

No hope had he beyond the skies.
 He thought of the fading joys of life,
 The worldly praise he sought to win,
 But bubbles of a moment's time
 Now empty trifles seemed to him.

Again he thought of loved Lisset,
 And of a broken hearted sire,
 And gladly would have welcomed hope
 To quench his heart's despairing fire ;
 But hope a native of the skies
 The gay young worldling would not cheer,
 And death with all its horrors closed
 This officer's worldly career.

THE RAMBLE.

My child the eve is fair,
 O'er fields we will stray
 To mark the beauties of the parting day ;
 Behold the splendor of the dying sun
 And think of him who bade its task be done,
 And see the variegated purple sky
 And know 'twas God, its varied tints did dye—
 That little rill by many a hillock wound,
 To fertilize for man this pasture ground,
 And it, my dear, a lesson does impart
 Of usefulness where life to all is short,
 Of good to others and of calm content,
 Though earth its riches to thee has not lent.
 See here, a violet lurks and teacheth thee