

TIME FLIES.

My heart still yearns to meet with those,
Who wandered from their childhood's home,
Ere these orbs of mine in death may close,
And the spirit from the lifeless clay shall roam.

The days of youth have swiftly flown,
E'en as the shadows that was flitting by ;
Yet memories sweet of seed once sown,
Oft caused the heart to breathe a sigh.

Those happy days flown swiftly past,
Awaken tender cords, within the breast,
And cause the mind a backward glance to cast
Upon the promise that the weary yet may rest.

Oh ! well do I remember scenes of childhood's home,
And the flowers that upon my path were strewn ;
When I could listen to the bell within the dome,
But alas ! for me those happy days are flown.

And soon the tongue that prattled in its youth,
Within the silent grave must there be laid ;
And when the balance of falsehood or of truth
Shall prove my loss or my eternal gain.

The world to me with all its charms are o'er,
Its pleasures leave me but an aching void behind ;
I long to reach you bright and radiant shore
Where father, mother, and friends of youth I'll find.

OUR DEPARTED QUEEN.

What means this sad and solemn sound,
Re-echoed low throughout the land ?
From mouth to mouth the word is passed around,
That on Our Queen, grim death has laid His hand.

The harvest came ; the reapers gleaned His sheaves
Chief of whom was our illustrious Queen ;
And now she numbers with the fallen leaves,
We love to dwell on what her noble life has been.

Can there be "those" in Britain's vast domain,
That could refuse to shed a sympathetic tear
For Her who ever sought to gain
The welfare of Her subjects far and near ?

She severed links that bound the fettered slave,
Then taught the rude barbarian peace ;
Her tears were shed upon the soldier's grave,
As she sought all means that war should cease.