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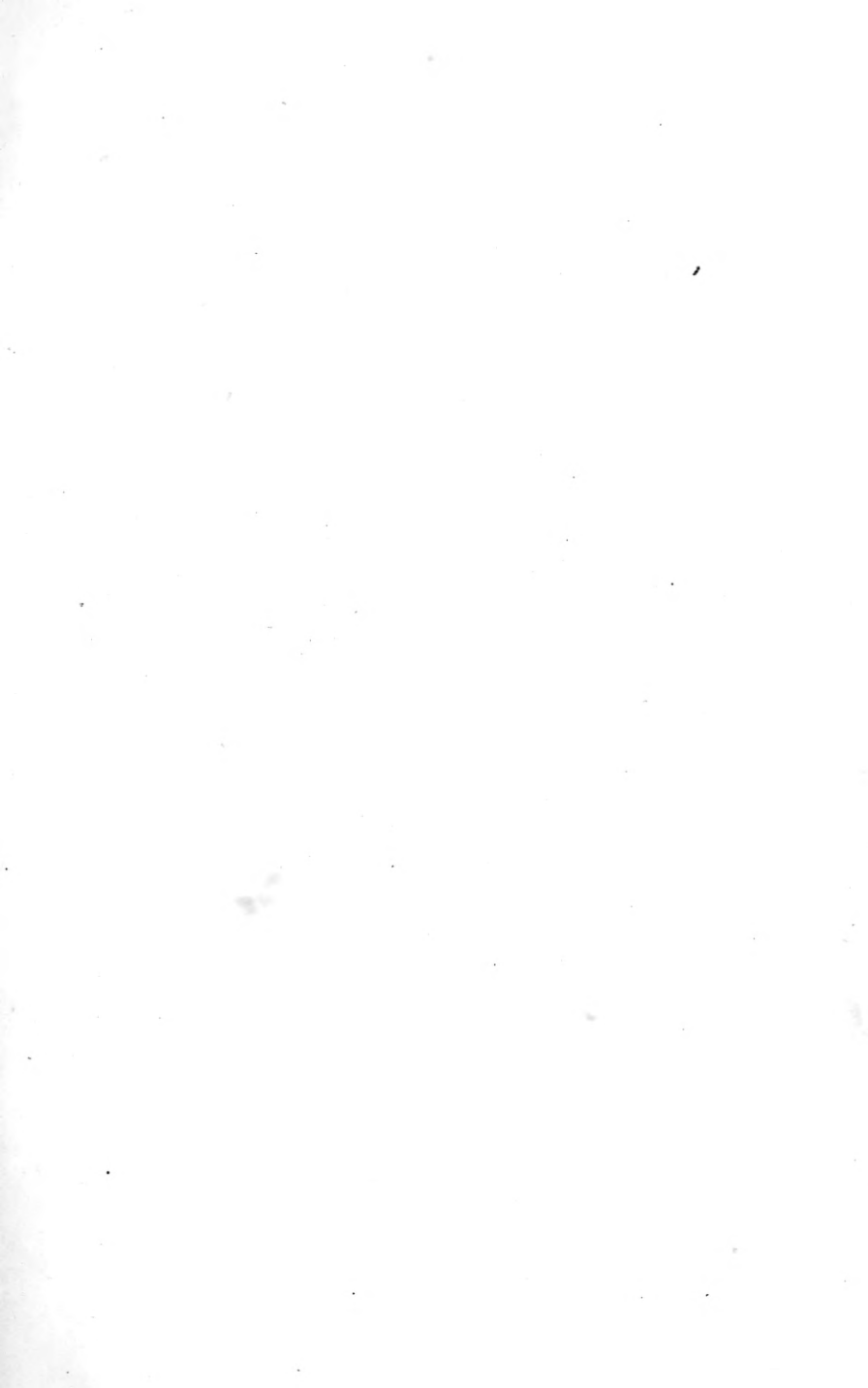
1852
SPECIAL

COLLECTIONS

A

NON CIRCULATING







A BUNCH OF PANSIES.

BY

CYNTHIA BULLOCK.

New-York :

PRINTED BY J. A. GRAY, 95 & 97 CLIFF, COR. OF FRANKFORT ST.

—
1852.

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DENDY

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TO

MR. NICHOLAS DEAN,

Whose Christian kindness enabled me to publish

My First Little Volume,

and filled the heart of a LONELY ORPHAN with gladness,

and whose presence ever diffuses

joy among the members of our Institution,

I gratefully

DEDICATE THESE HUMBLE PAGES.

CYNTHIA BULLOCK.

New-York, Nov., 1852.

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P R E F A C E .

WE should constantly remember, in perusing the following simple poems, that their authoress is blind. Not one who has once seen, and in her childish years looked on the forms of nature, which she loves, kindled to brightness, and outlined by living light and bathed in beauteous colors, and so enriched her fancy by the images of vision. She has never seen. To one born blind, the ear and fingers perform the office of the eye. Of a world of ideas, another's narrative, another's description, is the sole substitute for her own observation and experience. Judge what conception can be formed of colors by one who lacks the sense to which alone color is addressed.

If we did not know by how many ingenious associations the blind assist their understanding—*blue* sky being the crown of fair weather, and a medium of electric gladness and elastic health; *green* fields symbolizing vernal freshness, summer softness, rural rest; *red* radiating fire and courage; *black* representing weeds of woe and midnight gloom—that they should be able to speak of hues and light with any degree of accuracy would be an insoluble enigma. Light and color are, to the blind, mysteries toward which their curiosity yearns, as our faith speculates of unseen angels or heaven's mansions and rewards. The remembrance of this pecu-

liarity will explain why the interesting writer of these poems should speak of God as in the lines :

“Thrice happy they who in the spring-time yield
Their hearts to Him *at whose command 't was light ;*”

or why talk with untired delight of *radiance, brightness, glory, and effulgence.*

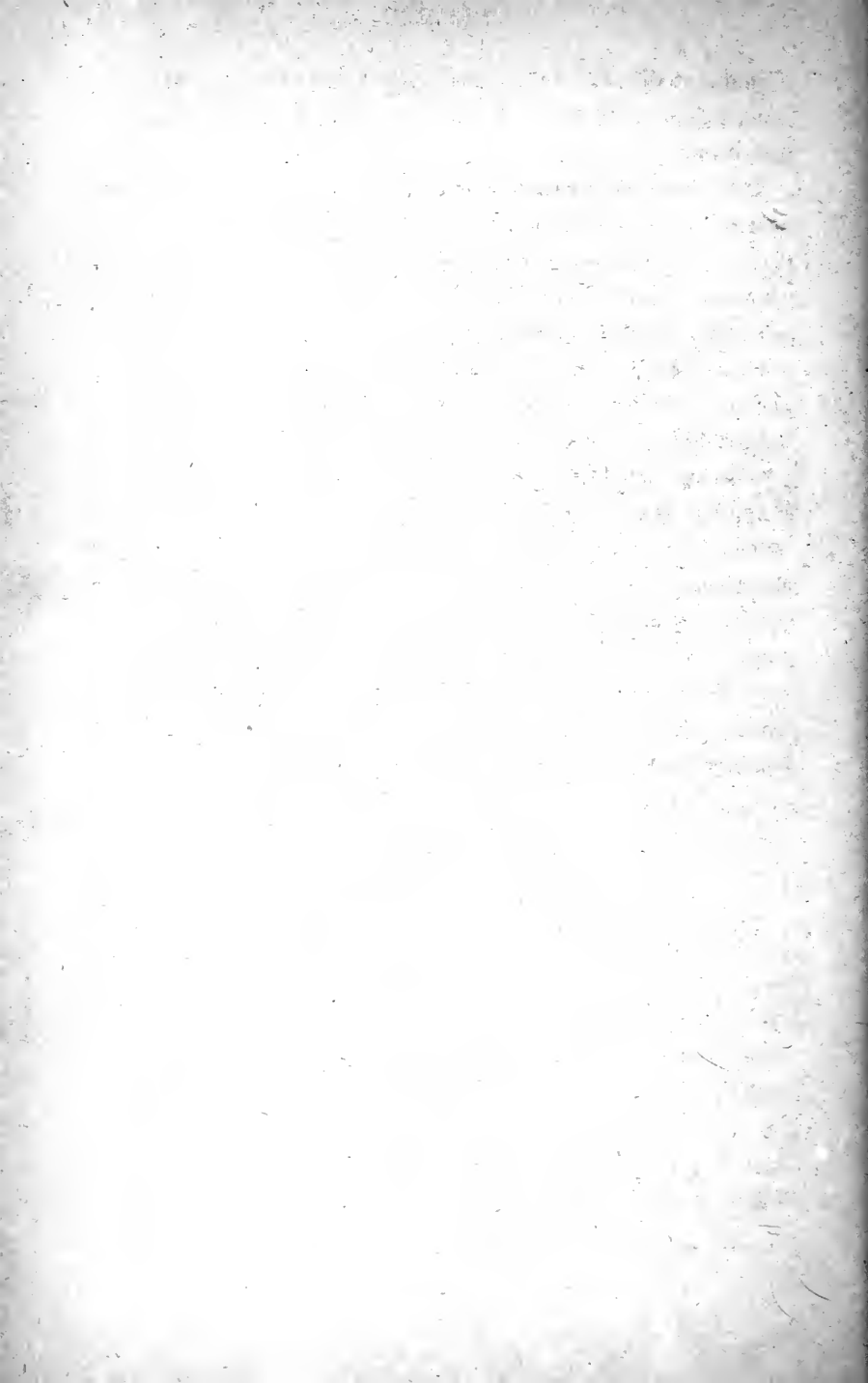
Besides the difficulties in the way of a just appreciation of colors, a blind person is embarrassed at almost every step of her literary progress by hindrances which do not occur to others. If you are composing stanzas, or writing a speech or a tale, and doubt of the meaning or proper application of a word—of the accuracy of your dates, facts, rules, descriptions—you have but to open a prosody or lexicon, biography or cyclopædia, and the needed information is disclosed to your two seeing eyes. Not so with our authoress, or any enduring the same sad privation. She needs a living, human volume near her, or that secondary aid which wealth commands, or she must rely on the occasional offices of benevolence, or be endowed with a prodigious memory. What barriers to literary or industrial labors, whether pursued for pleasure, fame, gain, or holy charity!

Various useful and religious works have, indeed, been printed in *raised characters* for the blind, who read the words with their fingers. These works, however, are comparatively few, necessarily bulky, and, because of an especial kind of type, too expensive to be, to any great extent, in the private possession of the blind who require them. Miss B. has been indebted to students of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, and other friends, for writing down her compositions as she dictated them from memory. She makes repeated mention of these acts of kindness. But any person familiar with the process of composing, and particularly of writing verses, will understand how great the advantage of being able to commit to paper, for preservation or correction, the passages interrupted

from day to day, and how immense the labor of bearing them, in fragments or in whole, in the memory, through all delays and interruptions.

Such thoughts disarm our criticism where seeming haste has marred the rhythm or measure of a line, or left some link of fancy loose. Our authoress is endowed with the feeling and fancy of a poet, and so answers the classic maxim—*a poet is born*, not manufactured. Being a native of the Muses' realm, she will doubtless grow in time, like other good subjects, obedient to the Muses' laws, nor deem a strict compliance with the canons of versification useless drudgery. Meanwhile, ye women of taste and men of means, ye sons and daughters of beneficence, if ye find here skill or genius in the bud, pray nurse it with your silver patronage, and help it to unfold. Who knows what sweetness it may some day yield, if fitly cherished? Our songstress has an artist's element within her; she speaks in numbers because she loves the language of melody, and paints poetic pictures because she loves the images her inner eye, alas! alone can see. She works, too, in her orphanage, not solely from a selfish motive, but, like the best of you, is inspired by a beneficent design, by the ambitious hope of doing sacred deeds.

EDITOR.

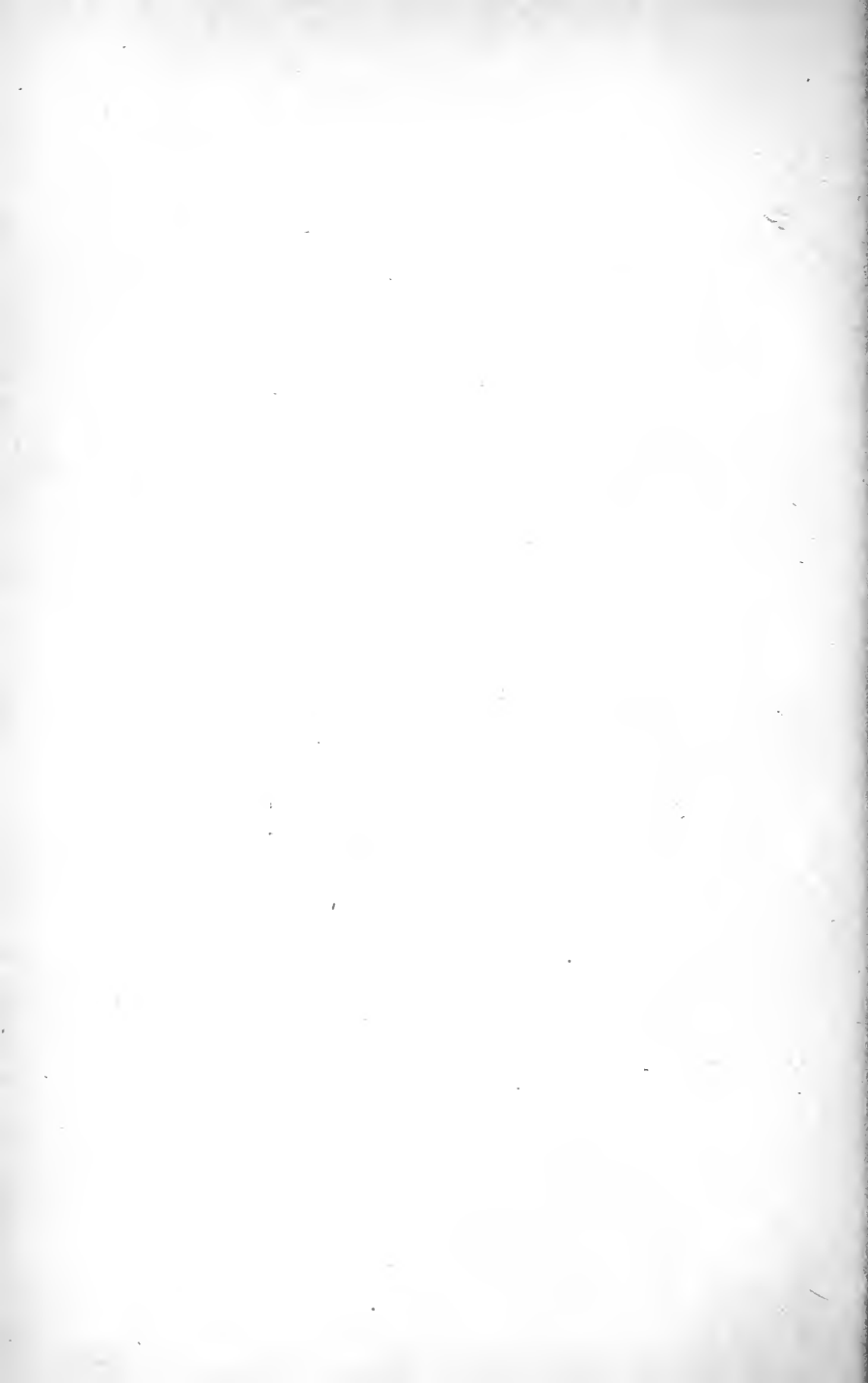


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A Bunch of Pansies.



