

THE ACADEMIC ASPIRANT.

WITH form attenuated by disease,
 With paly cheek, and bloodless lip, he stands
 The victim of his worth. All save the eye
 Hath sadly changed ;—*that* undismayed yet gleams
 The noble beacon of a noble soul !
 Consumption shakes the tendons of his life,
 And holds a fevered revel in his heart ;—
 He heeds it not—but as his body wastes,
 The spirit gathers greater strength, and sheds
 On the admiring world supernal light.
 Renown, on its swift pinion, blazons forth
 The glory of his name, and sages hail
 And praise him—fairest lips recite his verse,
 And nations arm them when he sings of war.
 Alas, that eloquence will soon be mute—
 That harp, unstrung, shall lose its loveliness,
 Nor know its own sweet sound again. No more
 Shall woman's eye behold its light approach,—

No more her dulcet voice (by passion taught),
To her young soul shall whisper dreamy love,
And make her startle even at herself.
Love and its light are now evanishing ;
Life and its bliss do tremble at the Shade
That stands before him. He beholds it not—
See, in its sallow hand is held a wreath
Of laurel leaves, so fresh, they seem to mock
That withering grasp. A smile is on his cheek—
His eye looks dark with thought—his dreams are of
The coming time—and Hope is bright within—
Slowly the wreath now falls—the hand of Death
Hath placed the fadeless verdure on his brow,
And he is not of life.

J. J. L.