

## CONCLUSION.

My journey now is ended quite, the weary task is done,  
 I would that I could write me of a battle yet unwon,  
 But ere I lay me down the pen, a boon I simply crave,  
 A thought once in a lifetime, and a thought beyond the  
 grave,

I cannot tell of scenes gone bye, recalling all the past,  
 The dream was far too peaceful, yet methought that it  
 would last,

I would if I could dip my pen in streams of liquid fire,  
 But write the words my soul doth feel, expressing its  
 desire.

I'd wish well to my fellow men, wherever I might be,  
 That they might live with one accord, in peace and  
 unity.

Contrast ~~at times~~ <sup>often</sup> ~~we do~~, as time pursues  
 his way,

The sunshine of the buried past; the gloominess to day,  
 But life's dark trials are but sent, it is my firm belief,  
 To purify our mind's and shew their bright sides in  
 relief,

I cannot think of by gone scenes without a grateful  
 heart,

I cannot bring my mind so low, and act a lying part.  
 But I do write that which I feel, no matter what I am,  
 Nor do I "better claim to be" than any other man,  
 Or any fellow creature that it here has been my lot,  
 To have meant within these pages; nor have I e'er  
 forgot,

The subordinate position to which my time was lent;  
 And if a pleasant thought I've giv'n my mind is well  
 content—

You know me all; you know me well, such as I seem  
 to be,

For passing jests, and pleasant words, will dwell in  
 memory—

But deeper thoughts of other scenes, far far away from  
 these,

Recall'd in visionary dreams, and treasur'd o'er the seas,  
 Thought of when all the world's fair gems have fail'd  
 the sick'ning soul,

In ev'ry zone, in ev'ry clime, I've cherish'd them withal  
 And I would never now retrace the race that I have  
 ran,

I feel that it is for the best, for "life is but a span"