

Deathless, our everlasting "friend."
Ye mountains stoop, nor stay his speed,
Who cometh leaping o'er your height,
Swifter than winged bird, or steed,
Or viewless air, or arrowy light.
His breath the hoary fields of snow,
Dissolves to myriad, murmuring rills;
His steps like dancing sunbeams glow,
As "he comes skipping o'er the hills."
The fairest blossom has some speck,
Nor faultless leaf on faultless trees,
The sun itself reveals a fleck,
And shadows flit o'er sunniest seas:
But "white and ruddy," *spotlessly*,
And "altogether lovely" He.
The starry worlds that gleaming press,
And round their dazzling centres run;
Are but the outer, meaner dress,
Of him whose glance lights up the sun.
He speaks, and night's fair myriads dance,
While beauty trails the glittering sky;
Lightnings are shadows of his glance,
And suns the curtains of his eye.
The sweetest strains the ear can greet,
Are like hoarse waves upon the shore;
Compared with him whose "lips most sweet"
Wake the soul's music evermore.

WATERFORD.

J. H. Porter
