

THE LOVED AND LOST.

Lit by the fairy torches which Memory lends to guide us,
Through all the various turnings of life's dark and devious ways;
Cheered by the draughts ambrosial, Hope gives whate'er betide us,
To soothe our nights of sadness, and illumine our lonely days,

I muse; and sombre twilight all the pleasant scene surrounding,
Floats on its misty chariot through the still and perfumed air;
And mingled with the waterfall, and the birds' soft vespers sounding,
I almost fancy that I hear the fairy bugles blare:

Half sleep, half waking, phantom like, past joys and present sorrows,
The varying lights and shadows on life's everchanging stream,
The smiles of buried yesterdays, the gloom of coming morrows,
Before my spirit's vision mingle, like a shadowy dream.

Oh spirits of the loved and lost, on all the past attending,
Who were too pure and holy for this world of sin and tears,
Still let your unseen presence, with my joys and sorrows blending,
Surround me and support me 'neath the burthen of the years.

And as the chastened sunlight, through a painted window streaming,
Upon the sculptured sepulchre of saint or martyr old,
Among the grave's dull garniture with rainbow glory gleaming,
Decks out the cold grey marble, in purple and in gold;

So shall your love and goodness, like Heav'n born rays descending,
Through the funereal darkness of Time's o'erclouding pall,
With many a sweet remembrance, half sad, half joyous blending,
Upon the tomb of buried hopes, in golden sunshine fall.

W. T. U.