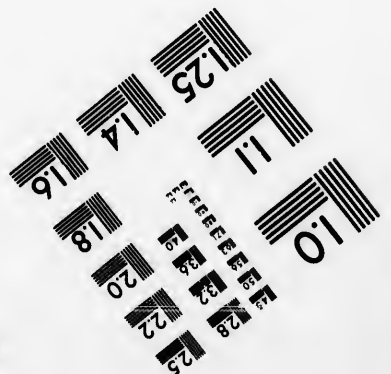
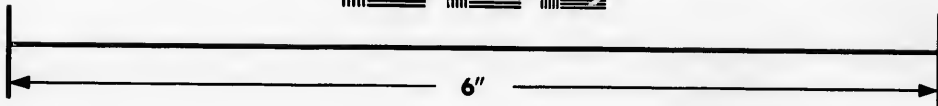
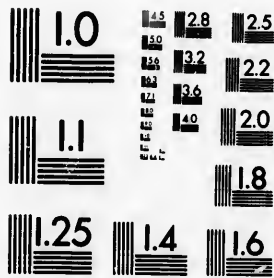


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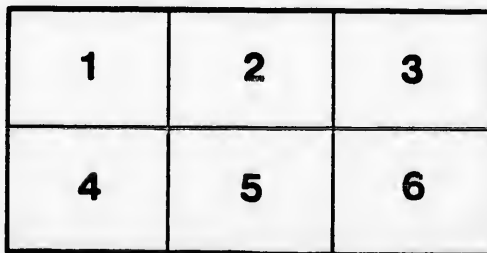
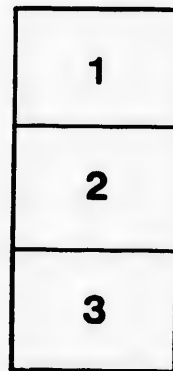
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JUVENILE POEMS

BY

ANKREM COUCH.



Toronto:

BELL & CO., PRINTERS, 13 ADELAIDE ST. EAST,

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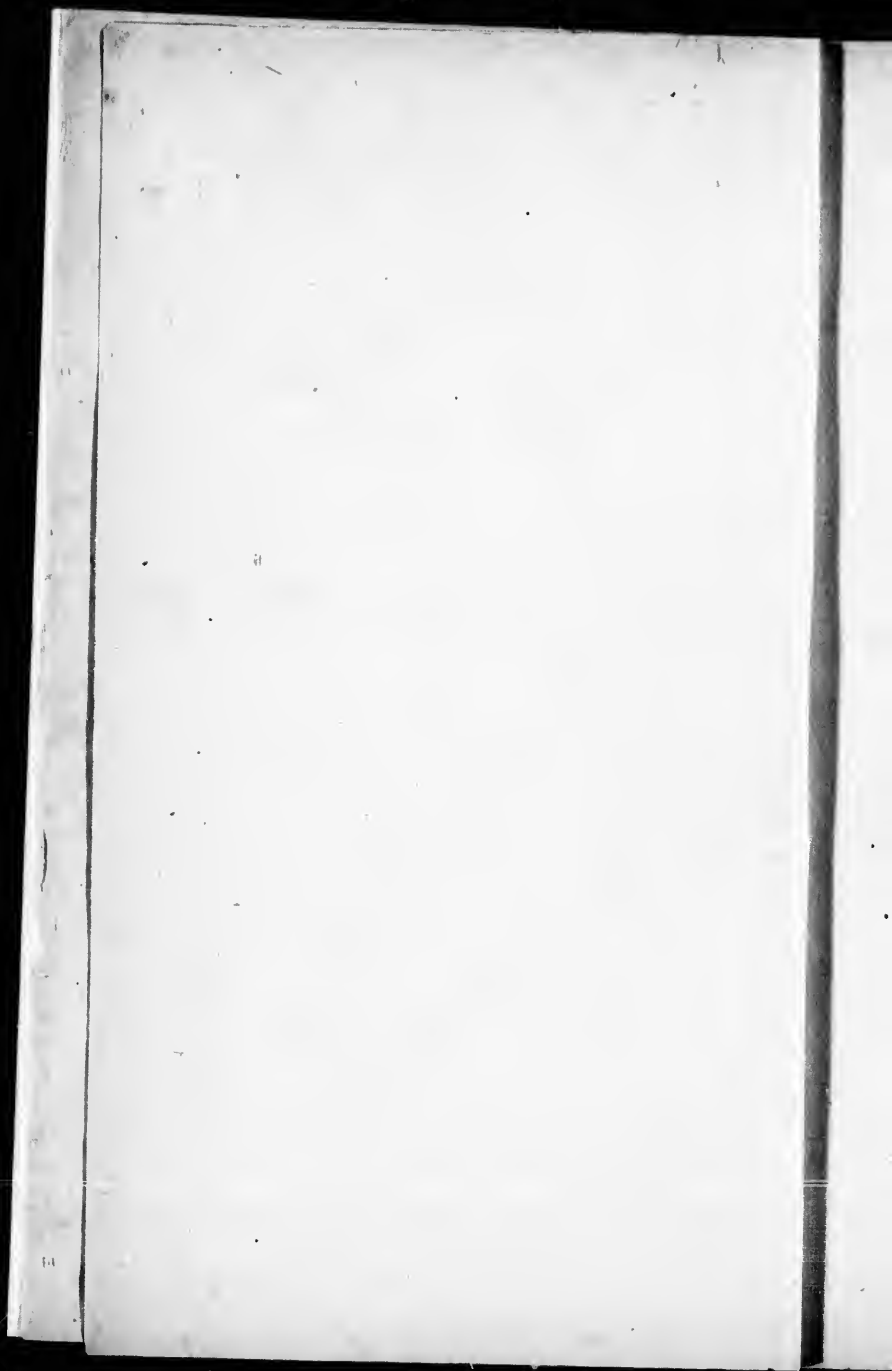
PREFACE.

The oft repeated failure of volumes of miscellaneous poems to gain even a moderate popularity, must divest an author, even were his productions perfect in their kind, of all hopes of success—success such as the imaginative mind paints, only for the hand of disappointment to efface.

That these poems are defective, it is needless to assert; but, should any of the ideas advanced be considered absurd, that they are the productions of a youth, as yet, unexperienced in the world, may protect them from ridicule: our ideas of life generally become more modernized, exchanging the pleasing imaginative for the sterner reality, as we grow older in years and learn more of the world.

The poems were all written within the last two years; though by some persuaded otherwise, I desired to see them published, and give them for what they are worth. Not expecting much, I cannot be disappointed.

THE AUTHOR.



JUVENILE POEMS.

ELEGIACAL STANZAS ON JOHN KEATS.

The world may now lament thy fate,
But, wished not when they could, to save ;
They only learn thy merit late,
And only praise thee in the grave.

Still slumbering in thy narrow bed,
With dreams of beauty feast thy brain ;
For which thy tender heart had bled ;
But bled while here on earth in vain.

No more thy noble soul shall sigh,
'Neath darts insulting men have hurled—
"A short-lived meteor of the sky,"
Too good for this unfriendly world.

The world cannot appreciate
A pure and elevating thought ;
The good they scorn, the pure they hate,
And love the liar and the sot.

Thy loss we mourn, and love thee still ;
Thy cherished name shall never die ;
Wherever it is told, it will
With tears of sorrow dim the eye.

SONG.

Bright was the day when love was young,
And hope was destitute of fears,
And every song that fancy sung,
Bore up my heart through toiling years.

Dark grew the day when love's last light,
 That dimly flickered in my heart,
 Expired and left a gloomy night,
 That never, never shall depart.

But, O ! it ever is the way,
 And life itself has no relief—
 The heart so light and free to-day,
 To-morrow may o'erflow with grief.

Our joys are like the flowers all,
 That in the summer brightly bloom ;
 But summer fades and they must fall,
 And winter lays them in the tomb.

 EPISTLE.

The years of infancy—unconscious years,
 Are passed away in slumber and in tears ;
 And wakeful resting in a mother's arms,
 With her to love, unknown to other charms.
 The infancy of pleasure follows next,
 With innocence in all its actions mixed ;
 When every day our happiness ensures ;
 E'er sin can blight, or vanity allures ;
 Nor can their pleasures sweet demand delay,
 For, like the former years, they pass away.
 The years of riper childhood fill their place,
 When pleasures equal scorn an equal space ;
 For with our years our innocence has flown,
 And vanities are loved before unknown ;
 And other joys our innocence despised,
 Are ever sought and ever highly prized.
 Here love, not filial, first reveals her charms,
 And recklessly we seek her open arms ;
 And feel, e'er youth its faithlessness can prove,
 The passion and the bliss of early love.
 Sweet days of childhood, sweeter joys that blest ;
 Of all our days the gladdest and the best :
 Round which entwine the memories sublime,
 That stand the scourge of misery and time ;
 Sweet memories that oft in after years
 Steal o'er our minds, and silence all our fears ;

Sweet memories, o'er which when they intrude,
 With mournful pleasure and with tears we brood ;
 And bless them tenderly, since they alone
 Are only left of days forever flown.

But, in the act of life are other scenes,
 To which our hope from early childhood leans ;
 And ever growing build for time to come,
 The airy castle of a pleasant home ;
 That glows with pleasure as from day to day,
 Our wistful eyes its promised joys survey.
 The years when wisdom is required most,
 And all our hopes are realized or lost.
 Years welcome and beloved by every heart,
 Save they who feel not pleasure's pain nor smart ;
 Or hate to see, since fortune has denied
 These pleasant gifts to them, the world supplied.

