

THE SOWER.

PARALYZED JAMIE.

'Twas near the hour of noon, and Jamie lay
In his lone garret where the light of day
Strove with the darkness, struggling to obtain
Entrance through small and dirty window pane.
All spake of deepest poverty; the room,
Dingy and dirty, wore an air of gloom
Sadly depressing, but which well did mate
With the crazed furniture and rusty grate;
There on a hard and miserable bed,
A bag of chaff beneath his aching head,
A tattered quilt to screen his limbs from cold,
An old, thin shawl his shoulders to enfold,
Lay paralytic Jamie all alone:
For all the rest had to their labors gone,
Mother and all, to do whate'er they could
To earn their poor and scanty livelihood;
And he was left alone, a crust of bread
And draught of water placed beside his bed.

Alas, poor Jamie! mournful is thy lot,
Fixed as thou art to one dull dreary spot,
Tho' all around thee, in the sun's bright ray
May be rejoicing happily and gay,
Nailed to one spot amidst sepulchral gloom
Thou art immured as in a living tomb,
Wearily watching for the distant chime
Of the church clock which tells the passing time.
But is it always thus? hast thou no friend