

TO THE FOUNT OF BANDUSIA.

Horace, Book III. Ode XIII.

O fount of Bandusia,
 Than crystal more clear,
 Thee, wine will I offer
 And fresh flowers fair ;
 And a kid, from whose forehead
 First tender horns spring,
 On the dawn of the morrow,
 Rejoicing I'll bring.
 In that torrid time
 When the Dog-Star flames red,
 And summer's fierce fever
 Strikes nature with dread,
 A life-giving coolness
 Delight'st thou to yield,
 To the faint panting lamb,
 To the ox from the field.
 Thy fame, limpid fountain,
 Shall never expire ;
 But unceasing resound
 With the tones of my lyre,
 While I sing of the groves
 That tny grassy verge crown,
 Where thy echoing streams
 Leap exultingly down.

MOTTO FOR REFORMERS.

Be ever firm and true,
 In what thou hast to do ;
 Heed not the vile ones, scorn the coward's sneer.
 For Heaven never favours
 The man who ever wavers,
 But smiles on him with soul to do and will to dare.

LINES

Composed while standing beside an open grave, awaiting the arrival of the funeral train :

Empty art thou now, Oh grave,
 But soon within thy bosom
 Shall rest the hopes of many a year,
 Sere as the fallen blossom.
 The sunlight falls within thee now,
 The fly hums mournfully,
 Where soon the worm shall wind its folds,
 And rayless night shall be.

SONG.

(To the air of "When you and I were young.")

I wander to-day with the past, Annie,
 Along by the many-voiced sea ;
 And the roll of the surges upcast, Annie,
 Blends sweet with each fond memory.

One eve,—I remember the time,—Annie,
 The last smile of day lingered still,
 When you promised to ever be mine, Annie,
 'Neath the far-shading oak on the hill.