

CONTRASTS.

It is a world of change ! we know not how
The cloud may come to shadow many a brow ;
We gaze upon the festival ; and then the tomb,
With all its sad impenetrable gloom.

It is a world of change ! the busy throng,
Thoughtless in search of pleasure, glide along ;
Sweet is the thought that, when it disappears,
We waken to a life undimmed by tears.

There is a house of mourning ! one sweet flower,
The pet of all, has withered in an hour ;
It is the home of youth, ah ! sad to part
From all so loved, so dear to that young heart.

There is a house of joy ! a fair young bride
Is standing by her chosen husband's side,
To be his loved companion ! ever near,
To share his smile, or wipe away a tear.

January, 1854.