

You may keep them from all knowledge—  
 Leave the mind in darkness deep ;  
 But of every wasted talent,  
 Will the seven sealed volume speak.

Ye who boast of nobler natures  
 Higher powers of mighty thought—  
 Wondrous are the great achievements  
 By your skill and science wrought.

Ye can pierce the trackless ocean  
 With your wondrous lightning pen :  
 Can your wisdom not discover  
 Means to serve these fellow-men ?

It would earn you nobler glory—  
 It would live beyond the grave—  
 Could ye teach all earth the lesson  
 To unlearn the name of *slave*.

EDITH.

## DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

NO. VI.—‘IT IS WELL.’—WASHINGTON.

Nor on the stormy battle field, with armour on his breast,  
 His watchword ‘Liberty and truth’—‘Freedom’ his shining crest—  
 Not, in the Senate halls he reared, amid the brave and good,  
 Contending for his Country’s right—the warrior statesman stood !

No ! on his dying bed he lay, life’s sands were ebbing fast,  
 Death was the foe that faced him now—the darkest and the last ;  
 The arm that parried skillfully the foeman’s vengeful blow,  
 The mind so nerved for danger’s hour—these naught availed him now.

For mightier still than armed train on battle’s deadly field,  
 Was he who sought the victor’s couch and forced his soul to yield ;  
 And WASHINGTON resistless lay before that conqueror’s power,  
 Yet what might memory have brought to cloud that dying hour ?

Perchance no pallid face was there to speak of *Andre’s* doom,  
 No scenes, blood stained or merciless, rose through remorseful gloom,  
 It may be that the hero mused upon his patriot crown,  
 And thought of all the laurel wealth that must with death lie down.

Perchance prophetic power was given to that calm hour of death,  
 To see a grateful nation crown his tomb with deathless wreath ;  
 And handing as an heir-loom down to vast posterity,  
 The hallowed memory of him who made their country free.

Or better still, it may have been that all earth’s pomps were past,  
 And humble hope and lowly faith watched round him at the last ;  
 Whoe’er the spirits may have been no human thought can tell,  
 Save that his soul breathed out and died triumphant—‘It is well !’