

## LINES

[Suggested while listening one evening, in Toronto, to the harmony of female voices engaged in Sacred Song:]

Oft when the joys of Heav'n we sing,  
Our fancies take a glorious flight—  
Our hearts ascend, with equal wing,  
Beyond the utmost bounds of night.

Up to the throne of God! where all  
The radiant hosts of Heav'n combine  
To do him homage as they fall,  
And sing in melody divine.

The wonders of redeeming love—  
The glories of a heav'nly world—

So far below—so far above—  
Our thoughts—how e'er so wide unfurl'd

Hark! how the swelling anthem's roll  
The vast circumference along—  
Kind'ling in every heart and soul  
The glorious ecstasy of song!

And millions, moved with kindred flame,  
Shall join the bright celestial choir,  
Who celebrate that glorious name,  
Which all their hearts and songs inspire

## TO A LADY.

On the death of a young and lovely child.

Vain! is a mother's tender care—  
Vain! a mother's warmest pray'r—  
In vain she clasps thee to her bosom,  
Her latest and her only blossom:  
Vain! the physician's healing power  
To save thee, lovely little flow'r!  
It came to twine around the heart,  
And then like morning gems depart:  
Sweet pleasure, like a happy sprite,  
Play'd around her features bright—

A transcript of its mother's charms,  
'Twas infancy in *Beauty's Arms!*

But, now, how chang'd that sunken cheer  
'Tells the tale we need not speak—  
While ev'ry throb, with keener smart,  
Is mirrored in the mother's heart:

Till snatch'd from earthly pains and joy  
It soars to bloom in bow'rs above.

W. A. STEPHENS.

## ON SEEING

In the distance a light in the window of "Home."

Yon lamps that illumine on high  
The magnificent concave of night,  
Throw their radiance around thro' the sky,  
But I see a more heart-cheering sight:

Yon glimmering light, far below  
The vault of Night's luminous dome,  
Its feeble fustre does throw  
Round the social endearments of Home.

The blaze of ambition may lead  
The youthful aspirant afar—  
Where nodding plumed warriors bleed!  
Mid the triumphs and struggles of war!  
*Esquising.*

He may follow its blaze through the sky  
O'er the wide rolling billows of foam  
But its lustre, oh never! may chain,  
Like the social endearments of Home

Lo! Byron, has donn'd his bright cross  
On the dazzling summit of Fame!  
While the trumpet of lofty renown  
The triumphs of Genius proclaim!

He may gather the incense of praise,  
And thro' the visions of glory may roam  
But, hark! 'mid the laurels and bays,  
He mourns the lost *Pleasures of Home.*

W. A. STEPHENS.