A Bunch of Vansies.

INTRODUCTORY VERSES.

To a Friend.

WHEN the cares of day are over,
And the young, contending, hover
Round their reverend sire ;
When the latest bird of even
Sings its farewell lay to Heaven,
Friendship tunes her lyre.

From the depths of soul upspringing,
Tender memory, fragrance flinging,
Halcyon days brings back ;
Happy hours that pass too fleetly,
Throng with love's own music sweetly
Round life's thorny track.

In the dim, dim twilight kneeling,
When the tide of holy feeling
 Gusheth up to God,
May our thoughts, like sunbeams blending,
In one mutual prayer ascending,
 Reach His dear abode.

Love hath found a fragrant blossom ;
May it in thy gentle bosom
 Ever sweetly bloom :
Loving eyes of friendship smiling,
Every earth-born care beguiling,
 Cheer life's passing noon.

As the red light fading, fading,
Leaves a holier calm pervading
 All the peaceful earth,
So may gentle words oft spoken—
Holy deeds—a blessed token
 Leave of priceless worth.

MY LITTLE BIRD.

ONE day, while trying to concentrate my thoughts on an interesting subject, the singing of my little bird, of which I am very fond, won my attention, and prompted the following lines:

THOU call'st me from ambition's dream,
From thoughts that wear the taint of earth,
From fancy's bright and airy beam,
To list thy song of artless mirth.

Thy song of mirth, O joyous bird !
Breaks with Aurora's gushing light,
Is with the sigh of evening heard,
When veils the sun his radiance bright.

I sometimes deem that thou hast flown
With birds in amaranthine bowers,
And caught their melody of tone
To cheer this lonely world of ours.

Love dwells for thee in every flower,
In fertile vale and gurgling rill ;
On zephyr's breath in sorrow's hour
It sheds a perfume round thee still.

Then call me from ambition's dream,
From thoughts that wear the taint of earth,
From fancy's bright and airy beam—
I love thy song of artless mirth.

TO MY PARENTS.

MOTHER! affection's priceless gems
I bring to thy acceptance now;
More lovely than the dappled morn,
The smile that plays upon thy brow.

More sweet thy voice, when sickness laid
Its touch upon my infant frame,
Than the heart's low, mellifluous tones,
When breathing love's enchanting name.

And, father! I remember well
How duly on each Sabbath-day
Thou led'st me to the house of prayer,
Where faith, with bright and quenchless ray,

Burned on, like holy fire from heaven,
And chased from doubting souls their fears,
And taught the heart, though desolate,
On Christ to cast its woes and cares.

The morn of life is passing by,
The sombre eve is hastening fast;
Mine be the grateful task to strew
Your paths with pleasure to the last.

I would not be ambition's boast;
More dear a mother's smile of love,
More precious than the warrior's wreath
The deeds my father can approve.

THE WAVE OF MERCY.

As we went down to bathe, the tide was receding from the Rock-away shore, and we were drawn by the under-tow far into the ocean. Long and fruitlessly, till hope was abandoned, we struggled with the billows, when, by the force of a mighty wave, we were cast on shore. I have called this wave *the wave of mercy*, and shall ever consider it a messenger of Divine love and protection.

TUNED to rapture's note exulting,
Sing the love of God, my soul !
Sing the love of God, whose mandate
Bade that wave of mercy roll.

Clouds and darkness shroud his glory ;
But the thunder's thrilling voice
Tells to earth his matchless mercy,
Bids the heart oppressed rejoice.

Hear the prayer of grateful feeling !
For celestial spirits bright
Bear it to thy footstool, Father ;
Hear it from thy throne of light.

In the sunny morn of gladness,
In the night of grief and fear,
Still the grateful heart shall bless thee,
And thy guardian love revere.

When the crested waves are playing
'Neath the star-eyed evening's gaze,
Thoughts of *mercy's wave* shall waken
All my sleeping powers to praise.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

MOTHER! the cold night winds are sighing
O'er the dear sod that wraps thy clay;
The last faint hues of light are dying
In the horizon's depths away.
All, all is hushed; thy child, alone,
Is weeping by thy sculptured stone.

Mother! the tall, rank weeds are growing,
The thistle and the bramble wild,
Where erst love's tenderest tears were flowing,
And glorious faith triumphant smiled,
Pointing the worn and weary heart
To seek in Christ its better part.

Mother! thy sightless child is lonely;
The world's so drear and desolate,
Hope wanes away; yet prays she only
For grace divine, thy call to wait,
Till Azrael spread his pallid wings,
And bear her to the KING OF KINGS.

Mother! thy erring child hath wandered
From wisdom's path too far astray,
Time's precious boon too lightly squandered
In pleasure's summer haunts away.
Seen but by God, I kiss thy stone:
O mother! hear thy orphan's moan,
And let thy loving spirit be
Her guide on earth to joy and thee.

Mother! I come whilst thou art sleeping,
In the deep hush of rayless night,
To free my o'ercharged heart by weeping,
With memory's torch still burning bright,
And bless those lips, my mother dear,
That taught thy child the wealth of prayer.

Mother! thy tear-wet grave I'm leaving,
And many, many years must pass
O'er this racked breast, with sorrow heaving,
Ere, kneeling on the sacred grass,
Near thy lone bed, my mother dear,
I breathe affection's holiest prayer.

THE EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Gratefully Inscribed to my much-loved Friend, Mrs. Russ.

A LADY watched over the footsteps of a desolate orphan, and gladdened her heart with the sunshine of love. But, while the fragrance of affection diffused itself around her, think you that orphan forgot her parents who were sleeping in their lowly graves? Oh, no! Like the tones of sweet music came to her spirit's ear the low voice of her gentle mother, who taught her to say her evening prayer; and the warm kiss of a fond father, as he went forth to his morning's task, had never grown cold on her memory.

She had never looked upon the beautiful sky, radiant with the lamps of evening, or the more exquisite charms of summer sunset; yet, entranced with delight, would she listen while the eloquent lips of those around her portrayed the matchless loveliness of each scene that varied the face of nature, till for a moment she forgot her blindness, and her grateful spirit glowed with fervent admiration for the Omnipotent, at whose command order sprang from chaos, and light illuminated the darkness, when the morning stars sang together, and cherubic legions hymned high hallelujahs to the Author of creation; to that God who, in the thunder of Mount Sinai, gave forth the Mosaic law whose heavenly precepts taught the children of Israel how to worship him agreeably to his divine will.

Scarcely had the years of her infancy sped by, ere it pleased the all-wise Disposer of events to call the father and husband to his everlasting rest. Long after the parent had ceased to be an inhabitant of earth, did the tones of his affec-

tion vibrate on the heart-strings of his sightless child. She could not realize that he was dead—for ever gone. When the shadows of twilight dimmed the brightness of the azure sky, and the laborers were returning to the bosoms of their expectant families, would she go forth and listen at a little gate, that her ear might catch the first sound of the well-remembered footstep. And, though the grass grew wet with the heavy dews of night, still would she linger on the spot. “Come in, my dear; why do you stand alone?” her mother oft would say. And the child replied, “I am waiting for dear father. O mother! will he not come soon?” At length, weary and disappointed, she would go to her little bed and weep herself asleep. But the child could not know how her mother’s heart was breaking, for grief choked her utterance.

Few are called to suffer such intense anguish as this poor widow. Mr. B—— dying suddenly, with his estate unsettled, unprincipled persons took advantage of these unfortunate circumstances, and the mother and her children were left almost destitute; and she was obliged to exert herself to the utmost of her abilities to sustain her little family. But the promise of the widow’s God failed her not. She possessed a meek and quiet spirit, and strove to adorn the hearts of her little ones with the jewels of humility, charity, and love, and made them buoyant with gratitude and joy.

The early days of this little child were not passed amid scenes of romantic beauty. An old-fashioned frame-house, with its accompanying conveniences, is among her first recollections. When her brothers began to go to school, a loneliness crept over her spirit, to which it had before been a stranger. She felt herself isolated without knowing why, yet took great pleasure in committing to memory the words which fell from the lips of her brothers as they conned their

lessons in the evening ; and became at length so fond of acquiring knowledge in this way, that she used carefully to hoard up her little store of candies, cakes, and pence, that with them she might tempt her brothers to forego their play and put out words for her to spell. When her amusements were exhausted, she would run to her mother and say, as if a new light had dawned upon her soul, "Oh, mother, mother, you told us this morning that if we would be very good and love God, he would answer our prayers. Mother, I will be very good if God will make me see."

"You cannot see in this world. Can you not be happy, my child, until God takes you to heaven?"

"Oh, no, no. I want to see, and learn to read like brothers."

With fond caresses, the mother strove to soothe the agitation of her child ; but the restless mind would not be stilled, because the cravings of its dawning intellect were yet unsatisfied. Frequently, after her brothers had ceased reading, would she take the book, and for some time finger its smooth pages. Then might you see a burning tear rolling silently down her young cheeks, as if started by the thought : Oh, how delightful thus to learn so much that is beautiful and interesting ! Then kissing the book, all sealed to her, she would lay it aside.

But these thoughts did not long cast their shadow over her childish spirit. With light and unfaltering footsteps she trod the pleasant walks of her native village, with whose every haunt she was familiar. It seemed as though the LORD of heaven and earth had sent his angels of mercy to guard the wanderings of this lonely one ; for, although often in situations of imminent peril, no dire harm through accident ever befell her. She loved the thunder, for it seemed

like the voice of God, as described by the prophets of old. She could not see the lightning's vivid rays, and the feeling of terror mingled not with her sense of sublimity and emotion of awe. She loved the flowers for their fragrance, and examined with delight their exquisite forms; she loved the babbling brook as it murmured beneath her feet. All things that God had made were very dear to her, for she had been taught to say, "Our Father who art in heaven." One day, after repeating the words of the Psalmist, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him!" she exclaimed, "O mother! I wish I could see the moon: of what color is the sky?"

"Blue," she replied.

"Then that must be the most beautiful color, or God would not have it so near himself," said the child.

Years have rolled away, and that mother is sleeping in the cold, cold earth; but the impression stamped on the mind of her young child can never be obliterated, and till her latest day will she ever imagine *blue* to be the most beautiful color of the prism or the rainbow.

But when the holy Sabbath diffused its all-hallowing influence over sea and land, city and village, and the early bell pealed forth its cheerful note of invitation to the young, to come and gather the unfading flowers of eternity, blooming in the Eden of glory, her heart danced for joy; for she had committed to memory the consoling precepts of the Bible, and the little primers received in Sunday-school were to her more precious than gold. Though she could not read them, she could count the leaves to her little brother, and this was some comfort.

It was customary to exhibit in our Western villages shows of wax-work and wild beasts. Many of these she was allowed to handle, while the more ferocious animals were described to her. But the elephant was a particular favorite, and on no account would she leave the menagerie without having been placed upon his back, or in some other way having made herself better acquainted with this giant of the forest.

The inhabitants of this quiet district were one day thrown into a great excitement by the exhibition of a picture of the crucifixion of Christ, in the old Presbyterian church. To this the child desired her mother, as usual, to take her. But she felt the impossibility of conveying to her mind any conception of the real beauty of this exquisite painting, and that the sunshine of her soul would therefore be overcast with a cloud of disappointment. But the entreaties of the child conquered the reluctance of the mother. A gentleman took her in his arms, and laid her hand upon the picture. "Oh!" cried she, "I want to feel Jesus! Do let me feel Jesus!" "Your hand is upon it, my child," said the stranger, while tears gathered in the eyes of the spectators.

The sightless one wept, too, but not silently. No; 't was her childhood's earliest, bitterest grief. She had been taught to examine much that was beautiful in nature and art; but she could not feel Jesus, him she loved so well. With one long and tender embrace, the tearful mother clasped the child to her bosom, as if the soul of love might vent itself in the fond caresses of affection. Years on the chariot-wheels of time have since sped by. The child has grown to womanhood, and learned how entrancing to the soul are the pencil-touches of that exquisite art, from whose enjoyment her blindness for ever excludes her. But blessed resignation, with its tide of heavenly thoughts, is soothing the disquietude of her spirit, while hope is bright-

ening the distance with its garniture, and leading her timid footsteps gently over the rough road of life.

Yet the restless mind wearied not. Ever on the tireless pinions of thought it sought new objects of amusement, with which to beguile the solitude of her childish heart. Words are inadequate to paint her unbounded raptures when first enabled, by the means of *raised letters*, to spell the name of JESUS. She could not view his divine form, so exquisitely portrayed on canvas, or mark the holy and beneficent expression his features there displayed; but she might now read in Sacred Scripture the manifestations of his wondrous love, so strikingly displayed while fulfilling his heavenly mission. This blessed Book was as the day-star of faith enlightening her darkness; the inspired precepts, as diamonds to her soul, irradiating its secret depths, until its varied emotions be blended in happy harmony.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

THE authoress of the following lines is lonely and an orphan. She dedicates them to each and all who may have cheered her shaded way by some kind word.

I ASK not the wreath that decketh the brow
 Of the son of martial fame ;
 'T is darkly dyed with the widow's woe,
 And the orphan's tear is the radiant glow
 Of the laurels that grace his name.
 But I ask a spirit humbly meek,
 The contrite sigh and the tear-wet cheek.

Too deeply fraught is Ambition's dream
 With the heart's unrest and the tearful eye ;
 The glittering baubles that erst would seem
 Life's rarest gems, but a moment gleam,
 And as passing vapor die.
 I ask—to brighten my lowly lot—
 All-glorious faith, for it fadeth not.

I ask not the magic of wealth, to knit
 My earth-born soul more closely here ;
 Each pleasure lost, as it lingers yet
 On the heart's sad string, is a sigh of regret,
 That leaveth it darkly drear.
 My soul, attuned to Thy praise alone,
 Shall come with the morn and the night's low moan.

I am lingering here, but a beam of light
Is luring me hence. I go to my home,
To bask in the radiance of glory bright.
No more, unheeded, the child of night
Through forest and wild shall roam.
I am going home to yon dear abode ;
I am going home to my Father—God.

VERSES

Prompted by the Singing of the Frazer Family on their visit to the Institution.

SING when fades the light of day,
And the pensive twilight gray
Paints the earth, the restless sea—
Sing to God, who smiles on thee.
When the golden stars appear
 In the vast expanse above,
And the flowers are gemmed with dew,
 Sing to God, for God is Love.

When the morning's dappled light
Bursts the prison-bars of night,
And thy heart is filled with joy,
Sing to God, thy meet employ.
In the sylvan shade alone,
 By the clear and babbling stream,
In the busy haunts of men,
 Sing the love of God supreme.

IMPROMPTU ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET.

An Offering to Miss B—.

I.

OH! earth hath many beauties,
To glad the heart and eye—
The fading blush of evening,
The star-illumined sky.

II.

Mount, bay, and landscape painted
With hues of varied light,
All wear a smile of gladness
To charm the ravished sight.

III.

But ah! to me far dearer,
Eliza, are these flowers
Than earth's most precious diamond,
Or fair clematis bowers.

IV.

For the Heliotrope is whispering
So softly in my ear:
Look up, thou child of sorrow!
All, all is fleeting here;

V.

