight Revel.

"Give me the bowl, the generous bowl,
 "With the red wine in it flowing;
 "It cheereth the heart, it moveth the soul,
 "With its liquid life ever glowing!"—
 The reveler said, and his eye grow bright,
 As he sat with the riotous band;
 And the laugh grow loud, while the flickering light
 Told that midnight was close at hand.

Nor cared for the hour, the reveler wild,
 Nor his comrades who left him unheeded;
 The wine cup was full, and the reveler smiled—
 No other companion he needed.

He saw not the change, as a sulphurous light
 Overpowered the lamp's feeble ray;
 He heard not the whispers, that in the still night
 Came, and went, as the hours passed away.

But he saw that the wine cup was empty again,
 He turned, and there sat by the table
 A stranger, and one of the queerest of men
 Ever heard of, in fact, or in fable.

A strangely wrought goblet he held in his hand,
 And its contents were rosy, and clear,
 And he asked with a voice that seemed used to command,
 To share in the revel, his cheer.

'Take the goblet,' said he, 'it was sparkling and bright,
 'And spare not the tempting draught,—
 'Tis the rarest that ever in revels of night,
 'The most fortunate mortal has quaffed;
 'It is mingled with skill, by a master sprito,—
 'The ingredients are costly, and rare,
 'It must not be drank by the sun's piercing bright,
 'But it sparkle in midnight air.

'There are tears of a father, a child's heavy groan,
 'And the heart of a murdered mother,
 'Of a spirit broken wife, the heart-rending moan,
 'With the sighs of a sister, and brother.

'All these, with a long train of death breathing woes,
 'Combined with a masterly pride,
 'Make the goblet's rich draught, and the hue of the rose,
 'In the blood of the rash suicide.

The reveler stared as the stranger spoke,
 Not a sound dared his lips to utter,
 Until wearied at last the silence he broke,
 With a strange unearthly mutter—
 'Who the devil are you? At your service, am I,
 'For I make this wonderful draught,
 'At the bar, you will find an unending supply,—
 'I am master of all the Craft.'

The Erring.

Hush! speak not lightly of her now,
 Nor breathe reproach upon her name,
 Beyond the reach of earthy cares,
 She needs no more our praise or blame.
 The turf lies freshly on her breast,
 In pity, then, oh let her rest.

As gently laves the gushing stream,
 The lowly spot where she is laid,
 As sweetly sing the bright-winged birds,
 As though she were some happier maid;
 And tears of midnight's drooping flowers,
 Fall on her grave—why should not ours?

We only will remember her,
 When she was still, young and gay;
 Before the world had spread its snare,
 The tempter taught her feet to stray.

We loved her then, with sunny brow,
 And guileless heart—thus let us now.

For she may be an angel now;
 (We cannot gaze on heavenly things),
 Forgiven—er she meekly stoops,
 To guard us, with her shining wings.

Oh, cherish well her memory dear—
 Speak kindly, for she may be near.

—Arthur's Home Gazette.

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