

And I--my sonne was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glow'd :
 And yet he moan'd beneath his breath,
 "O come in life, or come in death,
 O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more ?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;
 The waters laid thee at his doore,
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strew'd wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
 To manye more than myne and mee :
 But each will mourn his own (she saith.)
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

THE STUDENT.

Dublin University Magazine.

"WHY burns thy lamp so late, my friend,
 Into the kindling day ?"

"It is burning so late, to show the gate
 That leads to wisdom's way ;

As a star doth it shine on this soul of mine,
 To guide me with its ray.

Dear is the hour when slumber's power
 Weighs down the lids of men ;

Proud and alone I mount my throne,
 For I am a monarch then !

The great and the sage of each bygone age
 Assemble at my call ;

Oh ! happy am I in my poverty,
 For these are my brother's all !

Their voices I hear, so strong and clear,
 Like a solemn organ's strain,

Their words I drink, and their thoughts I think,
 They are living in me again !

For their sealed store of immortal lore
 To me they must unclose :

Labour is bliss with a thought like this ;
 Toil is my best repose !"

"Why are thy cheeks so pale, my friend,
 Like a snow-cloud wan and gray ?"