



FAREWELL LIFE, WELCOME LIFE.

THOMAS HOOD.

AREWELL, life! My senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows crowd the light,
Like the advent of the night;
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthly odor grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, life! The spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives!
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn:
O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mould

THE END.

HAVE you, dear reader, thought seriously of the *end*? the end
of *this day*, the end of *this month*, the end of *this year*, the
end of *this life*? Indeed, the end of *all earthly things*?