

Some few with tempered pleasure took their share
 Of bliss, and bore their pain with fortitude,
 Improved the paltriest trifles, and whate'er
 Fell to their portion turned it into good.

And these behold their benefactor flee
 And the flushed boisterous young pursuer press
 Hard on his track, with equanimity ;
 For them no years can injure—all must bless.

W. M. MACKERACHER.

DAVID AND ABSALOM.

"Alas! my noble boy, that thou should'st die!
 Thou who wert made so beautifully fair!
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
 My proud boy, Absalom!"

"Cold is thy brow, my son: and I am chill,
 As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
 How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill
 Like a rich harpstring—yearning to caress thee;
 And hear thy sweet 'My Father' from these dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom!"

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
 Of music, and the voices of the young;
 And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
 And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
 But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
 To meet me, Absalom!"

"And now, farewell. 'Tis hard to give thee up,
 With death so like a gentle slumber, on thee,
 And thy dark sin:—Oh! I could drink the cup,
 If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
 May God have called thee, like a wanderer home,
 My lost boy, Absalom!"

—N. P. WILLIS.