

A TRUE FRIEND.

Lines on the death of my favourite cat.

NLY a brute?" Ah, yes; 'tis true :

Only a brute, only a friend
Whose love surpassing never knew
One moment's faltering to the end.

I might be good, I might be bad,
My fellow men might praise or blame :
While this most constant friend I had,
To one true heart I was the same.

She did not question if I was
Or good or evil ; for to her
All things were good : but I—because
God willed her heart should so prefer—

Of all her good was still the best,
Her playmate, friend, and sure defence,
A power to trust, whereon to rest,
Her master, lord, and providence.

Say I was sad : how touchingly
She ruled her mood to match with mine,
And, heart-subdued, sat still by me,
Until my sun again might shine.

Say I was glad : how swift her heart,
Expanding, took from mine the tone !
How many a little playful art
Attested my joy was her own !

How little filled her full content !
How,—far all selfish greed above,—
Ere breaking fast, the thanks she meant
She looked, her favourite food being love.

With what a sweet humility
She took rebuke, when dealt with pain,
And drooped awhile, till censure-free
She knew herself received again ;