

But the resurrection cometh
 On the balmy breath of Spring;
 Flora's wreath of beauty bloometh
 With the year's first offering.

All earth's tender loves and greeting
 Are not lost for evermore;
 There's a trysting place of meeting,
 Waiting on th' eternal shore.

Clad in robes of vestal whiteness;
 No more denizens of clay;
 Broken links, one chain of brightness,
 Never more to know decay.

No more hearts bowed down with anguish;
 Mourning joys for ever flown;
 Not one happy soul shall languish,
 Kneeling round the great White Throne.

February 28th, 1868.

L I N E S

WRITTEN AFTER AN EVENING SPENT IN STUDYING
 ANCIENT HISTORY.

GRAND and instructive theme, for every mind,
 To wander over History's varied page;
 To watch our fathers, as they bravely climbed
 The hill of knowledge in each darkened age.

One little star upon the troubled sky
 Of heathen nations, meets our earnest gaze:
 It points the way to bliss, in realms afar,
 And draws from pious hearts a song of praise.