Thus far, my lady friend, you have pursued
 The path of life, which daily is renewed ;
 Nor gained this stage without a sacrifice ;
 For all the vanities that youth supplies,
 So often followed and so often tried,
 (Though thine were graver nor so mixed with pride)
 And gay flirtations—girlish freaks—are o'er,
 Their pleasure and their pain alike no more.
 But what are all the passing vanities
 And joys of youth that for a moment please.
 Or glowing scenes that in the distance loam.
 Compared with joys serener of a home ?
 But home beloved may have another side,
 And sorrow and not joy may there abide,
 Lest woman, knowing what is most desired,
 Acts to, so that it is by her inspired ;
 For though the comfort ever loved and sought,
 Is never bribed nor yet is ever bought ;
 And though a home alone the source supplies,
 And there it flourishes or there it dies :
 That home is what she makes it, only this,
 And she its pleasure or its wretchedness.
 But thine, dear friend, as oft you have expressed,
 'Twould be your aim to make it, shall be blest
 With all the gifts that rest on the abode

Of virtuous woman, promised her by God ;
 And to this end, what else may be denied,
 May wisdom own thee and may wisdom guide:
 That where you are, His peace may linger there,
 And banish sorrow and the thought of care ;
 That joy may crown thee all thy journey through,
 And friends prove faithful as thy heart is true.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

“ Rest my harp, thy work is ended,
 And perhaps some friendly hand,
 Round thy thrilling cords has blended,
 Honor's wreath with Glory's Band.
 Let some other hand hereafter,
 Hand more worthy far than mine,
 Strike thy jingling chords of laughter,
 O'er the sparkling cup of wine.

“ If I only could awake thee
 For a moment, I would sing
 One sweet lay e'er I forsake thee,
 That would o'er the valleys ring ;
 And amid the mountains dying,
 Waft my fancy o'er the vale,
 Where no dismal winds are sighing—
 Echoes of a coming gale.

“ Death, to thee I've strung my lyre,
 And of thee as oft I've sung ;
 And the music of thy ire
 Flowed in numbers from my tongue.
 Now thy sword is drawn to bend me,
 And I calmly wait the blow ;
 For it only can befriend me,
 Since I never called thee foe.

“ The rose of life is withering,
 Is withering slowly now ;
 And the clammy sweat is gathering
 On the dying poet's brow.

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Earth and fame farewell for ever !
 Joy and sorrow, fare ye well !
 As I cross the surging river,
 Ye shall loose your magic spell.

“ And in yonder land of pleasure,
 I may grasp the harp again ;
 And in heaven's sacred measure,
 Sing of pleasure, not of pain.”
 Thus the poet's thoughts were vented,
 In the twilight shadows gray,
 And the world around lamented
 When his soul had passing away.

FRIENDS.

Friends come like showers and like showers go !
 And every other friend is sure a foe ;
 The half of what are left are only shams ;
 And half of those again are after alms ;
 And of the few, the very few, who're left,
 Half come because of other friends bereft ;
 And, fond of company, rather than alone
 Spend all their days, our hand of friendship own.
 A faithful friend is but a drop compared
 With all the rain the passing cloud has spared.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO MY BROTHER ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Another year, Aleck, has passed away,
 And borne us onward, and as o'er the track
 We have traversed, we pause and now look back,
 How short it seems—no longer than a day ;
 But after it there comes no night to stay
 The weariness. But though a day, no more,
 In counts thy days and crowns thy years a score !
 And bids thee up and labor whilst thou may ;
 For nigh a third of life is past, and what
 Hast thou achieved as yet in the great field
 Of knowledge? It has not been forced to yield
 The envied laurels that by toil are bought !

Though life seems long when with the eye of youth
 We scan the future, it is short in truth ;
 And while we labor should not be forgot :
 Lest we neglect, if wealth or fame be sought,
 The joy that it affords, and not until
 We have commenced to travel down the hill,
 Awake to find that we have lived for nought.

SONG.

There's a stream that wanders lonely,
 Lonely through the silent dell ;
 Slowly on toward the ocean,
 Its unbounded flood to swell.
 And its waters gently murmur
 As they slowly roll along
 O'er their pebble bed, a plaintive,
 Plaintive, melancholy song.

Often in the twilight hours,
 Have I stood and watched it roll,
 While the music of its waters
 Filled with mournful joy my soul.
 And the memory of pleasures
 Now for ever passed away,
 Gathered o'er me as I listened
 To its sweetly murmured lay.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUTH.

How gracious, as mysterious, are the ways
 Of the Almighty, in his dealings with
 The sons of men, else we might cease to praise
 Through thinking Him unkind, to see a youth
 Just buckling on the armour for the fight,
 And bidding fair to be a conqueror, too,
 Cut down so suddenly ; but all is right,
 And man must bow, since God can never rue.

What though the blow at first may seem severe,
 (Like every blow) 'tis ours to confess,
 And calmly wait—the end will soon appear,
 And God reveal His love through our distress.

And must not all be good given by His hand ;
 Nor should we murmur when He thus applies
 His hand, for 'tis because He loves us, and
 "Afflictions all are blessings in disguise."

We would not wish thee back again to earth,
 To share the burden and the cares of life ;
 To drink the cup of sorrow creamed with mirth,
 And bear the scars of many a weary strife.
 Thou hast escaped them all ; thy tender heart
 Shall never mourn to see the folly of
 Those who from God have chosen to depart,
 And scorn His mercy and reject His love.

O ! no—we would not wish thee back to pains,
 From where thy soul may dwell in all the light
 Of balmy heaven, wandering o'er the plains,
 Where is no fear and falls no shades of night ;
 And where thy faith and hope so young, are turned
 To fond reality, and the delight
 Thy Saviour promised, and desire that burned
 Within thy soul, is realized in sight.

Thou art at rest, and should we not rejoice
 That sorrows and that cares are o'er with thee,
 And that it was thy Heavenly Father's choice,
 To take thy new-born soul so soon to be
 An heir of heaven and of endless joy ?
 While me must linger here a few more years,
 'Mid cares that does our happiness alloy ;
 And battling with temptations and with fears.

The barriers that separates from time
 Eternity, will soon have passed away ;
 And, over Jordan's flood, like thee we'll climb
 The banks of pleasure in the land of day.
 And short the time will be, for life, at most,
 Is but the crossing of a narrow river ;
 A flower withering in bloom ; a ghost
 No sooner seen than vanishing for ever.

THE HOUR OF PLEASURE.

The hour of joy has come, thrice welcome hour !
 I love the passion of its charms ;
 To soothe the heart it has a magic power,
 When madly cradled in its arms.
 But, O ! it ceases when the hour is past,
 And o'er the heart thrice gloomy shades are cast.

Yet, there is pleasure even in the thought,
 And e'er the hour sheds its beam,
 That for the time all trouble is forgot ;
 For joy runs faster than the stream
 Of life, and from our minds excludes the thing,
 That were it thought of would but sorrow bring.

Thus, while the hour lasts, O ! let me share
 The paltry comfort it can give ;
 And banish every gloomy thought of care,
 And in the passing follies live.
 But, God forbid that I should e'er forget
 The path of right, to be on pleasure set.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

If none can tell, as oft is said,
 A mother's fond undying love ;
 Nor, yet, how oft her heart has bled,
 And strove that tenderness to prove :
 Then none can tell the sorrow of
 The child whose every joy has fled,
 When she who taught him first to love
 And loved him tenderly, is dead.

Full many a cloud of grief and care
 Surround our path, our joys delay ;
 And every sorrow hard to bear,
 Grows oft'n harder day by day ;
 But none are equal to the fears
 And sorrows of, when none can save,
 The child who views through gathering tears,
 A mother lowered in the grave.

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But is there not for childhood's woe,
 For childhood's heart o'er florn with grief,
 No balm in Gilead below,
 Or source of comfort and relief?
 O ! yes, there is a solace given,
 To soothe the drooping orphan's pain :
 The star of hope that points to heaven,
 Where child and mother meet again.

LINES COMPOSED AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Thy grave looks lonely, autumn leaves have blown ;
 The summer days, like summer birds, have flown ;
 The forest trees stand naked all around,
 And waves of yellow leaves bestrew the ground.
 Cold winter soon his northern wings shall wave,
 And blight the last lone flower that blooms upon thy grave ;
 And spread his mantle over all the ground,
 And wrap in purest white thy sacred mound ;
 And chilling winds shall sweep with dismal moan,
 Across thy grave, amid the rest alone.
 Then weary, weary, months must pass away,
 E'er I again beside thy grave may stay ;
 And muse upon the past, and meditate
 On life's drear path and man's uncertain fate ;
 And read his destiny from every stone,
 And learn the theme of life while there alone ;
 And drink from solitude's unsullied stream,
 The spirit's purity and poet's dream.

TO _____

Modest, grave, and tender-hearted,
 Innocent, and as sincere ;
 O ! thy heart has never smarted
 With the pangs of love, severe ;
 For thy heart has yet been shielded
 By thy girlish innocence ;
 And the arms of love unwielded,
 Never rose in self defence.

Soon from love thou wilt be learning,
 And thy heart, now light and free,
 Will like other hearts be yearning
 For a kindred sympathy.
 Be his heart who wins thee tender,
 And as noble as is thine ;
 May he love, while thy defender,
 As I would if thou wert mine.

To my bosom I would press thee,
 Kiss thy rosy lips as oft ;
 And with glowing heart caress thee,
 And thy cheeks so pink and soft,
 Kiss again, and ask no pleasure,
 Ask no sweeter earthly bliss,
 Ask no fame and ask no treasure,
 Ask no other joy but this.

ON A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

A friend has kindly said
 I am a fool or worse,
 And in conclusion bade
 Me cease to scrawl in verse :
 Or show him something good
 And worthy of his praise,
 Some deep and intellectual food,
 Compiled with art and grace.

Friend, since you fool proclaim
 E'er truth can justify,
 Your former words, I claim,
 Give to the last the lie :
 Else, why ask something good,
 From one you call a fool ?
 As soon expect the lion's food
 To satisfy the mule.

Or, if your last be right,
 Your former must be wrong,
 For fools are always light
 When they aspire to song ;

And something worthy praise,
Is never found in them—
The wise alone can guide our ways,
Our vanities condemn.

Fools, only, ask of fools
What Nature has denied ;
Then which needs most the schools
Which Wisdom has supplied ?
Believe me, friend, you'll own
Before this life is past,
There are more foolish minds than one
In every model cast.

