

Or the dew-drops as even may come
 To water the flowers that I love,
 But a purer and happier home
 Is awaiting my spirit above.

O, those realms so ineffably bright,
 And those glories untainted by sin!
 That radiant effulgence of light
 Hath no eye of mortality seen.

And mention shall ever be made
 Of aught that the eye can behold,
 With those mansions that ever shall stand
 Unpurchased by silver or gold.

THE WONDER OF C——.

It is a shame, I've often thought—
 A dreadful pity, still I say—
 That C—— is not known abroad
 As London of America.

Or, better still, 't might be compared
 With Athens, Ninevah, or Rome;
 For such illustrious geniuses
 Hail glorious C—— as their home.