

## MRS. PROF. WEIR.

And here, perchance, may dwell that kindred soul  
 Within whose breast strong waves of passions roll,  
 Beneath a mind o't kindled by their fire,  
 That thrills the harp and sounds th' aolian lyre,  
 And happy sung in strains that reach'd the throne,  
 And Majesty did bow her powers to own ;  
 Whose angel song stole o'er that royal breast,  
 And hushed its woes, and caused its sorrow rest,  
 And Britain's crown and sceptre moves to hear  
 That song divine that falls from Mrs. Weir ;  
 The music heard feel deep upon the soul,  
 Where troubled waves of dreadful anguish roll,  
 It hushed those storms as did the voice of God  
 Genesert's pool and winds that rush'd abroad.  
 Thy royal mind, in silent hours, will roam  
 Across the sea to view her happy home,  
 And twine betimes around that beautiful mind,  
 Where happy thoughts do roam of various kind,  
 So full of fruit that hang in yellow hue,  
 Right full of sap, made ripe by heavenly dew,  
 In fancy then will pluck again that bough  
 That in life's spring casts forth its snowy blow.  
 Sweet harp divine, nor stay thy happy lay  
 Till heaven may shine on thee immortal day,  
 Then sing aloft with that eternal throng  
 Blooming in beauty that's forever young.

MR. FRANZ STABE, *Music Teacher.*

My muse would brood o'er such a soul as thine,  
 Where music dwells in power almost divine,  
 And feels the fire that burns within thy soul  
 Fall on my own, where kindred passions roll ;  
 Then swell my song in strains that angel's chime  
 As human thought breaks forth in mortal rhyme,  
 Thy master hand that swept along the lyre  
 Becomes sublime as thy breast gathers fire,  
 May not some band from the celestial shore  
 Steal down betimes to hear thine anthems pour  
 Their new-born strains upon the impassioned breast  
 Akin to song in worlds of blissful rest,  
 If so, wilt thou when songs of earth will die,  
 And earth's proud harps in crumbling ashes lie,