

POEM.

Why am I thus a stranger,
So far from home ;
My life is yet in danger,
Where're I roam.

Why am I thus sought after,
'Tis not for love ;
Oh ! in the great hereafter,
I will freely rove.

What crime have I committed—
I ask of you ;
That I am not permitted,
My work to do.

My life is made complete ;
And my pen now
Shall save my weary feet,
Though age is on my brow.

Yes, that has proved my college,
That castle on the hill ;
In it I gained this knowledge,
To do my master's will.

My graduating lessons
Have cost me dear ;
But they have proved rich blessings
I will not fear.