

## SONNET ACROSTIC.

*(Written in an album.)*

Just when the light of rosy-fingered morn,  
O'er eastern hill-tops sheds a grateful glow,  
Soft'ning the southern plain or northern snow,  
Each bright'nin' beam is as a new life born.  
Perchance it shines on fields of golden corn,  
Hereafter soon by reaper's scythe laid low ;  
Its genial warmth again it may bestow  
'Neath beauty's bower, nor humbler dwellings scorn :  
E'en yet it may its heavenly radiance shed  
Down death's dark vale, and through sin's tangled brakes.  
Oh ! then do thou, by such example led,  
A sunbeam prove, whose sun-warm influence takes  
No thought of self, but shines around instead,  
Each ray new-born, as each new morn awakes.

*August, 1882.*

