

Whether at dawn of rising day,
Or silent evening's setting ray,
Each grief that absence can impart,
Incessant rends my tortured heart.

8

If to the heavens in rapturous trance,
I haply cast a wistful glance,
His visionary form I see,
Pictured in orient clouds ; to me,
Sudden it flies and he appears,
Drown'd in a wat'ry tomb of tears.

9

Awhile if balmy slumbers spread
Their downy pinions o'er my head,
I touch his hand in shadowy dreams,
His voice to sooth my fancy seems;
When wak'd by toil or lull'd by rest,
His image ever fills my breast.

10

No other object meets my sight.
Howe'er in robes of beauty dight,
Which to my sad despairing heart,
One transient wish will e'er impart ;
Exempt from unaltered woe
Which this sad heart must ever know.

11

But cease, my song, cease to complain
And close the sadly plaintive strain
To which no artificial tears,
But love unfeigned the burthen bears ;
Nor can my sorrows e'er decrease,
For ah ! his absence ne'er can cease.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

*A sketch from life—By the Author of " Tales of the Heath"
—" Scenes at home and abroad"—" Employment, the true
source of happiness"—&c—&c.*

Among the higher circles of society in the Island of St. Vincent
few perhaps enjoyed more undisturbed happiness than Mr. and