

POETRY.

Pretty good poetry, it has been said, is like a pretty good egg. Who ever relished an egg that was at all doubtful? Poetry is a luxury: we must have the best of it, or none at all. Now, the Rev. P. B. Power, if not of the first rank, is, at the least, pure and unsophisticated. His *Sacred Allegories* belong to a class which are almost excluded from newspaper columns; but we think the little poem we are about to quote—and we quote it not as the best, but because it is complete and will show that he possesses a gentle vein of fancy, a happy choice of language, and a correct taste that go far to supply the want of the higher poetic qualities. —Atlas.

THE IRON CHAIN; AN ALLEGORY.

A hermit once unto a maiden came,  
And round his waist a leathern cord was bound,  
Well known was he, as one of holy fame,  
Through all the town and villages around.  
And thus he spake: "Daughter, would'st thou attain  
The land, where all are pure, and ever blest,  
Thou must not court thine ease, but wear this chain,  
Tolling beneath its weight to that fair rest."  
The maiden's limbs were soft, and snowy white.  
And ever deck'd with rarest gems were they,  
And on a silken couch she lay at night,  
And richest vesture clothed those limbs by day.  
Ill-fitted did she seem a chain to wear,  
Whose iron links would gail her tender skin,  
Whose weight, 'e'en man's a strong man could not bear  
Up the steep hill of life; but she within  
A secret plan had hidden in her heart,  
And so she told the monk that she would wear  
The chain, but never let him know the art,  
By which she meant but halt its load to bear.  
The name of this long chain was **POVERTY**,  
And ev'ry link was with some evil fraught;  
It deeply cut the flesh, and misery,  
And bitter woe where'er it came it brought.  
This with a ponderous sledge he hammer'd fast  
Around her tapering leg, as white as snow,  
So that her weary journey it should last,  
And be a clog through all her life below.  
As soon as e'er the monk had reach'd his cell,  
The maiden sought a youth, to share her load;  
And he a silken thread did wind, love's spell,  
Around the fetter's link, lest it should goad  
The maiden's skin; then, softer did it feel,  
Than any of her former golden chain;  
Such was Love's high prerogative, to steal  
Away from poverty its cruel pain.  
Then raised he up the fetter's lengthy (?) coil,  
And on his shoulders he the burden laid,  
Must honour'd, when allow'd to share the toil  
Of such a holy, and a gentle maid.  
And thus together they the hills did climb,  
Bearing the chain in triumph on their way.  
Uphorn by many a joy, and thought sublime,  
Which cheer'd them through the night, and toilsome day,  
And when they reach'd the golden city's gate,  
The fetters were struck off by angel hands,  
And they were bidden, to forget their state  
Of bondage, in the joy of Zion's land.

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February 15.

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