

The flowers of earth are fair,
As the hopes we fondly cherish;
But the canker worm of care,
Bids the best and brightest perish.

The heavens today are bright,
But the morn brings storm and sorrow;
And the friends we love tonight,
May sleep in earth tomorrow.

Spirit! unfold thy drooping wing,
Up, up to thy kindred skies;
Life is a sad and weary thing,
He only lives—who dies!

His, the immortal fruits that grow,
By life's eternal river,
Where the shining waves, in their onward flow,
Sing Glory to God for ever!

This was sung to a wild irregular air, but full of pathos and beauty.

"You must give me that song, Clary."

"It is not mine, and the music is gone; I shall never be able to play that again; but I will give you another, which shall be more quiet and soothing, which remained long enough in my mind to write down, for Frederick loved it." And, tuning her harp, she played a short prelude, and sung in a low plaintive strain, unlike her former triumphant burst of song—

There's rest, when Eve with dewy fingers,
Draws the curtains of repose,
Round the west, where light still lingers,
And the day's last glory glows.
There's rest in heaven's unclouded blue,
When twinkling stars steal, one by one,
So softly on the gazer's view,
As though they sought his glance to shun.

There's rest, when o'er the silent meads,
The deep'ning shades of night advance,
And, sighing through its fringe of reeds,
The sparkling rills' clear waters glance.
There's rest when all above is bright,
And gently o'er the summer isles,
The full moon pours her mellow light,
And heaven on earth serenely smiles:

There's rest—deep rest—in that still hour,
A holy calm—a sweet profound,
Whose wizard spell and dreamy power,
Lulls into slumber all around.
There's rest, for labor's hardy child,
For nature's tribes of earth and air;
Whose soothing balm and influence mild,
Save guilt and sorrow, all may share.

There's rest when angry storms are o'er,
And fear no longer vigil keeps;
When winds are heard to rave no more,
And Ocean's troubled spirit sleeps.
There's rest, when to the pebbly strand,
The lapsing billows slowly glide;
Like music touched by fairy hand,
Breathes soft and low, the slumbering tide.

There's rest, beneath the quiet sod,
When life and all its sorrows cease,
And in the bosom of his God
The Christian finds eternal peace—
That peace the world cannot bestow,
The rest, a Saviour's death-pangs bought;
To bid the weary pilgrim know
A rest surpassing human thought.

"What divine music!" said Anthony.

"You say nothing about the words, which I think far better than my poor music."

"Are not both your own, Clary?"

"Oh no! I am in heart a poet; but I lack the power to give utterance to the thoughts that burn within me. They were written by a friend—a friend whom, next to Fred, I love better than all the world—Juliet Whitmore."

"Juliet Whitmore! and do you know Juliet?"

"I will tell you all about it," said Clary, leaving her harp. "After dear Lucy died I was very, very ill, and Fred took me to the sea side for the benefit of bathing. I was a poor, pale, wasted woe-begone thing, and we lodged next door to the house occupied by Captain Whitmore. When nurse used to take me out to bathe, he would pat my cheek, and tell me to bring home a red rose to mix with the lily in my face—and I told him laughingly that roses never grew by the sea shore; and he told me to come in to his lodgings and see. And then he introduced me to Juliet, and we grew great friends, and used to walk and talk a great deal together, all the time that we remained at ———, which was about three months—and though we have not met since Fred bought Milbank, she often writes to me sweet letters full of poetry. Such poetry as she knows will please me, and in one of her letters she wrote a good deal about you."

"About me, Clary? Oh! do tell me what she said about me?"

"She said," returned the child, blushing deeply, and whispering so low, that Anthony could only just catch the words; "that she loved you, Anthony—that you were the only man she had ever seen that realized her dreams of what man ought to be. And what she said about you, made me love you too."

"Dear, amiable Clary," said the delighted Anthony, unconsciously covering the hand he held