

But it faded! Then
I cried from the recesses of my soul,
Earth, thou art full of faded loveliness!
I had a friend with whom each joy I shared,
In every sorrow bore a part. His seemed
A kindred spirit, tho' more pure than mine,
In him was every trust reposed; he seemed
Of more than mortal mold. The reaper, Death,
Had marked him out and sent his messenger,
Haggard Consumption, and my boyhood's friend
Went slowly fading hence. I murmured then,
Earth, thou art full of faded loveliness!
I knew a dark-haired maiden, with heaven's light
Upon her brow, as Parian marble smooth.
Her eye seemed kindled from the flame that glows
In that fair country where there is no night.
To see her were a boon that age might crave,
And fev'rish youth seek after; to her friends
She was an idol, to the starving poor
A ministering angel, and to all
A thing of beauty and a joy forever.
She too was doomed to perish from the earth
Too pure to stay 'mid scenes like those that here
Throw their unholy influence round the heart:
She hastened to the tomb.

Once more I sighed,
Earth, thou art full of faded loveliness!
From Calvary then I heard a lute-like voice,
And hanging on the cross my Savior saw.
He bade me look beyond the narrow tomb
To that bright world where friend and maiden dwell,
And bloom in never-fading loveliness.

LAZINESS.

BY G. E. STROBRIDGE.

Some one has said that "Man is a lazy animal." I believe it, and am authorized in my credence by the incontrovertible testimony of both observation and experience. I am too much a friend of the race not to wish most heartily, that