

hill-sides was the youth of Shakspeare nourished, and taught of Nature :

'Here as with honey gathered of a rock
She fed the little prattler, and with songs
Oft soothed his wondering ears with deep delight.'

Every step we trod was hallowed ground. Here in all this neighborhood he passed many a happy hour when a boy, or when he retreated back to his birth-place from the turmoil of busy life, to 'die like the deer where he was roused.' That day at Stratford will long be remembered as the most interesting of my life.

Burlington, June 13, 1853.

L I N E S O N M Y T H I R T Y - N I N T H B I R T H D A Y .

B Y J O H N G . S A X E

I.

Ah me! the moments will not stay!
Another year has rolled away;
And June (the second) scores the line
That tells me I am Thirty-nine!

II.

As thus I haste the mile-stones by,
I mark the numbering with a sigh;
And yet 'tis idle to repine
I've come so soon to Thirty-nine!

III.

Ah! few that roam this world of ours,
To feel its thorns and pluck its flowers,
Have trod a brighter path than mine
From blithe thirteen to Thirty-nine!

IV.

Health, home, and friends, (life's solid part,)
A merry laugh, a fresh, young heart,
Poetic dreams and love divine —
Have I not *these* at Thirty-nine?

V.

O Time! forego thy wonted spite,
And lay thy future lashes light,
And, trust me, I will not repine
At *twice* the count of Thirty-nine!

T H E D E A D B O Y .

BY HENRY A. CLARK.

WITH gentle breezes came the spring,
And earth's first buddings promised bloom,
And hope renewed they seemed to bring,
And half-reclosed the waiting tomb.
A softer light dwelt in those eyes,
That long were sadly on thee cast,
As those who watch the flower that dies,
Whose stem is broken by the blast.

Oh! who may know the mighty power
That Hope builds up within the heart,
That stands until the latest hour,
Until the feeblest fibres part?

It seemed thou wert too young to die!
Why should the fearful conqueror DEATH
Pass ready age, and weary, by,
To steal thy young and joyous breath?
Why choose for his remorseless stroke
The fair young tree, so fresh and new,
And spare the old decaying oak,
Whose life had worn a century through?

Alas! we know not: we but know
The oft-repeated lesson taught,
That hope, love, life, and all must go,
While God's great mysteries are wrought:
We know that in the stern fixed round
His vast, eternal systems take,
The sum of earthly things is found,
Like waves that beat the shore and break.
And 't is a glorious thought for man,
That in that after-life we dread,
His spirit-mind shall freely scan
Those fearful mysteries, now unread!

And thou art laid to rest, young boy!
The grave-clods press upon thy brow,
And earth has less of love and joy
To those who sadly mourn thee now.
The skies were dark, the storm was wild,
Winter renewed his grasp on Spring,
Sad Nature wept with those, fair child,
Who joined for thee their sorrowing.

But brighter skies shall gladden earth,
And airs more soft and mild shall be,
And brighter hopes shall yet have birth
In hearts that now are torn for thee!