

Review of Life.

Continued from page 1

The world behind us, all before is dark ;
No eye hath pierced beyond the clammy
clay
In habitations where our dear ones lay ;
No ear hath heard, no tongue hath yet
confessed
What lies beyond our narrow place of
rest.
Then why should we in youth and man-
hood's prime
With love and duty here, still waste our
time
On myths and phantoms of the "land un
seen"
When blooming fields and budding pas-
tures green
And glorious heights to scale to life in-
vites—
To rarest pleasures and sublime delights,
And sweet self-sacrifice for one another,
Seeing in each a sister or a brother.
Increase the joy, avert the wrong which
years
Of fruitless prayer and penitential tears
Have never served to move the infinite
Or set old systems of oppression right.
Then, when at last the soul bereft of flesh
Through toil and travail enters life afresh
In "other worlds" where suns forever shine
Lit by the presence of a Being Divine
Twill not be asked who worshipped or
who prayed,
But who the healing hand of pity laid
On pain and sorrow, suffering the while
Himself, in others sorrow learned to smile
As cares and woes his own, and offered up
With parching lips the life restoring cup.
And if the dreams and tales of the "un-
known"
And better land to which our loved have
gone
Are idle fancies, and we thus dispel
The hope of happiness and fear of hell
What matters it, twere better far to sleep
For endless years, then to awake to weep
And better than to range with the for-
given
And see one human soul debarred from
Heaven.

The Editor Sings.

BY THE EDITOR.

The winter snow may sift and blow,
I care not for the cold ;
Since safe and sure I am secure
Within the dear home fold.
Though poor in purse, and what is worse ;
Possessing but one arm :
I do not weep, for God will keep
Me safe from every harm.
With loving friends, who make amends
For those who on me frown ;
I'll face the world with flag unfurled,
And never be cast down.
Enough to eat ; a place to sleep,
And clothes to keep me warm ;
I'll fear no foe as on I go
And face the coming storm.
I envy not the happier lot
Of others by my side ;
With conscience clear and heart sincere,
Whatever ills betide.
I'll ne'er despond, but look beyond
To better days in store ;
Though down I fall and sadly call
For dear ones gone before.
But changes come to every one,
And I must bear the dart
Of grief and woe, a year ago
That pierced me to the heart.

But not forgot, my lonely lot
Has partly been supplied
By one I knew whose good and true,
I now have by my side.
With friends to cheer and country dear
And Maggie for my wife ;
And heart content I'll take what's sent
Of this world's care and strife.
The winter's snows may heap in rows
My dear ones one by one ;
Yet through the cloud with spirit bowed
I wait the rising sun.
With toil and prayers through frosty airs
I'll wait the coming spring
With bud and bloom beyond the tomb,
And birds that flit and sing.

Arthur John Lockhart

We have received from Rev. A. J. Lockhart a pamphlet from the Peter Paul Book Co. of Buffalo N. Y. entitled Short Biographies of living writers, which contains a well executed engraving of this gifted author and the following short sketch:

Arthur John Lockhart is Scotch descent on his father's side and Huguenot on his mother's. He was born on May 5, 1850 in the village of Lockhartville, Nova Scotia. After trying for some years the printer's trade he found his congenial life work in the Christian ministry. For many years he has been an acceptable preacher in the Methodist Episcopal church of Maine. While stationed in East Corinth he published a volume of poems entitled, "A Mask of Minstrels" which was received with favor. He has written essays and other articles for The Portland Transcript under the nom de plume of "Pastor Felix" while many poems of his have found their way into various publications. Mr. Lockhart's best work has a singing quality, a lyrical spirit and natural charm which distinguishes it from mere rhetoric. It will be found that many of his poems yield more fragrance the closer they are pressed. He has just published "Beside the Narraguagus" in the Lotus Series, which will undoubtedly add to his reputation as an author.

We are happy to be able to consider Mr. Lockhart among our list of friends and could once boast of him as a valuable contributor to THE JOURNAL but he dropped us some time ago an account of our Independence and democratic ideas and confined his contributions to less obscure and more conventional journals. We, however, greatly admire him both as a man and an author, and read his contributions in the public press from time to time with increasing interest.

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