

"I" in many hands of both the hemisphere's have been,
 And viewed the wonderous works of the Creator's hand,
 The mountains and the vales ; the rivers and the oceans seen
 And viewed the worship of the Pagan in an eastern land.

Now on the bright and glorious noon of a September day
 I watch the scarlet coated hunters that gather at the Meet ;
 I hear the barking of the hounds that hold the stag at bay,
 And see those faithful creatures crouching at the master's feet.

Oftimes I hear my sainted mother chiding me,
 For thoughts and deeds that ill become the man,
 And in my dreams her smiling face I oftimes see,
 Whilst her counsel and love, forget I never can.

DRIFTING.

"Drifting" I am upon the boundless sea of Time.
 Could I but read those stars with their language so sublime
 Methink that they in unison unto vain man appeal,
 Not knowing what a day, an hour, a minute may reveal.

Yea ! I am drifting here alone, upon life's checkered sea,
 With perils all around that hourly threaten me ;
 The light in yonder Beacon is but dimly burning
 And my soul for its release, daily it is yearning.

Although the breakers roar upon the distant shore
 They cannot me afright ; their terrors are all o'er ;
 And safely will the barque into the haven glide
 Against the angry seas, also the adverse tide.

The pleasures of "the world" by me are never sought,
 Since death within my home a lasting sorrow brought,
 For there is a Light on yonder shore I always keep in view,
 Since to all earthly pleasure, I have bade adieu !

Yea ! I am dally drifting from the dangerous shoal,
 That lays upon the lee of yonder shining goal ;
 Drifting as a bird, upon expanding wing,
 Towards Heaven my home, where God alone is King.

Drifting ! yes am at every turning of the tide,
 Towards that glorious home where I am hoping to abide,
 'Tis there the friends of youth I cheerfully can meet
 'Tis there old friends and foes must each other greet.

Drifting ! yes I am to where each mortal has to go,
 The gay and giddy, rich and poor, also the friend and foe.
 No marble slab may stand above the sod-bound mound—
 But the sleeper will arise, when the trump does sound.

Yes, drifting to that home I now so fondly crave,
 There may be rest within my plebian grave ;
 No worldly honor do I seek from either friend or foe,
 For when the trump does sound ; we all must go.