

SONG, THE REQUITAL. *Blumenthal.*

MISS WILLIAMS.

Loud roar'd the tempest, fast fell the sleet,
A little child-angel pass'd down the street,
With trailing pinions and weary feet.

The moon was hidden ; no stars were bright ;
So she could not shelter in heav'n that night,
For the angel's ladders are rays of light.

She beat her wings at each window pane,
And pleaded for shelter, but all in vain ;
Listen, listen, they said, to the pelting rain.

She sobb'd, as the laughter and mirth grew higher,
Give me rest and shelter beside your fire,
And I will give you your heart's desire,

The dreamer sat watch'ing his ember's gleam,
While his heart was floating down hope's bright streams,
So he wove her wailing into his dreams.

The worker toil'd on, for his time was brief,
The mourner was nursing her own pale grief,
They heard not the promise that brought relief.

But fiercer the tempest rose than before,
When the angel paused at a humble door,
And asked for shelter and rest once more.

A weary woman, pale, worn and thin,
With the brand upon her of want and sin,
Heard the child-angel and took her in, -

Took her in gently, and did her best
To dry her pinions, and made her rest,
With tender pity, upon her breast.