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Human Life.

I walk'd the fields at morning's prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing;
The sky-lark sung his matin chime,
And all was brightly glowing.

"And thus," I cried, the "ardent boy,
His pulse, with rapture beating,
Deems life's inheritance—his joy—
The future—proudly greeting."

I wandered forth at noon: alas!
On earth's maternal bosom
The scythe had left the withering grass
And stretch'd the fading blossom.

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes we fondly cherish,
Like flowers, which blossom but to die,
Seem only born to perish.

Once more, at eve, abroad I stray'd
Through lonely hay-fields musing;
While every breeze, that round me play'd,
Rich fragrance was diffusing.

The perfumed air, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appearing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,
Scatter'd the balm of healing.

For thus "the actions of the just,"
When Memory hath enshrined them,
E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their odor leaves behind them.

Barton.