

No miles or years can ever curb  
The elastic power of thought ;  
Or mixing of life's struggles cloud  
The precepts that she taught.

Oft in Australian beds I dream  
Of places far away,  
Then in the gum tree's shade I think  
I'd like to homeward stray.

But shades come o'er the fondest wish  
To clasp long-parted hands,  
For change's pencil tells its tale  
On life's remaining sands.

Near fragrant wattles, ever green,  
Close by Pacific waves,  
The final marbled touch I see  
Above some peaceful graves.

Ah ! through the cycling sweep of years,  
What more can mar our joy  
Than vanished days will ne'er recur  
Again, as when a boy.

### LAMENTATION.

**A**LAS ! for life's uncertain joys,  
That touch alike both girls and boys,  
We hear around in every breath  
The sure, unwelcome tread of death.

Ah ! why should loved ones bear defeat,  
While nature teems our wants to meet ?  
Why no escape from deepest gloom—  
No ending but the silent tomb ?