

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
 Birds that o'ersweep it, in power and mirth !
 Yet through the wastes of the trackless air,
 YE have a Guide, and shall WE despair ?
 Ye over desert and deep have pass'd,
 So may WE reach our bright home at last.

XXV. THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"I hear thee speak of the better land .
 Thou call'st its children a happy band :
 Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs ?"
 —" Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
 Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds on their starry wings
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"
 —" Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it far away in some region old
 Where the river wanders o'er sands of gold ?
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ;—
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?"
 —" Not there, not there, my child !"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
 Ear hath not heard its deep tones of joy,
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
 Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom :
 Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
 —It is there, it is there, my child !"

XXVI. NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up 'tis the secret of glory,
 Nothing so wise can philosophy teach,
 Think on the names that are famous in story ;
 Never give up is the lesson they preach :
 How have men compassed immortal achievements ;
 How have they moulded the world to their will ?
 'Tis but midst dangers and sorest bereavements ;
 Never give up was their principle still.

—Anonymous.