To the bright climes where flowers
In amaranth beauty bloom,
And the rich light dissolveth
No more in nightly gloom ;

VI.

And the sweet verbena waveth
Beside the lily fair,
As if affection bade it
Her holy semblance wear.

VII.

My life may e'er be chequered
By mingled joy and woe,
But still amid its changes
Affection's tears shall flow.

VIII.

Oh ! could I hope, Eliza,
That gentle love would join
Thy heart to mine as fondly
As mine is bound to thine !

IX.

For I can ne'er forget thee ;
Oft in my lonely hours
I'll turn with tears to bless thee,
Sweet donor of my flowers.

AFFECTION'S FLOWERS.

From "Friends by the Way."

THERE are flowers, bright flowers in this heart of mine,
Fanned by the breezes of love divine,
Living for aye in their exquisite bloom,
Throwing around me their sweet perfume,
Sparkling with drops that begem the flowers
Of amaranth beauty in heaven's own bowers,
And cherished with care by the heart's warm tear.
Would ye ask, would ye ask, How came they there?
"Friends by the way," as they gently smiled,
Have breathed love's words to a desolate child :
Fraught with hope was each tone that fell,
And the angels gathered its meaning well ;
Each word that fell, with a magic power,
The angels have changed to a fadeless flower,
Pencilled its hues from the rainbow's wing,
And it giveth the soul an eternal spring.
Yet think ye they bloom for themselves alone ?
Is their fragrant breath to the world unknown ?
They hallow at even each holy prayer.
Will ye ask, will ye ask, why they 're blooming there ?
Why riseth the day-star in splendor so bright
From his mountain home, and bathes in light
The sleeping earth and the foam-billow's crest,
And mirrors his form on the ocean's breast ?
Ask ye the birds, when they sweetly chime
Their matin songs in the summer time,
And sportively hurry from spray to spray,

If they warble alone for themselves all day ;
And soft as a lute would their numbers flow :
“ We are singing to gladden a vale of woe.”
Ask ye the moon when her silvery sheen,
Where the sun’s warm light hath played, is seen ;
Or the radiant stars, as they ride on high,
And spangle with silver the azure sky.
From each rolling sphere will the answer be :
“ Mortal ! we shine for thy God and thee.”
From the flowers that adorn the soul arise
Sweet odors, like songs, to the upper skies ;
Floating afar through those arches broad,
They ’re shedding their sweets at the feet of God.
May the cheering light of eternal day
Illuminate the path of each “ friend by the way ! ”
From the depth of each spirit spring fragrant flowers,
Like those that regale my lonely hours.

THE FALLING OF THE DINNER-POT.

To all who have an hour to spend,
I'll sing a little song ;
Please promise me you will not smile,
When told it can't be long.

Of death, of loss of property,
Of blighted hope and love ;
Of friends that coil around the heart,
And then deceptive prove ?

Ah ! there are hues of darker shade
Reserved for each poor sinner ;
But none their withering blast can know
Who has not lost his dinner.

Seated in social converse sweet,
The hours sped quickly past :
We talked of C. D.'s perjured oath,
His motives first and last.

And as the kitchen door would ope,
Was the olfactory nerve
Aye greeted by a savory smell,
Which would as whetstone serve

Of appetite. Tables and chairs
All in their places stood,
And needed but their occupants
To make all very good.

What means that loud, tremendous crash?
Why startle with affright?
Why stands aghast yon trembling girl,
With lips so ashy white?

Ah me! my dear, said Mrs. P.,
Ours is a woful lot;
An accident—our careful girl
Upset the dinner-pot.

Yes; there a most delicious stew
Lies strewn along the floor!
I'm sure those boards have never known
Such feasting times before.

Each to the other comfort spoke,
For, from a bounteous store,
An humbler meal the table graced:
We ate and laughed once more.

And all agreed with one accord
That we'd forget it not,
The day on which our hopes fell down
With that said dinner-pot.

MUSIC THE GIFT OF ANGELS TO MEN.

WHEN beauteous earth from chaos sprung,
And day's all-glorious lamp was hung,
Man, in the likeness of his God,
The new-made earth with gladness trod.

Angels, adoring, fold their wings,
And ask the eternal King of kings,
"What boon most dear to us in heaven
May to the new-born race be given?"

Harmonious through the angelic throng
An anthem rose—echoed the *song*.
Unnumbered worlds, and flower-decked earth,
And mighty ocean, hailed its birth.

Rapturous they said: "Music is given
To win the sons of men to heaven,
To cheer the desolate when drear,
And steal from grief its burning tear.

"The patriot's love of country strong
Will kindle with his native song;
Virtue, religion, shed afar
Their influence 'neath sweet music's star.

"Emotions soft and pure shall rise,
Like holiest incense, to the skies;
Sweet thoughts around the *wanderer* come,
If music cheered his boyhood's home.

“ At eve, when day’s receding light
Melts in the depths of gentler night,
Then music to the realms above
Shall waft the strains of grateful love.”

Angels, for this, your glorious boon,
Our hearts Jehovah’s praises tune ;
For music to the blind is *light*,
Their beauty’s hue, and lustre of their night.

PHILHARMONIA.

STANZAS written after returning from a concert of the Philharmonic Society, and respectfully dedicated to the members of that Society, to whose constant attention we are indebted for the enjoyment of a pleasure so dear.

I.

ALL hail to thee, Music! thou sun-lighted vision,
Thy soft, melting cadence, thy rich, gushing swell,
Give birth to the feelings of sorrow and gladness,
The fount of emotions lies hid in thy spell.

II.

The ear with an exquisite transport is raptured,
While through the wide regions of fancy we stray.
The strength of thy genius, Beethoven, hath taught us
To soar from earth's cares and its trifles away :

III.

Now witchingly soft as the light, sportive zephyr,
That shrinks from the sunbeam to sleep in the rose ;
Now plaintively sad as the wail of a mother
O'er the child of her bosom in death's last repose.

IV.

Thou, peace-loving Mozart, of genius so brilliant,
Whose life breathed of heaven while ling'ring below,
Hast taught how sweet music enables the spirit
To walk with its God in this region of woe.

V.

We may not look forth on the mirror of nature,
The broad rolling sea and the star-jewelled sky ;
But harmony's voice, with a strain all-inspiring,
Is warbling of *heaven* and glory for aye.

VI.

Ye've gathered the soul's cherished treasures immortal,
The beauties of genius, the fragrance of sound,
Entranced with your magic the hearts of the people,
While scattering the gems of sweet music around.

VII.

Forget not the harps of the saints everlasting,
Vibrating when time and its pleasures are o'er ;
And oh ! may ye swell the hosannas eternal,
And with children of music abide evermore.

ON MR. DEMPSTER'S SECOND VISIT TO THE INSTITUTION.

SOFTLY trembling, sweetly playing
O'er the heart's enraptured strings,
Is the tuneful strain of gladness
Which to-day thy coming sings.

Yes, with heart-felt joy we greet thee,
For thy tones are lingering yet
In the flow'ry haunts of mem'ry ;
Can the ravished ear forget ?

What is music ? To the sightless
'T is a world of beauty bright ;
Thought, enriched by sound, may gather
More than rainbow-hues of sight.

Music hath a voice of gladness
When the heart is crushed with care ;
Hath a tender note of sadness,
Wooing erring ones to prayer.

Sing the merry songs of Scotland,
Sing thy plaintive strains once more ;
Let the gushing tears of pity
Fall as they have fall'n before.

May the buds of hope celestial
Blossom in thy soul for aye ;
Son of music, may life's evening
Like a sunbeam pass away.

Sing when love is weeping o'er thee,
And the white-robed throng rejoice;
Open wide the gates of glory,
Sing to God who gave thee voice!

A FRAGMENT FROM THE VALE OF LOWLY LIFE.

It was an exceedingly warm day in mid-summer, and the sun's rays beat oppressively on the unsheltered pedestrian. All gladly sought the covert of umbrageous trees, or the more delightful coolness of their village homes. Mrs. P. and I were seated in the front basement; and, while the refreshing breeze from the old elm trees fanned our brows, we congratulated ourselves, but did not forget the laborers in the field, and those whose daily avocations necessarily exposed them to the intolerable heat of this day. The gate opened, and Mrs. P., looking up from her work, descried an old Dutch woman, with a basket of berries on her head, walking leisurely up the shaded path that led to the house. And then I thought how very lonely must be the lot of the daughters of poverty. When she offered her fruit for sale, Mrs. P. said to her kindly :

"You are too old to lead this life. Have you no children to bear its burdens for you?"

"No," she replied in broken English; "they are all dead, and I am quite alone; but I am an old woman, and can't live long."

"You must be sorry for that," said my friend.

The joy that kindled in her eye diffused itself over her hitherto unexpressive features, as she replied with energy :

"Oh, no! I am going home, home to Jesus, home to Jesus!"

Oh, blessed hope! In imagination I already saw the diamond crown of life encircle her brow, and heard a harp of seraphic rapture discoursing sweet music through the flowery arches of heaven, in obedience to the touch of this once poor

berry woman. How beautiful are the garments of salvation with which the heirs of God are clothed !

The poor seem to have been the especial favorites of our Lord. Christ, while fulfilling his heavenly mission, selected his disciples from the humbler walks of life, thereby teaching the rich humility, and inspiring the hearts of the poor with gratitude and love.

THE VOICE OF FLOWERS.

Written while holding a Hyacinth, and respectfully Inscribed to
Mr. T. D. C.

THE voice of flowers is the voice of prayer,
Soothing the soul in its time of care ;
The voice of flowers is the voice of love,
Luring the soul to its rest above.

The voice of flowers, like a glistening star,
Beguiles the wandering one afar
Through regions of space to life's blessed streams,
Where the Lamb's pure glory eternally gleams.

The voice of flowers hath a silvery tone,
Winning poor sinners to Mercy's throne ;
And we bend the knee as the notes of praise
Attune our souls to seraphic lays.

The voice of flowers is the old man's friend,
For it sings how the journey of life shall end ;
The voice of flowers to the youth can bring
The sunshine of truth in his blooming spring.

The voice of flowers, in the hour of death,
With faultless music and fragrant breath,
A whispering angel of mercy, shall come,
Wooing the soul to its holier home.

And thou, little flower, so sweet and so fair,
Hast a voice for me. Speak! fain would I hear
Of the better land and the bright-blue hills,
Where the waters leap in their crystal rills.

“ Shall the friend who has watched o’er thy delicate
form

Be sheltered soon from life’s pitiless storm ? ”

“ He shall linger on earth for a little while,
Then bask in the light of his Saviour’s smile.”

“ Oh! bid him come near when his bosom heaves
With the tempest of grief, and our tiny leaves
Shall whisper of heaven; for Christ shall be
His anchor of hope on life’s boisterous sea.

“ Yes, bid him come near with the morning light,
Or when stars look out on the silent night,
With the flowers of joy, with the thorns of care,
Oh, bid him come waken the music of prayer! ”

February 28, 1852.

L I N E S

Inscribed to Mr. Edward Wood,

GRANDSON of one of the first founders of our Institution. Mr. W. fills the place of his deceased father, who was a most active and efficient manager.

WELCOME to the band made happy
By thy father's voice so dear ;
Welcome, for the light of gladness
Sheds a gentle radiance here.

Hearest thou not a beauteous spirit
Speaking through the silent night ?
'T is thy grandsire's voice approving—
Son ! thy path is chosen right.

Onward, then, where duty leads thee ;
Of the friendless be the friend ;
Peace thy motto, and the footsteps
Of the orphan lone defend.

In the morn of life thus early,
Oh, 't was well to choose the path
Which thy sire and grandsire honored,
Ere the call of ruthless Death.

Hushed the heart so fondly beating
While the glance of love was bright ;
But the charm of well-done labors
Sheds a never-fading light.

AN ADDRESS,

Written for the Anniversary of the Institution for the Blind, celebrated
in May, 1848.

BORNE on by Time's unwearied wing,
We hail with joy the balmy Spring ;
And come, dear friends, with hearts the while
As gladsome as her own bright smile,
To greet, in music's thrilling tone,
The hearts that vibrate with our own,
And bring, to deck our rayless night,
The gems of intellectual light.
That rayless night hath come at last,
And memory, musing o'er the past,
Recalls the long and weary hours
Ere yet we culled fair mental flowers.

A BOOK ! Oh, ye can never know
How we have bathed with tears of woe
The precious page from which in vain
We strove one gleam of light to gain.
Now—blessed change !—amid our tears
The rainbow smile of joy appears,
As ever and anon we find
Another book to cheer the blind.

Another book ! No diadem
Could win from us that priceless gem,
Or half the blissful joys bestow
That from its storied pages flow.

Well may an honest, generous pride
Spread o'er each cheek its mantling tide,
That, in our land of liberty,
Columbia's sons, the brave and free,
While winning for our country's name,
In arts and arms, undying fame,
Forget not, in their proud career,
The holier toil, the blind to cheer.

BOYS' DIALOGUE.

WRITTEN for Thanksgiving Evening, and recited by two little boys. It is the custom of our Superintendent to hold a festival at that time.

FIRST.

Good evening, brother ; tell me where
You've been this live-long day ?

SECOND.

At marbles played, and raised my kite ;
But where were you, I pray ?

FIRST.

I in the school-room lingered long :
But do I hear aright ?
Are we to have a jubilee
On this Thanksgiving Night ?

SECOND.

They say we are.

FIRST.

And then you'll dance ?

SECOND.

Oh no ; I'd rather sing.

FIRST.

Perhaps a story then you'll tell ?

SECOND.

No ; let us form a ring.

FIRST.

What shall it be ?

SECOND.

“ Go Round the Bush,”
Or “ Lady in the Chair.”

FIRST.

Ah ! then you think you 'll have a chance
To kiss your little dear.

SECOND.

You frighten me ; indeed you do.

FIRST.

Now, Johnny, I 'll not look,
If from the “ Lady in the Chair ”
One little kiss you hook.

SECOND.

Do, Georgey, lay your jokes aside,
And tell me why, I pray,
We always meet so joyfully
On each Thanksgiving Day ?

FIRST.

The harvest stores are gathered in,
The rich and poor have food,
While all with praise unite to bless
God, who 's so very good.

And we are met, a little band ;
Our guardian Father dear
Is with us with his kindly smile ;
His voice we love to hear.

SECOND.

What can we do to please him most ?

FIRST.

Methinks I hear him say,
Good children please me when they learn
Their lessons every day.
And we will say our evening prayers,
Be to each other true ;
Angels will smile upon us then :
Dear teachers, will not you ?

SECOND.

But let us sing a little song,
Our voices all unite ;
It fills my heart so full of joy,
This dear Thanksgiving Night.

G I R L S ' D I A L O G U E .

DIALOGUE written for two little girls, and recited at a Semi-Annual Examination in the Institution for the Blind, held previously to the Christmas Holidays.

- “COME tell me, sister Helen, why
You look so sad to-day?
May not my love your grief assuage,
And wipe your tears away?”
- “Oh, ask me not, beloved one;
'T would make me very sad.”
- “Yet 't were so sweet to share thy grief,
To try to make thee glad.
Did not we promise yesterday
Each other's friends to be?
And though mine is a little heart,
'Tis full of love for thee.”
- “Then, Emma, do you recollect
Poor Bess, our mother's maid,
How light her heart with pleasure beat
While round the room we played?
How tenderly she led us forth
To breathe the morning air?”
- “O yes! it gave a double zest
To play when she was there;
But what of her?”

