

THE FATAL GATE.

Stay—stay—young Nimrod! rein thy steed,
For there is one who mocks thy speed ;
I see him on thy path obtrude ;—
Pursuer!—thou hast been pursued.

Expert thou art, and strong thy horse,
But what avails or skill or force ?
That hoof of horn is cased in steel—
An arrow pierced Achilles' heel.

Then pause awhile, the peril shun,
Tempt not yon bar—Fate lurks beneath ;
Infatuate fool!—the deed is done ;
That gate hath proved the gate of Death.

H. D.