IMAGINATION.

There is a faculty in man,
To him by his Creator given,
That in a fleeting moment can
Traverse the space 'twixt earth and heaven.
And speeds as soon the world around ;
Though earth can never stay its flight ;
Nor was there ever realm found
Where it could not as soon alight.

Within the twinkling of an eye,
It spreads its wings and soars away ;
And 'mid the planets of the sky,
Within a moment spends a day.
Or treads the gloomy vaults of hell,
Lit by the brimstone's lurid glare ;
And hears the groans and sighs that swell,
And pierce the thick sulphuric air.

Or stands among the swelling crowd,
Which press'd around Mount Sinai ;
And 'mid the thunders pealing loud,
Discerns the voice of the Most High.
Or sees the great archangel stand,
With foot on sea and foot on shore ;
And with the mighty trump in hand,
Proclaim that time shall be no more.

Or through the ages of the past,
 It turns and wings its lonely way ;
 And stands, e'er life its shadows cast,
 Or yonder sun had shed a ray,
 Among the morning stars who sang
 Their praises to the God of love ;
 E'er war through heaven's arches rang,
 And moved to arms the hosts above.

Ye gentle, murmuring waters flow
 Down through the shady glen,
 Where o'er the grave, the violet grow,
 Of fairest Lyllian.

How oft we've wandered on thy shore,
 And sailed upon thy breast ;
 But, now, those happy day are o'er,
 And Lyllian's at rest.

The summer sunbeams lightly play,
 The winds sweep o'er her grave,
 The ground that holds her tender clay,
 Thy murmuring waters lave.

SONG.

Lady, when thy voice is charming,
 And a grace thy heart within,
 Is thy actions ever arming
 With a gentle power to win ?
 Lady, when thy face is lovely,
 Like a spirit's from above :
 Who would blame a youth to love thee ;
 But, would'st thou return the love ?

Would thy love, as freely flowing
 As thy ever charming voice,
 And as passionately glowing,
 Bid his sinking heart rejoice ?
 Or, would cold, unfeeling scorning,
 As though Pride itself were slain,
 Be the first and only warning,
 That his love had been in vain ?

Lady,—no ! thy heart is tender ;
 For thy soft and loving eyes
 Tell me thou art Love's defender,
 Of its pleasure and its sighs ;
 And with every mourners ditty,
 Ready sympathy to prove—
 Tenderness would move to pity,
 Pity lead thee on to love.

Gaze on the stars, and as thou viewest them, say
 Can'st thou describe the glory of that land,
 Where sun nor moon shall light the endless day,
 Nor stars, as now, roll on at God's command.
 These are but emblems of that land of light,
 Where brighter stars in countless myriads beam ;
 And angels gaze on suns as spots of night,
 So brilliant is the throne's eternal gleam.

LINES, ON A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

What a laughing little fellow,
 With a glowing eye that peaks
 Out among his curls so yellow,
 And his rosy, dimpled cheeks.
 Brilliant little eyes beholding
 Everything, as round they roll ;
 And the language still unfolding
 Of his loving little soul.

Brown they are—no ! blue as azure ;
 Brilliant, mournful, each in turn,
 As his wee heart throbs with pleasure,
 Or for want of it's forlorn.
 And they are a present token
 Of his wonder or alarm ;
 For each word by them is spoken,
 E'er his lisping tongue can form.

TWILIGHT.

The sun has gone down and the last rays are fading,
 Are fading away in the west from my sight ;
 The star of the twilight in splendor is wading
 The dim of th' ethereal and crest of the night.

The hum that arose through the long weary hours
 Of business, has ceased with the sun in the west ;
 The chirp of the cricket and birds in the bowers,
 Wing in the calm hours, the sweetest and best.

The king of the birds of the twilight is singing,
 And soft fall the notes from his perch in the sky ;
 And drop in the heart and set echoes a-ringing
 Of days that are gone, and bring tears to the eye.
 The wind that arises disturbs the green bowers,
 Where through the long hours the red robin sings ;
 The whip-poor-will's song and the fragrance of flowers,
 From over the meadows are borne on its wings.

The murmur of waters away in the valley,
 Borne over the gathering mists of the night,
 Falls soft on the ear and entices to dally
 The hours in musing on thoughts that delight.
 Thrice welcome sweet hours of rest and of leisure ;
 Thy joys have a balm for the cares of the day ;
 How on thy sweet charms does the soul feast with pleasure,
 And spreading its wings soars in fancy away.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

O ! disappointment I have felt
 Thy keen unfriendly dart to-day ;
 And when my heart with joy would melt,
 The basis of my joy gave way.

My hopes have perished like the leaf
 Beneath November's chilling wind ;
 And they have brought me only grief,
 Nor left a trace of joy behind.

O ! I could weep, if I could feel
 A balm for all that now bereaves ;
 But tears—alas ! can never heal
 The wound that disappointment leaves.

Hope only lifts our spirits up
 To dash them down again ;
 And promised joy's o'erflowing cup,
 Is but another name for pain.

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O ! vain are all our hopes on earth,
 And scarce are ever realized ;
 For what is of a moment's birth,
 Is only for a moment prized.

And vanishes and leaves behind
 An aching heart and bitter tear,
 That had not been to grief consigned.
 Did future pleasure not appear.

And, O ! it is our hopeful mien,
 From which our shades of grief are cast :
 As sorrow never is so keen,
 As after pleasure's hour is past.

IN DEFENCE.

Hear what a fool has lately argued strong,
 To ridicule who would aspire to song.
 A fool, I said, conceit is all the same,
 Though ignorance should bear as well the blame :
 For surely it must need them all combined,
 To draw such folly from a human mind :

Each man may be, begins his argument,
 What e'er he likes, so he is on it bent :
 An author, orator, inventor, poet,
 Philosopher, or anything below it ;
 Though not because for any aptly fit,
 But rather that he spends his time at it.
 Man makes the mind, and not the mind the man ;
 And knowledge crowns and makes complete the plan ;
 And, like the others, some excel in rhyme,
 Because they spend at it the greatest time ;
 For that required is but to select
 One faculty from out the intellect,
 And pamper it, and squander o'er it time,
 And you're a poet and excel in rhyme ;
 For every mind was made, from Adam's first,
 Alike, nor one was best, nor one was worst ;
 Nor any for a special work, was blest
 With more ability than all the rest.

As to himself, he fancies that his mind,
 Has in it all the various powers combined,
 Required to make, if only thus applied,
 (Though he confesses they have not been tried)
 Him a great poet, nay, to leave behind,
 The grand philosophy of Shakespeare's mind ;
 And once, he says, he really did conclude
 To be a bard, and on the world intrude ;
 But lately has resolved not to select,
 That faculty of his " great intellect,"
 Since learning does such paltry things despise ;
 And Milton's works are nothing in his eyes.
 These men might all have better been employed,
 Nor their own rest, as well the world's, destroyed.

It is surprising, is it not, to find
 In days so retrograde as these, a mind
 That can afford, since it has grown so wise,
 To all the wisdom of the past despise ;
 And stand above the world, a man—alone,
 Too wise the wisdom of the wise to own ?

I do not ridicule him that my muse
 He deems to slight : that's free for all to choose,
 —His mettle must be poor
 Who cannot stand the sneers of ignorance,
 Or trembles 'neath the fool's unmeaning glance
 But 'tis to show himself his vain conceit,
 His wisdom I, and mighty words repeat ;
 For nothing else does so offend his pride,
 As to attempt to ridicule or guide ;
 And only tell him something yet unknown,
 He'll argue it against the world, alone ;
 And 'tis but lies, or else a foolish whim,
 Because it was before unknown to him ;
 Or prove it so he can deny no more—
 O ! yes ; that, pooh !—he knew it all before.
 Who thinks the lore of all the world is his,
 May never learn how ignorant he is ;
 And this the door that Wisdom's self supplies,
 He never can, if missing it, be wise.

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LORD DUFFERIN'S FAREWELL TO CANADA.

Farewell ! land of freedom, Britannia's treasure ;
 The voice of our sovereign has called me away ;
 As the soldier when hearing the bugle's slow measure :
 With heart still reluctant, I rise to obey.
 And duty will sever the ties that have bound me
 So faithful and loving, for many a year ;
 And bid me depart from the joys that around me,
 Bloomed bright in their beauty and banished the tear.

I look not to thee as the home of my childhood,
 Else, it were thrice harder this moment to part ;
 But as ivy clings round the stern oak in the wildwood,
 Thy joys have entwined and imprisoned my heart.
 Thy joys have entwined and gathered the flowers,
 That bloom in their beauty in numberless glades ;
 And rested at noon 'neath thy cool, shady bowers.
 Which scorn, in their beauty, the Elsyian shades.

I've shared in the honor that sisterly nations,
 Have heaped on thy head when they heard of thy fame ;
 I've loved with a patriot's zeal the oblations,
 And shared with thy people, thy honor and shame.
 Though fair is thy scenery, it forms but a part of
 The cords of affection that will not let free ;
 Thy pleasures and honors ?—O !—no !—'tis the heart of
 Thy sons and thy daughters that binds me to thee.

Farewell ! land of joy, when I cross o'er the ocean,
 And dwell, as of yore, in a far distant land ;
 My heart shall be with thee, and tender devotion,
 May draw me at even to roam on the strand ;
 And standing alone where the billows are laving
 The wild, rocky shore, with their tremulous roll,
 In fancy behold, o'er the waters wild raving,
 The scenes that so oft have delighted my soul.

And there, as I think of thy sons and thy daughters,
 And pleasures once mine, which ran smooth as the rill ;
 A tear drop may fall on the white-foaming waters—
 A token of love that I bear to thee still.

And oft far away, in the hours of slumber,
 My soul shall be borne on the pinions of dream,
 O'er green waving fields 'mid thy joys without number,
 And rest with delight in prosperity's beam.

