

POETRY.



The following beautiful lines, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Hawks have been handed us for publication. They will find numerous admirers among the discriminating readers of the *Home Journal*.

THE BLIND BOY.

It was a blessed summer day,
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And everything in nature smiled.
In pleasant thought I wandered on,
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade
'Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had thither strayed.
Just at an aged birch tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined,
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.
The children knew not I was near,
A tree concealed me from their view,
But all that they said I well could hear,
And could see all they might do.
“Dear Mary,” said the poor blind boy,
“That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he as pretty as his song?”
“Yes, Edward, yes,” replied the maid,
“I see the bird, on yonder tree.”
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
“Sister, I wish I could see!”
“The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!”
“Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.
“So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sigh, alas! he has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?”
“No dearest Edward, there all see—
But why ask me a thing so odd?”
“Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God.
Ere long, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept and prayed,
That God would spare her sightless child.
He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, “Oh, never weep for me,
am going to a bright—bright place,
Where Mary says *I God shall see.*”

“And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You *know* I never saw you here?”
He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final blow was given—
When God took up the poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes in heaven!

THINGS THAT I LOVE.

I love to see the rising sun
Diffusing light abroad;
Bright emblem of a purer grace,
Which comes to us from God.
I love to hear the gentle sigh
Of soft winds breathing low;
It whispers of the spirit nigh,
To soothe the sorrowed brow.
I love the forest songster's voice,
As through the air it breaks;
It says to earth, “Rejoice, rejoice,”
Of holy warblings speaks.
I love to see the sparkling rill
Flow cheerily along;
Beneath the lofty, soaring hill,
It plays its tuneful song.
I love to see the falling rain
Descending from above;
It comes, it comes, it comes again,
Fruit of unceasing love.
I love to see the opening flower
Arrayed in beauteous dress;
It proves an overruling power,
Exerted still to bless.
I love each blade of grass that grows
Upon the earth I tread;
How kindly thus a carpet green,
Beneath my feet is spread.
There's not a season of the year,
Or robe that nature wears,
But we may still behold God near,
His hand in it appears.
There is no spot in this wide world,
Where man makes his abode,
In which we find not something still,
Reminding us of God.
I love to study nature's page,
To con its lessons o'er;
With each advancing step of age,
I love it more and more.
“Through nature up to nature's God,”
I love to rise in thought;
To contemplate the blest abode,
The bliss by Jesus bought. C.