RONDO.

'OK



OUR EARLIEST SORROW.

BY CATHERINE PARR.

Our earliest sorrow! the grief of our youth,
The latest remembered, the sternest we prove,
The one that first staggered our sweet faith in truth,
Our sorrow of sorrows, the heart's blighted love!
O who will deny that it oft times doth throw
The die of our future, for weal or for wo?

When the heart hath been chilled, when the one we loved best

liath taught us a lesson may ne'er be untaught, Distruct of fair seeming, dark words of unrest! O these are the moments with destiny fraught; As the spirit shall rise, or shall sink in the blast, Shall its future be troubled or calm to the last.

The flowers that twined round the temples of yore, From the height of the column looked down to the ground;

But lo! when the faith of the pagan was o'er,
And his shrine of false worship was scattered around,
Although from the wreck, they might never be riven
From earth's lowly bosom, they looked up to heaven.

And though it be vain, O how vain, that we are told To loose from the past our fond clinging regret, Albeit as false as the temples of old Was the shrine of our love and our worship; O, yet Though we cling to the heart's ruined fane to the last, Let the eye of our faith be to heaven upcast.