

## POETRY.

(From "English Songs and other Poems,"  
by Barry Cornwall.)

Dawn, gentle flower,  
From the morning earth—  
We will gaze and wonder  
At thy wond'rous birth.

Bloom, gentle flower,  
Lover of the light—  
Sought by wind and shower,  
Fondled by the night.

Fade, gentle flower,  
All thy white leaves close—  
Having shown thy beauty,  
Time 'tis for repose.

Die, gentle flower,  
In the silent sun!  
Now, all thy pangs are over,  
All thy tasks are done.

Day hath no more glory,  
Though he soars so high;  
'Thine is all man's story—  
Live—and love—and die.

## DEATH OF THE YOUNGEST CHILD.

"Why is our infant sister's eye  
No more with gladness bright?  
Her brow of dimpled beauty, why  
So like the marble white?"

My little ones, ye need no more  
To hush the sportive tread,  
Or whispering, pass the muffled door—  
Your sweetest one is dead.

In vain you'll seek her joyous tone  
Of tuneful mirth to hear;  
Nor will her suffering, dove-like moan  
Again distress your ear.

Lost to a mother's pillowing breast,  
The cold grave's now her bed,  
Her polish'd cheek in earth must rest—  
Your sweetest one is dead.

Returning spring the birds doth call  
Their happy task to take—  
Vales, verdant trees, and streamlets, all  
From winter's sleep doth wake;

Again your cherished flowers doth bloom,  
Anew their fragrance shed;  
But she, the darling, will not come—  
Your sweetest one is dead.

## THE CHRISTIAN.

There is a heart—a tender heart,  
That softens down at human wo;  
That sees with pain another's smart,  
And flies to share the threat'ning blow.

An eye there is which shows the tear,  
'The tender tear for sorrow shed,  
That sheds it free when woes appear,  
But beams with joy when woes have fled.

A voice there is that oft is heard  
In concert with the mourner's sighs,  
The notes of which the poor regard,  
They mingle with their orphan's cries:

That heart the humble Christian's is,  
His is that tearful, joyful eye;  
His is the voice so swift to bless,  
'Tis he that weeps at sorrow's sigh.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNES-  
DAY, BY

J. E. L. MILLER;

At the low price of TWOPENCE a number,  
payable on delivery; or 1s. 8d. per quarter, in  
advance. To Country Subscribers, 2s. 4d.  
per quarter, (including postage) also in ad-  
vance.

Those who intend patronising this work,  
and who have not yet given their names, will  
much oblige us by doing so with as little delay  
as possible. Lists remain at the Union De-  
pository, at the Book-store of Messrs. J. &  
T. A. Starke, and at the Herald Office—at  
which places copies of the work may be had  
from the commencement.