

Ever on our ears are falling
 Echos from the buried past,
 Like a voice in anguish calling
 For the joys that could not last ;
 Words of love, in kindness spoken,
 That we passed unheeded by,
 Still exist, a lasting token,
 Though the speakers silent lie.

In the haunts of mirth and pleasure
 We may seek the voice to quell,
 But through hours of toil or leisure
 They must ever with us dwell ;
 Fiercest fires within us burning,
 A tormenting, ceaseless flame,
 All our utmost efforts spurning,
 In our bosoms still remain.

Though with calm unclouded faces
 We may mingle with the throng,
 Though no outward finger traces
 Marks of folly and of wrong,
 Deep within our hearts are speaking
 Voices that shall never cease ;
 Soul-disturbing tones repeating
 Words that rob us of our peace.

MY BOY IS DEAD.

The following is respectfully dedicated to an esteemed friend, Mrs. J. Raymond, of Meaford, who lately suffered the severe affliction of losing a young and promising son. Arthur was gifted with more than ordinary intelligence, and, being of a kind and loving temperament, won the affection of all with whom he came in contact. The future appeared bright and cloudless, but ere the noon of life was reached, the shadow of death came down, and the fairest colors went out amid the gloom and darkness. But though the light of life is lost to earth, we have a hope that in yon shadeless world it shines with undimmed lustre.

Gladness is over all below,
 The spring has come, the winter fled ;
 But oh ! my heart is filled with woe,
 For he, my brave, bright boy, is dead.