

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
 A heart as sound and free,
 As in the whole world thou canst find—
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay,
 To honor thy decree,
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And 't shall do so for thee.
 Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
 While I have eyes to see,
 And having none, yet I will keep,
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 Under that cypress tree,
 Or bid me die, and I will dare,
 E'en death to die for thee.
 Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 The very eyes of me,
 And hast command of ev'ry part
 To live or die for thee.

Song.

"Last Words of Marmion,"

Dr. J. Clarke.

MR. J. MARSHALL.

THE war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thund'ring, swell'd the gale.
 And "Stanley!" was the cry.
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fir'd his glazing eye,
 With dying hand, above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory!"
 "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.