

Bent long the wounded soul to weep
 'Mid wrong and cruelty ;
 For he had loosed the captive's bands,
 Had waked the lyre in sorrow's hands
 To deep'ning songs of joy,—
 And caused the sad, pale brow of care
 A brighter, gladlier look to wear.

Now drooping 'neath the' oppressor's rod,
 They sigh'd and wept in vain ;
 They knew not that their Maker, God,
 Beheld their grief and pain.
 A darkness as Egyptian gloom,
 O'erspread their pathway to the tomb,
 And check'd each joyful strain
 That fain would image prospects fair :
 Would it had lingered only there !

Around his tomb they slowly bend
 Who oft had hush'd their grief ;
 But, vain and powerless to befriend,
 He lends no kind relief.
 The chieftain plumes his lofty brow,
 His eye hath lost its fierceness now,
 It asks their sorrows brief ;
 And the fond mother clasps her child,
 In speechless agony and wild.

O had they known of One above,
 Who lists the softest sigh,
 Who views the stricken soul in love,
 And, touch'd with sympathy,
 Can pour the balm of heavenly peace,
 And hope inspire for heaviness,
 And joy for misery ;
 Then had they breathed to heaven their prayer,
 Nor wept unheard, unheeded there.

ADELINE.

P O P E R Y .

Ages have gone since first thy mystic name
 Appear'd in Patmos to the saint of old ;
 Thy lying wonders, and accursed fame,
 Were then in heavenly vision darkly told,
 As through a vista deep we might dim shade behold.