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THRENODY.

I.

Now the rose blushes that above his head
Opens its petals to the dews of heaven,
But from my buried rose the blush is fled,
And unto marble my sweet rose is wed,—
How dost thou slumber in thy clay-cold bed.
Rose, from my bosom rudely, rudely riven?

II.

Tell me, oh rose! Is it of happiness
Thy blushes are conceived? Is it of sorrow?
Tell me, oh rose! Methinks the answer is.
"I blush to feel the South-wind's ardent kiss,
But I shall die and be forgot I wis—
But I shall die and be forgot to-morrow!"

III.

'To-morrow? ah, to-morrow!
For this consuming sorrow,
What nepenthe can I borrow
From to-day or from the days to be?
None!
For laughing give me crying:
None!
For living give me dying:
From the light, oh, let me hide me in the cloud that mantles thee!

IV.

Like a mirror the breast of the sea is,
Yet in the dark caverns below
Are boiling and seething the caldrons
Of wo. of unspeakable wo!
As deep is the sky as thine eye was,
As sweet is the wind as thy breath,
But who will resolve to me why 'twas
'That one smiled and one laughed at thy death?

V.

*We are but atoms in this world of sense—
We are but leaves upon the winds of Time—
We crumble dust-like—we are hurried hence
By blasts untoward—and the pantomime—
The mocking pantomime of our existence ends.*
—Around the world a funeral train extends
Whose march began when Time its first fruit bore—
Whose march will end when Time shall be no more.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.