

TOO LATE.

I thought to clasp her hand once more,
Once more to kiss her face ;
Once more to hold her to my heart
In the old fond embrace ;
Once more to gaze into her eyes, and see,
The old-time tenderness creep there for me.

To hear the last beat of her heart,
Dear heart ! that only knew
How to be loving, past all words,
And most sublimely true ;
'The heart that never drew a selfish breath,
Thro' change and sorrow, " Faithful unto Death !"

All yesterday, while journeying
Unto my childhood's home,
To reach her side, my thoughts were fain
To backward turn and roam
By hill and valley, and low-whispering stream,
Where we once wandered, in that long past dream.

O long-past merry gatherings,
By river, field and shore,
O dear old playmates, dead or gone,
We meet on earth no more !
No more upon the river's breast we row,
Our voices singing—as we homeward go—
The old " Canadian Boat Song," soft and low.