But only in dreams shall I see thy fair daughters,
 And grasp of thy sons the warm welcoming hand !
 And only in dreams shall I sail on thy waters,
 And share in thy pleasures delightfully grand !
 But, vain is the comfort these visions shall lend me,
 And shed o'er my heart but a sorrowful gleam ;
 And leave me alone without hope to defend me :
 Aroused in a passion to find it a dream.

THE STREAM.

I gazed upon the river—it was eve,
 The summer day was o'er, and there had been
 A gentle shower ; and the stream did cleave
 Slowly its way along amid the scene
 Diversified. The trees so fresh and green
 Which bended o'er its bosom, and the crest
 Of towering slopes with shrubbery strewn between,
 And gorgeous clouds which floated from the west,
 And the bright evening star, were pictured on its breast.

The scene was lovely, and I tarried there
 Gazing upon it with a wrapt delight ;
 But it was changing slowly then, and e'er
 I thought of time, the gloomy shades of night
 Had settled down ; nor did they from my sight
 Conceal the landscape, for the moon did rise
 From far behind the wild and wooded height
 Of distant hills, and moving through the skies,
 Shed down the silvery light that only she supplies.

While gazing on the waters sparkling bright,
 Beneath the beams the moon forever throws ;
 I thought of those who dwelt, with hearts so light,
 Upon its banks, before the sound arose
 Of woodmen's axes, or they were their foes.

When youthful lovers wandered side by side
 In the calm moonlight, and so quaintly chose
 Each others friendship, vowing to abide
 Faithful and kind till death, whatever might betide.

I gazed upon the stream—the change was great ;
 The summer days were gone, and winter's snow
 Covered the landscape ; and the rugged pate
 Of sloping hills where flowers ceased to grow,
 Was desolate and bleak. The winds did blow
 Cold from the north, and moaning through the trees
 Mingled the snow-flakes with the flood below.
 And this, I thought, was like the fate of these :
 Hardships and final ruin after years of ease.

I gazed upon the river—it was spring,
 And merrily its waters rolled along
 Amid the verdant hills ; and on the wing
 The birds poured forth their ever gladdening song ;
 And Nature, hoary long, again was young.
 But, O ! a moral spring will never come,
 To make them merry after years of wrong,
 And seek again their stream and forest home—
 They are for ever past, their voice for ever dumb.

WEALTH.

The fowler who would take the different birds,
 Now uses wire and now uses cords ;
 In taking these consults the time with care,
 And most convenient place to lay the snare ;
 In those, more valued, takes but little pains,
 Yet often with more beneficial gains ;
 And, since their natures differ, so the snare
 Must vary in the kind, and time, and where ;
 And baits alike on different snares be used,
 And different baits o'er snares alike diffused.

So man's arch-enemy has many ways,
 His soul to ruin and cut short his days ;
 And each has various forms which go and come,
 As suits man's nature ; and 'tis thus to some

The snare of wealth the flower's form assumes,
 And lifts its petals laden with perfumes ;
 So innocent it looks and beautiful,
 As to attract the eye however dull ;
 And seen, is plucked ; and plucked, the poisonous draught
 Of sweet perfume unthinkingly is quaffed ;
 And once within, the tempting work is done :
 The tramp to hell is even then begun.

The wretched man drags out a lengthened life,
 And winning wealth still labors in the strife ;
 Robbed of his manliness, his virtue lost ;
 By every changing wind in fury toss'd ;
 And, if the wealth is gained, his soul is won,
 And Satan lays his hand upon his son ;
 And e'er he has been satisfied with gold,
 The fears of hell shall seal their awful hold.
 The righteous beggar may of riches vaunt—
 Fools, rogues and kings are brothers, joined in want.

Hell's portals throng with men of golden veins,
 Whose moral characters were free from stains ;
 And thoughts as pure as angels wish to own ;
 And stood amid corruption, free, alone ;
 Until above the tempting flower they bent,
 And plucked, persuading it was innocent ;
 Then heaven's virtue turned to hell's caprice,
 And gilded blood coursed veins of avarice.

A BROKEN HEART.

There is no hand to bind a broken heart,
 No balm to heal the wound of sorrow's dart.
 The pain affection causes and we feel,
 Affection only will suffice to heal.
 As we forget, when we have borne for years,
 Corporal pains, till thought of : so our tears
 Must cease to flow, but still the well is there,
 And still the heart oppressed with grief and care ;
 And only waits the thoughts to turn again,
 When as severe as ever is the pain.

FRAGMENTS.

They who refuse to aid in time of need,
 Yet call themselves our friends, are enemies ;
 Though of a medium kind, and like a cask
 Of powder for a freezing man ; that is
 A friend so long as it is cold ; and, since
 Its friendship and his safety both depend
 Upon its utter uselessness, it is
 A latent enemy ; and but awaits
 A spark to prove his ruin. With such friends
 Our dealing should be few, or cease to be.
 Still more there are, whose friendship for a time
 Glows brightly ; and when we begin to think
 We have a friend whose friendship shall endure,
 It dies away, and cheats us of our hopes.
 The warmest friends (for faithful friends are found,
 Though rare as jewels ; and with them compared
 The jewels sink in value, for they are
 The slaves of gold ; but friendship such as shall
 Endure for ever, never can be bought,
 But come a stranger, and where e'er it finds
 A welcome home, abideth there for ever)
 The best and warmest friends quarrel often, but
 Make up again before their blood is cool ;
 And every quarrel only is a wind
 That fans their friendship warmer ; and the law
 Of nature that compels them oft to quarrel
 Is the same law that binds their friendship fast.
 And of the few well-worthy of the name,
 When e'er or where we meet them, still we find
 A foe converted makes the warmest friend.

When one will undertake a noble work :
 To soothe the sorrows of his fellow men,
 Or lift the load of care that bows them down,
 Or prove in any way he has a heart
 That's human ; or, inspired by heaven, tries
 To rescue mortals from a yawning hell ;
 What hosts are always ready to oppose,
 A ridicule and mock his every action.
 But why should these at all discourage, when
 We know the scorn of fools is one good proof

Of God's approval ; and so long as there
 Is Christian work to do, there will be fools
 To ridicule, and more to stand aloof.
 And Christian work is duty, and whene'er
 It falls our lot such duty to perform,
 Should we not go rejoicing in the thought
 That we are privileged to labor, and
 Go boldly—duty never owns a blush.

Modes of expressing an idea ; and
 Words different, though in meaning just the same,
 Are so abundant that we scarcely find
 Whose language is harmonious, a dozen.
 Though each is free to use whatever style
 And words he chooses, is it not the case,
 That it is over-done a score of times
 Where once 'tis left deficient ; for there are
 Who think big words and phraseology
 As difficult, must be admired by all.
 The force they wish and truth that they would tell,
 (If truth be in their meaning) oft is lost
 In the affected power of their words,
 The simplest words the infant tongue can form
 Will soonest reach the heart ; nor is it wise
 To squander time in multiplying words,
 Which may but mystify our meaning, since
 The height of reasoning only is to leave
 Our meaning guarded by the fewest words,
 And simplest it will permit of to
 Be understood the easiest by most.

Old age "the crown of life"
 Decked in a flowing mantle of white hair,
 Is like the sun reclining in the west
 Amid the dazzling splendor of itself,
 Reflected on its robe of fleecy clouds :
 Though not so powerful as in mid-life,
 More beautiful, and calls from every heart
 That God has made to love, or stamped a sense
 Of beauty on, the highest admiration ;
 Inspiring even youth with love of age,
 That lingers still when youth to manhood turns ;
 And the desire to live a good old age,

Grows with our ripening years ;
 Yet never is appreciated right,
 Until the path of life is almost run.

What hypocrisy etiquette has taught !
 And how could it be otherwise, since it,
 Of all the empty vanities of earth,
 Is the most hypocritical and vain ;
 And at the execution of its rules,
 The voice of sense proclaims they come not from
 The true desire of the heart to please ;
 And, since of affectation, are but lies ;
 And benefit the liar and the rogue ;
 For manners oftener are the cloak of vice,
 Than grace of virtue.

SONG.

Come back to my bosom thou source of my pleasure,
 Bright star of my journey and love of my heart !
 Come back to my bosom thou tenderest treasure !
 Come back in thy beauty, nor ever depart.
 O ! weary my heart is since from me you wandered ;
 And oft I have wished for our meeting again,
 When over the joys of the past I have pondered,
 And felt in their absence the presence of pain.

How weary my heart is, how weary and lonely !
 Since never returneth to cheer me thy voice.
 Come back ! O ! come back to my bosom, for only
 The love that thou givest can make me rejoice.
 My confidence in thee was never yet shaken ;
 Nor will be though for a short season we part.
 My views and my hopes in thee are not mistaken,
 And thou wilt return to thy true lover's heart.

How varied is the field of strife
 Where we are ever ranging !
 How many ups and downs in life,
 And winds for ever changing !

How many lessons dearly bought,
 Our daily course pursuing !
 How many voices come unsought,
 To tell us what we're doing !

For man's the foe of man where e'er
 The path of life may lead us ;
 And we should learn the sneers to bear,
 That otherwise impede us.

And peace from us will ever flee,
 So long as we depend us
 Upon the sights our neighbors see,
 And what their tattlers lend us.

To heed them is to purchase dear,
 These tales that tattlers shower—
 Fools, only, have of bubbles fear,
 And give to bubbles power.

PRIDE.

There is a monster reigning in the land ;
 And countless numbers throng at his command ;
 Unlawful are his claims, his actions vile ;
 The heart of man to win and then defile,
 Is all his mission ; and the sole reward
 He offers him, is to remain abhorred.
 Yet man, whenever found, whatever place,
 Is always glad and ready to embrace
 The teaching of this monarch, fiend, and eif,
 And, imitating him, exalt himself.

Shines yonder sun on some befriended spot—
 A stately mansion or an humble cot,
 Or blooming village scattered o'er the plain—
 Where Pride is not, nor been and left his stain ;
 Whose walls are proof against the vile perfume—
 The monster's breath which writes his subjects' doom—
 Where sweet Humility reveals her charms,
 And throws around each occupant her arms ;
 While Piety, a spirit from on high,
 With lifted hand directs them to the sky.

