

Or from the rays of heavenly dew
Had gilt the earth in rainbow hues,
And o'er the sky so gently flung
The air that once o'er Eden hung.

Tis but the calm before the storm ;
The flush of earth's consumptive form ;
The hopeful smile, the fever'd breath,
Before the stern approach of death.

THE SHADOW OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

There is a sympathy in love
We bear for those who mourn,
Whose shadows of departed joys
With every thought return.
'Tis hard to stem the stream of grief
That floods the parents' heart
When death unvails embosom'd hopes,
And throws its fatal dart.

The nursling of a mother's love,
That nestles on her breast,
Is but a life, celestial gift,
By God's own seal impress'd.
And when its prattling lips rejoice
In innocent delight
The parents' love and cherish'd hope,
With tenfold power unite