

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Companion dear! the hours draw nigh,
The sentence speeds,—to die—to die;
So long in mystic union held
So close in strong embrace compelled,
How can'st thou bear the dread decree
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?
To Him who on this mortal shore
The same encircling vestment wore,—
To Him I look, to him I bend,
To Him thy shudd'ring frame commend.

If I have ever caus'd thee pain;
The throbbing breast, the burning brain,
With cares and vigils turn'd thee pale,
Or scorn'd thee when thy strength did fail;
Forgive! forgive! thy task doth cease,
Friend, lover let us part in peace.

That thou didst sometimes clog my course,
Or with thy trifling check my force,
Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust,
Or bow my drooping wing to dust,
I blame thee not; our strife is done,
I knew thou wert the weaker one,
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
Constrain'd to hold the breath of God.

Well hast thou in my service wrought,
Thy brow hath mirror'd forth my thought,
To wear my smiles thy lip hath glow'd,
Thy tear to speak my sorrows flow'd;
Thine ear hath brought me rich supplies
Of varying-tissued melodies;
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done,
Thy feet upon my errands run,—
Yes, thou hast mark'd my bidding well,
Faithful and true! farewell! farewell.

Go to thy rest. A quiet bed
Meek mother earth with flowers shall spread,
Where I no more thy sleep may break
With fever'd dream, nor rudely wake
The weary eye. Ah! quit thy hold,
For thou art faint, and chill and cold;
And still thy grasp, and groan of pain
Do bind me, pitying, in thy chain,
Though angels warn me hence to soar
Where I can share thy woes no more.

Yet shall we meet. To soothe thy pain,
Remember, we shall meet again.
Quell with this hope, the victor's sting,
And keep it as a signal ring;
When the cold worm shall pierce thy breast,
And nought but ashes mark thy breast,
When stars shall fall, and skies be dark,
And proud suns quench their glow-worm spark,
Guard thou this hope to light thy gloom,
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.

Then shalt thou glorious rise and fair,
Nor spot, nor shade, nor wrinkle bear;
And I, with hovering wing elate,
The bursting of thy bonds will wait,
And hail thee "welcome to the sky,
No more to part, no more to die,—
Co-heir of immortality."

DEVOTIONAL POETRY.

We have seldom met poetry of the same class which suited our taste better than the following stanzas, by Bishop Keble, of England, on the "Forms of Burial to be used at Sea." In this little poem, as the *New York Review* remarks, the allusion to the presence of the Church, as a mother, even on the deep, in the second strophe, is very touching in its beauty. And in the third, the allusion to the Meteor Cross of England, always displayed on British vessels on Sundays, is as thrilling as the unfurling of the banner itself.—*Nat. Int.*

LINES.

BY BISHOP KEBLE.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

The shower of moonlight falls as still and clear
Upon the desert main,
As where sweet flowers some pastoral garden cheer
With fragrance, after rain:
The wild winds rustle in the piping shrouds,
As in the quivering trees;
Like summer field beneath the shadowy clouds,
The yielding waters darken in the breeze.

Thou too art here, with thy soft inland tones,
Mother of our new birth!
The lonely ocean learns thy orisons,
And loves thy sacred mirth.
When storms are high, or when the fires of war
Come lightning round our course,
Thou breathest a note like music from afar,
Tempering rude hearts with calm angelic force.

Far, far away, the home-sick seaman's board,
Thy fragrant tokens live,
Like flower-leaves, in a precious volume stored,
To solace and relieve
Some heart too weary of thy restless world;
Or like thy Sabbath cross,
That o'er the brightening billow streams unfurled,
Whatever gale the laboring vessel toss.

O kindly soothing in high victory's hour,
Or when a comrade dies,
In whose sweet presence sorrow dares not lower,
Nor expectation rise
Too high for earth; what mother's heart could spare
To the cold, cheerless deep,
Her flower and hope? But thou art with him there,
Pledge of the untired arm, and eyes that cannot sleep.

The eye that watches o'er wild ocean's dead,
Each in his coral cave,
Fondly as if the green turf wrapped his head,
Fast by his father's grave,
One moment, and the seeds of life shall spring
Out of the waste abyss,
And happy warriors triumph with their King
In worlds without a sea, unchanging orbs of bliss.

TERMS &c.

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