“ O Emma dear,
Her only child is dead.
She says she's old and lonely now,
And fain would lay her head
Where sleeps her child. Such sighs, such groans,
I never heard before ;
I wish I knew something to say
To make her smile once more.”

“ Then tell her, those we love, who die,
Descend from heaven's bright sphere,
And softly whisper words of peace—
Tell her her child is near.”

“ Indeed I will, so pleasant 't is
Each other's friends to be :
Again I'll never hesitate
To share each thought with thee.”

Joy may be sweet ; but sorrow hath
A purer, richer tone,
When echoed from two youthful hearts
Whose feelings blend as one.

H O P E .

Written for the Anniversary of 1850.

I've floated o'er earth on a beam of light,
As the fire-fly shines in the darkest night ;
I've kissed the flowers bespangled with dew,
Then soared aloft to my home of blue.
On a golden beam through a fairy bower
I have sought in vain for a fadeless flower ;
Its hue must be bright as a seraph's wings,
When he basks in the smile of the King of kings,
Its fragrance pure as the light above
That beams from the brow of the God of love.
I sought on that lovely sea-girt shore,
Where science and wisdom were blent of yore,
Where, sportive as birds in their leafy bowers,
Young children were twining the earliest flowers ;
Yet their sires were groaning with anguish keen,
On each manly cheek was the tear-drop seen,
And lone by that shore, where the Grecian wave
Was dashing its spray, stood a chieftain brave.
His people were slaves, and their galling chain
Was rending his soul. Shall it suffer in vain ?
I sought to solace his anguish deep,
And encourage his heart that he should not weep ;
And he said, as I whispered : My arm is strong :
Unconscious of might, I have wept too long ;
My land shall be free as the mountain air,
And the tyrant be crushed in his hideous lair.
But his generous soul with revenge grew dark,
And I wept, though I quenched not its kindling spark.

Where the happy were wrapped in their visions of love,
And the sky lamps were gemming the azure above,
On the downy breath of the sportive breeze
That murmured all night 'mid the leaf-clad trees,
I was gently borne to a chamber lone,
Where the midnight lamp o'er a scholar shone,
The offspring of genius, whose every thought
With fancy and feeling were richly fraught.
But a dream of ambition was lurking there,
And I turned with a sigh to a scene more fair,
Where the perfume sweet o'er my senses stole :
'Twas the balm of peace to the anguished soul ;
It breathed from a flower, a lovely thing
That bloomed in the heart's most sacred spring.
Then the trophy-clad seraphs around me came ;
Their harps of glory were sounding its name :
'Twas blessed Beneficence, spotless and mild,
And I hailed it immortal with joys undefiled.
In an amaranth wreath for the brow of the kind,
It is twined by the orphan, the mute, and the blind,
And it blooms ever fair as the star of even,
Though drooping and sad with the tear-drops of heaven.

AN ADDRESS,

Recited at a Complimentary Concert to the Students of the Protestant
Episcopal General Theological Seminary.

WOODED by the soft, balm-laden air,
Whereon the flowers their fragrance fling,
I come to weave enchantments fair
In loving friendship's magic ring.
Their varied forms and beauteous dyes
Outvie the rainbow-tinted skies.

I come, but not with Sappho's rhyme
Of measure wild and love-lorn tone,
Or Milton's nobler strains sublime,
Shaking the Prince of Evil's throne.
With humble thoughts and simple phrase
I paint the joys of passing days.

Ye came when Phœbus' golden light
Was veiled behind his couch of rest,
And the pale moon of azure night
Mirrored itself on ocean's breast;
When o'er the peopled city far
Gleamed tiny lamp and evening star.

The wealth of genius then ye brought,
Poetic gems and storied truth,
Or stern philosopher's deep thought,
Or glowing page of gifted youth.
Pathetic tale or fancy's stroke
The gay laugh won, the sigh awoke.

When from the north Euroclydon
Dishevelled ocean's shaggy mane,
And storm-clouds from their heights anon
Sent fleecy snow or driving rain,
The pelting storm ye heeded not,
But hastened on to cheer our lot.

Here let me still my warbling lyre,
Nor linger o'er the notes of song;
A fitful echo touched the wire,
And swept its trembling chords along.
Dear friends, may hope's perennial smile
Each heart console, each grief beguile.

THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

COMPOSED and set to music for the concert given to the Students of the Protestant Episcopal General Theological Seminary.

THEORY.

I COME with the moonlight, my own love, to thee,
To bask with the stars in the glance of thine eye.
I've longed for the close of this beautiful day,
Though the sweet birds were singing their soft roundelay.
Fly not, like the fawn, from thy lover afar,
Thou day-dream of beauty, thou ever-bright star.
Turn not from thy suppliant; O dearest, be mine;
I ask, I implore, on the banks of the Rhine.

THEORY.

I've won the sweet blossom that bloomed in the vale,
And the voices of music float by on the gale.
With rapture unbounded my heart is elate,
And I ask not of Fortune a happier fate.
Oh, exquisite transport! oh, blissful delight!
The clouds of suspense have rolled by in a night;
And with purest effulgence for ever will shine
The jewel I've won on the banks of the Rhine.

AN ADDRESS,

Recited at a Concert given in aid of the Church of the Holy Apostles.

'T WAS evening, and the moon's soft light
Pencilled the mountain's rugged height ;
The stars shone out, and mortals sought
The quiet joys of holy thought.
Of bright-eyed hope, and life's young spring,
And fancy's flowers, I strove to sing,
When softly on my charmed ear fell
A voice of more than witching spell,
Of richer tone and holier strain
Than earth-born child may hear again.
It whispered, "Mortal, dream no more ;
Deal gently, kindly with the poor.
Tossed on a rough and boisterous sea,
How fraught with anxious misery
Their daily lot of ceaseless cares,
Corroding grief and burning tears.
Affection's chain, whose links are love,
Hallowed by angels' smiles above,
Flowers of the heart, whose vernal hues
Are gemmed with heaven's own crystal dews,
Bloom not for them, but pass away,
Like dappled light in evening's gray.
Then do as ye have done before ;
Give freely, kindly to the poor.
Go, for the sake of Christ, who wept
By Kedron's brook when mortals slept ;

Go, for the glory of your God,
Gladden the widow's lone abode,
And teach the orphan lips to bless
The Father of the fatherless.
With radiant faith and holy prayer,
The dying, comfortless, go cheer.
Would you your Maker, God, adore,
Go, bear glad tidings to the poor.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE SEASONS.

To Mr. Chamberlain, our former much-loved Superintendent, these humble effusions are gratefully dedicated.

DEAR FRIEND:—Your unwearied kindness shed around our path the sunshine of perpetual joy. In the spring-time of our lives it caused the buds of hope to bloom in our souls, unblighted by harsh words, or the more chilling breath of cold indifference.

PERCHANCE 't is strange, yes, very strange,
That one who ne'er has seen
Should dare portray the varied change
Of flower and herbage green.

But self-conceit deludes the throng;
Presumption, too, of late,
Puts forth her title to a song,
And calls mankind her mate.

Each sounds his own loud trump of fame,
And feels himself a man,
And gathers laurels for his name
As brilliant as he can.

So, if among this motley throng,
Some day you chance to find
A wanderer who has lost his way,
Or truant from the blind—

Forgive, as you will now forgive
Presumptuous little me,
Who from the book of nature bright
Pretend to read to thee.

Spring.

Now Nature is tuning her wild harp again ;
Young Spring cometh forth with her burden of flowers ;
The sunbeams are peeping in valley and glen,
And the wood-thrush and cuckoo are chiming the hours.

The earth is enrobing herself, with delight,
In her mantle of green, and the ice bids good-bye ;
The cattle lie down, while the laborer looks bright,
For the smile of contentment is gladdening his eye.

And the children halloo as they hurry away,
Over meadow and fence, to the wide-spreading tree ;
They are laughing and singing, for health's rosy ray
Is mantling each cheek gaily dimpled with glee.

And rolling on high are the silver clouds seen,
While the landscape is glowing with purple and gold :
How sweet to repose 'neath the wild leafy screen,
While the shepherd is calling the lambs to the fold !

And crocus and primrose, with each genial morn,
Are opening their charms to the sun's burning kiss ;
And each vernal shower is a benison born
To gladden the earth in its virginal bliss.

There's joy on the mountain, there's joy in the vale,
There's joy in the garden's each scented parterre,
There's joy in the cottage, there's joy in the gale,
There's joy to the aged, the young, and the fair.

Spring.

SPRING is the aurora of hope, peeping into the heart's most secret depths, and waking, with no unskilful hand, its sleeping chords to sweetest harmony, ere its purer emotions are contaminated by the touch of earthly selfishness. 'T is the halo of life gathering radiance with the decline of each successive year. And age, poor trembling age, feels the vigor of youth rekindle in its bosom as anon it reënters this golden season.

Summer.

'T is the balmy air of evening
 Playing with the nodding flowers,
 While the whippoorwill is singing
 Far remote in woodland bowers.
 Homeward turns the cheerful laborer,
 While his children throng the door,
 Waiting for a father's blessing,
 For his loving kiss once more.
 Love and friendship twine the chaplet
 Meet to grace that Christian's brow;
 In his elbow-chair reclining,
 Ah! what harm can reach him now?
 Hark! their song of praise is swelling
 On the silent air of even,
 Far the golden stars outshining,
 Rising to the gates of heaven.
 With the morn's resplendent brightness
 Beauteous flowers are opening new,

Rose and lily, pink and hawthorn,
 Jessamine and violet blue.
In the pleasing hush of evening,
 Oh! how sweet to meditate
On the joys reserved in heaven
 For the soul immaculate.
Yes, the golden tints of summer
 Cheer us on life's rugged road;
'T is the time for holy musing,
 When the heart goes up to God.

Summer.

SPRING, with its array of bright dreams and golden visions, has passed; and Summer, the noontide of the soul, bright, balmy, and beautiful, has come. In embryo, thought, nursed by the laughing breeze of spring, unfolds its hidden beauties to the warmer smile of summer; and the grateful heart expands with admiration, while contemplating the infinite wisdom and wonderful skill of the beneficent Creator of heaven and earth. All nature teems with loveliness, and conveys a lesson of deepest import to the human soul. Happy are they who purchase the pearl of great price ere the cold winds of autumn, or the winter of eternal death, palsy the fingers and still the heart for ever! How acceptable to God is the free-will offering of young and tender hearts! Them will the Shepherd of Israel lead, through the green pastures of hope, up to the distant hills of life, and the golden gates of New Jerusalem shall open, with the sound of sweet music, to their call.

Autumn.

THE soothing breeze that fanned the wanderer's cheek,
And stole the fragrance from the summer flowers,
Has died anon—'t is Nature's burial.
The aërial car of restless Time rolled by,
And dazzling beauty faded at his glance.
The matin songs of merry birds are hushed,
And tuneful Echo's mournful tones alone
Recall the memory of that golden time.
The winged winds, that dolefully along
Old ocean sweep, its crested billows toss
In fury wild; then, playing with their foam,
Sink down, far down, to coral caves unknown,
Where glide the mermaids in their shell-built boats,
Or Æolus greet among his caverned isles;
Then rock the forest like a cradled child,
Making sad wailing 'mong the leafless trees.
The rugged pines in majesty sublime
Bow their high heads before the lightning's stroke,
And dead leaves crackle 'neath the traveller's step.
All wear the phase of melancholy change.

Autumn.

LIFE is ebbing in its autumn time. The bright delusions of its golden spring have melted away like the morning dew; and the midday's sun, that with effulgence lighted up its summer and gave such brilliancy to the countless beauties of that delightful season, has also passed; but the calm

serenity and holy peace with which the soul was filled still exists, and gentle friendship loves to soothe the evening hours of life. 'Tis sweet to hear from the lips of some revered friend an account of the innocent pleasures of his childhood, till his heart glows with ecstasy, and he forgets for a while through what long journey of time he has travelled—forgets the eternity hard by whose verge he stands. How much of sorrow, how much of joy, how much of sage experience may the lips of the aged impart to the young. The inspired Word commands us to “rise up before the hoary head,” and blessed shall they be who in the morning of life observe that sacred precept.

Winter.

LIFE wears its brightest, gayest phase,
Though winter wraps the passing days
In vest of purest snow;
For friends long parted gather now,
And smiles illumine each joy-wreathed brow,
And buds of feeling grow.

For flowers of never-fading hue,
Of fragrant breath and heavenly dew,
Adorn the human soul;
And purer, sweeter grow those flowers,
When holy deeds and tears of ours
Deny the world's control;

When generous hearts, expanding wide
With Christian love's all-hallowing tide,

Seek out the suffering poor,
 In cellars dark, in garrets lone,
 When fitfully the wind's sad moan
 Howls through the broken door.

The frost-gemmed windows—to the light—
 Of varied forms and fancies bright
 Tell tales of joy the while;
 The honest farmer's holiday,
 White winter, rules with cheerful sway,
 And charms with genial smile.

And tinkling bells are heard afar,
 While mildly beams the evening star
 On the glad throng below;
 The merry laugh, the gleeful joke,
 And songs that through the still air float,
 Tell of the young heart's glow.

Close.

WE have seen how each season presents a charm peculiar to itself. Every variation of climate, every variety of scenery, is fraught with beauties which delight the eye and gratify the heart. Dear and much-loved friend, in the spring of rapture, in the summer of peaceful quiet, in the autumn of disappointment, and the winter of ease, in your fatherly counsel my weakness found strength, in your unwearied kindness my grief a solace. What is death? Death, to the Christian, is the opening of the gates of light. The

soul wins the goal for which it so long and tirelessly struggled while on earth, and the brow is encircled with a golden crown of glory. Friend of my soul, perchance by the waters of life we may meet, and talk of the joys and sorrows of this nether world. Till life's fading evening shall waft thy worn and weary heart to the haven of everlasting rest, may peace, celestial peace, be the guest of thy bosom!

THE SONG OF THE "NEW YEAR."

FROM the ice-bound realms of the North afar,
To cheer the earth as a meteor star,
I come, for pleasure awaits me here,
And they welcome with music the glad New Year.

To scatter the roseate beams of joy,
And young hopes pure from the dark alloy
Of sorrow deep and the burning tear:
Oh! they shall not sadden the bright New Year.

But virtue puissant and truth shall shine,
Ennobling the soul with their breath divine;
The diamond of faith and the dew-drops of prayer
Shall hallow my footsteps—the bright New Year.

On the radiant pinions of light above,
I've soared for the balm of unfeigned love;
The holy have sanctioned my mission rare,
And angels are blessing the bright New Year.

They shall not weep as before they've wept,
Where the star-lighted visions of hope had slept,
And the heart, bowed down in its mute despair,
Sighed, mournfully sighed, to the closing year:

Though the earth may be clad in its robe of white,
And the once green trees be muffled and dight
In snow-wreaths and ice, while the wind's low moan
Is singing the dirge of the Old Year gone.

I've slept in the breast of an amaranth flower,
In the crystal drop of an April shower ;
From a moon-lit beam, in a star-gemmed sky,
I've looked on the earth as I floated by.

The fragrant blossoms of love must be
On the leafy boughs of a fadeless tree ;
I come to scatter these blossoms fair,
While kindness illumines the bright New Year.

