

We should see how the flowers of youth's brighter morn
 By a treacherous hand have been crushed,
 How the music once sweet, by a whisper of scorn,
 'Mid the wails of despair has been hushed;
 We should see how a smile that was bright as the day
 'Neath a sneer of contempt has grown pale,
 How the light of her life has been robbed of it's ray
 By the breath of the merciless gale.

So when we are tempted to censure again
 The ones who are given to moan,
 Let us think of the sorrow and deep hidden pain
 Which they may be bearing alone;
 As often the precious and shadowless gem
 In place unexpected is found,
 So oft in the hearts of the ones we condemn
 The noblest impulses abound.

OH! WHAT IS LIFE?

What is this life when compared with the vast eternity
 to which we hasten? Its sweetest music is lost amid the
 sobs of sorrow, while the brightest hopes of mortal perish
 like the light of faded day.

Oh! what is life? 'tis like the light
 That trembles on the sleeping wave;
 For one brief hour it yields delight,
 Then gives its beauty to the grave.

We paint with go'l the future sky,
 Without one shade to dim its ray;
 But e're it dawns the colors die,
 It breaks upon us cold and grey.

The music that in childhood gushed
 From hearts that knew no throb of pain,
 Amid the angry strife is hushed,
 Nor can we wake the strains again.

Ambition's fires within us burn,
 Like wounded birds to soar on high;
 But e're the goal they seek is won,
 They tumble, in the dust to lie.