Blest be that spot, if such a spot be found ;
 There man, endowed with virtue, sheds around
 A light that makes of earth a paradise ;
 Where piety excludes encroaching vice ;
 And angels from their radiant homes afar,
 Beyond the circuit of the utmost star,
 Behold the happiness to him consigned ;
 And spreading out their pinions on the wind,
 Would fain descend and dwell in such a place ;
 But sorrow quickly veils each radiant face,
 To see how pride and infamy abound,
 While meekness fails to gain an inch of ground ;
 For in the still unequal war with sin,
 The evil force at first is sure to win ;
 But when elated with their prosperous wars,
 The conquered rise and slay their conquerors.

Go ! count thy slaves departed, Pride, and tell
 If they inhabit homes in heaven or hell ;
 Lift high their voices in a Saviour's praise,
 Or in remorse spin out the endless days.
 But what are these to thee since they are past !
 Thy father knows ! the living are thy theme,
 And to ensnare them calls thy time to scheme.

When shall the damning evil from our land,
 Be swept to ruin with relentless hand ;
 And, from his prison, gazing o'er the strand,
 Behold fair Meekness, blushing in her youth,
 Enthroned in power, and upheld by truth ;
 And vainly chaff and rage at prosperous man,
 And plan, but have no power to execute a plan ?
 Haste ! vilest monster, labor whilst thou may ;
 The night is waning to the break of day ;
 Bright in the east, behold the rising sun !
 Cease ! vilest monster, cease !—thy course is run.

The last bugle note o'er the hills of Glengarry,
 Rang out on the air of the calm summer eve ;
 And the brave Highland hunter no longer would tarry,
 But gathered his hound on the summit to leave.

And now with light step down the hill-side is bounding,
 Before the last echo has vanished away ;
 And gazing with joy on the scenery surrounding,
 More beautiful still at the close of the day.

The last bugle note o'er the hills of Glengarry,
 Rang out 'mid the murmuring rivulet's song ;
 While over the valley the soft breezes carry
 The musical echoes the caverns prolong.

O ! why am I so weary, why
 Do tears for ever stray ;
 O ! why the oft repeated sigh,
 On such a merry day ;
 O ! why my heart with care oppressed—
 A weariness that does my rest
 Forever drive away ;
 O ! why so lonesome, and my voice
 For ever mute, when all rejoice ?

I know not why, but I am sad,
 And joyless is my heart ;
 And nothing ever comes to glad,
 And make the gloom depart ;
 And lonely is my lot, and drear
 As all without, and still the tear
 Unconsciously will start ;
 And as the hours move slowly past,
 Their shadows o'er my heart are cast.

I took a pen and strove to write,
 And while away the time,
 Or drown the melancholy quite,
 In some amusing rhyme ;
 And gazing out upon the world,
 With snow in wild confusion hurled,
 And listening to the chime
 Of winds that went careering forth,
 From all the wildness of the north.

I thought how many homes to-day
 Are glad in every clime ;
 How many hearts are light and gay ;
 How many voices chime

In songs of praise to Him who gave
 His only son the world to save ;
 How many thoughts sublime
 Rush through their minds, as they survey,
 Dim through the past, this famous day,

And, O ! I thought, there are to-day
 Who feel the cruel blast,
 As through their tattered garments play,
 The gusts careering past ;
 Who gaze with wistful eyes upon
 The joy of others, and from dawn
 Until the day is past,
 Wander amid the cold and snow,
 Scarce knowing where to stay or go.

December 25th, 1878.

“ God of my childhood ” and my only joy ;
 When cares perplex and vanities annoy ;
 When sorrows come and fears accumulate,
 And weary grows the way and dark as fate ;
 Be Thou my present Helper and my Friend ;
 Thy Spirit give, Thy soothing comfort lend ;
 Or speak, and at Thy all omniscient word,
 The darkness flies and I behold my Lord.

SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Fare thee well ! old friend, forever,
 Friend of mirth, and friend of woe ;
 We are now compelled to sever :
 We must stay and thou must go.
 So we'll sing to thee with sorrow,
 And we'll take a last adieu,
 E'er the sun will rise to-morrow,
 Or we welcome in the new.

Scenes of joy with thee may vanish,
 But the sun as bright shall shine ;
 And the future may replenish
 Pleasure's cup with joys like thine.

So we'll sing to thee with pleasure,
As we take the last adieu ;
And we'll trust a flowing measure,
Will be granted with the new.

All the woes thy days defended,
And the grief that filled our heart,
And the misery that blended
With thy joys, may now depart.
So we'll sing to thee with gladness,
As we take a last adieu ;
And we'll banish thoughts of sadness,
As we welcome in the new.

Though thy sorrows all were bitter,
All thy pleasures were as sweet ;
And for others we are fitter,
Since we found in them retreat.
So we'll sing to the remembrance
Of thy joys and sorrows, too ;
And we'll shed a tear's encumbrance,
As we welcome in the new.

We mortals on the brink of time,
Where ebbs the ever rolling tide,
Amid its grief and mirth and crime,
A moment only can abide.
A moment only is supplied,
Wherein we can the scene survey ;
Then enter in the boat, untried,
And 'mid the billows launch away.

But, where ?—ah ! that's the question—where
Shall end this mighty ocean, say ;
Leads it to regions of despair,
Or realms brighter far than day ?
And we who mocked the hour's stay,
Aroused e'er launching from the shore,
Gaze on the ocean in dismay,
And dread the boatman's lifted oar.

As short as the duration of,
 And fleeting as the lightning's glare,
 That leaping from the clouds above,
 Passes away, we know not where:
 So pass our lives, and naught is there,
 Save that which tells that in the strife
 We won an entrance to despair,
 Or pleasure and eternal life.

We gaze upon the rolling tide,
 While round our feet its waters lave,
 And see our fellows swiftly glide,
 One after one, across the wave ;
 That scowling mocks our power to save ;
 And scarce amid the clods of fate
 Our friends have vanished, when the grave
 Shall bid us come, nor idly wait.

The tide that rolls upon the shore,
 Will carry something from the land ;
 And 'mid the everlasting roar,
 May split the rocks unmeasured band :
 So standing bold on either hand,
 The two eternities still feed
 On time, devouring sand by sand,
 With even, unabating speed.



Our hearts were never made for grief ;
 Our life designed for one of woe ;
 And all our days, without relief,
 Be passed in misery below.

Our eyes were never made to be
 The wells of sorrow's bitter tears ;
 Nor we intended e'er to flee
 From thoughts of death, or other fears.

We were not made to mourn, O ! no !
 For that our Maker was too kind ;
 He had a nobler theme than woe,
 When first he formed the wondrous mind.

But sin so great a change has wrought,
 And spread so fast and spread so far,
 That what we should be we are not,
 And what we should not be we are.

LINES WRITTEN IN DESPONDENCY.

Weary I am of life to-day,
 And, O ! I wish that it were o'er,
 Till silently my soul would soar
 From all its bitter woes, away.

Away, away beyond the reach
 Of all the weary cares of life,
 And toil and burden of the strife ;
 From birth, the certain lot of each.

When shall it come, when shall my heart
 Have ceased to beat and sunk to rest,
 And fears have vanished from my breast,
 And tears of sorrow ceased to start ?

O ! welcome hour I wait for thee,
 And gladly would embrace thee now ;
 Submission to my Maker bow,
 And move into eternity.

Who, when he feels himself a slave
 To melancholy and the care
 Of weary life, asks not to share
 Release from all within the grave ?

LINES, ON FINDING THE LEAF OF A FLOW-
 ER IN A BOOK.

Sure thou wert torn away in grief,
 Thou lovely-once, now withered leaf,
 From where thou did'st enhance a while
 Thy mother earth, beneath her smile.

For thou wert beautiful while yet
 Thy cheeks with evening's dew were wet ;
 And, bending lowly sparkled bright,
 Beneath the rays of morning light.

But thou wert torn away to lie
 Unseen by any human eye,
 And long forgotten by the one
 Who plucked thee e'er thy course was run.

A mournful tear has fallen on thee,
 For something seems to say to me,
 The fate that did round thee entwine,
 May yet, ah, yes, may yet be mine.

May yet be any one of ours ;
 For are we safer than the flowers :
 The frost may blight their radiant bloom,
 And death may lay us in the tomb.

Nor have we earnest of the hour
 When Fate's unfriendly clouds shall lower.
 It may be when our hearts are light,
 And all the future seemeth bright.

MERCEDES.

This is the day of wedding, and
 Joy echoes over all the land ;
 The patriotic bosoms beat

With joy that is akin to bliss,
 As buoyant Hope and Pleasure meet,
 To join for ever more the hands
 Of Prince and Princess, in the bands
 Of marriage and of happiness.

O ! glorious day for Spain is this !
 Dry up the tear, and let a smile
 The hours of happiness beguile ;
 Drive grief and sorrow far away ;
 The king is glad, the land is gay !
 Shout ! minion, master, noble, all
 Let joy resound through every hall ;
 Each answer back the other call ;
 Till born upon the passing gale,
 O'er woodland, mountain, stream and vale,
 The hum of pleasure and of song,
 Shall echo through the hours long.

II.

The halls are lit and gathered there,
 Are gallants brave and ladies fair ;
 Statesmen and warriors renowned,
 And potentates are gathered round
 To share the joy. Their eyes are bright,
 Their voice is sweet, their heart is light ;
 Each smiles on each, and pleasure burns
 Upon each cheek as each returns.
 The sounding corridor prolong
 The hum of voices and of song ;
 And all confess the magic power,
 Unfolded in the passing hour.

III.

