

ANALYSIS OF LIFE.

— "WHAT is life?"

I ask'd a child whose fair, unshadow'd brow
Laugh'd as his golden curls floated wild
In the warm summer wind; and as he turn'd
His cherub face, radiant with the light
Of his young heart, and garlanded with flowers,
I found a gladsome answer—"Life is joy!"
I asked a youth whose sword was dripping
gore

From the red strife, soil'd like his childhood's
dream

Of holiness and love; whose guerdon was
The price of human tears, and the vain hope
That time would sound his name when he was
gone;

And, verily, he chose the wisest path
To defy such tyranny on earth!
His death-wing'd banner glared beneath the
star

That fools proclaimed the emblem of his fate,
And as its ray seem'd brighter, to the field
He led his living off'ring for the mead
Of heaven's wrath, and while his fell arm
quench'd

Some spirit's flame, his war-cry madly bore
This burthen—"Life is fame!"

— An old man

Bent him o'er a grave—a tale of former years;
His wan hand rested on the hoary stone,
And while he traced the name, half washed
away,

Of his young love, a tear slow glistened
On his furrowed cheek—the last his dim eye
Ever—ever shed; and was it all for this
He had endur'd the cold world's breath, the
blight

Of his youth's hope and his heart's dearest
dream,

That time might bring some recompence for all;
To weep when his hair was grey, o'er the love
Of his early years? Tenderness and truth!—
It stood a beacon on the ocean of his life,
To which the thought of his lone age returned,
While the false pyres sank beneath the dreary
wave

Of mem'ry; alas! I could not ask
The bitter proof experience sadly gave;
Was not that tear a silent pledge of all
The soul had ever suffer'd, answering—
"Life is grief!"

— And is it not even thus?

A thing of sunshine, tempest and regret;
In infancy all flowers and rainbow hues:
In manhood, strife and wild ambition,
'Till the fierce passions wear the heart away,

And the aged wanderer lingers in
The gloom of his life's wreck, turning his
To that calm heaven he scorned, perchance
While earth had ought to yield; and as
cloud

Catches the sun's bright ray at eventide,
E'en as the fair reflection of the dawn;
So in the pathless twilight of his years
Doth hope impart a glory from her throne.
And the child and the sage are one.

St. John, January, 1843.

ERGEN

—●●●—
TO GENEVIENE.

I loved thee when an infant; I remember
Seeing thee cradled in thy mother's arms,
And smiling like the cherub that I ween
Hovered for Raphael's pencil. Though a child
I loved thee; for the first delightful glance
Even then I knew to be an angel's look,
And angel's and my Geneviene's. Since then
I've wandered wearily; yet thoughts of thee
Have flashed upon the darkness of my path
Gilding life's blackest midnight. We shall
soon

Wander together where the turbulent throes
Of cities and societies and friends—
Friends!—where false looks and false hearts
are not;

And in seclusion sweet, freed from the world
Live for it, but not in it; having hearts
Nerved for high uses to our fellow men.
For we can love them though they love not;
Guide them and help them though they know
it not,

And pity them for follies. Would they know
The happiness they hate!—Dear Geneviene,
When we are laid in dust—not we, but that
Which holds us—when our bodies are in earth
And our free spirits join in those fair fields
Where love is all in all,—some gentle heart
Congenial with our own will read these lines
Penned with the running reed, and understand
More than they now reveal;—for the
stores

Of Love, unsabled in the Golden Age,
Are overhanging Earth, like the big clouds
Of harvest rain, ready to fall on man,
So, he will but receive it; and the years
Freighted with peace to man, to man
will.

In their tenth joyous decade bring again
Astraea back to earth. Oh, happy morn,
To those who from the mountain-top look
round,
And hail its harbingers!