

## THE DYING GIRL.

The following lines are a pious poetical effusion on the death of Bessy Holmes, daughter of Rev. John Holmes, Wesleyan Minister, Ireland, and are rich in poetical imagery :—

I fade—but though lost to mortal eye,  
Like the unseen stars in the noon-day sky,  
I shall live in a land of life and light ;  
Beyond the region of mortal sight.  
Shall wander where rivers of gladness glide,  
In shining robes by my Saviour's side ;  
Far from the reach of pain and care,  
Mother, oh Mother, I'll meet thee there !

It wrings my soul that I must part,  
Though but for a time, from thy bleeding heart ;  
Or leave in sorrow thy faithful breast,  
Where oft my pains were soothed to rest.  
But I go to a land where Jesus reigns,  
To hymn His glory in endless strains ;  
To fadeless suns and purest air,—  
Mother, oh Mother, I'll meet thee there !

Cold are the surges of death's dark wave,  
But Jesus is with me to cheer and to save ;—  
Beyond the outstretched watery gloom  
Rises that land of light and bloom.  
Gladly I hail from the shores of time,  
The green clad hills of that cloudless clime,  
Serene in loveliness,—oh prepare,  
My darling Mother to meet me there.

Though I fade unknown in life's slow vale  
In the early spring, like the primrose pale ;—  
I go where blossoms of Eden blow  
By rivers of bliss, that sparkling flow ;—  
No pain is there—nor deaths' dark power—  
Nor withering grass—nor the fading flower—  
But beauty and verdure eternally fair,—  
Mother, oh Mother, I'll meet thee there !

My spirit is sighing to be away,  
To that calm region of peace and day ;  
There ages of bliss for ever shall roll,  
O'er the waveless calm of my raptured soul,—  
List ! 'tis the voice of its sweetest lay,  
They beckon me over and hide my stay ;  
They wave their palms on the purple air,—  
Mother, my Mother, I'll meet thee there ! !

One look of love, and she took her flight  
To Jesus and Heaven—from earth's dark night ;  
And lovely in death as the cold corpse lay,  
The spirit was winging its viewless way ;—  
Like a dove's white plume, 'neath a stormy sky  
It rose o'er the waters of death on high ;  
While forms celestial thronged to behold,  
From walls of jasper and gates of gold.

THOMAS RICHARDSON.

Carlow, March 2nd, 1850.

## THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

Along the smooth and slender wires  
The sleepless heralds run,  
Fast as the clear and living rays  
Go streaming from the sun.  
No peals or flashes, heard or seen,  
Their wondrous flight betray ;  
And yet their words are quickly felt  
In cities far away.

No summer's heat or winter's hail,  
Can check their rapid course ;  
They meet unmoved the fierce mind's rage,  
The rough wave's sweeping force.  
In the long night of rain and wrath,  
As in the blaze of day,  
They rush with news of weal or woe,  
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne  
On that electric cord,  
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves  
The Christian's life and Lord,  
Of him who taught in smiles and tears  
With fervent lips to pray.  
Maintains high converse here on earth  
With bright world far away.

Aye, though no outward wish its breath'd,  
Nor outward answer giv'n,  
The sighing of that humble breast  
Is known and felt in heav'n :—  
Those long frail wires may bend and break,  
Those viewless heralds stray,  
But Faith's least word shall reach the throne  
Of God, though far away.

## HYMN FOR A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

Great Father on high!  
Look down from the sky  
And listen to me,  
While trying to lift up my heart unto thee.

My sins I confess—  
O give me thy grace,  
And pardon my guilt,  
Through Jesus, whose blood for my pardon  
was spilt.

My nature subdued,  
And form it anew:  
Thy Spirit impart,  
Both now and forever to dwell in my heart.

Thus, Father, shall I  
To thee live and die;  
And finally be  
By angels caught up to live ever with thee.