

they will not be at present out of place, I submit them to the kind friends and the public.

Thy gentle goodness bless'd me when a stranger in the land,
 Inspired me when oppression lay on me its cruel hand ;
 Thou through those clouds beheldst me enduring every ill,
 When drinking deep affliction's sorrow to the fill,—
 Accept this humb'le tribute of gratitude from me,
 For all the tender kindness that I received from thee—
 May heaven benign o'er favour thy person and thy store,
 And grant thee every blessing till life's vast scenes are o'er.

A SACRED MEMENTO OF MRS. CORKINDALE.

My harp awake thy tender strings empower,
 To aid the muse in her distressed hour,
 That weeps in mourn'ry of an hallowed scene
 In human life, which spots lie evergreen,
 And stand as columns here in human life,
 To point man's soul from all its scenes of strife ;
 For oft indeed those hours of hallowed thought
 Become divine of heavenly sympathy fraught,

And stand apart to look at life so true,
 Without the colouring of false glowing hue ;
 The human heart like nature's floodgates break
 Betimes with we that doth its powers o'ertake,
 As nature's powers both the earth deface,
 So youth's beauty and beauty's grace,
 And furrowed o'er their remains many a line
 Which none can feel save that rent breast of thine.
 Dear prostrate man, who felt those waters roll,
 In boundless grandeur o'er thy troubled soul.

If so betimes a sunny smile may rise,
 Like rainbows lustre through the cloudy skies,
 Thy furrowed brow again will gather gloom,
 As mem'ry's powers recur but to the tomb ;
 The tomb ! I said, where love will shed her tear
 For dear ones mantled sacred ever there.
 Two silent years had fled on gentle wing
 Since wedlock bless'd the pair of whom I sing,
 Within those years their sprang as springs the flower,
 Pure wedlock's fruit to augment the family bower.
 Ah ! troubled year, though big betimes with hope
 Of future joy bright'ning each spirit up ;