

"When first thy infant tongue could bless,
 Those joys that time cannot encrease,
 Thy ways were truth and pleasantness,
 And all thy paths were peace.

"But evil with thy stature grew,
 And wild misrule stain'd many a day;
 Then they who lov'd thee—ah, how few!
 Wept as they turn'd away.

"Now from within thy callous heart,
 I raise a voice of wail and dread:
 I loathe to stay—cannot depart,
 Where shall I last be led!

"When life is o'er, thy time-worn dust,
 Shall back to kindred earth return;
 I—forsake of thy broken trust,
 Shall for uncounted ages burn.

"More than the finite lapse of time,
 That thou canst think, or feel, or know:
 I—victim of thy every crime,
 Shall, like the potter's furnace glow.

"Oh, think on an immortal's fate,
 How bright, how happy I may be;
 Think on the trust—how rich, how great,
 That has devolved on thee.

Joe Peters says it is not good grammar or good verse, but
 'tis just as I thought of it.

Yours,

H. ELLWOOD."

Time passed on, for three years " 'Twere long to tell
 and sad to trace" how Ellwood became more and more
 debased. He was often unfit for his duties; the forbear-
 ance of his superiors was exhausted; every sort of pu-
 nishment was inflicted on him; and he became at length a
 confirmed and habitual Drunkard. His fine voice be-
 came broken; he no longer bore away the prize in the