

We begin then to think that there is one on high
Who these chastisements sends us our patience to try.

Of the numerous evils that mortals befall,
The death of a friend's the most bitter of all,
Be he criminal wicked or virtuous true ;
Yet our grief corresponds to the losses we rue.

When the wicked or criminal enter the tomb,
Though ignoble their end, and though bitter their doom,
Yet the Christian sincere their sad fate will bemoan,
Still he mourns for themselves, for the loss is their own.

But when one who is virtuous, honest, sincere,
Must depart from this life and his friends the most dear,
Though we grieve for the loss to the friends he did love,
We rejoice for the joys that await him above.

So it is not with sorrow unmingled with joy ;
That we weep for this youth who so well did employ
All those talents so brilliant that heaven bestowed
On a creature so nobly and richly endowed.

THE SCATTERED FAMILY.

How far we did scatter, how soon we did part !
What bitter remembrances trouble each heart !
The intimate union that once we enjoyed,
Now that we are severed, is sadly destroyed.

To part from that dear spot we loved was our doom ;
That place, once so cheerful, behold is in gloom
Where passed we our youthful and innocent days ;
By children abandoned, it desolate lays.

Yes, there are our parents left almost alone ;
Our home is forsaken—its inmates are gone ;
And sisters and brothers, who loved us so well,
Apart from each other and mother now dwell.

Wild forests and mountains and lakes intervene,
And hide from our vision one beautiful scene,
Where, happy at home, we our time did employ
In peace, satisfaction, contentment and joy.