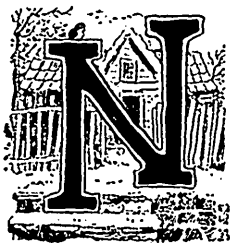


## LINES ON A TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

"What has the future to give in return for our not being always *twenty-five*?"—Lord Byron.



NOT much, my Lord, indeed, save a few years  
That half reflect the glow of twenty-five;  
But much of tears o'er what has been; and doubts  
Of what has yet to be, which we derive  
Not from a sense of fear so much, as from  
The contemplation of that matchless reign  
Of youth; which then, contrasted, can but seem  
The golden preface to an age of pain.

Lost youth, lost years, lost faith in faithless things  
That were the gods of my heart's household then!  
But farther lost than all, seared trampled trust——  
"The boy's mite"——in the friendship of most men!——  
These are the ghouls that rise on vampire wings  
To drain the hope that in me yet may thrive,  
And cast their blackness o'er what twilight still  
Falls from the setting sun of twenty-five!

And yet, although the future life like youth  
O never yet has given, nor can give!  
And is the envious thief from year to year  
Of those we love who bid our hearts still live;  
She cannot take the engraven part away,  
The seal is doomed——the impress left alive!  
And since the natal hour's return is past,  
I hail thee, *memories* of twenty-five!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.