



THE ALCHEMIST.

## CONTENTMENT,

## THE TRUE ALCHYMY OF LIFE,

AGES roll on ; but man, unchanging still,  
 O'er Mammon's furnace bends with ceaseless  
 care,  
 Fans it with sighs, and seeks, with subtlest skill,  
 The mystic stone ;—yet never finds it *there*.

What if possess?—its price is faded health ;  
 Death comes at last, and speaks these words of  
 Fate :—  
 “ If all were gold, then gold no more were wealth !”  
 Too fatal truth!—and learnt, alas ! too late.

Contentment ! angel of the placid brow !  
*Thine* is the bright and never-fading gem—  
 The stone of *true* philosophy, which thou  
 Hast placed beyond the regal diadem.

Sweet Alchemist ! for thee how few will spurn  
 Wealth's glittering chains, though happier far  
 to hold  
 That hallowed talisman whose touch can turn  
 Life's seeming ills to more than Fortune's gold.

Thine is the Eldorado of the heart :  
 The halcyon clime of cloudless peace is thine :  
 Angel ! to me that sacred gift impart,  
 And let me ever worship at thy shrine.

H. D.