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A DEAD WORLD.

O planet immemorially old
On whose quenched brow the chill of ages lies,
Again I see th' unwearied sun arise
And with his warm beams thy drear sides enfold.
But thou heed'st not. Around thy craters cold
No breezes now may fan life's fevered eyes,
Or on their bosom bear life's laughs and sighs.
For death reigns there. Through the dim æther rolled
Silence is thine and who regards thy fate ?
There is no pity in the calm heav'n's face,
Nay, nor shall be when dead lies yonder sun,
One sparkle less, of countless hosts but one.
Then why repine ? Know we not, soon or late,
All things must lie wrapped in the shroud of space.

W. J. STANTON PYPER.