

Gentle spirits stood around him,  
 —Gentle still in life was he—  
 Till each earthly tie that bound him,  
 Burst, and left his spirit free.

Yet these bonds full long detain'd him;  
 Struggling in a house of pain;  
 Parents, children, wife, restrain'd him,  
 —Links in nature's silken chain:—

Thus the willow, old or blighted,  
 Bends its branches to the earth;  
 These, to earth again united,  
 Give the stock a second birth.

But his tent of clay forsaken,  
 Lost in death's unlovely gloom;  
 Will my friend no more awaken  
 From the slumber of the tomb?  
 Hold the winds, and bind the ocean—  
 Bid old time forget his sway—  
 Yet shall faith with firm devotion,  
 Point the Resurrection day!

### VERSES TO A CHARITABLE LADY.

LADY! 'tis said that Eden's glorious bowers,  
 Shrunk at the touch of woman's daring hand;  
 When death stalk'd forth and pluck'd the beautiful flow  
 Which God had planted in that happy land.