

cradled in the bosom of the scented rose and rocked upon the crested waves of the sea. It speaks to them in the lulling wind, and gushes forth in the fountain of the desert. It is clothed in the golden majesty of the noon-day sun,—and shrouded in the silver radiance of the morn. It is the soul of their world, the life of their sweet and chosen thoughts, the centre of their existence, which gathers in all their wanderings, hopes and desires. Here they fix them to one point; and make that the altar upon which all the faculties of the soul pour out their perpetual incense.—*Poetry of Life.*

Death!

WITH LINES TO THE MEMORY OF A DEAR
FRIEND, THE LATE MR. J. M. CONNELL,
OF WOODSTOCK, N. B.

DEATH!

Oh Death! Thou mighty conqueror of our race,
How cruel oft appears thy giant sting.
Thy visits, how unwelcome, how complete
Thy victory.—When least expecting thee,
Our thoughts locked up in present happiness,
Surrounded by those friends so capable
Of making time fly joyously away,—
Our minds by earth intoxicated, all;
Apparently unconscious of thy dread;
Existence, yet aware thou dost exist.—
When to the brim the cup of joy is filled,
No poison mingling with its purity,
And we are quaffing draught succeeding draught
Its blissful stream;—then, then, oh! monster Death!
Thy fiendish frowns will enter in our homes,
Ain sure thy arrow at our powerless breasts,
And hurl us in a moment's lapse from time—
It may be just as youth has burst its bud,
And shown forth proudly into manhood's bloom—
Ambitious for a name, he strives
To clamber up the craggy hill of fame—
Firmness is blazing in his lustrous eye;
His heart beats high with Love and Joy and Hope—
Love, oh! how pure and holy,—Joys, how bright
And Hope, oh! how unsullied, how replete
With brilliant prospects, of the Future vast,
And of the glorious goal he so much strives
To reach, prepared already for his grasp—
He mounts up step by step, still nearer to
The climax of his wishes—Victory's stamp'd
Upon his animated countenance.
But now some disappointment stays his course—
Perchance some enemy who envies him
Will seek to stop him in his glorious struggle—
He must o'ercome before he gains the prize.
Again he lifts his weeping eyes, and views
The beacon of his hopes, not far away,
Now bidding his approach—With strength and joy,
Determination, courage, all renewed,
With manly pride again attempts to reach
The giddy height.

But mark the sequel all;
Advancing quickly with his arms outstretched
He bounds to grasp the prize—The wreath
Is ready for his noble brow—He feels
A holy atmosphere encircling him—
A smile triumphant decks his glowing cheek;—
When look! oh look! he falls, he's buried to earth.
The lovely form, which but a moment since
Was radiant with well deserved success,
Now lays a pallid corpse upon the ground.

He fought most bravely, then was hurried off
Ere he received the homage due his deeds—
Such Death, thou mighty slayer, is thy work,
Such thy delight!

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MR. J. M. CONNELL.

He's gone—another loving friend has gone
To reap the harvest of the blest;
To a brighter region he is borne,
The region of eternal rest.

How difficult to realize the fact
That thou, my friend, art now no more;
How hard 't seems that Death would not protract
Its absence, till sweet prime was o'er.

Just in the morning of thy life, when bright
And beautiful the future seemed,
When all around was joy and dazzling light,
And friendship's blessings on thee beamed;

When basking in the sunshine of a home,
Where all was love, and joy and light,
No voice to warn you of the coming doom,
Or tell how soon disease would blight;

When feasting sumptuously upon a love—
A mother's love, so strong, so pure, so true—
Who fondly dwelt upon the dear one gone,
And smiled his virtues in his son to view.

When, too, fraternal kindness cheered your heart,
And gentle sister's smile was ever near,
As flies the early dew your spirit fled,
And claimed the mournful tribute of a tear.

Why Death, ah why, the choicest roses pluck?
Why claim the soul with youthful ardour fired?
While withered, wearied mortals pine in vain
For thee the long-delayed, and oft desired:

Why suffer some to toil along life's road,
When few the joys the future prospects yield,—
But when strong ties unite to earth's abode,
Then, then, oh monster Death! thy power to wield!

But hark! methinks I hear his spirit say
"Why this repining? Why these tears?
It is, my friend, a glorious thing to die,
And be with Christ through endless years! G.R.A.

Pauline.

As the clock struck eleven, Emma Carey,
for a moment, moved from the window where
she had been sitting listlessly gazing ever
since she had left the breakfast table. She
had not been enjoying the beauty of the
freshly fallen snow and the trees bending
with their delicate burden, nor had she been
sympathizing with the merry little school-
boys, and the unusually brisk movements of
the man of business; nor with the disap-
pointed shovelers, going from door to door,
in a street abounding with men servants.—
No—she was deliberating seriously whether
she should continue a piece of fancy work
which was to be finished before the New
Year, and say "engaged," or receive call-
ers.