I've sung to the morn with the dappled light,
And the beauteous tints of the rainbow bright,
To unnumbered worlds in their high career,
Through regions of space—sung the bright New Year.

Now, singing, I come to the children of earth,
And with rapture they echo my carol of mirth ;
And the mourner's sigh and the orphan's tear
Shall cease with the dawn of the bright New Year.

THOUGHTS WHISPERED TO A FRIEND.

WOODED by no magic spell,
Softly their cadence fell,
Thoughts ever dear ; ~
Thoughts ever pure and blest,
Bright as the sparkling crest
Moonlight doth wear.

Softer than music sweet,
Tinkling from fairies' feet,
Soothing words come ;
While the blue waters dance,
'Neath the stars' timid glance,
From their arched dome.

Pleasure's ephemeral ray
Fades like a summer's day :
Turn to thy God.
Come, in the morn of life,
Ere the world's cruel strife
Chill thy young blood ;

Ere time's autumnal blast
Night round thy spirit cast,
Come, mortal, come.
Where the ambrosial breeze
Floats through immortal trees,
This is our home.

PASCUA FLORIDA.

Stanzas, respectfully Dedicated to the Rev. A. B. Hart, some time officiating in the Chapel of the Institution.

* *Pascua Florida!* how lovely thy flowers!

How sweet was their breath on that beautiful day!

For a pencil resplendent was gilding their bowers

With the sunbeam of promise that fades not away.

* Our old Spanish navigators, animated by a spirit of devotion, and exploring this New World of the West, gave to the lands they discovered the names of the saints or of the religious festivals on whose days the harbor, hill, or shore was first descried or entered. When the south-eastern portion of our present Republic heaved upon the sight of the tossed mariners from the breast of the ocean, it was the vernal season of the year, in which the Church celebrates the joyful solemnities of our Lord's Resurrection. This queen of sacred feasts, Easter, is known in Spanish by the beautiful name of *Pascua de Flores*, or *Pascua Florida*—the Flower-Crowned Festival, or Flowered Passover. In those genial latitudes, too, the earliest spring puts forth its floral treasures, and the sailors' hearts and senses both were cheered with the rich vision of a soil green with andromeda, ericoides, and prinus, and waving with forests of pine, palmetto, and lofty magnolias twined with jessamine, whose blent fragrance loaded the land-breeze of morning. Lilies and passion-flowers, calmia and orchis, and countless varieties of flowers, grow wild in the untilled gardens of southern sands and woods. In the devout estimation of the Catholic navigators, nature and religion united to suggest the pleasant name of the new-found peninsula—the name of *Florida*—which was then applied to a territory extending much farther north and west, though now limited to a single State. In reading the beautiful lines to which this incident gave occasion, it should be observed that, according to a rule in Spanish pronunciation, the accent here falls on the penultimate syllable *ri*, and the words are pronounced as if written *Pas-kah Flo-ree-dah*.—ED.

Pascua Florida! the light of thy dawning
Was hailed by the watch-weary sailor afar ;
Thy foliage-clad woods and the birds of the morning
Enraptured his soul, and he called thee a star.

Pascua Florida! with Easter we link thee,
And fond recollection still brightens thy fame ;
Thy balm-scented breeze and thy blooming magnolias
Shall whisper at even thy ne'er-changing name.

Pascua Florida! the blue smoke is curling,
The sons of the forest glide over thy streams ;
Elate from the toils of the hunter returning,
They lie in their wigwams to wander in dreams.

Pascua Florida! thy red sons are passing,
Like autumn's sere leaves, to the dark, dim unknown.
Oh ! shed o'er their spirits the light everlasting ;
Its radiance perchance may illumine your own.

W E L C O M E T O A C H I E F .

An Address written on the occasion of the visit of Rev. George Copway
(Kah-ge-gah-gah-bouh) to the Institution.

Oh welcome, thou stranger! our hearts' warm emotions
Are clustering around thee, thou chief of the brave;
We dream of the hour when, with holy devotion,
Thy people first welcomed our sires from the wave.

And now thou art with us, thy eloquence daring
May soar on the proud wings of triumph afar;
Mid scenes fraught with gladness does memory not bear
thee,
To watch with thy kindred love's fast-waning star?

We love thy harangues, thy wild war-songs and story,
Thy pine-wooded forests, now leafless and drear,
The red man of nature, that battled in glory,
And chased from its covert the fleet-footed deer.

But mostly we cherish the hearts where the Spirit
Hath planted its impress, all deathless and bright;
For the children of promise by birthright inherit
The fountain of knowledge, that gloweth with light.

Now, chief, thou wilt leave us: while absent, remember
The friends who have welcomed thy coming to-day;
And fondly we'll pray for the fate of that people
Whose children, like spring-time, are passing away.

THE INDIAN WIDOW'S DREAM.

A LADY one day, when walking down to the river, saw an Indian woman weaving moccasins, who told her she had dreamed, the night previous, that her husband (who had lately died) was cold and hungry in the hunting-grounds; and she was loading a light raft with food and clothing to send up the river to the Spirit Land, doubting not but it would reach its destination in safety.

I DREAMED of my warrior. He stood alone
By the ice-bound streams where the deer roams wild;
The rushing winds, with hollow moan,
Were rocking the trees like a little child.
He wandered on through that forest dim,
He was cold and sad, and his heart was sore,
No wigwam fire burned bright for him,
No evening meal when the hunt was o'er.
The birds sang not in that far-off land,
Nor came young Spring with its early flowers;
By hunger was weakened that powerful hand
Whose stroke was death in this land of ours.
His eye was dark, but the lightning's fire
Would kindle there when the war-cry came;
And the sons of the forest, with looks of ire,
Would gather as one at Mehopac's name
From valley green and rock-bound hill,
From mountains high, where the antelopes rest,
And the screaming eagle foreboded ill,
As she folded her wings round her young ones' nest.
But his voice was low as the curling wave
That laves the shore where my baby sleeps:
A lover fond and a warrior brave
Is my hunter dear; but—he weeps! he weeps!

For the snow is cold, and his feet are bare,
And he dreams of me and his darling boy.
If the Great Spirit answers the mourner's prayer,
His heart shall be thrilling with only joy.

With arrowy speed o'er the waters dark,
With early fruits and the dew-gemmed flowers,
And its burden of love, flew that little bark,
With tears impearled from her greenwood bowers.

T H E R E T U R N .

Emotions of a Friend, who, after long absence from Home, drank the Croton
Water a few moments before landing at New-York.

ALL-HALLOWING Memory, holy, blest,
Comes like the wind-harp's note at even,
Soothing the spirit's sad unrest
With glimpses of its promised heaven.

Fond moment of terrestrial bliss !
In fancy's magic mirror bright,
I feel a mother's fervent kiss,
And hear a father's sweet Good-night.

I've wandered from my boyhood's home,
And stood beneath Italia's skies ;
I've trod thy streets, imperial Rome,
And learned how earth-born splendor dies.

In sunny France, 'mid England's bowers,
And Scotland, with its varied view
Of rocky glens and lovely flowers—
Each fairy haunt how well I knew !

And mused o'er Erin's shamrock green,
So precious to each Irish heart,
Till in the faded past were seen
Its glories from the dust to start.

I'm turning from these scenes away,
To thee, my boyhood's happy home ;
To the fond friends of early day,
Like the lone, wandering dove, I come.

And while I quaff the waters bright,
Dear Croton, of thy crystal stream,
Unnumbered airy dreams of light
Around my truant fancy beam.

Light of my life thou to me,
Sweet Home, my first and latest star ;
I never knew how dear thou 'dst be,
Till I had wandered thus afar.

So, sacred Nile, thy sons for thee
Would weep in Cashmere's lovely vale,
Look wildly on Marmora's sea,
Nor heed Arabia's spicy gale ;

But sigh for Egypt's pleasant stream,
That washed their sunny land the while :
Day's star of hope, night's dearest dream,
Were the sweet waters of the Nile.

THE REASONS WHY I DO NOT DRINK.

Written by request, in answer to a piece of an opposite character which appeared in a City Journal.

I DRINK not—for the soul of man,
 In God's own image made,
 Should shun the withering glance of shame,
 And triumph undismayed :
 For oh ! it is a god-like grace,
 Integrity of soul ;
 It cheers us with a brighter charm
 Than gilds the flowing bowl.

I drink not—for the dove-like tones
 Of children greet mine ears ;
 I think on vows of nuptial love,
 Baptized in hallowed tears.
 The golden threads by angels woven,
 That hearts together link,
 Are sundered by the touch of sin—
 That's why I will not drink.

I drink not—though life's devious paths
 Be oft perplexed and dark,
 And shoals of care, and reefs of wrong,
 Wreck many a fragile bark.
 Watching the polar star of hope,
 My life's sure compass mine,
 Fearless I breast the howling storm,
 But shun the tempting wine.

I drink not—though a woman's scorn
Should fling its keenest dart,
Or quench the hopes of loving years,
And desolate my heart,
Friends cease to smile, and all the wells
Of sympathy dry up,
Though ne'er a star should light my way,
Yet taste I not the cup.

I drink not—in the soul of man
Blooms many a precious flower,
And languid misery longs to breathe
Their fragrance and their power.
The deeds within his virtue's scope
Inspire my soul to think
That soul's an embryo for heaven—
And so I will not drink.

H O L Y B I B L E .

An Impromptu, written after receiving a Book-Mark.

DEAR Bible, book eternal !
Our chart on life's rough way,
Oh ! let thy truths illumine
Our spirits day by day.

Bright words of consolation
Are glowing on each page,
And love's all tuneful teachings
The Christian soul engage.

Dear chart, thou blessed Bible,
Thy precepts fraught with truth,
Our talisman unfailing,
And guiding star of youth.

For when the aged pilgrim
Is weary of the earth,
Thy words of holy promise
Tell of a purer birth.

H E B R E W S X I. 21.

“And he worshipped, leaning on the top of his staff.”

THE sun, resplendent o'er the eastern sky,
Diffused the brilliance of his morning smile;
The bald, black mountains in that smile rejoiced,
With sweetest flowers that bloomed around their base,
And nature from her dormant state awoke,
Reanimate with strength and vigor new.
Men rose, the paths of honest toil to tread,
Or love omniscient and supreme survey
In every charm that decked the orient vale.

Tears, from the hidden fountains of the soul—
Earth's bitterest tears—were falling silently,
As, with bowed heads and reverential air,
The patriarchs fondly gathered round the bed
That held the form of Israel, their sire.
And childhood, with its artless smile of glee
And loving heart and bird-like voice, was there,
And wistful gazed up to a father's face,
And read—enigma strange!—dire sorrow's lines.
Wooed by the breeze of love, the young ones laughed,
Nor knew that tears were sorrow's tracery.
So the gazelle, 'mid far Judea's hills,
In flowery haunts by fond affection kept,
Frolics unconscious of world of grief.

The sun of Goshen glowed o'er tent and field,
And, dazzling, seemed to mock the patriarch's woe.

Yet, ah! when anguish racks the human soul,
And jars the strings affection's hand hath tuned,
Till discord harsh grates on the weary sense,
The heart heeds not the thrilling tones of joy,
The smile of peace, or voice of gladdening hope.

Now Israel's eye with lengthening days was dim ;
For threescore years and ten, with restless step,
The earth he trod, felt mingled joy and grief.
His dim eye kindled with prophetic fire,
As, leaning on his staff, he worshipped God.
The hidden glories of the latter day
Shone through the vista of unnumbered years,
And the Redeemer's everlasting arms
Sustained his soul. He saw Immanuel's birth,
The wand of peace his guardian angel waved,
And Jacob's spirit with his fathers slept.
The sunset ray waned on the mountain top,
Kissed the still wave, and faded in the West.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is related of the Rev. Dr. Croswell that, on the last Sunday of his life, after morning service in the Church of the Advent, Boston, a poor blind boy was led into the vestry-room where he was disrobing. Dr. Croswell greeted him warmly, and remarked to him, "You and I will soon be where we can both see." Before night, the good priest was in that land where "there shall be no more darkness."

WITH penitential sorrow's smothered sigh,
The earnest voice of fervent prayer went up.
Oh, 't was a holy time! The sun's warm rays
Through the long windows shed a softened light,
Laden with solace for the heart bowed down.
Triumphant pealed the organ's lofty notes,
And JUBILATE, sacred song, was heard
Far, far along the incense-bearing breeze.
The manna of a dying Saviour's love
They freely gathered there, then parted all.
The white-haired man, with trembling step, was there,
In whose lone breast the lamp of faith burned bright.
Meridian life, with quiet mien, was there ;
For prayer's all-hallowing influence shed
Unearthly peace athwart each billowy breast.
The mother on her lovely offspring looked,
And blessed her God that his undying grace
Was budding in the souls of her sweet babes.
Tears gathered in the sightless eyes of him
Who stood alone, unheeded by the throng.
Oh! he had looked on nature's fairest things—
The azure sky, with evening's lights begemmed,

The young lambs skipping o'er the grassy lea,
 And lovely flowers, that with the rising sun
 Unfold their beauties to the zephyr's kiss.
 Now in Cimmerian night was he enwrapped.
 Through the long aisle they led him by the hand
 To his best friend, God's chosen messenger.

“We are going home, we are going home,
 Where the blind shall for ever see,
 And bask for aye in the Lamb's pure light,
 And all tears shall be wiped away.

“We are going home! All, all is well
 In that blessed land of rest;
 There thou and I shall together dwell,
 And sorrow shall fly each breast.

“We are going home! The light of faith
 Now beams with a brighter ray.”—
 Thou hast gone to thy home; for the path of death
 Led up to eternal day.

The angelic throng with rapture opened wide
 The sapphire gates of everlasting day.
 Jehovah bade his faithful servant come:
 GLORY TO GOD! the saintly hosts replied.
 Tears fell on earth; but resignation's voice
 Soothed every pang, and bade the tempest cease.

Easter, 1852.

“I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.”

IN an account of the death of Mr. C——, it is recorded that these memorable words of Job escaped from his lips a few moments before he expired.

TIME is ebbing, life is fading,
 Like the hues of golden light ;
 Spectral forms mine eyes are shading—
 Is it death that dims my sight ?
 Glory to God ! for my Redeemer lives,
 His pitying ear my prayer of faith receives.

Nearer, loved ones, round me hover,
 Closer round my dying bed,
 Ere life's fluttering pulse be over,
 Ere the vital spark be fled.
 Praise ye the Lord ! for my Redeemer lives,
 His blessed smile celestial comfort gives.

Cease those burning tears of anguish,
 We are parting not for aye ;
 Why in hopeless grief thus languish ?
 Lift your bleeding hearts on high.
 Weep not ! though death-damps lie upon my brow,
 I know that my Redeemer liveth now.

Oh, how sweet, in life's bright morning,
 Pealed the holy Sabbath bell,
 With its note of angel warning,
 O'er the hill and distant dell !
 Till wayward wanderers in their wild career,
 Passing the porch, knelt in the house of prayer.

Then repentant tears of sorrow
Gushed from hearts by guilt oppressed,
Till the light of faith's glad morrow
Taught the soul in Christ to rest—
Taught grateful love its holiest theme to sing,
Glory to God! its Saviour and its King.

Ere love's strongest ties are riven,
And my earthly sojourn close,
Sing, oh! sing the songs of heaven,
While my soul with rapture glows;
For my Redeemer lives, and death's dark way
Beams with the splendor of eternal day.

