

XVI. A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the Young Man said to the Psalmist.

BY H. W. LONOFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.
 Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.
 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow,
 Find us farther than to-day.
 Art is long and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.
 In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!
 Trust no future, how'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act,—act in the living Present!
 Heart within and God o'erhead!
 Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time:
 Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.
 Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

XVII. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE, A.B.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,—
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
 his head,

And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
 But nothing he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock told the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone in his glory!

XVIII. TWENTY YEARS AGO—THE SCHOOL-BOY'S REMINISCENCE.

I've wandered in the village, Tom,—I've sat beneath the tree,—
 Upon the school-house playing-ground, which sheltered you and me,
 But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,
 That played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.