

But all the incense of the censer,
 Rose not on rainbow wings;
 For sorrow is a strange dispenser,
 And clouds the loveliest things.
 And often were such sad notes chanted,
 Throughout that spirit air;
 By such dark spells his heart was haunted,
 He fainted in despair.

And now the golden bowl was breaking,
 Beside the wasted fount;
 Sweet rest to heal the spirit's aching,
 Whose sleep no dreams surmount.
 And now the darkest strife was over,
 And nature came again;
 To woo with fond caress her lover,
 And sing her farewell strain.

No gloom or shadow lay before thee,
 Oh! child of light and dreams;
 "I feel the daisies growing o'er me,"
 Such were life's farewell gleams.
 No darkness filled the opening bosom,
 Of his fair mother earth;
 Nought save the bloom of bud and blossom,
 Might near his tomb have birth.

Oh! lovely dream of dying hour,
 The gentlest and the last;
 To feel alone Spring's sweetest flower,
 The Autumn pall was past.
 Bright through the temple glory darted,
 A radiance so divine;
 That blending life and light departed,
 Up to the holier shrine.

True to its morning sunset blended,
 The hues of lovely things;
 Still growing holier as they ended,
 Borne hence on glorious wings.
 Simple and pure, thoughts shining river,
 Flowed through his dying hours;
 Until the poet bloomed forever,
 With God's immortal flowers.

M. J. K.

 OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE Nova Scotia Legislature, after the passing of several important Bills, was prorogued on the 4th April.

The amount voted by the House of Assembly in aid of an Industrial Exhibition in Nova Scotia, was lost in the Legislative Council by the adverse vote of the Hon. Michael Tobin, *Prest.*, Honbles. Hugh Bell, Alexander McDougall