All is peace, though I am dying,
For my blessed Lord is near;
Dear ones round my couch are sighing,
Yet I would not linger here;
No! I would sweep the golden harps of love,
Hosanna sing! for my Redeemer reigns above.

V E R S E S

ON the death of the daughter of Rev. Dr. BELLOWS, who was absent with his lady at the time. The child expressed a wish to see her parents, but said she was *tired* and could not *wait*, and hoped her "heavenly Father" would take her home.

THE angels pure from their homes of light
Looked forth on the earth where a young child played ;
Humility, love, and peace were bright
In her soul, which was meet for their temple made.

As a flower she bloomed too fair for earth,
And they bore her away to a holier sphere,
Where the high songs of glory alone have birth,
For the roses of Eden are blooming there.

I wish I could see thee, my mother dear,
And feel thy kiss on my cheek to-day ;
O father, dear father, I fain would hear
Thy voice, but I 'm weary and cannot stay.

I 'm weary of earth. Oh, when will He come—
My heavenly Father—and take me where
I long to dwell, in my beautiful home,
For God and the angels would love me there!

All night do I hear them ; their songs of love
Entrance my soul when you think I sleep !
Dear father, I 'm happy to pass above,
For Christ in his bosom your child will keep.

Hallelujahs then woke in the angel throng,
There were tears on earth, there was joy in heaven ;
For a sweeter note had the cherubim's song,
When an infant all guileless and sinless was given,

To dwell in the light of the Lord's blessed smile,
The fountain of mercy, the day-star of love ;
By the waters of life shall she rest the while,
And with saints in the bliss of eternity move.

Then weep not as hopeless ; 't was mercy's blest voice
That called the sweet flower in its bloom away ;
With the bright hosts of heaven triumphant rejoice,
Her harp shall be tuned to a pure seraph's lay.

Though ages on ages shall roll on their wings,
High praises ecstatic unceasing shall rise ;
Your voices shall blend with your child's as she sings
"All glory to God," in her own natal skies.

L I N E S

Addressed to Rev. J. W. Macomber, at a Donation Visit.

How sweet the bonds by angels wove,
Gemmed with the dew of Christian love,
Binding in tender sympathy
The sons of immortality !

On glory's wings, divinely fair,
Angels, methinks, are hovering near,
Are bearing to Jehovah's throne
The choicest praise of mortal tone.

Oh ! weary not, thy vigil keep ;
Good shepherd, feed thy Master's sheep ;
Through vales of joy and shades of woe
Let the young lambs thy footsteps know.

Bright words of pure and blessed faith
E'en beautify the shades of death,
Solace the broken-hearted poor
With hope till flickering life is o'er.

Then fear thou not ; though waters dark
Seem to o'erwhelm thy fragile bark,
The murky clouds that veil thy sight
Shall melt in everlasting light.

The perfumed breath of incense sweet
Is rising to the mercy-seat,
And the low voice of holy prayer
Is wafted to the Saviour's ear.

Dear friend! remembrances like these
Shall aid us o'er life's stormy seas;
Oases in the desert drear,
They light the smiles of gladness here.

If kindly interchange like this
Of social thought enkindle bliss,
Oh, who can tell the raptures given,
When mortals wake the harps of heaven?

CONFLAGRATION

[Of the Methodist Church at Plattsburg, N. D.]

TRANQUIL and holy was the Sabbath eve.
The dying rays of crimson light had flung
Their parting greeting to the summer flowers,
Then veiled their beauty in the shades of heaven.
Oh ! 't was an hour for contemplation high,
When the rapt soul on holy things might feast,
And hold communion with the GREAT SUPREME.
On the soft breeze that stirred each leafy spray,
Like angel music, came the voice of prayer ;
For God's own people in the temple met,
To pay their homage at His Son's dear feet.
Angelic peace seemed brooding o'er the scene,
Stamping her impress on each living thing.

How suddenly is beauty changed to grief !
The azure sky with lurid flames grew bright,
And hurried steps and words of anxious dread
Broke on the ear like echo's mournful tones.
The flames rolled high, the crackling timbers fell,
Dome, roof and wall in burning ruin sank,
And that fair house shall glad the eye no more.

There found the heart by sorrowing sin oppressed
All-glorious faith to dissipate its gloom ;
The white-haired man, the widow desolate,
And young hearts glowing with the light of hope,
All knelt to bless a common Saviour there.

The dear old bell, whose well-known voice was heard
At life's bright dawning and its sunset hour,
With one vibration, long and loud, last fell.
How seemed that thrilling tone to say, Farewell!
I shall ring no more on your festive day,
When merry and blithe your children play,
When joy lights up in the matron's eye,
And the shadows of pleasure are fitting by.
My story is told, and my time is o'er,
Ye shall hear my voice no more—no more!
With tear-dimmed eyes, and hearts bowed down in grief,
They heard the last sad sound—*No more—no more!*

KEY OF CONTENT.

To Miss Sybil G. Sweetland.

THE sun rose up resplendently bright,
And pencilled the ocean and earth with light;
The rivulets laughed in the glance of day,
And the birds were singing from spray to spray.

The fields were purple with ripening grain,
And the voice of the reaper was heard again;
Joy ruled the blithe morning, with beauties besprent,
And I asked why a daughter of earth should lament?

Then answered the beautiful sisterhood of flowers,
“Anon will she weep in this world of ours;
She will weep, for the golden hues of bliss
Melt away like the dew on the sunbeam’s kiss.”

“Mid your flowery deeps so fragrant and bless’d,
Oh! may not her sorrows be soothed to rest?”
As the flowers shook their heads, they perfumed the air,
And mournfully answered, “Not here—not here.”

O’er the rustic bridge of a brawling brook,
That wound its way through a shady nook,
And a cedar grove, I passed to find
The balm of peace for the wounded mind.

A mansion arose on the distant height,
With its glittering dome in the sun's warm light;
Its forest trees in their peaceful shade
Embosomed a fountain, that warbled and played
With the silken flowers. Oh! so sweetly fair
Was that calm retreat from a world of care.

Yet a lady stood on the portico,
And mournfully gazed on the scene below;
Her brow was sad, and she breathed in sighs,
And tears welled up in her hazel eyes.

I deemed not that death's Cimmerian gloom
Had cast its shade o'er her beauty's bloom;
But the tyrant with stealthy step had come,
And broken her heart, and robbed her home.
There lurked not the gleam of one blessed smile,
To lighten her lip and her woes to beguile.

Then I turned my steps to an old elm wood,
By the noisy mill, where a cottage stood;
There daughters of poverty held their abode,
Who bade me come in and partake of their food.

Though I thought of the mansion all mantled in gloom,
I still found the cottiers' a beggarly doom,
Since few of earth's blessings to them had been given;
But they answered, "Our wealth is with Jesus in heaven,
Where jewels are graces that garnish the blest,
Afar from this world with its griefs and unrest."

And the aged matron arose and took
From its little stand a holy book :
“ Here gather,” she cried, “ faith, hope, and love,
To gem thy soul for its home above.”

Each fingered page seemed a lamp of light,
A beacon of hope to the child of night.
Here, here let the sorrowing soul find rest,
'T is the balm of peace for the bleeding breast ;
Her rock of strength is the book of God,
Her guiding star to His dear abode.

TO CORNELIA, ON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

THOU art eighteen!

Thy childhood's bright and golden morn hath passed,
So rich with joy that sorrow might not yield
One deepening shade to dim its brightness o'er,
And seraphs smiling blessed thine early time:

Thou art eighteen!

And life's bright roses, now so virgin sweet,
Bestrew thy path and bid thee happy be;
Drink thou their fragrance, and thy soul may know
A joy too pure, too blest, to die at eve:

Thou art eighteen!

And dreams are thine—the soul's own dreams will come,
Like spirit voices from another sphere;
Thy dark eye glows with an intenser light,
And Hope weaves garlands for thy youthful brow:

Thou art eighteen!

THE JOY OF MEETING WITH MY OLD FRIENDS.

WE meet again, and memory's light
Is painting the happy past
Of golden thought, with her pencil bright,
In hues that shall ever last.

We meet again, and each voice to me
Is sweeter than music now ;
Time hath not darkened one sparkling eye,
Or shadowed one happy brow.

I'm sitting alone in my favorite nook,
And the minstrels of morning sweet
Are sportively singing from bough to bough,
While the dog lies crouched at my feet.

I'm sitting alone, and the lowing herd
Comes slowly from afar ;
While the laborer, folding his toil-worn hands,
Looks up at the evening star.

I am not alone. No ; Emma, beloved,
Thou, in accents mildly low,
Art chanting the charms of each rock-ribbed hill,
And the brook as it winds below.

Yet, Caroline, *thou* art not here ;
For a stronger love hath come,
And borne thee away from thy parent's hearth
To brighten yon sunny home.

Time flies apace on its silken wing ;
Too soon must the parting word,
Like the wind's low dirge on the stormy deep,
From sorrowing lips be heard—

Farewell.

TO MY YOUNG FRIEND HENRY.

LET not Ambition lure thee
From the holier joys of Home ;
From the fields where erst in boyhood
Thy footsteps loved to roam,
From gentle smiles and words more dear,
From Love's warm kiss and Friendship's tear.

If Fame, the enchanting siren,
Thy buoyant soul beguile,
And with her witching beauty
Wake Hope's illusive smile,
Still, transient as a calm at sea,
That fitful smile of Hope will be.

Peace hath a holier music,
That dieth not away ;
And blest Affection's incense
Grows sweeter every day.
So Time shall bear, on fleeting wing,
No poisoned dart for Memory's sting.

Calm as the gentle brooklet,
That murmurs near thy home,
May seraphs, robed in glory,
Around thy death-couch come,
And gates of Paradise unbar,
Revealing Christ, thy morning star.

T O M Y O L D S C H O O L - M A T E .

ALICE, do you remember
How bright life's morning seemed,
When, through the glass of fancy,
The light of pleasure beamed ?
How, like a transient meteor,
Those happy moments passed—
The golden hours of childhood,
That could not, would not last ?

Alice, do you remember
Our Sabbath-school so dear ?
The precepts, fraught with mercy,
That won each listening ear ?
How, in God's temple kneeling,
With contrite hearts, we said
The sacred prayers together—
The sacred lessons read ?

Alice, do you remember
The parting tears that wet
Cheeks of the loved, who fain
Would linger with us yet ?
Now, each through life so lonely
Must take her separate way,
And grief or joy alternate
Will lend its shade or ray.

The path we 've trod is rugged ;
For grief's most poignant dart
Hath pierced, with shaft unerring,
Each young and trusting heart ;
Yet let us bear it meekly,
Our lot of suffering here,
Till Faith's celestial morrow
Shall dry the mourner's tear.

T O T H E M I S S E S B — .

W E meet again ! Since last we met,
How many loved have passed away ;
How many golden suns have set,
Yet left a bright and cheering ray !

We meet again ! but not in tears ;
For friendship's pure, immortal chain
Hath linked the past of many years,
And wreathed the flowers of joy again.

We meet again ! But pleasure's light
Hath wooed you, with its magic smile
Of more than rainbow's beauty bright,
Lulling to sleep each care the while.

And Christmas, ever hallowed time
Of festive joy and holy mirth,
Proclaimed to earth's remotest clime
The tidings of a Saviour's birth.

And heaven's unnumbered myriads sang,
"GLORY TO GOD." Earth caught the sound,
And infant hallelujahs rang,
While peace celestial beamed around.

We meet again ! Your voices dear,
With love's own music, greet me now ;
Grief hath not left a darkening tear
Or shadow on one youthful brow.

TO MISS FRANCES CROSBY.

WHEN the songs of birds are still,
And the evening light apace
Steals o'er valley, glade, and hill,
In some quiet place ;

Wilt thou not recall the time
When we together sought
Flowerets of the soul to twine
Wreaths of happy thought ?

Then we sang our evening hymn,
And the angels smiled,
Through the night obscure and dim,
On each sleeping child.

Fancy, robed in rosy light,
Lured our youthful footsteps on,
And her mem'ry still is bright,
Though its hues are gone.

Friendship in our later years
Binds us with a holier tie,
And suspicious doubts and fears
Pass unheeded by.

Thus through life's mysterious vale,
Dearest, hand in hand we'll walk,
And the summer's balmy gale
Fan us while we talk.

TO ELLEN V. WALLACE.

WHILE the fragrant breath of balm
 Sheds its sweetness on the air,
 Holy meditation calm
 Greet's me here.

Happy thoughts of worlds more bright
 Soothe me in my tranquil hours,
 Where the Lamb gives only light
 In Eden's bowers.

Breathing softly o'er my soul,
 Friendship speaks in hallowed tone,
 "Though unending ages roll,
 We are one."

While we linger here on earth,
 Parting tears may dim the eye;
 But the heirs of angel birth
 Never sigh.

Love, that sweetly binds us here,
 Braids in heaven a purer chain,
 Where for ever on the ear
 Falls the strain;—

Praise to Him who died that we
 Might for ever reign above,
 Singing through eternity,
 God is Love.

THE HON. THOMAS HERTELL.

THERE lived a beauty in his soul,
More rich than intellectual splendor ;
A something, 'neath whose sweet control
The spirit grew more gently tender,
More angel-like, till life's last seeming
Was the bright dawn of glory's beaming.

In senate was his honored name
With every blessed virtue blended ;
Round him the poor, the orphan came,
His pity deep their lot befriended,
Till the crushed heart, o'ercharged with sorrow,
Joyed in the glance of hope's bright morrow.

Time stole the gems whose radiant light
O'er thronged assemblies shone resplendent,
Then bloomed a flower far hid from sight,
Celestial love its dear attendant ;
The flower whose odorous breath eternal
Kept the lone heart of age still vernal.

They ran to meet him when he 'd pass,
The little ones from school returning ;
E'en the young chickens on the grass
His faithful hand fed night and morning ;
Then low before his Maker kneeling,
He breathed the words of holy feeling.

They shed the last and bitter tear
O'er that still heart, now hushed for ever ;
Life had no charm to bind him here,
Or from the blest his soul to sever.
Angels proclaimed the joyful story,
Earth tuned another harp to glory.

ON THE BIRTHDAY EVE OF MR. FLOYD SMITH.

How tranquil, yet how fleeting,
Old Time's resistless wing
Hath borne thee from life's morning,
Her bright and beauteous spring.

For threescore years have glided,
Unmarked by sad decay,
The pale, dead flowers of sorrow,
On hearts to grief a prey.

Thy birthday eve is passing,
And hearts in concord move,
While words of fond endearment
Knit close the ties of love.

Thy birthday eve still precious
To each glad heart shall be,
A garden in life's desert,
A holy memory.

Still shall thy days be joyous,
For thou art dear to God,
And seraphs clad in glory
Look from their bless'd abode,

And tell, when life is over,
And earth's last ties are riven,
How sweet the harp whose hymnings
Shall ope the gates of heaven.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. RITTER.

