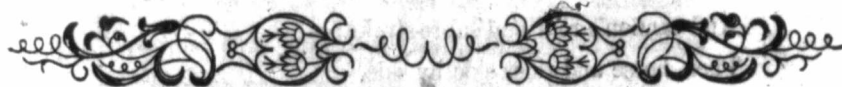


The Carrier's Paem



I come not to sadden your hour of mirth,
I come not to darken the social hearth,
With records of bloodshed, of horror, and crime,
Which have dimmed our horizon time after time ;
I come not your moments of joy to beguile
With falsehood, close-veiled by a hypocrite smile ;
I come not to scatter from slander's vile tongue
Dissension and discord kind neighbours among.

On, on, forever on, with silent tread,
Through the dim mansions of the lonely dead—
Along each crowded way—in every view—
Where rolls the wave—where looms the distant blue—
Deep 'mong those vaulted depths where darkness reigns—
Wide o'er the bosom of earth's sunny plains—
Through space unbounded—e'en to every spot
Where life and being are and where they're not,
Oh ! Time, thou movest fearless on thy way,
With naught thy giant, viewless power to stay.