

“PARTING MAKES TENDER.”

*Indited and presented to MISS G. A. W., as a token of endearment
from her ever faithful friend.*

“Verily, I say unto you, before the rose of Sharon blossoms, the
blood of the Just shall be spilt.” Jesus to Pilate.

—Taken from Talmudic translations.

Now winter's late dissolving snows, inpearl the emerald lea,
She bids farewell to Juda's plains, and leaves the world for me;
Now spring-time glads the Vale of Tears; tears bathe
Mount Sion's feet

While Nature's mantling green, enrobes the slopes of Olivet.

Now blooms the Lily of the Vale; the chaliced Fleur-de-luce,
And many another flower unfolds in Beauty's loveliness;
Now fades the last faint trace of March, that shades the
Orient sky,

As April welcomes back again supernal smiles of joy!

Now little birds anew retune their old sweet songs and loves,
And cuckoos voice their fond return to milk-white turtle-
doves!

Seraphic nightingales ev'n now, imparadise the night,
And soon the soaring lark will sing, at Heav'n's gate of light!

The secret mountain solitudes, where sacred raptures dwell,
O, how their hallowed shrines resound, with Love's har-
monious swell;

O, how the “young-eyed cherubim,” that ever sweetly move,
Now wake my thoughts from sweet repose, to sweeter strains
of Love!

But, as from Olive's heav'n-most height, I view earth's low-
land scene—

Changing white angel-loveliness, for Nature's vernal green;
Full many a place presents its thought, of times and
seasons past,

When Christ's Evangel ministered, round Galilea's coast!