

### The Poet's Mansion.

"This globe revolves upon its axis,  
And I am homeward bound—to my destiny."

HERE'S better things in store I scan  
Than death that comes to every man ;  
The death's beginning ends my fate—  
It was begun at treasure's gate.  
God gave command (and disobey'd  
Did Adam), then the curse was laid,  
And with that curse a promise came—  
It was the promise of a name  
That led me forth in Wisdom's way ;  
In death's dark vale I'll need no lay,  
Nor will my ever-thinking mind  
Experience hopes yet undefined ;  
No longer will the twilight grey,  
Nor streak of sun its piercing ray,  
Be seen the glittering stars of night,  
Nor splendours of the northern light ;  
Or waken from some troubled dream,  
I ponder o'er some failing scheme,  
No longer will this aching breast  
Sigh forth in grief when not possess'd ;  
No longer feel the balmy breeze  
Waft odours through the forest trees,  
Nor made to feel this aching pain  
While seeking hard-begotten gain ;