See, when the strains of music rise,
 In harmony with every sound,
 While brighter sparkle maiden's eyes,
 And bosoms heave with pleasure's sighs,
 The merry dance goes round and round.
 And who is he who ever turns,
 To bend upon his charming bride
 A look of happiness and pride ?
 And she whose cheek with blushes burns,
 As wistfully she bends on him
 A smile whose radiance would dim
 The rising sun ; and fills his heart
 With pleasure never felt before,
 Which stirring to the very core,
 Caused feelings tenderer to start ?
 The noble king of Spain, is he ;
 His fair, young bride Mercedes, she.

IV.

O ! that for ever would endure
 Such pleasant scenes of happiness ;
 That every hour would ensure
 Such joy to gladden hearts as this.
 But, there's no happiness on earth,
 No pleasure that the soul desires,
 No harmless joy or vulgar mirth,
 To which the heart of man aspires,
 But soon must end ; and leave the heart,

That but a day ago was glad,
 By heavy sorrow stricken sad ;
 And cause the tears of grief to start
 From eyes that but a day ago,
 With happiness were all aglow.

V.

The merriment has died away ;
 No voices echo through the halls ;
 There is no happiness by day,
 Nor dance and revelry by night ;
 Nor shines again the painted walls
 Beneath the torches burning bright ;
 But shades of sorrow and of gloom
 Hang over every hall and room.
 What mean these gestures and these looks
 So serious, of aged men,
 As though they read Fate's hidden books,
 And could the coming future ken ?
 These broken sobs and smothered sighs,
 As royal friends with tearful eyes,
 And nervous step, and silent tread,
 And solemn look approach the bed ?
 Why does the young and noble king
 Sit sorrowfully sighing ;
 And to a hand that can supply
 No longer warmth, with fervor cling ;
 Why all so sad, so solemn—why ?—
 The fair young queen is dying !

VI.

Death in the cup of pleasure dips
 His hand, and mars what we would bless ;
 And dashes from our trembling lips,
 The envied cup of happiness,
 Were there not slaves enough, O ! Death,
 To satisfy thy appetite,
 That thou should'st with thy chilling breath,
 Snap out a life so young and bright ?
 No ! but the lighter is a heart,
 The further is a spot from care :
 'Tis thy delight to linger there,
 And bid the happiness depart.

Thou'st done, O ! Death, thy work complete,
 And left a royal home bereft.
 The crown has not a pleasure meet,
 To soothe the mournful monarch left.
 Bereft of all, and still a king.
 When nothing should his life annoy,
 And every hour bring him joy,
 His hands he does in sorrow wring ;
 And, mourning, slowly pace the room ;
 Or wander lonely through the halls,
 Upon whose high and painted walls,
 Where pleasure sat, all, all is gloom :

VII.

" Mercedes, whither art thou gone ?
 I looked for thee far in the dawn ;
 Where struggling through the shades of night,
 I saw the glimmering rays of light—
 The shadow of the morning's smile—
 That, lingering timorously a while,
 Kissed the big clouds upon their way
 To herald in the break of day.
 And there I gazed and gazed until
 The day had broke behind the hill,
 And all the eastern was aglow
 With colors brilliant as the bow.
 And there I gazed and gazed again ;
 But all my waiting was in vain ;
 Nor did it move my load of care,
 For thou, my darling, wert not there.

VIII.

" Mercedes, whither art thou gone ?
 I could not see thee in the dawn ;
 And waited till the rising sun
 The journey of the day had run,
 And slowly sank again to rest,
 Amid the splendour of the west.
 I said my queen will now be free,
 And come with throbbing heart to me,
 And lay her head upon my breast,
 And sweetly smile to be caressed.
 But, O ! I gazed until the last

Bright ray the sun in setting cast
 Had died away ; and one by one
 The stars came out their course to run,
 And night had wined o'er the land
 His gloomy pall, on every hand ;
 But though I tarried long to see,
 My chosen queen came not to me.

IX.

Mercedes, whither art thou gone ?
 I gazed the rising moon upon,
 As she arose behind the hill,
 When all was calm and deadly still ;
 And nothing save the murmuring rill,
 And bird that twittered in the bush,
 Disturbed the deep and nightly hush ;
 Or nightingale that through the sky
 Cleft silently her way along,
 And from her airy perch on high,
 Poured down her melancholy song.
 I gazed upon the moon arise,
 And wander lonely through the skies ;
 While o'er her path the clouds of heaven,
 By listless winds, in troops were driven ;
 Or one by one moved slowly past,
 And on the earth their shadows cast.
 I gazed upon her—lovely moon,
 Until she reached the midnight noon ;
 And shining down from where the sun
 A while ago his journey run,
 Revealed the beauty once again,
 Of mountain, valley, stream and plain.
 But, O ! I gazed as one of years,
 For dim my eyes became with tears ;
 And on the scene I could not share
 I closed them soon, for she I sought
 Amid the beauty was not there,
 And all the rest to me was naught.

X.

“ Mercedes, tell me where thou art !
 There is no voice to cheer me now,
 Or drive the sorrow from my heart ;
 My loved, my lost one, where art thou ?

My life is sad, and I forlorn,
 Since thou forever didst depart ;
 The sun of every ray is shorn,
 Nor pleasure can remove the smart,
 Nor pleasure bring me comfort now :
 Lest thou, my queen, return again—
 No hand but thine upon my brow,
 Can soothe to rest the troubled brain.
 But I must still remain distressed,
 And still endure the mourner's pain ;
 Thy gentle hand can ne'er be prest
 Upon my fevered brow again.
 Thy hand is sealed for ever more,
 In Death's cold never-yielding grasp ;
 Nor shall I ever, as of yore,
 Thee fondly to my bosom clasp.

XI.

“ To find from sorrow a relief,
 I wandered out into the night ;
 And gazing on the stars so bright,
 I thought I would forget my grief.
 There fixing on the evening star,
 That shone so beautiful afar,
 My tearful eyes, I knew my love
 Was in the realms far above
 This world of sorrow and of care ;
 And wistfully I gazed and sighed,
 While o'er and o'er my soul supplied
 The answer that my queen was there.

XII.

“ Yes, she has reached that better shore,
 Beyond the confines of the grave ;
 Nor will she ever leave it more,
 To be to earthly joys a slave.
 She cannot come again to me ;
 Nor step from out eternity,
 To cross again o'er Death's cold wave.
 We part on earth for ever more ;
 The dark, the damp and silent grave
 Is now the last and only door,
 Where I may gain an entrance to
 The land where now my lost one dwells ;
 And 'mid the happiness renew
 The joy, that with its beauty swells.”

A COMPLAINT.*

How many weary nights I've spent,
 In unrelaxing toil,
 And o'er the blotted paper bent,
 And burned the "midnight oil ;"
 And felt my eyes, oppressed with light,
 Grow weary with the growing night.

And thoughts rushed through my tired brain,
 An ever varied throng ;
 And kept in turmoil nigh to pain,
 My mind the hours long ;
 For Hope, Ambition, Doubt and Fear,
 All came in turn, and all severe.

This moment raised and cheered by Hope,
 The way seemed bright and clear ;
 The next one left alone to grope
 Despondency and Fear ;
 While sense of lack, and sense of need,
 Harassed my mind, for they impede.

And while these do the mind possess,
 And with their force applied,
 Now calm and now again oppress,
 Or struggle side by side,
 Compose and write, revise and spoil,
 Re-write again—O ! weary toil.

O ! weary trouble, needless pain,
 O ! wasted ink and oil,
 O ! precious hours spent in vain,
 O ! weary, thankless toil ;
 And all for useless, pampered fame—
 A sounding brass, an empty name.

A thing without a joy sublime,
 Nor fills the heart when got ;

* Why this poem was written, and the circumstances connected with it, would, if known, counterbalance the inclination that may naturally arise in some to ridicule parts of it ; but this I have thought best not to give at present : allowing those who are so inclined, to have a laugh at my expense— which, if it suffices to break the monotony, may be of benefit to me as well.

An echo o'er the sea of time,
Where voices are forgot.
For which alone, ten thousand live,
And they who have not, take or give.

Opinion in its eagerness,
Does every one deceive—
The praise that kings to-day possess,
To-morrow, fools receive ;
And authors better scarce than all,
This year may rise, the next, may fall.

How vain to reign where all must sway,
Opinion's smiles to borrow ;
Which, changing ever, come to-day,
And go again to-morrow !
So vain that it but tempts the weak,
And they are wise who never seek.

Hope is an anchor, Faith—retreat,
And rest is Labor's kiss,
Love is delightful, Joy is sweet,
But, Fame is emptiness.
Yet they who have still cling to it,
Though reaping not a benefit.

But well it is that few should share
The author's weary pain ;
And well that only few should bear,
The palm of empty gain ;
Or from their fellows lift the care,
That they, themselves, are forced to bear.

Wish not an author's lot or fame,
Though highest on the scroll ;
And live content without a name
That cannot fill the soul ;
And fame is only won by toil,
And they who win become its spoil.

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Another year, thy hand, O ! God,
 Unseen, has led ; and all along
 The path in safety we have trod,
 Escaping danger, death and wrong.

Our soul had fainted e'er to-day,
 And we had wandered from Thy path ;
 Nor ever ceased, perhaps, to stray,
 Till crushed beneath avenging wrath :

Had'st thou not loved with all the love,
 A Saviour's blood has purchased well ;
 And led, alluring from above,
 With rest beyond the billows' swell,

To guard, to rescue and alarm,
 When threatening danger hovered near,
 Thy Spirit and Omniscient arm
 Were there, and bade us smile at fear.

If in the year for ever past,
 Our erring feet have turned aside,
 Or look too covetous was cast
 On vanities, or followed pride,

Thou, Father, can'st remove the sin,
 For thou art merciful as great ;
 Enkindling still the faith within,
 That follows thee whate'er await.

AN EPISTLE.

When melancholy bend thy stay,
 And long and weary grows the day,
 And every joy has flown away,
 And grief is left ;
 And when thy mind asks not to stay
 Of all bereft ;

But longs for something undefined ;
 Some joy to cheer the gloomy mind,
 To melancholy's sway consigned,

And worse distress ;
 Or toil wherein thou mayest find
 A means of rest.