BLEST are the righteous dead in Christ who sleep,
Whose fight is fought, whose glorious triumph won—
The fight of faith in penitence and prayer.
Thrice happy they who in the springtime yield
Their hearts to Him at whose command 't was light ;
Who turn aside from pleasure's perilous path,
And give, like him, their energies to Heaven.
He kept the vigil at his Master's side,
Living submissive to the will of God
From life's bright morning till its closing eve ;
And though at times a passing cloud would throw
A shade of darkness o'er his sunniest hopes,
His inner faith the gloom would penetrate.
His heart was fragrant with the breath of love,
By holy converse hallowed was each thought.
Time placed, alas ! the signet of his power
On that high brow radiant with lofty thought,
Yet glowed the heart when dimm'd the expressive eye,
Still might ye hear, as rolled the solemn chant,
A voice, how feeble ! mingling in the strain.
With earnest zeal, till the long Fast was through,
He sought the manna of the Spirit's grace ;
Immortal Peace folded her pinions fair,
And made her dwelling in that humble breast.
In harmony had prayer his soul attuned
With the sweet notes which angels wake above ;
What wonder then if seraphs claimed their own,
Ere yet the heaven-caught tones had passed away,—
Passed, did I say ?—oh, no ! they are with you still :

The good man's deeds vibrate on memory's strings,
And gather sweetness from increasing years.
Then weep no more, for in yon fields of light
He wakes Hosanna to the King of kings ;
But tranquil rest, till calm the sun of life
Shall set to rise in everlasting day.

MEMENTO OF FRIENDSHIP.

To Mr. G. Hart.

THERE'S music in my soul to-day,
For friendship's soft and soothing lay
 Makes all its pulses thrill
With gladness; and the notes of love
In tuneful measure sweetly move,
 When ruder thoughts are still.

At such an hour of holy peace,
When day's tumultuous passions cease,
 I sweep the lyre for thee :
Of rosy hope on starry wing,
And feeling's fadeless flowers, I sing,
 Blooming eternally.

Long may thy gentle soul enshrine
Those sacred flowers whose breath divine
 Hallows each passing thought,
And light the deepening night of woe
With pure affection's holiest glow,
 With joy and pleasure fraught.

Where'er thy changing lot be cast
By fickle fortune's wayward blast,
 Oh ! still may friendship dear,
With loving words and tender strain,
Wake hope's perennial smile again,
 And dry the falling tear.

And when life's shaded eve shall come,
When thoughts of thine all-glorious home
 Round thy pure spirit throng,
May glittering hosts in bright array
Triumphant waft thy soul away
 To swell the angelic song.

But generous hearts for thee shall weep,
And fondly in their bosoms keep
 Thy blessed memory ;
The radiance of thy life shall shed
A halo round thy lowly bed,
 And heavenward follow thee.

A TRIBUTE TO MY NATIVE TOWN.

To Mr. William Scott, my long-ried and much-loved Friend, this little
effusion is gratefully inscribed.

SWEET home of my childhood, dear land of my fathers !
Thy name and thy mem'ry how sacred to me !
The birds of the morning, the star-lighted evening,
And murmuring waters are whispering of thee !

The heather-clad vale and cleft rocks of the mountain,
The violet, the harebell and primrose so fair,
The lessons I conned ere the heart's warm emotions
Were chilled by ambition or clouded with care.

How mantled my cheek as I wept o'er the story
Of Bruce the intrepid and Wallace the brave,
Who wove for their country a chaplet of glory,
And found in her bosom a hero's proud grave.

They 've passed like the sunbeam that laughed on the ocean ;
Then, Hawick,* dear town, where in boyhood I played,
Thou, thou art the light of my soul's deep devotion,
With the streamlet that gladdens thy blossoming glade !

I'm passing away, but the fragrance of memory
Is cheering my soul with its exquisite breath,—
I'm passing away, but life's last fainting accents
Shall bless thee, dear Hawick ! yea, bless thee in death !

* Pronounced *Hyack*.

VERSES FOR AN ALBUM.

WHILE I tune my harp to sing,
Laughing Hope, on silken wing,
Whispers, "Sing of me alone."
Shall I list her dulcet tone?

No! a holier, purer light
Stealeth on the still, still night.
Dear Religion murmurs low,
"I will solace every woe;

"I will soothe each boding care,
Wipe away each nightly tear:
Tune thy tongue to songs divine,
And make thy heart my spirit's shrine."

Blest Religion, Heaven-born light,
Shining through affliction's night,
Gathering radiance day by day,
Fading not through time's decay—

May its bright celestial beam,
Ever round thy pathway gleam!
When the gathering tempests lower,
Bend the knee, for prayer hath power.

THE POWER OF A SISTER'S LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

THE ruddy hues of golden sunlight were fast melting into the blue and purple of evening, and silvery clouds, in fantastic shapes, were floating one above another, as if the spirits of mirth were keeping holiday in their airy heights. It is a fit hour for contemplation, thought I, when the calm spirit, free from the turmoil and vexations of the day, may gratefully read the glorious book of nature, and hold sweet converse with its divine Author.

Thus soliloquizing, I ascended a little hill, and seated myself on a moss-covered rock that overlooked a small stream, which wound its way through the peaceful valley. But my attention was soon arrested by the figure of a person standing on the margin of the stream. He was apparently young, below medium height, and rather slender. His intellectual brow bore the traces of bitter grief and untimely care, and his dark eye glowed with intense feeling.

"Ah! unfortunate wretch," he wildly exclaimed, "where are now the gossamer day-dreams of ambition in which my young spirit loved to indulge, and the bright hopes that gilded the horizon of my future? All blighted by one untimely blow. Oh! I could bear the lot of penury and disappointment to which I am doomed, were it not for my dearer self, my only beloved sister. Oh! could I but shield her from the sufferings incident to such a life, I could be resigned to my fate, and proudly meet the contemptuous treatment of the author of my misery. I feel myself a man,

and could fearlessly act my part on the world's arena. But, alas! I cannot shield the delicate flower committed to my charge from its cruel storm. Heaven knows, the hot tears that course each other down my cheek are not selfish."

Just then the moon, full-orbed and beautiful, rose, and shed its pensive light over the care-worn features of the weeping stranger. His extreme youth, his high appreciation of the intellectual advantages so recently lost, joined to the warmth and tenderness of his affection for his only sister, awakened a more than common interest in my mind. But his grief was a sacred thing, and I felt that I had no right to intrude on him at such a time, even though impelled by the most generous feeling. I therefore took my way quietly to my lodgings, and determined, on the ensuing day, to make every effort to find out the object that had so deeply engaged my feelings; but those to whom I addressed myself seemed ignorant of the very existence of such a family, and I was obliged to abandon the attempt. At three o'clock, I was seated in the office of my solicitor, testing the validity of a life-insurance policy which I had just received. A pause ensued in our conversation, when my companion, looking up from a paper before him, said dtilly :

"What strange people there are living in this world!"

"Now, really, what could induce you to make this remark?" I inquired.

"I was thinking," he replied, "of an odd old gentleman with whom I happened to be slightly acquainted.

"An old bachelor friend of mine, lately deceased, had two orphan nephews, (Clarence and Stephen,) entirely dependent on him for support. These were receiving a liberal education at his expense, and he designed to divide his estate, consisting of two hundred thousand, between them. Mr. F. had

been travelling for the past two years in Europe, and relied upon the correspondence of an intimate friend for information respecting them.

“Unfortunately for poor Clarence, this gentleman was a distant relative of Stephen’s, who used every opportunity to depict in glowing colors the amiable disposition and high attainments of his favorite, and deprecated the want of these excellences in Clarence. He frequently spoke of his fondness for foolishly spending money, and even hinted at the possibility of bringing disgrace upon his uncle. The old man was kind-hearted and well-meaning, but wanting in that penetration which would enable another more deeply read in the mysteries of human nature to detect at a glance the false hues in the portraits so adroitly sketched. One day, after reading one of these communications, he felt that it would be an unpardonable sin to endow with wealth a youth so extravagant and ungrateful as Clarence might prove. Accordingly, he bequeathed the whole of his fortune to Stephen. I do the old gentleman the justice to believe that, had he survived his illusion, he would have amended this unfair disposition of his property ; but the next day he expired of apoplexy.

“Clarence was taken from the university, and, with his only sister, exposed to all the ills of poverty, while Stephen is surrounded with every luxury that wealth can procure.”

“This is the information I have been seeking all day,” I replied. I then related the last night’s occurrence, and expressed my wish to aid this afflicted youth to the utmost of my abilities.

CHAPTER II.

THE gray tints of twilight found me seated upon the same rock I had before occupied. The brother was standing upon

the bank of the stream, and with him his sister, a girl of twelve years. Her dark-blue eyes were suffused with tears, as she raised them to her brother's face, and read the wild and despairing expression of his countenance.

"Oh! brother, dear brother, you frighten me," she exclaimed; "you are so unlike yourself."

"Do not say so, dearest; you are the idol of my soul."

"Then will you not smile on me?"

"I cannot; my heart is breaking."

"What makes you so sad? I love you."

"We are poor; we are beggars."

"Jesus was a poor man, the only Son of God; and I know our Father in heaven loves us, or he would not make us like his Son."

"Indulge the pleasing thought," he replied; "but I must be revenged on the wretch who has ruined us."

"Oh! brother, I implore you by the prayers of our dear dead mother."

"Hush, Ada; human nature cannot endure the wrongs which I suffer. He must feel the bitterest of my wrath."

"Brother, will you grant me one little favor?" she said, throwing her arms about his neck, and kissing him affectionately.

"I will, dearest."

"Come with me, then, to our mother's grave."

Thither I also directed my steps. The eye of a stranger is frequently pained by the marks of neglect visible in country church-yards. Here, however, it was not so. Beautiful flowers were blooming around many of the grass-covered graves, evidently planted there by the friends and relatives of the departed, and the branches of the plane-tree and weeping willow trembled in the night breeze. In a remote corner

knelt our two friends. The pent-up feelings of the young man found utterance, and he wept long and loudly. The silence was at length broken by his sister.

"I love to come and weep here ; for sometimes the angels speak to me, and tell me to be a patient, good girl, and I shall soon come home to glory and my mother. But, brother, I should not like to be there without you. Do you remember the dear old Bible from which we learned our Sunday-school lessons ?"

"Yes ; a train of holy recollections are sweeping over my soul."

"Then, will you not forgive our enemy ?"

"What ! shall the wretch who ruined us be unharmed ?"

"Vengeance is mine ; I will repay, saith the Lord. Wait God's time, dear Clarence."

"I would try, if you were not so helpless, and I so poor."

"Our Father in heaven will send you a friend : He always hears our prayers."

"Sister, I will go home. You are the only star left to shed a beam of light over my darkened way ; and if the morrow shall bring me one generous friend, or lend a ray of hope, I will henceforth dedicate my powers to the glory of God. Thy love, dear one, is the spell that binds me to virtue. You are my better angel." Thus saying, he led her silently from the grave.

Highly gratified that it was in my power to effectually aid one so young and interesting, who, from his unprotected and friendless situation, seemed standing on the brink of ruin, and grateful for the providential care of that God without whose notice even a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, I retired to rest. My imagination indulged pleasing dreams of the future prosperity and honor of Clarence, and the piety and usefulness of his gentle sister.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the first rays of golden light had tinged the eastern skies, I arose to meditate upon what plan I could best proceed. I dispatched a note to Clarence, requesting his presence at my room at eleven o'clock.

He seemed somewhat embarrassed as he entered. The wild, despairing look of the night previous had given place to a placid and resigned expression. After shaking him cordially by the hand, I requested him to be seated, and said :

“I saw you at your mother's grave, and heard the earnest pleadings of your sister in behalf of virtue and forgiveness. God has sent me to be the friend for whom you prayed.”

He clasped his hands, and, with his eyes raised to heaven, exclaimed : “I thank thee, O our Father in heaven !”

“And now, Clarence, you must implicitly confide in me. I have no relatives who have claims upon my wealth ; and I shall take much pleasure in increasing your happiness. You shall be sent to the university from which you were so recently taken. But come, I must first see your sister.”

A short walk brought us to a pretty cottage, half hid from view by a clump of elm trees. As we were passing through the little gate, Clarence said : “In this cottage I was born, and here my mother died ; but yesterday it was sold to defray the expenses of our maintenance.”

Ada was reading the Bible as I entered. She cast a timid glance to her brother, who, coming forward, said affectionately : “Dear Ada, God has answered our prayers.”

Her eyes sparkled with joy as she said, “I knew it would be so : mother told us that Jesus would always answer the petitions of faith.”

“And will you love me, my little girl ?” I asked.

“Yes; for you are sent to us from heaven, and I know you will be very kind.”

After leaving them, I determined to purchase the cottage so sacred to the memory of these poor orphans. This arrangement was soon effected. Mrs. S., a lady of rare accomplishments and integrity of character, I had frequently heard, kept a small boarding-school a few miles distant from the village. Under the care of this lady I placed my young ward, who was delighted at the thought of having so many little girls to love and to play with. Before bidding her good-bye, I enjoined upon her the necessity of frequently writing to me. Her letters breathed the feelings of a loving and gentle heart, deeply imbued with the holy lessons learned from the Book of Life.

Clarence attained the highest collegiate honors. Now the world lay before him, and nature and education had well prepared him to act a creditable part in its scenes. I suggested that the bar would afford the widest scope for the exercise of his splendid talents, and perhaps lead him to distinction. “Dear friend,” he replied, “I cannot devote myself to the profession of law. When I stood with my sister at the grave of my mother, in the presence of God and the bright throng of holy angels, who watch over the destinies of mortals, I promised that, if the morrow would but lend one ray of hope, I would dedicate myself to the glory of my Creator. You came to brighten the way of the lonely orphan, and you have acted the part of a parent. I am deeply grateful; but duty and inclination alike prompt me to fulfil that sacred vow.”

I placed him in charge of a distinguished divine, under whose care he pursued his theological studies with zeal and success. After receiving the holy rite of ordination, he was

settled in one of the larger villages of Western New-York. Here the beautiful reading of the service, and his earnest and persuasive eloquence, won the hearts and charmed the ears of his congregation; while the gentleness and humility which characterized his manners made him an especial favorite with the poor.

What has become of Ada? I hear the reader impatiently ask. This young lady, after leaving school, resided in the cottage with an old friend of her mother's, and became the idol of the village. Her rare accomplishments and graceful manners caused her to be much admired by the other sex. There was a suitor, who would gladly have led her to the altar; but he was a stranger to the blessed influences of religion, and lightly esteemed its teachers; and she comprehended how miserable must be her fate if for ever obliged to associate with one who entertained his unhappy opinions. His great wealth could not tempt her to wander from the path of duty.

Clarence frequently acknowledged the power of a sister's love, and felt its memory to be the richest treasure in a brother's soul.

Ten years have passed, and while Ada gently returns the pressure of my hand, and her bright blue eyes, full of tenderness, look so lovingly upon me, my readers must forgive me for confessing that to remain an old bachelor any longer is a moral impossibility.

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY CLAY.

THE nation is weeping, the tears of the brave
Are falling like dew on the patriarch's grave ;
The aged are weeping, the youthful and gay,
For the glory of Ashland is passing away.

But the praises of millions shall brighten his fame,
For the lustre of virtue ennobled his name.
'T was the idol and star of Columbia that fell,
And the sighs of her people are sounding his knell.

He heeded not self, for immaculate truth
Was enshrined in his soul from his earliest youth ;
A mother's affection had planted it there,
And it gathered fresh vigor with each rolling year.

When around us Disunion was casting its shade,
When the Senate was trembling, the nation dismayed,
He rose in the dark, like a pillar of light ;
His genius alone could their interests unite.

