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ORIGINAL POETRY.

Review of Life.

WRITTEN BY THE EDITOR.

The merry sleigh bells jingle o'er the snow,
As dashing on the jovial parties go
In youth and prime, without a tinge of care
Nor faded cheeks or silver streaming hair.

Young lip to lip in rapturous embrace,
Young eyes meet eyes as on the glowing race

They speed, and echoing heart together thrills

While tongues make music with the jingling bells.

The journey done they seek the cosy home;

The lamp light sheds a gleam o'er the room,

The genial heat upstored in forests old
Supplies the limbs and expiates the cold.

Next morning comes the weary round of toil,

Seasoned with love 'tis no unwelcome moil,

And then the evenings pleasures next hold sway

And drive all anxious thoughts of care away.

So pass the seasons round. The summer fills

With light and laughter all the vales and hills;

The fisher spreads his net within the deep
The shepherd drives his fatlings up the steep,

The farmer sows and garners in his grain,
The sound is heard of many a creaking wain

Through scented meadows, carrying to the barns

The teeming season's bountiful returns.

Thus through the winter, autumn, spring and fall.

The gifts of nature come to each and all
And happy hearts, the merry seasons round

With songs of gladness make the world resound.

The scene is changed and full before mine eye

I see the cringing shapes of misery:
The nations held in strong and galling chains

Till not a spark of liberty remains:
The laborer toiling for a master hard,

Whose comfort is the least of his regard:
The fallen woman forced her soul to sell
And tread the pathway leading down to hell

To keep the vital spark of life aflame,
Although she live in poverty and shame.

The child maltreated by a parent stern,
Or early left its living forced to earn
As best it can: The cripple scathed by wars

Or accidents, exhibiting his scars
To stony hearts, and failing of a leg
Or arm is forced his daily bread to beg,
A crust, a blanket thankful to receive
And steal away to moan and sigh and grieve.

The seamstress at her task the whole day long

With cold and hunger silencing her tongue.

The fever patient racked by pain
Upon his bed in agony and woe;

And more, I cannot stop here to relate
For which your patience would not care to wait.

All these remind us; while the earth is fair

That sickness, crime and poverty are there:

That human love decreed by grace divine
In human hearts for human hearts to shine.

Gives but a feeble ray to light the gloom
Of human woe from childhood to the tomb
That, even justice between man and man
Was never practiced since the world began.

The Ten Commandments—Sermon on the Mount
Are often rendered as of small account
Before the idol, Self, which saps and slays
The heart's best instincts these degenerate days.

Then what shall we, who know the ills of life,

Whose daily progress is a mortal strife
Effect to change the current of the years
Heaped o'er with moan and drenched with scalding tears?

Not much 'tis true but still a little, yet
Before the waning sun of life has set
Which rose in clouds and mists, and journeys on

In storm and sunshine till its course is run.

Extinguished that faint, flickering vital spark

(Continued on page 4.)