When thou art sorely thus oppressed,
 And though thou seekest it with zest,
 Can'st not obtain an hour's rest,
 Or pleasure find
 In things that oft before have blessed,
 And soothed the mind.

Did'st thou not ever wish and pray,
 For wings to fly, to soar away,
 And rest 'neath more benignant ray,
 In fairer clime ;
 Where thou might'st hold the world at bay,
 Through rolling time.

And, wishing, has thy mind not spread
 Her wings, all powerful, and sped
 Where hope has never dared to tread,
 Or mind explored ;
 And where no spirit of the dead
 Has ever soared.

Some realm by fancy's self contrived,
 With pleasures painted and short-lived,
 Yet beautiful, which have survived
 The wreck of years ;
 And where the flower of joy has thrived
 Unknown to fears.

But though its beauties ever chime,
 And, as thy thoughts still higher climb,
 Reveal their charms and please a time,
 How short their stay !
 Like every pleasure not sublime,
 They pass away.

And though its pleasures cannot last,
 But sing while dying, like the blast ;
 And when its joys have come and passed,
 Leaves naught behind,
 Then shadows gloomier are cast
 Across the mind.

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These were my feelings once of late ;
 And with my mind in such a state,
 I could not bear the thought to wait
 Till it had pass'd,
 Although the gloom seemed rather great,
 For long to last ;

But wandered out into the night :
 The stars above were shining bright,
 And shed their soft, unrivalled light
 O'er all the scene—
 O'er forest, field and plain and height,
 Calm and serene.

Towards the verdant mountain slopes,
 Beset with rugged bluffs and copes,
 And trees that lift their shaggy tops
 Against the sky,
 I turned my steps with glimmering hopes
 They'd rest supply.

And as I slowly moved along,
 I gazed upon the countless throng
 Of stars, which raise to God their song
 By day and night,
 Until the moon arose e'er long,
 And shed her light.

And as she rose she drew the screen
 Of darkness, that had lain between
 My vision and the wildering scene
 That spread around,
 Of rocks and bluffs that intervene
 Where paths abound.

Magnificent on every hand
 The scene was spread ; the night was grand,
 As on the hill I took a stand
 To feast my sight
 Upon the view it did command,
 —So dimly bright.

And, with a staff on which to lean,
 I gazed upon the peaceful scene :

The moon-lit mountains robed in green,
 And sloping glades,
 And elm groves, which rose between
 In darker shades.

To tell in words the scene were vain :—
 Of scattered fields of yellow grain,
 Extending over hill and plain,
 Which gently swayed,
 As did the nightly winds maintain
 Their slow parade.

How grand as ever and anon,
 The grain beneath the midnight sun,
 (Which silently her journey run)
 Swayed to and fro,
 Or, wave-like, on the hill begun,
 And rolled below.

And many a soft, benignant beam
 Shed by the moon, did brightly gleam
 Upon the murmuring, rabbling stream
 Which flowed beneath,
 (Upon whose banks the wild fowl teem,
 And in the heath.)

Or further up the river still,
 Beneath another towering hill,
 Upon the damn that turns the mill
 Around and 'round,
 Gleamed brightly where its waters spill
 With stunning sound.

Or glided through the leafy woof,
 And dimly shone upon the roof
 Of many a cottage that aloof
 Stood from the rest,
 Close to the straem that, like a hoof,
 Wound to the west.

The nestling village far below,
 Was quiet then ; a wind did blow
 And shook the slender trees that grow
 Along its streets ;

(Which, when the mid-day sun does glow,
Form cool retreats.)

A spire here and there arose,
From where the convent walls enclose,
Or churches silently repose,
Apart from all ;
And, rising, on the sky impose
Their shadows tall.

When gazing long the landscape o'er,
Which spread around and far before :
The field of grain—the farmers' store—
Swayed in the breeze,
The waters sparkling as they pore,
The waving trees,

The village further down the steep,
Beneath the plaintive moon asleep,
That, like a vigil, seemed to keep
O'er all below
A nightly watch, and tearless weep
O'er slumbering woe.

A feeling stole upon my mind—
A feeling calm, persuasive, kind—
As though the wandering moon had shined
Into my heart ;
And bade, while joy was there enshrined,
The gloom depart.

A CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

When I shall quit this house of clay,
And mount the azure sky ;
What shall my ransomed spirit say,
As through its depths I fly ?

I'll shed o'er groaning earth a tear,
And call to mind the days
Spent there amid its gloom and fear,
Pierced only by Hope's rays.

And when 'thas vanished from my sight,
 And onward, up I mount,
 Amid the blazing suns of light,
 Beyond my skill to count;

I'll welcome them with glad surprise,
 As round my path they beam ;
 And on their wonders feast my eyes,
 As in some fairy dream.

I'll gaze upon, as round the suns
 The sister moons revolve ;
 And, as each in its circuit runs,
 Their mysteries I'll solve.

Then bid them all a long farewell,
 As through the pearly gates
 My soul shall enter, 'mid the knell
 Of joy that there awaits.

There spend an everlasting day,
 Still 'mid the blaze of light,
 When all their beams have passed away,
 And they are wrapped in night.

THE FUNERAL BELL.

Hark ! 'tis the funeral bell :
 Solemn and slow the knell ;
 Can ye not feel the spell
 Upon your souls,
 As o'er the village borne,
 Where homes are now forlorn,
 And hearts must ever mourn,
 Its echo rolls ?

Some lovéd form to-day,
 Gently is laid away ;
 And the cold valley clay
 From all the strife,
 And empty show and pride,
 For ever more shall hide ;
 And griefs that us betide,
 While in this life.

Banish the jovial smile,
 Nor let a joy beguile ;
 Nor worldly thought and vile,
 With it be mixed :
 For do whate'er we may,
 Its echoes seem to say,
 As slow they roll away,
 " Who shall be next ?"

I have read to-day of Milton,
 Greatest of the poet kind :
 Of the glorious fame he won,
 The immortal name he won,
 By his mind—
 Never properly defined ;
 For its shadow faint is cast
 Through the lenses of the past ;
 And admirers' gaudy light,
 Only throws on it a blight.

rest mind that England bore ;
 lost sublime of all her store
 Of immortal sons of song ;
 Pure as sweet and sweet as strong.

Pages hold a dim reflection,
 Of the mind so near perfection ;
 Heaven alone the theme supplied ;
 Heaven alone its power tried ;
 Heaven alone its depth could weigh ;
 Its sublimity untold,
 Heaven only could unfold.

And the mighty flood rolls o'er us—
 Flood of rhyme ;
 While the heavens resound the chorus
 Of the mighty and sublime.

THE CHAMBERS OF DEATH.

"O, God ! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood."—BYRON.

"How beautiful is death."—SHELLEY.

Youth asked of Age, when solemn thoughts had crept
His memory o'er, and lingered while he slept ;
And over peace and pleasure's hours stole,
And stirred to deep emotions all his soul :
Emotions oft of dread or calmer fear,
Of sorrow oft, that drew the silent tear,
And sympathy for man, and reverence
For God who gave or bade those feelings hence :
"Has Death revealed his terrors e'er to thee,
And to thy soul unveiled eternity :
The destinies that there on men await,
Of pleasures sweet or miseries as great ;
Or by the bed where Death had claimed his own,
And e'er the soul for ever hence had flown :
Did'st thou e'er see, if thus thou did'st behold,
The scene the secret of a life unfold ;
And read his prospects e'er he passed away,
Of night eternal, or of endless day?"
"I've gazed on death in almost every form—
The dwindling whisper and the raging storm—
The friend of man—and man's avenging foe—
The king of fears—The silencer of woe—
A welcome stranger to the heart prepared—
A hell on earth by others dimly shared—
And other forms, and ever learned from each,
The useful lesson that to thee I'd teach.

"I saw the miser die ; and he was old,
And numerous as his years his hoards of gold ;
Which worshipped he as fell the shades of night,
And rose to count e'er morning lent its light.
Amid his gold content, he knew but this,
That mis'ry was his only happiness ;
For each privation added to his store,
And in his greatest want his joy was more.
His dwelling was an old forsaken shed,
And straw and mouldy rags his only bed ;

DEATH.

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Grim famine ever sat upon his shelf ;
For many a weary day he starved himself
E'er spend a farthing, when the wintry storm,
Stopped him his round of begging to perform ;
And when starvation drove him to extreme,
Glared at his gold and fed upon its gleam.
Each practice was, to win the envied bairn,
Correct with him and seldom tried in vain.
Night after night he planned another way ;
And sallied from his hut at break of day
To beg, to barter, borrow, or purloin,
Or practice any trick to gain a coin.

"I say his end ! alas ! but it was sad ;
To guide him o'er the stream no friend he had ;
Nor wished he one, for money was his theme,
And, as in life, was still in death his dream.
His thought and all the burden of his mind,
Was how to die and leave his gold behind
Low pillowed on it, while an iron scabbard
His hand maintained, which scarcely felt its touch,
He heeded not his unrelenting pains,
And boiling blood that coarsed his swollen veins ;
And more contracted grew his wrinkled brow,
As o'er and o'er he asked the question "how ?"

"O ! could he but have carried it along,
Then had his arm in death itself grown strong ;
But vain the thought, since God has once decreed,
And man from it has never yet been freed,
That 'naked came he from his mother's womb,
And shall return as naked to the tomb.'
Yet, still, there is that lives beyond the grave,
The gift of faith, and powerful to save ;
But he, poor wretch, since destitute of this,
Could never share in heaven's sacred bliss ;
And they despise their gold who cross that span,
For heaven loathes a lucre-minded man.

"I saw the Pleasure-seeker die ! his end
Was woe ; nor was there to defend
And plead the merits of an ill-spent life ;
And spent without an effort in the strife

'Gainst evil passions, where he might have won
 Eternal laurels, and in peace have run
 His course thereafter ; nor to overspread
 With angel's balmy wings his dying head ;
 Or Saviour's arm to stay Destruction's sword,
 And turn to bliss the wrath upon him poured.
 He had neglected him who would have been
 His everlasting friend, and placed between
 His heart and him a barrier so great.
 That still remaining set his endless fate.

