

HOPE IN DEATH.

IM night hath turned her goblet up ;
The air is void of any shine,
Like an inverted sapphire cup
New-emptied of its sparkling wine,
Only the tremulous stars befret
With twinkling fires the darkness wide,
As might the scattered drops that yet
Cling quivering to the goblet's side.

But though, to this defective sense,
The light seem lessened, well I know
A light of larger effluence
In yonder fiery points doth glow
Than our small day's contracted scope
Makes in the vastness of the space ;
So, as when life is emptied, hope
Illumines death with starry grace.

FRANK WATERS.