

'TIS EVER THUS.

HE long lost child is found again
 In story, tale, and poem.
 The wreck'd ship, righted, sails the main
 And comes in triumph home.
 The poor accede to sudden wealth,
 Mansion replacing hut.
 The wound to death is kissed by health;
 The gates of pain are shut.
 Friends side by side the daisied fields
 Traverse in joy and truth;
 And nature peace and solace yields,
 As in the world's lost youth.
 The rose of love blooms thornless
 Beneath a cloudless sky,
 And youths and maidens pluck it thus,
 To wear it 'til they die.
 Even death is as a myth, and not
 A giant grim and real,
 By whom both young and old are caught
 And crushed in grasp of steel.
 Eternal woe, eternal weal
 Are as the mists of night,
 Since Fiction too oft weaves a veil
 For our spiritual sight

E. C. M. T.