

LIFE AND DEATH.

DEATH met a merry youth one summer day,
And said to him, "Can'st tell me who I am?"
Upon the angel's peaceful face there lay
A mystic radiance, and his eyes were calm
As limpid seas, unvexed by winds a-craze;
And through his hair a glint of sunshine hied,
The lad upon him bent his earnest gaze—
"Thou art so fair, thou must be Life!" he cried.

And then Death to an aged minstrel came,
Whose step was weary, and whose eye was dim;
And said, "Say truly friend, dost know my name?"
So heavenly was the voice that questioned him
That the man paused bewildered for a space;
Regarding the strange guest with quickened breath,
And murmured, whilst a glad smile wreathed his face,—
"So fair thou art, who can'st thou be but Death."

LIZZIE ENGLISH DYAS.



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