

MOSES' COULDER

"With many a flower, of birth divine,
We'll grace this little garden spot;
Nor on it breathe a thought, a line,
Which, dying, we would wish to blot."

FOR THE CANADIAN CASKET.
AMBITION.

Now, while the world is lock'd in sleep,
To yonder mountain let me creep
And view Earth's mighty plain;
Not, with the Stoic's vacant stare,
Whose very breath is black despair,
Let me the prospect scan.

I gaze—I see a lofty tow'r
Rising by man's united pow'r
Up tow'rds the gates of Heav'n;
'Tis ten thousand, thousand joyfully
Strive on, and by their toil, I see
Mountains asunder riv'n.

What means the tow'r—say why they plod?
They seek to rival nature's God,
To dwell upon the tip of Fame;
But stay! say what their labor breaks?
'No farther go,' th' Almighty speaks—
They sink in endless shame.

The hammer's busy noise has ceas'd,
The axeman's from his toil releas'd,
And all is desolate and drear;
The vulture sits on Babel's crest,
The Owl there makes her nest—
Then all is vanish'd clear.

Where are the thousand lab'ers fled,
Where are the masters vanished?
Oblivion! where are they?
There let me lift the dreary veil,
I hear, I hear their frantic wail,
They dwell in Infamy.

I look again—behold a throne,
A kingly Herod sits thereon
And hundreds bow the willing knee,
He looks around, then deigns to nod,
The people shout, "He is a God!"
Vain Herod—where is he?

Where is the tyrant fierce, who dares
Assume the pow'r Jehovah bears?
Where is the vain, the fancied God?
He sinks—a worm is in his breast
That will not let the monster rest,
No marble marks his sod.

Another stalks across the land,
No monarch's sceptre in his hand,
But his, the warriors sword, to wield,
A million throng him joyfully,
And cry, "Napolean! Liberty!"
Then hasten to the field.

Hark! on that field not thunder roars,
'Tis his artillery that pours
Destruction, carnage, fury, there;
Each rolling peal is but the knell

Of thousands, and their groans now swell
Each circling breeze of air.

He hears the shout, "They fly! They fly!"
And Glory sparkles in his eye;
'Onward!' he cries, 'to victory!'
They seize the brand, and cities sink,
They grasp the sword, and thousands drink
Of Death's deep agony.

See! see! how tremble Europe's thrones!
See! See! how pale her boldest sons,
Before the conjuror's mighty hand,
Fame grasps her trump, and cries, "behold
The Hero, noble, valiant bold,
Who can his arm withstand?"

But stay? the champion of the north
Against the tyrant ventures forth,
'To meet him on the battle field;—
They meet—they fight, they charge—they
fly,
And earth sends round the joyful cry,
'The Hero's forc'd to yield."

Where is he now? Is yonder he,
Bore swiftly o'er the raging sea,
To that proud rock that stems the wave?
'Tis he—how fallen is the great,
There shall he Death's quick pace await,
And low shall be his grave.

Ambition—'tis a mountain grand,
Where Fame stands with a beck'ning hand,
With gaudy flow'rs, & chaplets dress'd;
To one, she profits sovereign pow'r,
The might to 'sout a little hour,'
And to the weary, rest

She shows the wreath to deck the brow,
Bids multitudes with reverence bow,
While shouts ring thro' the swelling air;
Till frantic man on glory bent,
Toils, struggles up the steep ascent,
To grasp at glory there.

No warrior's pow'r, nor monarch's force,
Nor blood itself can check his course,
Nor stay him in his mad career;
He grasps with joy the blooming wreath,
'The flowers wither in a breath,
His trophy is a tear.

But see again for by his side,
A horrid gulf is op'ning wide,
And fancy's visions take their flight;
Who is it say that sinks below,
With shrieks of agony and woe?
Ambition's Favorite! SILENA.

FOR THE CASKET.
TO THE NINJA;ARA.

Ye rolling foaming billows,
What hand can you be steadying?
That you should form such pillows
Of water, with your edying?
You boil as if your waters dire,
Were heated from Mount Etna's fire!

Ah! who can give restriction,
'To your fierce billow's lave?
Ah! who can paint a fiction,
With thy strong heaving wave?
The power must be far more than mine,
The hand, the pen, must be Divine!

Destruction's in thy swelling,
It lingers in thy path;
And many a heart is telling,
What fearful power thou hath!
Thy march hath been o'er beauty's charms,
And life is feeble in thine arms!

NATIVE BARD.

FOR THE CASKET.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

Why did ye wake me from this dream,
This dream of wond'rous glory?
Why did ye blast the joyful boom
That throw its lustre o'er me?
I heard the shout as sweet it rung
Throughout the vaulted sky
A chorus to the Lamb they sung,
A song of victory.

I saw *Him* sit upon the throne
Ten thousand knelt before him
They threw their blooming garlands down
To worship and adore him.
"Thou'rt worthy!" thrice he cried aloud
"All glory's due to thee.
Thou layest low the great and proud,
'Thine is the victory."

Again they sang more soft and sweet
It rung'd the streets of Heaven
"A ransom'd world is at thy feet
A world hath been forgiven!"
I saw the mighty angel stand
"Praise ye the Lord!" he cried
Again burst forth the joyful band
For *Him* who bled and died.

Again they sang and joyfully
"Can we forget thee? never,
We'll praise thee to eternity
Glory to thee for ever!"
Why did ye wake me from that sleep
'To taste anew this pain?
Oh I will sit me down to weep
That I may dream again.

E. W. H. E.

"Love like the Bee, does pleasure bring,
And like the Bee, does leave its sting,
And like the Bee, is apt to settle,
Where'er it hears the sound of metal."

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