

Till all my blood grows icy cold, and round the bowed down head
 Hovers on grim and ghastly wings the never dying dread ;
 The jealous fear that stills the pulse and elogs the heavy breath—
 I see the coffin's bridal veil, and I fear my rival—Death :

For as the dark night closes round and all the earth is hid,
 Methinks I hear the pattering earth upon the sounding lid.
 Father and mother—all are gone, and she alone is left :
 Oh Heaven ! what soul can fight life's war of every hope bereft,

E'en as I muse, before my eyes life's saddened mem'ries fall,
 As shadows lengthen out and creep along a fire-lit wall :
 He knows too well the face of Death, he hears too plain its tread
 Whose every tie save one frail hope is mouldering with the dead.

See ! on the far horizon the Eastern wave grows bright ;
 There surges up a sea of fire upon the loathly night ;
 And o'er the mighty vault above, and o'er the hills below,
 The broad full moon pours forth her beams like arrows from a bow.

Till all the plains are bathed in light, and all the sullen wood
 Stands forth, a garment ermine tinged, beneath the silver flood ;
 And life comes back to earth again where at the first calm rays
 The cheeping of the lizards swells a harmony of praise.

MOONLIGHT.

Alone !—yet not alone ! within are doubts and faithless fears,
 And thoughts too sad for utterance, and griefs too deep for tears.
 Her presence draws me up to Heaven as with a golden chain,
 And when she leaves me all alone I sink to Earth again.

They say God gives us things to love—Alas He takes away—
 His is the hand that fashioneth, and we are but the clay.
 Are all men else resigned, and I the sole rebellious one ?
 I too have bent the head before, and said ' Thy will be done.'