

Few but weighty words, and pious deeds.  
 His forehead time had wrinkled o'er; and grief  
 Had traced its record in deep lines, great grief  
 That by its burden his strong soul had bowed  
 Down to the very dust, but had not broken.  
 Those furrows, each a monument of strife,  
 Stern strife heroically won, he wore  
 - A crown more glorious than the wreaths men twine  
 For conquerors flushed with blood-bought victory,  
 Blending with strength and majesty sublime  
 The deep repose that on his countenance dwelt.  
 He had an air of native dignity,  
 Unconscious, grave, yet with simplicity  
 So sweetly tempered and frank courtesy,  
 That awe inspiring, it banished fear,  
 And gained the willing homage of the heart.  
 His cottage faced the west, and overlooked  
 A gently undulating plain, spread far  
 As eye could reach, with hamlets here and there,  
 And homesteads nestling among trees that grow  
 Here solitary, there in pleasant groves.  
 A silver-shining stream with devious course  
 Through pastures wandered filled with grazing herds,  
 Whose distant lowing oft the stillness broke.  
 And when the sun, declining in the west,  
 With temperate glow that eyes might gaze upon,  
 A red and golden splendour shed on all,  
 Old William loved upon a bench outside  
 His cottage door to sit, and watch its parting.  
 And, sitting oft beside him as he watched,  
 I marked the looks of gratitude and awe  
 That mingled in his countenance, and thought  
 How like the scene were those his latter days  
 In the grand beauty of their hallowed rest  
 And oft there shone upon his reverend face  
 A radiance not borrowed from the sun,  
 As though the fount of light celestial  
 That sprang within him, as a river flows  
 In subterraneous caves, were struggling  
 To burst its prison and regain its source.  
 Then would he break the silence, and give vent,  
 Like prophet of old times, to wondrous thoughts,  
 In words of wisdom supernatural,  
 Words flowing on in cadence musical  
 As harmonies that, at the Vespers' close,  
 Float through the dim cathedral's echoing aisle.  
 His voice upon the listening ear would fall  
 With soothing spell, and softly find its way  
 Into the hidden regions of the soul,  
 That great abyss, precipitous, profound,  
 Whence thought reels backward or upon the verge  
 Stands melancholy, gazing at the clouds  
 That roll and surge beneath impenetrable,  
 And whirled with the fall and swell of voices,  
 Distinct though mingled, both of joy and woe,  
 Borne ever upwards through the gloom, as though  
 Imprisoned spirits, struggling to be free,  
 Were calling on each other from afar.  
 His accents, breathing peace through trust in God,  
 Stilled the wild tumult, and the soul enabled—  
 Unsolved its own tremendous mystery—  
 Calmly to brave its destiny obscure,  
 Reposing on the Author of its being.  
 Such influence benign was his, because  
 Not his the tongue that, rimed with formal phrase,  
 Discourses of eternal things to men,  
 The spirit grovelling in the dust meanwhile  
 His words were like the flood of silver light  
 That from the lake's unruffled mirror streams,  
 When the moon shows her full orb in the sky,  
 The natural effluence of a placid soul

Illumined from on high, and powerful  
 By magic of sincerity alone.  
 And thus, as when a tread, and stir of robes,  
 That break, but startle not, the stillness round,  
 Betray the passing of a stately form,  
 Passed one by one, but not unnumbered passed,  
 The span of days vouchsafed him after toil  
 For holy meditation and repose,  
 For retrospect of days with blessings crowned,  
 And contemplation of the endless day  
 That soon should dawn upon his raptured eye.  
 And when the measure of his time was full,  
 Came death to him, but not with dire alarms,  
 Nor with the might of ruthless Tyranny  
 Conceded to him o'er the slaves of sin,  
 But, as by Christ subdued, he hath become,  
 The grave but gentle messenger of God,  
 Old William in the little churchyard lies,  
 A simple cross of wood above his head:  
 His memory and its golden lesson live  
 Still fresh, and fruitful still, in other lives.

### FRIENDSHIP.

BY A. LAMPMAN.

"Friendship, in the old heroic sense of the term," says Carlyle, "no longer exists, it is in reality no longer expected or recognized as a virtue among men." How true is this indeed. Where civilization, that restless march of the intellect over the ruins of the rude greatness of the past—glorious ruins, amid whose flowers and mosses there has ever been much that is tender and beautiful, though their shattered fragments have been very nearly all borne away, like the great stones at Carnae, and built into some more modern specimen, of cold symmetry—where this civilization yields an influence uninterrupted by these political storms, which bring with them long continued fear and doubt, and danger, true friendship, such friendship as prompts men who feel it to sacrifice advantage, proper, even life for those they love, is, in the ordinary positions in which men are placed, almost an impossible thing. Man's life runs evenly on from boyhood to old age: his aims are selfish: he is striving for wealth, or power, or fame. there are no great and sudden dangers to beset him, such dangers as in a semi-barbarous state of society make the future full of uncertainty and dread. he lives on calmly and contentedly, happy in the accomplishment of his purposes, and confident in the belief that no dangers can fall upon him which he is not capable of meeting. It is an age of pride, independence, and self-reliance. Men feel not the necessity of friendship, and it springs up very tardily in their hearts. Gratitude is uncultivated; indeed it is a very age of ingratitude, for men, calm, and cold in the stiffness of the unendangered pursuit of their own selfish aims, in the stiffness of their hard, false pride, stoop not to receive kindness, and thus put themselves under obligation to others, while those benefits which are forced upon them, perhaps in an hour of adversity, when prosperity returns they pass by in contempt. In the olden time it was different. Governments were unsettled. Dangers were on every side. People were brought together by common interest into small communities. A man's life and property were liable to destruction at any moment. The future was a great cloud of gloom, doubt, and peril into which he marched in fear and trembling. Then it was that one man was obliged to cling to another for comfort and support, and knew well how to shew gratitude for