

POETRY.

THE SOUL.

By H. BROWNE.
When man has breathed his last, and closed I his eyes,
The soul must leave its tenement of clay,
To seek a dwelling in its native skies,
There to await the everlasting day.

What is the soul?—"It is God's own breath in man;
The life that is invisible."

It is but a soul; for, since the world began,
It always was the soul.

"Tis what the soul is to the ship,
"Tis what the wind is to the sail,
"Tis what the waves are to the lip,

"Tis what the breeze is to the vale.

"Tis what the sun is to the day,
"Tis what the rain is to the earth,
"Tis what Old Time is to the hours,

"Tis what is plenty in a dearth.

"Tis what the fire is to the cold,
The lightning in the sultry air,
To health and peace to young and old,

"Tis what is gambling to the cheat.

"Tis what the root is to the tree,
"Tis what the pith is to the stem,
"Tis money to the busy bairn,

"Tis diamonds to the dame.

"Tis Treasures to the religious mind,

"Tis Kindness to the soulless brute,

"Tis sympathy for all mankind;

"Tis the All-Beautiful!—The Mate.

When Death, the harbinger of God's decrees,
And the harbinger of man's doom, comes to us,
And we are forced to leave our mortal frames,
To take up our abode in his heavenly home,

Will we not leave it with a smile?

Will we not leave it with a tear?

Will we not leave it with a sigh?

Will we not leave it with a groan?

Will we not leave it with a curse?

Will we not leave it with a curse?