

There was a time we didn't care,
 When heaven and earth and all were fair,
 When free as fleecy clouds on high,
 Swift cruising down the sapphire sky
 We traced the balsam-scented ways,
 That tunneled deep the greenwood's maze,
 And felt the tingling, healthy blood
 Heat high each fibre with its flood.
 Ere hampered with the whims of dress,
 Ere we had studied to impress,
 Ere beauty's thrill, ere sorrow's tear,
 There was a time we didn't care.

We have left his poem on "Labour" to the last. It is truly the work of a genius. In it we find exalted thought clothed in purest English; the ideas are original and the language choice and expressive. To fully take in all its beauty it will not do to read it over hurriedly. Every line abounds in deep thought, and every thought is original, and expressed in terse and beautiful language.

LABOUR.

The cost of life is labour: men are born
 To work, not live: to act, not to exist.
 Our errand here is writ on every hand;
 Each sun proclaims not day but work begun;
 The costly light is wove for labour's dress.
 A blush did ne'er betray a baser deed,
 Nor penalty pursue more daring fraud,
 Than abject shirking of the common fee
 Which Nature lays on those who sit around
 The green-spread table of our Father—God.

A straw for destiny! It is a stream
 Whose course lies through the present and may be
 Directed as we will. Our acts forecast
 A surer future than the horoscope
 Toil gives a fortune arguers durst not tell,
 And fate is written as our deeds dictate.
 What realm where Labor's credit is not good?
 What current things doth lack his signature?
 What peaks his airy footsteps have not pressed?