

THE COMET OF 1882.

Thou splendid stranger in the morning sky,
Thou wonder of an early working world
All gazing on such mystery unfurled,
Say what art thou? whence comest thou? and why?
Proud Science gives as yet no sure reply
To eager searching man. Thou art perchance
A fiery vapor, an electric glance,
Or chaos wild where clash and liquefy
Millions of meteors, thought of but late,
And hailing from some distant ordered sphere
Where calmly rule the planet-guiding Powers—
An incandescent chariot of state,
Bearing ambassadors in grand career
Between those realms, so thickly veiled, and ours.
Oct. 5th, 1882.

LOSS AND GAIN.

Surrender is the gain of life;
That man who nothing keeps own's all.
Then why this greed, this selfish strife?
Why turn deaf ear to duty's call?

KNOWING AND DOING.

The things we do, not those we know,
Determine what we are;
By effort we in wisdom grow,
And lose the things that mar:
Then let us for the future plan
By doing now the best we can.