From his many fugitive pieces, we extract one that seems to combine the
most pleasing characteristics of his poetry, dated November, 1839 :—

"Our joys are like the hues
At summer sunset seen—
Varied and bright, but ere the falling dews
As if they had not been.
Our hopes are like the things
Of midnight visions born—
Soft, shadowy, sweet, and dear, but yet with wings
That vanish ere the dawn.
Our life, our outward life,
E'en to its dreaded close,
Is but one censeless round of toil and strife,
Of passion and repose.
Yet these are but of earth—
This life, these hopes and joys ;
And there are those of higher, holier birth,
Which nothing here destroys.
The life unguessed, unknown—
The life "round by a dream,"
Unreck'd of by the world, and all our own—
Our fancy's hidden theme.
The joys of paths untrod,
Except by spirits pure,
Communing oft with Nature and her God—
The high, the deep and sure.
The hopes that may not fade—
That hail the spirit-land—
The quenchless hopes in life's last hour that sway'd
The host at God's right hand.
Oh ! if we could not soar
Above our little sphere,
How desolate were this world's mortal shore !
How dark our sojourn here ! "

Ill health for the last few years of his life, gave a sadder tone to the
productions of his mind. We find frequent allusion to the repose of the
grave and the wish to escape from the toils of life to its quiet slumber, breathes
out in many a line. Here is a touching strain breathing of earthly sorrow,
yet turning triumphantly to the Christian's hope :—

" What boots it now for me to live?
The few that loved me once are dead !
The joys which love alone can give
No more their sunshine o'er me shed.

I long for Nature's last reprieve—
That quiet which the weary crave ;
I long this darkened scene to leave
And sleep serenely in the grave.

" Hush, mortal hush !—Thy Maker's will
Has placed thee in this world of care,
And thou its hour of seeming ill
In patient hope shouldst humbly bear.

Though earthly joy has veiled its ray,
And thou has wept its deep decline,