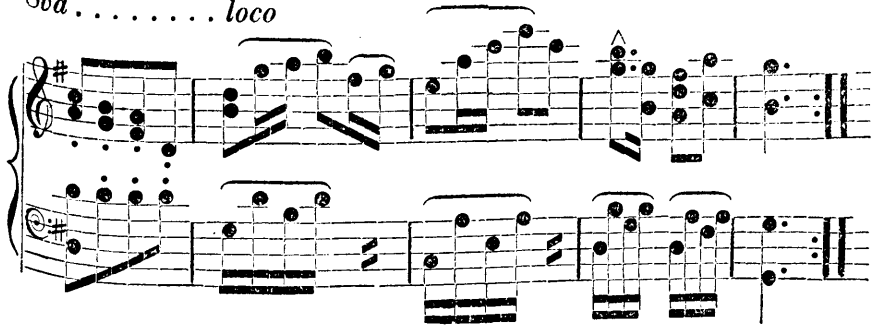


Sua loco



(ORIGINAL.)

IMITATION FROM CAMOENS.

How oft when fancy wings her flight,
 I wish that I could be
 Some guardian spirit of the light,
 To watch thee through the day and night,
 And cheer thy destiny.

How sweet, when evening shades were near,
 To hover round thy bed,
 And through the hours of darkness drear,
 To breathe unheard by mortal ear,
 Kind blessings on thy head.

But oh, (than this) far dearer still,
 If power to me were given,
 To save thee from each earthly ill,
 To teach thee God's most holy will,
 And lead thy steps to Heaven.

E. M. M.

THE CHILDLESS WIDOW.

My own sweet child! my own sweet child!
 I never more shall see
 That eye of innocence, so mild,
 Look up in love to me!

Thou wert my pretty bird of joy,
 The linnet of my breast,
 Whose silver tongue so sweetly sung
 Thy mother's cares to rest.

My own sweet child! my own sweet child!
 I saw the worm of death
 Coil clammy round thy pallid brow;
 I drank thy dying breath!

My boy of hope, my bird of spring!
 To heaven thou hast flown,
 With angels thy sweet notes to sing;
 My beautiful! my own!

J. W. L.

THE ANGEL'S WING.

BY J. S. LOVER.

When by the evening's quiet light
 There sit two silent lovers,
 They say, while in such tranquil plight,
 An angel round them hovers;
 And further still old legends tell,—
 The first who breaks the silent spell,
 To say a soft and pleasing thing,
 Hath felt the passing angel's wing.

Thus a musing minstrel stray'd
 By the summer ocean,
 Gazing on a lovely maid,
 With a bard's devotion:—

Yet his love he never spoke,
 Till now the silent spell he broke:—
 The hidden fire to flame did spring,
 Fann'd by the passing angel's wing!

'I have loved thee well and long, !—
 With love of Heaven's own making !—
 This is not a poet's song

But a true heart's speaking:
 I will love thee, still untired !'
 He felt—he spoke—as one inspired—
 The words did from Truth's fountain spring,
 Upwaken'd by the angel's wing!

Silence o'er the maiden fell,
 Her beauty lovelier making;
 And by her blush, he knew full well
 The dawn of love was breaking.
 It came like sunshine o'er his heart!
 He felt that they should never part,
 She spoke—and oh !—the lovely thing
 Had felt the passing angel's wing."

THE PULPIT.

There stands the messenger of truth—there stands
 The legate of the skies! His theme divine,
 His office sacred—his credentials clear.
 By him the violated law speaks out
 Its thunders; and by him in strains as sweet
 As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.