

The Poetic Wreath.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

LIFE'S STRUGGLE.

Our life is but a struggle here,
'Mid good and ill, 'twixt hope and fear,
Thro' dang'rous channels oft we steer,
 With reckless force;
But self-made ills make life's career
 A rougher course.

The world is but a human hive;
To keep the varied swarm alive,
Its working bees must toil and strive,
 While others feast.
The lazy drones appear to thrive,
 Yet work the least.

The world appears a battle-field,
The stronger rule, the weaker yield,
The golden nerves too often wield
 The power which leads,
While justice' scales are oft conceal'd
 By selfish deeds.