



THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

(Henry Russell.)

YET deeper and deeper and wilder the night !
I would morn were with us, and brought its glad light,
For my spirits they sink, so unearthly the shade,
I could fancy almost that my heart was afraid.
Good heavens, that cry ! more keen than the sword,
How it thrills on the ear, "A child overboard !"
Oh ! Neptune ! what, Neptune ! come hither to me !
There' you see him, I know, though I cannot see !
Hark ! hark to the cry, boy ! good fellow, away !
You need not to track him the eye of the day,
He's gone at the word ! how the squall it comes down !
And the water's blacker grown, at Heaven's angry
frown !
Hark ! Hark ! something seems in the gleams of the
sky floating nigh :
Mark ! all is dark !
Ha, good dog, do I see thee again !
Heaven's will be done, still for ever, Amen !
Quick, a light ! ah ! he breathes not ! come hither !
So cold, such sweetness to wither !
Ah, he murmurs, dear child !
His blue eyes are opening, his gaze it is wild !
Brave Neptune, good fellow ! thou'rt gallant and true ;
Was ever companion so faithful as you !

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Little Fools and **GREAT ONES.**

(Henry Russell.)

WHEN at the social board you sit,
And pass around the wine,
Remember, though abuse is vile,
That use may be divine :
That heaven in kindness gave the grape
To cheer both great and small,
That little fools will drink too much,
But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting hours,
You roam the earth alone,
And have not sought some loving heart
That you may make you own,
Remember woman's priceless worth,
And then, when pleasures pall,
That little fools will love too much,
But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
Absolve poor human kind,
Nor rail against your fellow man,
With malice in your mind ;
But in your daily intercourse,
Remember, lest you fall,
That little fools confide too much,
But great ones not at all.

In weal, or woe be trusted still,
And in the deepest care,
Be bold and resolute, and shun,
The coward foe Despair,
Let work and hope go hand-in-hand ;
And know, whate'er befall,
That little fools may hope too much,
But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same,
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,
Your love a steady flame ;
Your drink not maddening, but to cheer
So shall your bliss not pall,
For little fools enjoy too much,
But great ones not at all.

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