

Yet tears of joy accompany oft her groan;
Her life's devoted to her children's fate,
And thus forgetting self, her griefs abate.
The soldier hastening toward the fatal guns,
While from his wounded hand the warm blood
runs,

Yet rapture fills his soul; and when he feels,
His head swim round as to the ground he reels,
And knows that life is ebbing fast away,
But as we listen when we hear him pray,
He says, "We thank thee Lord who us did show,
Though many slain to overcome the foe."
Thus life is painted, strange we cannot know
By outward signs what bliss is hid below;
Some seem forever smiles of mirth to wear,
With others pleasure is but varied care.
Some find sweet rapture gazing on the skies,
With others, toil alone their bliss supplies.
Lo! as the sailor tired and wet, he comes
Upon the unplanned boards to rest his bones;
While in the room where art adorns the wall,
And servants eager run at slightest call,
Reclines the captain, fills his meerschaum bowl
To watch the clouds of smoke that upward roll;
He hears the bell that tells the watch is past,
The howling wind that bends the gallant mast
But yet that bell is not a voice that calls
Him to his post just as asleep he falls;
Nor that loud wind that roars among the shrouds;
Attuned with thunder from the distant clouds,
Does not bid him to climb the groaning mast,
Nor clue the topsail down, nor make it fast,
And as we gaze, how prone are we to say,
Is not the captain's life a pleasant day;
Those hands are soft, no signs of labor's wear;
But ah! His face is furrowed deep with care;
That bell that calls the deck hand from his bed,
Does it unnoticed pass the skipper's head?
The hour it's telling by its solemn ring
He planned his vessel at its port would bring