CLEOPA

By WILLIAM McDONELL,

Author of " Manita," Etc.

In beauteous, glowing worlds on high,
The ge as in azure space that shine,
There may be beings that often sigh
For orbs more bright and more divine,
And they may feel, though grand their

It may not thus to them appear.
Like mortals they might wish for change.
Twould be more beautiful though strange,
And they may think their only light
Flows down on them from worlds more

bright. And fancy as they often see Our earth just like a brilliant star. Illuming wide, that it must be A region of felicity. A home where radiant spirits are. From which they get each geniai ray That lights them on their lonely way; Where happy creatures day by day Spend lives of bliss, and where no night Can bid resplendence flee away. Or days' effuigence take its flight. Where flowers with perfume fill the air As if their bloom would never fade While music murmurs everywhere On reseate hills, in groves' soft shade Where all of peace that man can know, Or all that love can e'er reveal.

Or all that beauty can bestow, Brings estacy each one can feel. Where nought can virtue ever crush. Or evil bring a dread or fear, Or cause the modest cheek to blush. Or start a single sigh or tear: Where morn, and noon, and eve, and night To all alike fresh pleasures bring, Each change exciting pure delight. Each soul 'mid beauty wandering. No need of Hope, its pinions here Are never plumed by fresh desire, Just as no rainbow will appear When skie, look bright or clouds retire : No anxious hour, no dread of Care, No doubts with ev'ry passing breath, But sublime beauty everywhere, And life that never ends in death.

Twas thus such beings may have thought Of earth as being a paradise, As it might be if men had tried To make the common good their pride, But could such gentle souls be brought To leave their own celestial home, And mark the sin, and shame, and vice Where nowhere else 'neath heaven's dome, Except perhaps on earth alone, Is found with ev'ry foul device,