

# The Indian Advocate

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## November Thoughts.

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.  
Where is that thrift, that avarice of Time,  
(Blest as 'rice!) which the thought of death inspires?  
O time! than gold more sacred; more a load  
Than lead, to fools; and fools reputed wise,  
What moment granted man without account?  
What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid!  
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,  
Insidious Death: should his strong hand arrest.  
No composition sets the prisoner free,  
Eternity's inexorable chain  
Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.

How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late  
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!  
For what calls thy disease? for moral aid.  
Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.  
Youth is not rich in time: it may be, poor.  
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay  
No moment, but in purchase of its worth:  
And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell.  
Part with it as with life reluctant; big  
With holy hope of nobler time to come.

Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain?  
And sport we, like the natives of the bough,  
When vernal suns inspire? Amusement reigns,  
Man's great demand: to trifle is to live;  
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?  
Who wants amusement in the flame of battle?  
Is it not treason to the soul immortal,  
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?

Young.