

Again in quiet halls I'll muse
Where noisy cares no more confuse,
And lost in contemplation lose
Myself in loving thee ;
Then even thought itself shall die
The out-grown bonds of time defy
And borne by mighty spirits fly
Through all the centuries free.

Joys, in whose sphere I loved to dwell,
I bid you now a fond farewell,
But lifted never be your spell
Nor dimmed your cheering ray :
Oh ! light the path ; the waves divide ;
In apathy still be my guide ;
And point me o'er the deserts wide
On to the wished for way.

Halifax,
March 24th, 1874.

