

From Mrs. Bill's Scrap-Book.

Selected by her, as expressive, doubtless, of her own feelings in prospect of her anticipated separation from those she most loved on earth, and of her re-union with them.

"On these dear hills, whose beauty never fades."

THINE OWN.

The following beautiful and touching verses, by a New Orleans lady, were written as a farewell to her husband during her illness, and in prospect of an early departure to the better land:—

Call me no more thine own—The summer hours,
So loved by me shall never come again:
I scarce shall look upon the spring's pale flowers,
And in this life of weariness and pain
Shall be no more thine own.

The spring shall wake fresh verdure in the vale;
Freed from gray winter, blue shall glow the sky;
But ere the sweet-breathed violets grow pale,
This fading form low in the dust shall lie,
And be no more thine own.

The shadow of the parting hour is nigh—
It falls, dear one, upon my heart and thine;
Alas! to leave thee when life's morning hour
Is gilded o'er by love almost divine—
To be no more thine own.