

THE  
**Canadian Literary Journal**  
DEVOTED TO

SELECT ORIGINAL LITERATURE

AND THE INTERESTS OF

CANADIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1871.

No. 12

THE TWO NEIGHBOURS,  
OR,  
REVENGE REPAID BY KINDNESS.

*Continued from page 197.*

BY ROBERT RIDGWAY, TORONTO.

CHAPTER VII.

The faithful shepherd's dog, sagacious, wise,  
Attends his master's flocks with honest care;  
Watches their wayward ramblings, as he lies,  
And by his warning bark bids them beware.

Obedient to his master's word he hies,  
To gather them from moor, or vale, or hill,  
Looks for each signal with bright, eager eyes,  
And swiftly executes with zealous will.

He thus with boasted human virtue vies,  
Noble emotions in his bosom swell;  
And, when he knows his duty, always tries  
To do it pleasantly, and do it well.

Can human virtue o'er this standard rise?  
A standard practised, without boast, by brute,  
Can human friendship bear away the prize,  
By fair comparison, not false repute?

Let human fame and boast here cease their cries,  
Let base ingratitude here hang its head,  
Let enmity and envy cease their sighs,  
Let such slink by, ashamed with softest tread.

Pretenseless in appearance, form and size,  
The humble servant, yet the friend of man;  
Faithful he lives, and loves, and faithful dies,  
Who can do more than this? Answer,—who can?

“Vengeance is mine,” saith he, whose stern  
command

Gives nature law, rules over sea and land;  
Calms the wild tempest of the human breast,  
Speaks each unruly passion into rest.

“I will repay,” not thou, thy fellow man,  
Thou dost not know how retribution can,  
Be meted out in measure just and wise,  
Correct the conscience, and point to the skies.

Thine enemy, who hungers, must be fed;  
If thirsty must have drink, as well as bread.  
With glowing coals of love, be thine the part  
To overcome, with good, the evil heart.

*Paraphrase of Romans XII. 19-21.*

When Spot started for help the paralytic man, conscious of his dangerous position, tried every expedient to arouse himself, and shake off that perilous, fatal lethargy, which he felt was creeping over him, and which he knew would wrap his senses in the slumber which knows no waking. But every effort was vain; the eyelids would drop, despite knowledge and resolution, a few tears trickled slowly from beneath them and they closed, with an ejaculatory “God have mercy”—and consciousness departed.