

YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

Who ne'er could build a sweet retreat
 Where happy hearts in union beat ;
 But she refused from me to part,
 She said—" You ever hold my heart,
 And whilst my youth and beauty last,
 I hold the sweet pledge of the past."
 The tears flowed from my sightless eyes,
 My heart was full with sweet surprise,
 In thought by day, in dreams by night,
 She lived an angel of the light.
 It was one sunny autumn morn,
 The winds swept o'er the tasseled corn ;
 With heart elate, in joyous mood,
 I sought the pathway through the wood.
 I loved the forest's leafy shade,
 Where murmuring winds sweet music made ;
 And where a sloping vale ran low
 A noisy brook's swift waters flow.
 Here would I sit whilst hours flew by,
 And hear sweet nature's minstrelsy.
 That morn my heart seemed winged and
 free,

And hope of life more sweet to me ;
 And, as I sat beside the way,
 I felt the warming sunbeams play—
 A genial sense of soothing crept
 Upon my spirit, and I slept ;
 And in a dream my sight returned
 My soul with sense of wonder burned.
 I saw sweet Mary by my side,
 Arrayed in beauty as a bride—
 My mother, brothers, sisters there,
 The love-light on each face so fair.
 I saw the dome'd heaven of blue,
 And vale, and hill, and forest too ;
 Yea, all of beauty sweet and bright,
 Went floating past in forms of light.
 By footsteps startled, I awoke,
 The dream was gone, the vision broke ;
 I almost wished I had not dreamed,
 For now the darkness deeper seemed ;
 But Mary's voice so glad and clear,
 In welcome broke upon my ear.
 But ah, my soul ! what deep surprise ;
 A shadow came before my eyes ;
 A glimmering sense of light intense,
 Then darkness deep, then great suspense.
 I felt, I knew a feeble light
 Had come upon my darkened sight ;
 My Mary's heart rejoiced with mine,
 And wondered at the hopeful sign ;
 My father, mother eager heard
 The shade that o'er my vision stirred,
 Unto a city far away,
 We journeyed, hopeful, day by day,
 A man of fame and skill to try,
 Who made a study of the eye ;
 With keenest sense and touch intent,
 He wrought with fragile instrument.
 At length he said, " 'Tis hopeful quite,
 Your eyes perchance may see the light ;
 But many months must yet pass by,
 Before the tall light strikes the eye."

But on one bright and joyous morn,
 The bandage from my eyes was torn ;
 The room was darkened, so the light
 Would not flood strongly on my sight ;
 And then they gently raised the shade,
 The darkness soon began to fade ;
 Dim forms before me seemed to rise,
 I felt the glimmer on my eyes ;
 'Twas for a moment, but to see.
 If we might still expectant be ;
 And then, from out that darkened room,
 They daily lifted more of gloom ;
 Until one morn sweet heaven's light
 Was flooded full upon my sight.
 Oh ! What a vision round me broke,
 I thought in heaven I awoke ;
 The flowers, the woods, the fields, the hills,
 The wide sea, and the sparkling rills ;
 Oh ! beauty wonderful and rare—
 Oh ! vision sweet beyond compare—
 Oh ! sense of rapture, deep and strong—
 The world was full of light and song,
 My heart with gratitude o'erflowed
 That heaven such blessing had bestowed ;
 In prayer and song my heart was raised—
 The love and strength of God I praised.

Long from the autumn's fiery crown
 The withered leaves had fallen down ;
 The winds of winter, cold and drear,
 Had swept through forests wild and sear ;
 But now the soft spring breezes blow
 Thro' fragrant blossoms on the bough ;
 The living green on mead and hill.
 The laughter of the sparkling rill.
 Were seen and heard, and song of bird,
 And bright forms through the forest stirred,
 And out on rapid wing they flew,
 And mounted to the heav'n of blue,
 Such beauty swept before my eyes
 To fill my soul with glad surprise ;
 My heart, ecstatic, wildly beat,
 At such a revelation sweet ;
 Then swift the train in rapid flight
 Hid mountain, vale and stream from sight ;
 And hours before the set of sun,
 Our home was reached, the journey done.
 On slanting hill up from the road,
 Embowered 'mid trees our cottage stood—
 A winding path, every hue
 Of brightest bloom, hid us from view.
 With beating heart I softly stopt,
 And to the open door I crept ;
 All unobserved I sought to trace
 My mother's form ; her loving face ;
 There, seated on a rustic form,
 Was one with features sad and worn,
 Pale care its furrowed lines did trace,
 But left the love-light on her face.
 Her thoughts were of her absent one,
 The long-blind, sad, afflicted son.

To be continued.