

Where is the life, says one, of forests great,
Long years ago in earth's deep bosom cast ?
The miner finds it in a rock-like state,
As stored up sunshine of the centuries past.

Then why should man of all that is on earth
So violate the great Creator's plan ?
Springs there not from his death another birth ?
If not—did God create the genius man ?

If so—then he can never cease to be,
For naught is lost of what God e'er has done,
His shortest time is great eternity,
And *mors et vita* if his works are one.

W. M. LOCKHART,

Lockhartville.

POETRY.

The stillness of a spring-time night,
The glow-worm on illumined wings,
The moonlight on the mountain's height,
The song the storm-swept forest sings,
The glories that the twilight brings,
The spring-birds' song, the crickets' glee,
"All earth—that lyre of myriad strings,"—
Breathes forth its song in poetry.

"The dear old home, that saving ark,"
Whose shades with pleasant scenes are fraught,
The warbling music of the lark
Whose home above the earth is wrought,
The marvels that the mind has wrought
In regions of philosophy,
The blow and scent of speech and thought,—
All have the voice of poetry.