"Sad was his death—his life as sad had been ;
 The pleasures unsubstantial, bitter, mean,
 Were ended now ; but left him, e'er they went,
 With aching heart, that death asunder rent ;
 And set at rest his form, enfeebled by
 Indulgence in whate'er an evil eye,
 Lust, and unnatural appetite could crave,
 And every vice that hastens to the grave.

"I saw the end of him who, living, said,
 There is no God enthroned above my head,
 Who, with an arm of all omniscient force,
 Formed and propels the planets in their course ;
 Earth grew from atoms, man from reptiles sprung,
 And cause on cause endowed him with a tongue
 That formeth words ; and to the equal brute
 Would grant the same, could laws be brought to suit,
 Or time be given for a change of plan,
 From lower brute to ape, from ape to man.
 He has no soul eternity to swell,
 And only fools believe in heaven or hell.
 But when upon him broke proverbial dawn,
 His tune was changed, the sceptic sneer was gone ;
 His heart long steeled by prejudice was howed,
 And back from death the bold blasphemer cowed.

"O ! what a trifling thing is earthly pain,
 When terror joins in death o'er man to reign ;
 It eats his vitals with its awful power,
 And, dying, man expires before his hour.

"The thoughts he had were better left untold,
 When all his blasphemies before him rolled ;

And God, with whom his puny war was waged,
 Offended, fired, insulted, and enraged,
 With piercing eye beholding from above,
 Where once he offered pardon, peace and love.
 No aged christian dying in the truth
 His parents taught him in the days of youth,
 Could have a firmer, more profound belief,
 (Though it had borne him up through years of grief,
 And cheered him as the path of life he trod)
 In the existence of a living God,
 Than had the man who but a day before,
 Turning his face towards heaven, boldly swore ;
 And called on God to smite him in that hour,
 And vindicate his presence and his power.
 But God ne'er forces man while life prevails,
 To humbly bow before the alter rails,
 A witness to his name—made so by force—
 But leaves him to his choice to run his course,
 Until the last and solemn hour of death ;
 When he compels him with his dying breath,
 To tell to all what he himself denied,
 And sink rewardless for the truth supplied ;
 Or live in word while hell in soul is shared,
 A monument of truth and justice reared.

“So died the bold infidel, and the same
 Has left behind a never-dying name,
 To warn the reckless man who dares to slight
 God's everlasting truth, and mock the light.

“I saw the man of worldly riches die !
 Remorse was written on his glazing eye ;
 His cheek that gluttish smiles but lately graced,
 (With every muscle firmly interlaced,
 And strained that it was almost hard to bear)
 Was ghastly pale and rigid in despair.
 Turned from the scene I sought to find the cause ;
 And plain it was : he had despised the laws
 Of God and all humanity, and wrought
 By every means to gain the riches sought.
 From wealth to wealth with growing glee he soared,
 Nor was he satisfied with hoard or hoard ;
 He had all man desires, save happiness ;

And to replace a need so great as this,
 And drown for ever conscience and its voice,
 Made sumptuous living his delight and choice.
 But Death had waved his pinions o'er the scene,
 And conscience rose and slowly rolled between
 These and his mind, the vision of the grave ;
 A trembling spirit borne upon a wave
 Lashed into fury, by the raging wind
 That roamed the sea, forever unconfined,
 And dashed to pieces on the rocks that rise,
 Like monuments of ruin to the skies :
 While hissed the voice of conscience, 'life's the rea,
 And ever bears towards eternity ;
 Thy wealth and sumptuous living is the storm ;
 The towering rocks is death, and thee the form.'
 The veil was rent, the Devil o'er his mind
 Had woven, with a view to keep him blind
 To what concerned him most, and what must state,
 When Death assailed him, his unending fate.
 And fearful was the sight that met his eye :
 A God of vengeance seated in the sky ;
 A yawning hell his trembling soul to take,
 When should the vital cord, now straining, break.
 Fear filled his mind, in vain he strove to pray,
 (His day of grace had come and passed away)
 And grew to frenzy, as the hand of Death
 Wound up the vital chord that checked his breath.

"And can his riches not avail him now ?
 Can they not smoothe the wrinkles from his brow ;
 And can his eye not shine at sight of gold,
 Or trembling hand his bonds and titles hold ;
 Can they not bribe his conscience for a time,
 Or buy a pardon for his heinous crime ?

"Far better had he from his mother's womb
 Been damned, without a chance, to such a doom,
 Than from his birth pass thoughtless to the tomb ;
 And then be dragged to hell by countless crimes,
 Which might have been forgiven scores of times,
 And all eternity been bright and fair,
 Had he but prayed in time the sinner's prayer.

"I saw the drunkard when death raised his hand
To carry out the hungry grave's command,
And bid his form, by appetite and lust
So shattered then, return again to dust ;
And spirit, trembling while the die was cast,
Be borne upon the wild terrific blast,
That demons formed and hissing devils crossed,
Down to the dark, dire regions of the lost.

"It was a sight that man might fail to stand ;
And may my eyes by Death's unfeeling hand,
Be sealed for ever chill, and 'neath the mould
Of yonder valley rest, e'er I behold
The like again ; for thus beneath the spell
Of terror 'tseemed as though had been all hell
Transported to a death-bed, and confined
Close concentrated in a human mind.
Of all the terrors of the hell of hells,
And demons' glares, and devils' hissing yells,
And cries and groans of wretched spirits cursed
To share its torments, his were surely worst,
If worse there could have been to such a bad,
Or state beyond description ; for he had,
E'er Death his soul had bidden to depart,
Hell in his brain and devils in his heart.

"As back from hell's strong adamantine gates,
And all the misery that there awaits :
The cries and groans that through its vaults resound,
And livid fires glaring all around—
Where the immortal soul of man entombed,
And bound with chains that never are consumed,
To misery eternally is doomed ;
The trembling spirit starts, and strives to break
The chain that drags toward the burning lake ;
But strives in vain, for potent is the arm
Of him who plans our everlasting harm.
So vainly strove the drunkard to escape
The hell within himself of frightful shape ;
But effort only added pangs to fear,
And brought the view of hell hereafter near ;
Which scarce so fierce was pregnant still with dread,
For still he feared the hour when would be sped

From Death the conqueror and archer's bow,
The arrow that would lay his body low,
And sink his soul to share its real woe.

"I saw the Christian die—O ! glorious death,
And proof triumphant of a saving faith ;
Calm were his features, glad his soul forgiven,
Rejoicing dying and rejoiced in heaven.
How peacefully his lamp of life goes out,
When guardian angels hovering about,
The parting aches and pains of life condole,
And bid a welcome to their sister soul.
Their shining forms the bed of death surround ;
By their soft hands the wounds of grief are bound ;
Their train of glory fills with light the room,
And banishes the host of hell and gloom.
With glory's smile upon each radiant face,
They bend their gaze across the realms of space ;
And wistfully at heaven's portals glance,
On which the beams of dawning splendor dance ;
And wait, the ransomed soul to bear away
On wings of rest, to realms of endless day.

"When he surveyed the years for ever past,
His soul rejoiced to find it well at last ;
How short the pilgrimage seemed here below,
Yet full the cup with joy and full with woe ;
'The blessings of the past arose to view,
And thoughts of them brought blessings o'er anew ;'
And every trial borne in years gone by,
Brought gladness to the heart and tears the eye.
The voice that guided of the friend so true,
Through years of sunshine and of sorrow too,
Was dearer then, and plainer seemed to prove
His present aid, and tenderness and love.

"As to the verge of time his soul drew near,
The strains of distant music filled his ear,
And e'er the flood which separates was crossed,
The fear of death—the last of fears—was lost ;
His soul, transported by the heavenly strains,
Forgot its sorrows and forgot its pains ;
And joined in thought th' innumerable throng,
Who raise their voices in unceasing song.

“Over an ill-spent life no bitter tears,
 Of hell and judgment no tormenting fears;
 No prayers for mercy in the gathering gloom,
 Nor reading of a just and fearful doom;
 Nor fears compelling blindly to confess—
 All, all was peace and growing happiness;
 And as I watched the spirit pass away,
 I longed with it to quit this house of clay;
 And thought again, while stronger grew my faith,
 O! how triumphant is the Christian's death.

“How beautiful in death the face of they
 Who, dying, see their Saviour far away,
 Where o'er the flood he reaches out his hand,
 And beckons them towards the glittering strand;
 When borne upon the balmy winds that sweep
 With gentle murmurings down Immanuel's steep,
 Falls on their ear the Saviour's gentle voice,
 That bids them in the trying hour rejoice.
 A heavenly halo round the face is thrown,
 That lingers when the raptured soul has flown.”

“Then may I live like him,” the youth replied,
 “And may I die in peace, as he has died.”

The more man studies man the more he finds,
 The scores of different traits in him combined;
 A harmony sublime pervades them all,
 And all alike tend to his rise or fall;
 Each with the others strives, though all unite,
 And each, while hindering, yields the other's right;
 For the sole aim and end of each is this,
 To haste to ruin or to lead to bliss;
 And as directed so their powers bend,
 And work conjointly for a common end.
 The very passion that when turned to bad,
 With thirst of vices drives him almost mad;
 If guided right is equally as great,
 And virtue loves as virtue once 'tdid hate.

SONG.

How beat my heart with grief and fear,
When first I did discover,
That she I loved so long and dear,
Had found another lover.

Then all the flattering hopes that I
So tenderly had cherished,
Rolled up their pleasures in a sigh,
And in a moment perished.

And melancholy gathered round,
And made my heart its dwelling ;
And not a lovely sight I saw,
Or flower sweetly smelling ;

But in their swelling charms I read,
While tears as often started,
The reason why my heart was sad,
And mourned the days departed.

But who would her affections prove,
Most always loves too dearly ;
And for her faithfulness of love,
Is punished as severely.

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