

POEMS.

DEDICATORY POEM.

Dear Carrie, were we truly wise,
And could discern with finer eyes,
And half-inspired sense,
The ways of Providence:

Could we but know the hidden things
That brood beneath the Future's wings,
Hermetically sealed,
—But soon to be revealed:

Would we, more blest than we are now,
In due submission learn to bow,—
Receiving on our knees
The Omnipotent decrees?

That which is just, we have. And we
Who lead this round of mystery,
This dance of strange unrest,
What are we at the best?—

Unless we learn to mount and climb;
Writing upon the page of time,
In words of joy or pain,
That we've not lived in vain.