Were half the power tint fills tho world with terror,

Some power

This life must bo stricken with sorrow and pain;

As life is more real contrasted with dreams.

And weigh d iwn

Quench the musical voice, and the heart-ihrobbings

And leave but a memory the bosom to fill

S:-y, why do they stenl thus to shadow our mirth!

Why, shading the " love-light," should dark clouds

Some chord of the heart will with anguish be torn,

the rock,

The right,

wrong!

hands" for aid,

heal the smart

sorrows of earth are full heavy and

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fered a resolution, that the Constitutio

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