56

| SELECT POETRY. |
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| hUMAN LIFE. <br> "Few are thy days and full of wo, O man of woman born! |
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| Determined are the days that fly Successive o'er thy head; The numbered hour is on the wing That lays thee with the dead; |
| Alas! the little day of life <br> Is shorter than a span, <br> Yet black with thousand hidden inls <br> To miserable man. |
| Gay is the morning, flattering hope Thy sprightly step attends But soon the tempest howls behind, And the dark night descends. |
| Before its splendid hour the cloud <br> Comes n'er the beam of light: <br> A pilgrim in a wenry land, <br> Man tarries but a night. |
| Behold sad emblem of thy state, The flowers that paint the field; Or trees, that' erowo tife mountain's brow, And boughs and blossoms yield. |
| When chill the blast of winter blows, Away the summer flies, |
| The flowers resign their sunny robes, And all their beauty dies. - |
| Nipt by that year the forest fades; And, shaking to the wind, The leaves toss to and fro, and streak |
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| But man depasto toís earthly scene, Ah! never to return? No seeond spring shall e'er revive |
| TTh' inexorable doors of death, What hand can e'er unfold? Won from the cerements of the toms Can raise the hatrasa mould? |
| The mighity flood that rolls along Its torrents to the main, The waters lost ean ne'er reenll |
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| So man departs the living scene, <br> To night's perpetesal gloom; <br> The voice of morning ne'er shall break |
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| Gone to the resting-place of man, The everiac ing home, Where ages past have gone before, |



















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BLOOMFIELD



