

CONSTANCY.

While yet my heart was young, I saw a face,
So pure, it resteth with me evermore ;
I cannot lose it in the world's hard race ;
My heart can ne'er be what it was before.
It is the day-star of my life, and how
Can aught that leaves me life e'er dim its shine ?
'Twas bright before, methinks 'tis brighter now,
I hardly dare to love, it seems divine.
And yet my heart yearns to its tender light ;
If that fair star were lost, how deep the night !

C.

MEMORY.

BY A OADIENSIS.

As the exile looks back to the home that he's leaving,
And sighs to its fast fading prospect, adieu ;
Even so while our barque life's wild ocean is cleaving,
We love the dear scenes of our youth to review.

Their remembrance is cherished in moments of gladness,
Imparting to pleasure additional zest ;
While it soothes our short hours of desponding and sadness,
Like music's soft strains from the lips we love best.

And beheld the bright glories of daylight declining,
As o'er the hushed wave sinks the sun to repose,
Yet sweet twilight long lingers resplendently shining,
Ere night in the west her dark veil can disclose.

Thus while onward we speed through a world dark and dreary,
Fond memory prolongs the bright scenes of the past,
To inspirit earth's pilgrims dejected and weary,
Ere they with the shadows of years are o'ercast.

Thus our bosoms still glow with the fond recollections,
Of those whom we loved in the heyday of youth,—
Of our kindred—of home—of those deep, warm affections,
That burned with the strength and the fervor of truth.

But as stars the fair brow of pale evening adorning,
Shed nightly on earth their illumining ray,
Through the dimness of time, till eternity's morning,
The visions of memory beam on our way.