

THE GREAT PLAY.

There is a playwright older than the years,
 Who maketh all men actors in his play,
 And, though they know not what they do or say,
The purpose of the plot in all appears.
Each in his turn, beset with inborn fears,
 Enters unseen, youth's comedy so gay,
 Laughs through the hours that glide too soon away
Beneath the clouds of soul-consuming tears.
Then manhood's tragedy with perils fraught,
 Pursues its fickle fortunes to the end,
 When Fate, the villain of the piece doth send
By whom the last exciting scene is wrought ;
 A timely stab from Death's sure-falling knife
 Brings down the curtain o'er the play of life.