

If such heavenly reversion
 Were denied us here to glean ;
 Dark may be our path of sorrow,
 Worldly cares may intervene,
 We from Fancy's pinions borrow
 All that gilds this life terrene.

When the heart is most discordant,
 Still the charm we potent find,
 As Nature's aspect, ever varied,
 Captivates the willing mind.

THE END.

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