
POETRY.

THINK OF THE SLAVE.

Think of the slave, in your hours of glee,
Ye who are treading life's flowery way;
Nought but its rankling thorns has he,
Nought but the gloom of its wintry day.

Think of the slave, in your hours of woe!—
What are your sorrows, to that he bears?
Quenching the light of his bosom's glow,
With a life-long stain of gushing tears.

Think of the slave, in your hours of prayer.
When world's thoughts in your hearts are dim;
Offer your thanks for the bliss ye share,
But pray for a brighter lot for him.

E. M. Chandler.
