

O God beneficent ! forgive
Forgetful souls that thankless live ;
Incline their hearts to know thy love
And lead them to thy Home above.

Oct. 26th, 1905.

TO TORQUATUS.

[HORACE, ODES, IV., 7.]

The snows are fled, the fields are decked with pride,
The woods are bright and vernal ;
The earth is changed ; within their banks subside
The streams with flow eternal.

With joyous Nymph and Muse the buxom Grace
Leads up the woodland dances.
Think not thou'lt never die ; with ceaseless pace
The warning year advances.

The skies grow balmy, soon the summer's heat
Succeeds the spring's revival ;
Then autumn throws its treasures at our feet
Ere winter's cold arrival.

Swift months repair what's in a season lost
But once we've travelled yonder
Beyond the flood our noble fathers crossed
There dust-freed shades we'll wander.

Who knows if future hours the gods will add
To those already given ?
Then all that's spent to make one's own life glad
From greedy heir is riven.