He spoke, and the gathering thousands were still,
And the murmur of discord was hushed at his will :
His life was his country's, her blood-purchased soil
Was the theme of his hope and the end of his toil.

He has gone to repose with the blessing of God,
And the tears of Columbia still moisten his sod :
At the tomb of his rest, in the still hush of even,
A tribute to genius and virtue be given.

T O M A R G A R E T .

FRIENDSHIP, a pure and changeless flower,
Whose placid smile shall be
The light of every lonely hour,
Sister, I offer thee.

It will not fade, though rolling years
May steal life's joys away ;
No, ever beautiful, through tears
More brightly beams its ray.

Yes, when each airy dream is o'er,
By truant fancy wove,
And youthful sports delight no more,
And age descends on love ;

Then shall this flower its fragrance bring,
And purest peace impart ;
And, like the ivy, fondly cling
More closely round the heart.

Then take this pure and changeless flower,
Whose placid smile shall be
The light of every lonely hour,
Sister and friend, to thee.

TO A FRIEND, WITH A VIOLET.

YE have carolled your parting lay, sweet birds,
And the evening glow hath come,
And my heart, like a worn and weary thing,
Hath sighed for its starry home.

Oh, they say that the bowers are ever bright,
And unheard are the accents of woe,
That the language is music and love,
In the land where my spirit would go.

Yet a voice whispers soft on the air,
These scenes thou wilt visit no more ;
And my heart sadly echoes the word,
Our day-dream of gladness is o'er.

Then take the sweet violet, beloved,
'T is the offering of friendship to thee ;
It is prized by the modest and pure—
Oh ! cherish it fondly for me.

So live that the lustre of hope
May be blended with mercy's sweet ray,
And the incense of charity pour
Its fragrance o'er life's thorny way.

When the twilight hath mantled the earth,
Then come to our evergreen bower,
And, if spirits revisit our world,
I'll come in this beautiful flower.

I would sing to the broken in heart
The song of the children of light,
And tell the glad tidings of bliss,
From the land ever blooming and bright.

Then take the sweet violet, beloved,
'T is the offering of friendship to thee ;
It is prized by the modest and pure—
Oh ! cherish it fondly for me.

TO MISS ANNA SMITH,

Who, being prevented by Illness from attending Church on Christmas,
desired me to bring her a Christmas-Green.

HARK ! from the portals of the skies,
Celestial strains are heard,
And heaven's eternal armies sing
"Glory to Christ, the Lord."

Say, mortals, shall your tongues be mute
On this high festival ?
No ; let the holy carol rise,
Whose strain becomes you well.

Forth to the sacred courts of God
So joyfully repair ;
I'll keep the Christmas in my heart,
Though I may not be there.

Then from the holy altar bring
One Christmas-green to me—
A dear memento of the Church
I love so tenderly.

The glowing tints of health you loved
Passed from my cheeks away ;
E'en hope seems veiled in starless night,
Yet I'll not weep to-day.

A low, still voice is whispering joy ;
I join the choral lay :
I feel, I know the Saviour smiles ;
I cannot weep to-day.

Oh! then from God's own altar bring
One Christmas-green to me—
A dear memento from the Church
I love so tenderly.

R E S T O N T H E R O C K .

I DREAMED; and my mother stood by me. I was weeping; she said: "Cynthia! do not weep. *Rest on the Rock*. Christ is the Rock! Rest thou on Him."

'T is midnight. Now, in slumber lost,
They dream the passing hours away;
I only wake, and Memory's lamp
Lights up her pure and hallowed ray

That burned in days of innocence,
Made holy by a mother's prayer;
Days sacred to affection's birth,
For oh! a mother's smile was there.

But she has gone, and since that time
How many clouds have frowned above
The skies, so tranquil and serene
When guarded by maternal love!

One night—oh, 't was a pleasing dream!—
I looked upon my mother dear;
The melody of that sweet voice
Fell, as of old, upon mine ear.

"Weep not, my child, though thou art left
Alone, life's thorny way to tread;
Rest on the Rock! and Christ shall be
A pillow to thy sinking head.

“ Rest on the Rock ! Christ is the Rock
Of ages ; be thy refuge there !”
Then to the realms of light she flew,
And left upon my cheek a tear.

“ Rest on the Rock !” Those precious words
The safeguard of my life shall be :
Let me not fall, when lured to sin—
Oh, aid me, Christ, to rest on Thee !

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

Ah! I have heard sweet voices here—
Voices that gave my spirit joy,
Tones that had power my heart to cheer,
Should sorrow e'er my peace alloy;
And though I loved those tones to hear,
'T was not thy voice, my mother dear.

When sickness racked my feeble frame,
Strangers have kindly o'er me smiled,
And soothing words of comfort breathed,
In tones that oft my heart beguiled;
Then from thy bright and starry sphere,
Oh! bless that deed, my mother dear.

And in my dreamy slumbers oft,
My mother, I have heard thy voice,
In soft angelic whispers, breathe
Words that have made my heart rejoice:
"Fear not, my child; 't is thine to share
My glory in the upper air."

In duty's path still I'll pursue,
Thy precepts ever I'll obey,
And hope, when life's rude storms have passed,
To dwell with thee in endless day.
Life's many ills I'll calmly bear,
If thou but smile, my mother dear.

Yes, when earth's pilgrimage is o'er,
My soul may wing its flight above,
There with the angel choir to wake
Anthems of never-dying love;
And in that bright, celestial sphere,
I'll *see* thy face, my mother dear.

RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD.

I RENOUNCE thee, O world ! with thy pleasures so bright,
Mere phantoms, the breath of a moment may blight ;
Bright visions may beam, yet, e'en while we gaze,
Like dark clouds they vanish 'midst starlight's soft blaze.

Ah ! sister, I'm weeping o'er childhood's bright day,
Like sweet summer flowers, too soon pass'd away ;
A withering blast on my spirit has come,
And sorrow has made this lone bosom its home.

Then chide me not, sister, but bid me farewell,
For I must away to the convent's lone cell ;
My heart-strings are breaking, though e'er its deep tone
Resounds to the praise of the Father alone.

Yet I'll not forget thee ; no, sister most dear,
In my heart's best affections still, still shalt thou share ;
At calm vesper hour shall my prayer rise for thee—
“Ye angels of mercy, her kind guardians be.”

May truth, love, and mercy around thee still beam,
Nor dark cares, intrusive, disturb thy bright dream ;
At life's peaceful sunset thy last breath be given,
Like incense from flowers, to float into heaven.

How blest be our joys, when our spirits are fled
Where the sigh is not heard, and the tear is not shed ;
With our harps sweetly tuned to the anthems of love,
How calm may we rest in the regions above !

H A P P Y T H O U G H T S .

THEY charm my soul at the daylight's close,
When the dew-drop hath spangled the breast of the
 rose ;

In the forest dim, by the mountain stream,
Far sweeter than music their voices seem ;
In the pleasant haunt, in the greenwood bowers,
Around me they scatter unfading flowers ;
In the midnight watch, at the day's first peep,
Happy thoughts are the first to awake me from sleep ;
Companions unfailing, they 're faithful and true,
Deception ne'er sullied their beautiful hue.

And oh ! when the bright dreams of pleasure are gone,
And hope's rosy garlands lie withered and strewn ;
When, weary of sighing, and shrouded in gloom,
Heart-stricken thou seek'st but the rest of the tomb ;
If thou hast remember'd the sick and the poor,
Nor turn'd the sad orphan unfed from thy door,
There 's comfort in heaven, poor wand'rer, for thee,
As welcome from angels thy happy thoughts be.
Thou wilt find, when the will of our Father is done,
The hard battle fought, and the victory won,
Each trial, each pang, if resign'd thou hast borne,
Is a glorious jewel thy crown to adorn.

LINES WRITTEN ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE,

And respectfully Dedicated to the Rev. Dr. Cox.

ERE Morpheus wooed each sense to rest,
The Muse came whisp'ring in my ear,
And bade me wake one kindly lay,
A greeting for a friend so dear.

Prosperity, and peace, and love,
Thy peaceful home their dwelling made ;
For prayer its holiest incense poured
With morning light and evening shade.

Warm hearts, elate with friendship, come ;
For youth and age are gathering here—
All wait to grasp thy friendly hand,
And wish a happy, bright New Year.

Thou seest thy God in every orb
That decks the firmament of light,
The fiery comet's onward march,
The twinkling star and queen of night.

Thou seest His smile in every flower ;
His voice is on the rolling flood ;
And the little birds, with silvery note,
All, all proclaim their Maker, God.

So may the light of science shine
More brightly on our happy shore ;
Thou wouldst diffuse its glorious rays,
Till dark-eyed vice appear no more.

TO AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

OH! 't is a glorious hour ; the golden sun
Hath sunk in splendor to his mountain home ;
Night's silvery queen, in beauty robed, rides forth,
And shadowy beams play o'er the waters dark :
The radiant stars the evening sky bedeck
Like smiles of God, they seem so beautiful.
E'en nature moves in meditation lost ;
And, as I muse, a throng of memories sweet,
Like cherub voices, thrill my soul with joy.

I wake my lyre, belovéd one, for thee.
Thou art the idol of thy mother's heart ;
Thy voice alone can stir its holiest depths ;
Then be the solace of her lonely hours.
Pure, peaceful pleasures cluster round thy home,
And make thy life fair as a fairy tale.
Fond brothers claim their only sister's smile ;
Thou art the object of their tender love,
The flower most precious to each manly heart.
Cherish that love with pure affection's tears ;
Weep in the night when gathering tempests lower,
And Hope seems lost in desolation dark.
Yes, Mary, be their star of morn and eve,
And kindly win them from temptation's paths ;
For dark-eyed Vice unnumbered snares doth spread,
To lure to death the unsuspecting youth.
And fragrant keep the blossoms of the heart
By angel's deeds, which make the lovely blest ;
So shalt thou live, honored and loved by all.

Young spirits, glowing with affection's wealth,
Shall throng to bless thee in declining age ;
The lamp of Faith, that faileth not, be bright ;
And when at night the awful cry is heard,
Shalt thou go forth to join the marriage guests.
We may not meet ; the future lights and shades
By Providence are veiled from mortals' eyes :
Remember me when pensive twilight paints,
In softened hues, the green and smiling earth ;
Oh ! breathe for me one earnest prayer to heaven.

FRIENDSHIP'S WHISPER TO A BRIDE.

THERE is joy in the glance of thy timid eye,
 Upraised to the face of thy mother dear ;
There is joy with the friends who are gathering by,
 For the day-star of pleasure is shining here.

There was joy on the brow of thy chosen one,
 As he looked on thy face at the bridal hour ;
For the graces of holiest virtue alone
 Entranced his soul with their mystic power.

Oh ! never may tears from those bright eyes fall,
 Nor thy voice be changed to a sadder tone,
Nor earthly sorrows and cares enthrall
 A heart that seems destined for joy alone.

'T is friendship's petition : far, far may it speed
 On ethereal wings to high regions away,
And may love, hope, and pleasure—our life's choicest
 need—
 Be the lot of the friend I am greeting to-day.

G E R M A N Y .

Dedicated to Mr. A. Beiff, Music Teacher in the New-York Institution
for the Blind.

THERE is a charm all holy and pure,
That comes o'er my soul when, at eve's soft hour,
I think of the land where in gladness I dwelt,
When my spirits were buoyant in childhood's green
bower.

My heart-strings cling round thee, thou bright land of
glee—

Oh! I cannot forget thee, beloved Germany.

'T was pleasant, when radiant with stars looked the sky,
And the peasant from toil to his cottage would come,
With my brother to roam o'er the mountains afar,
And hear the last echo of "Home, sweet home."

'T is rapture to bless thee, thou bright land of glee—
Oh! I cannot forget thee, beloved Germany.

Thou fair land of science, the poet's own theme,
How oft would thy music, with charm all divine,
Entrance my glad spirit with joy not its own!

The strains seemed of heaven, that rolled o'er the Rhine.
Thou home of sweet music—oh, bright land of glee!
How could I forget thee, beloved Germany?

I dwell in a land where the olive branch sheds
Its unction and glory, its peace-lighted smile,
And the friends of my bosom are blessing my name,
And the sweet strains of music my lone hours beguile;
Yet o'er my calm spirit come bright thoughts of thee—
Oh! I sigh to behold thee, beloved Germany.

Perchance I may greet thee, dear land of my heart;
In gladness roam over thy mountains again,
And view the bright scenes by my infancy loved,
And hear the sweet voice of my brother again.
In the sunset of life, ere my spirit is free,
My last breath shall bless thee, beloved Germany.

MUSINGS ON A JEWISH PASSOVER,

THROUGH the still air the hallelujah rose,
And, like the sound of many waters sweet,
On the charmed ear of the lone Christian fell.
Great Judah's heart with her high theme was stirred,
For holy recollections thronged the soul,
And woke dead hope, and kindled zeal anew
To swell the glories of the paschal day.

Centuries have rolled their tide of years away,
Yet fondly to their fathers' faith the children cling,
Still weeping, praying for a brighter day,
When Shiloh's presence shall the earth illumine,
And barren deserts bloom as Sharon's vale.

Do dark eyes kindle with devotion's fire,
Or holy tears some aged cheek bedew?
I see them not, and yet I dream 't is so.
Father of Love, oh! hear thy people's prayer,
Who in suspense untold are languishing,
For these are thine. When shall the day-star rise,
And Israel know e'en now Messiah reigns,
And own our Christ the mighty King of kings?

T O C. A. J.

BRIGHT-EYED Hope, life's star eternal,
May its pure effulgent ray
Kindly chase each coming shadow
From thy gentle heart away.

May the voice of holy friendship
To thy raptured bosom come,
Bearing gems from love's own fountain,
Gathered at the shrine of home.

Wheresoe'er thy steps may wander,
Still may radiant pleasure bright
Cheer thee with its voice of gladness,
Woo thee with its smile of light.

Should the clouds obscure thy morning,
And thy path be darkly drear,
May the touch of kind affection
Wipe away each anguished tear.

So, dear friend, may fadeless flowers,
Fragrant from the bowers of heaven,
Fill thy soul with deathless beauty
Till life's golden chord be riven.

OUR LAST RESTING-PLACE.

THOUGHTS after returning from a visit to Trinity Cemetery, a lot in which was presented by the Vestry of Trinity Church to the Institution for the Blind.

THE anthem of life hath a sacred chord
 That melteth our hearts in love ;
 Its music in heaven seraphic was heard,
 And borne from thence was a soothing word :
 " My saints shall be gathered above.

" They who have sorrowed and loved on earth,
 In friendship that would not part,
 Shall taste the bliss of a holy birth,
 Celestial joys of surpassing worth
 Reserved for the pure in heart."

Consoling thought! when the heaving tide
 Of life rolls out, we shall sink to rest;
 We, who in lessons and pleasures vied,
 Shall be sleeping together side by side,
 Where the spring-birds chant from their nest.

For the birds will come in the time of flowers
 And warble their notes away ;
 Oh! 't is not death from this world of ours
 To look on those green and fadeless bowers
 In the realms of eternal day.

When "ashes to ashes and dust to dust!"
Is heard through the stilly air,
We, who reposed in the Lord our trust,
When the trump shall sound for the wise and just,
Shall look on our Saviour there.

Shall we know each other in that dear home—
We who are sightless here?
This blessed thought in my dreams will come:
In the peaceful shade of the sacred dome,
We shall know, ay, know each other there.

