

The "eye descending from the hill surveys"  
Where Minas 'mid its various channels strays.  
That placid pond in which the fishes hid,  
And honoring Glooscap did as they were bid  
By us, "most loved of all the ocean's sons,  
True to his sire," to his embrace runs,  
"Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,  
Like mortal life to meet eternity."

Oh, could I flow, like thee, and make my stream  
My great example, as it is my theme;  
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not  
dull,  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.  
The stream is so transparent, pure and clear,  
That had the self-enamored youth gazed here,  
So fatally deceived he had not been,  
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.

But his proud head the airy mountain hides  
Among the clouds, his shoulders and his sides  
A shady mantle clothes; his curl'd brows  
Frown on the gentle streams, which calmly flows,  
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,  
The common fate of all that's high or great.  
And in the mixture of all these appears  
Variety, which all the rest endears.

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## LINES ON LIFE.

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Life, mortal life, this short and fleeting span  
Gives grief and joy alike to every man;  
The captive chained within the prison cell  
Has oft a gleam of hope, a gladsome spell;  
The lonely widow dwelling by the shore,  
Who gazes on the self-same stream that bore  
Her loving partner to his fate unknown,