

## POETRY.

## A SONG TO THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Behold the heavens, whose arches rise  
Immensely high, extending wide;  
Around these vast expansive skies,  
Stupendous suns in grandeur ride.

Broad airy regions, trackless space,  
Where worlds unnumber'd float along;  
Run swift, ye orbs, your wonted race,  
Chant through the spheres your lofty song.

Ye stars that beam with brilliant glow,  
Extend your fires through midnight skies;  
Oceans of flame, your waves shall flow  
Round worlds on worlds when nature dies.

Ye blazing comets, sweep along,  
Through mighty depths of trackless air—  
Wonder and terror press your throng,  
While trembling worlds shrink back with fear.

Ye planets, fly on rapt'rous wing,  
Through regions vast, immense, profound;  
Make heaven's eternal arches ring,  
Till heights and depths, and breadths resound.

Thou sun, bright ruler of the spheres,  
Exhaustless, boundless source of light—  
Your matchless, grand, consuming fires,  
Roll round through realms, unclouded,  
Light.

## THE BLIND BOY.

Ah, mother, whither am I led?  
I feel the freshness of the fields—  
Oh, that on me one ray could shed  
The light and life that summer yields.  
Thou glorious nature, fare thee well—  
Why can I not forget thy hues—  
Forget the green and graceful dell,  
And every flower its turf that strews?

My mother, art thou lovely still?  
For me, I see thy face no more;  
But, through the shades mine eyes that fill  
I trace the look thou hadst before.

Amid the wilderness of gloom  
That round me spreads where'er I flee,  
My dreams thy gentle form assume,  
Fair as that morn I ne'er may see.

Feebly he stoop'd and sought a rose,  
And, trembling, pluck'd the crimson crown;  
He steep'd it in a shower of woes,  
And tore its leaves, and flung it down.  
He died when died the withering year—  
And, 'mid his last and faltering sighs,  
He murmur'd in his mother's ear,  
"There is no blindness in the skies."

## RELIGION.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,  
Earth's pleasures fade away;  
They melt in time's destroying tide,  
And cold are while they stay;  
But joys that from religion flow,  
Like stars that gild the night,  
Amid the darkest gloom of wo,  
Shine forth with sweetest light.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure;  
But o'er the Christian's soul  
It sheds a radiance calm and pure,  
Though tempests round him roll;  
His heart may break 'neath sorrow's stroke—  
But, to its latest thrill,  
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,  
Religion lights it still.

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