

NO. V.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A DEAR FRIEND.

I deem it necessary to inform my kind reader that the following lines were written when I was a very young man—somewhere about that interesting period of my existence when I was a dreamy and listless sojourner on the debatable territory which separates the pleasant and flowery land of boyhood from that vast and dreary wilderness called Man's ESTATE. For the grand and numerous errors therefore which, it must be acknowledged, constitute the most prominent features in the following humble contributions to the literature of my country, my extreme youth will I am confident be received by a kind and generous public as a satisfactory apology. They relate to the untimely death, surrounded as it was with circumstances of a peculiarly painful character, of a fellow-student of the writer and one of the truest and dearest friends that had ever blessed his younger and happier days. He was too innocent and pure for this bad false world, and God in His beneficial wisdom deemed it best to take him home. The poor fellow had indeed humbly hoped to consecrate his young life to the sublime service of the altar, and had ever fondly prayed that

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human
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ashes.

I gazed
And sa
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Oh, the
per
For non

Returne
"Ah, we
die;
Oh, 'tis b
tene
Is yearni
pilgr

"Hark ! h
sweet
They come
above
He spake
gentle
May Angel
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