

MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful, is man !
 How passing wonder He, who made him such !
 Who centr'd in our make such strange extremes
 From different natures marvellously mixt,
Conjunction exquisite of distant worlds!
 Distinguished *link* in being's endless chain!
 Midway from *nothing* to the *Deity* !
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt !
 Though sullied and dishonor'd, still divine!
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless, immortal ! insect, *infinite* !
 A worm ! a God !—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
 And wondering at her *own*. How Reason reels !
 O, what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphant distress'd ! what joy, what dread,
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd !
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.
 —*Young's Night-Thoughts.*

AN ORPHAN.

Who can tell the first realization of these words, An Orphan.
 There was a time when I had a home, when mother's bright smile
 lighted up our household, when father's evening return brought
 gladness to the heart. But when I look back it seems but a dream.
 Sweet images of the past recross my mind, faint outlines of what
 once was, what might have been, but what can never be enjoyed by me.
 The portraits of those departed have been almost effaced by the rude
 hand of time, but never will their love be forgotten. Can I ever
 forget the cold and dreary day when she who bore me was carried in
 solemn pall from the home she had once made so happy ! Can I
 forget the nights of weeping, of long, of childish sorrow ! How
 often did I wonder if her spirit form hovered near me ; wonder if
 she loved me still ; wonder if she would "kiss me goodnight" once more
 if she could. I shall not soon forget the tears of manly sorrow my
 father shed ; not soon forget hearing his heavy groans, and wonder-
 ing if he was thinking of mamma. But only another year had
 passed away, and he too was gone from me, and I was alone ; no one
 to talk with me, no one to confide in, no one to weep with, no one