

Poetry.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO A BELOVED SISTER.

BY MISS LUTTON, OF MOIRA.

There is a something in poetic strains,
 Which lines prosaic never can convey—
 There is a noble inspiration reigns
 Where solemn truths require the solemn lay—
 And through the meanest channel, heavenly Day
 Quick penetrating, can transfuse its light—
 Oh! that by me, one soul enlivening ray
 Might reach my sister—clear her mental sight—
 And put remaining doubts, like morning clouds to flight!

Almighty Sovereign of the earth and sky—
 Inspirer of the work thou deign'st to approve!—
 Oh! sanction mine! and whilst I feebly try
 To show the fulness, freeness of Thy love;
 Grant I may never from my subject rove,
 But from experience, point the path to peace—
 In Thee, and for thee, may I think—write—move—
 Invigorated by Thy strengthening grace—
 My aim Thy glory be, till life and being cease!

True—I am but a reptile—from the clod
 Lately emerged to feel the warmth divine—
 But tell thy creature, condescending God!
 Hast thou not deign'd to call that reptile Thine—
 To bid my deadness live—my darkness shine—
 My fetter'd spirit, rise and follow Thee?
 Then take my thoughts—my motive—my design—
 And send a blessing by the weakest, me—
 Clay by Thy hand applied, can cause the blind to see.

My Sister?—art thou guilty? dost thou dread
 The day of judgment as a day of woe?
 I charge thee, mourner—lift thy drooping head—
 God hath commanded, and it shall be so—
 Thy sins tho' scarlet, shall be white as snow—
 Mountains may totter, promises are sure!
 Art thou polluted? to the Fountain go—
 There drop thy burden—wash thee and be pure—
 And feeling thy disease, accept the offer'd cure.