

There was no friend or brother near his bed,
 To whisper comfort to the dying man—
 His poet heart had yearned for love, to shed
 Its holy influence o'er its troubled span.
 But fate had darkened every early dream,
 The broken heart a lonely ruin lay ;
 And heaped up wrong had long eclipsed the beam.
 Of trust in man—that blessed his boyhood's day.

His life had been a passionate excess,
 Of all those feelings which most stir the soul ;
 Those blessed dreams that breathe of happiness,
 Those fearful thoughts that darken and control.
 And mingling in the chaos of the strife,
 All good and evil were together blent ;
 And the sweet beauty of the poet's life,
 Had lost the rainbow arch that o'er it bent.

But here these wrongs and hopes were lulled to rest,
 Life's busy battle had been fought and lost ;
 And like a child upon its mother's breast,
 Or a young flower that droopeth to the frost.
 He spoke not then of injury or grief ;
 If darkness loomed he did not feel its blight :
 The closing sentence on life's final leaf.
 "I must sleep now," such was his last good night.

And what a poem in those simple words,
 More sweet and touching than his loveliest lay ;
 The hand was nerveless now and hushed those chords.
 But with a music touch they died away.
 And he slept well—the loftiest of his line.
 The master warden on ambition's steep :
 Lord of each passion, glorious, divine,
 Slept then the poet's calm, unbroken sleep. M. J. K.

HALF HOURS WITH OUR POETS.—No. 3.

DURING the half-hours' communings with our departed poets, we have often to mourn the early extinction of their poetical promise by death. 'Those whom the gods love, die young,' and truly may this be said of the minstrels of Acadia.

Grizelda Tonge passed away from our earth, ere the germs of her intellectual strength were fully developed. She found a grave in a stranger land, long before the sunshine of youth had passed from her brow or her spirit, leaving us to mourn over the shrouding of that future for which her past promised so much.

John McPherson's too, was an 'early broken lute'. The *man* had not even