

But words are useless. From her face
 The rose of glowing red hath gone ;
 The lily white hath ta'en its place,—
 Paler than marble stoue !

Religion ? Ah ! you have it now :
 I cwn her heart should not be broken,
 And grief should vanish from her brow
 Whose peace my God hath spoken :

For oh ! His ev'ry word is kind ;
 When earthly friendships false have flown,
 In Him a woman's heart may find
 Love changeless as her own !

Sydney, C. B., 1860.