

FAME'S FAVOURITES.

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I.—BYRON.

HAT art thou Fame? Let them reply
 Who climb thy heights, who court and win
 Thy darling smile. In glory oft
 Thou com'st thy chosen few to crown.
 Yet comes not peace-inspiring love.
 No balm hast thou for bleeding hearts.
 No wrinkle, flatterer. canst thou shake
 From off the aching brow of care.
 Where wert thou when that child of thine
 Aud Fortune's child, his native shore
 Scornfully abandoning, there left
 No thing that claimed a Patriot tear?
 When heaved with pain his tortured breast,
 No anodyne thou deignedst to give.
 Nor yet didst thou forsake thy child.
 Round his triumphal car enchained
 Thou ever heldst the adoring world.
 Might'st not have cheered in hour of need
 When lay thy Son on foreign strand,
 In agony of care unsoothed
 More than disease's conquering power!
 No word from thee of peace—no spell
 The fated dart so early thrown to slay!

II.—L. E. L.

Where, Fame, thy power when One thou lovedst,
 Who loved thee well, and at thy shrine
 Long worshipped, faithful, sought thine aid
 And sought in vain? No care of thine
 That from her lips ruthless was dashed
 The brimful cup of joy. Plead'st thou
 Bounteous thou rarest pleasures gavest,
 No sorrow mingling with thy gift?
 Of bliss thou gen'rous pour'dst the meed.
 Yet not so could'st thou fill that soul