

Life's Day.

My friends of the Morning are gone!
They have fallen away, one after one;
My friends of the Morning of Life!
When the distant mists rolled off before us,
And the Sun in his splendour shone o'er us,
And our paths seemed all pleasures to store us:
All are gone with the Morning of Life!

My Loves of the Noontide are fled;
My soul's sole worshipped idol is dead;
And the warmth of the Noontide is cold!
When each gay passion brightened the eye,
And the deep only love heaved its sigh,
And the heart gushed in full tides of joy:
All are fled, all for ever are cold.

My calm of the Evening is past;
Like the Morn and the Noon perished fast,
Of feelings the still, dreamy ~~the~~ end.
And the last ray of sunshine's faint rose,
Stained but cheered not, the shades of repose -
'Tis 'T' in heaven, not in earth that it glows,
As dull Evening sinks down to the end.

And the Night's darkness slips me around,
Close-guidling, enthralling, profound,
The dreary descent to the tomb:
Where Morn's tints shall all be forgot,
Where Noon's heat shall agitate not,
Where Eve's gathered harvest shall rot,
Untroubled the rest of the Tomb.

Teutha

W. J.