

But now thy name will pass from tongue to tongue,
 Another Raphael will the world now see ;
 But I must weep and sigh, and sorrow long :
 Fame will not give my brother back to me.

She cannot light again those faded eyes,
 To rest in Love's soft radiance on me.
 This dear, dear hand, cold, motionless it lies—
 She cannot make the blood run warm and free.

Thy voice, so mute, she cannot let me hear ;
 She cannot bring the smile I loved to see ;
 She cannot make thee feel thy brother near,
 Nor can she tell what grief is his for thee.
 My brother—thou'rt dead—all else is blank to me.

“A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.”

A child rose from her slumbers,
 And bowed her sunny head,
 Folded her little fingers
 Beside her snowy bed.

For blessings through the night,
 Her simple thanks did pay,
 And prayed the Angels might
 Protect her through the day.

The sceptic father heard
 The little lisper's prayer,
 And all his views absurd
 Were buried then and there.

“A little child shall lead them ;”
 The Bible tells us so.