

A TOAST TO TOM HALIBURTON.

HERE's a health to thee, Tom ! May the mists of this earth
Never shadow the light of that soul
Which so often has lent the mild flashes of mirth
To illumine the depths of the Bowl.

With a world full of beauty and fun for a theme.
And a glass of good wine to inspire,
E'en without thee we sometimes are bless'd with a gleam
That resembles thy spirit's own fire.

Yet still in our gayest and merriest mood
Our pleasures are tasteless and dim,
For the thoughts of the past and of Tom, that intrude,
Make us feel we're but happy with him.

Like the Triumph of old, where the absent one threw
A cloud o'er the glorious scene,
Are our feasts, my dear Tom, when we meet without you,
And think of the nights that have been,