

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

All these are given for our pleasure,
And if the gates of Paradise be shut
And angels guard the embattled walls
With flaming swords on every side,
That we can never enter more, the earth
Is ours and all that it contains shall be
For our contentment in years to come.

EVE.—Give me thy hand; farewell Eden!

ADAM.—Let us go. This is our destiny.
Eden, farewell!