

and nestled to sleep on my bosom. The child and the maiden are both sleeping now. They died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval of time between their deaths. Now tossed on the rough sea of life, without compass or guide, enveloped in fog, and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub voice, calling from the bright shore, "Come this way, father! steer straight for me!" When oppressed with sadness I take my way to our quiet cemetery, still, as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes from thence, "Come this way, father!—I'm waiting for thee!"

I remember a voice
Which once guided my way,
When lost on the sea
Fog enshrouded I lay;
'Twas the voice of a child,
As he stood on the shore—
It sounded out clear,
O'er the dark billows roar—
"Come this way, my father!
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice
Midst rocks and through breakers
And high dashing spray;
How sweet to my heart
Did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed out clear
O'er the dark billows roar,
"Come this way, my father!
Steer straight for me;
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember my joy
When I held to my breast,
The form of that dear one,
And soothed it to rest;
For the tones of my child
"I called you dear father,
And knew you would hear
The voice of your darling
Far o'er the dark sea,
While safe on the shore
I was waiting for thee."

That voice now is hushed
Which then guided my way:
The form I then pressed
Is now mingling with clay;
But the tones of my child
Still sound in my ear,

"I am calling you, father!
O, can you not hear
The voice of your darling
As you toss on life's sea?
For on a bright shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice.
In many a lone hour
It speaks to my heart
With fresh beauty and power,
And still echoes far out
Over life's troubled wave,
And sounds from loved lips
That lie in the grave—
"Come this way; my father!
O, steer straight for me!
Here safely in Heaven
I am waiting for thee!"

For the S. S. Guardian.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—If you think the following Puzzle, worth a place in the S. S. Guardian, it is at your disposal. I copied it some years ago out of a friend's watch who came from England. W.

March 17, 1852.

PUZZLE—TO A LADY.

I dreamed
consuming heart my
lay, on Cupid's burning
thy stole he thought I shrine.
heart away, and plac'd it near to
begin heart thy saw I mine.
to melt, like ice before the
glow a both till sun,
congenial felt, and

D E L G N I M

i n t o

N O

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ANOTHER PUZZLE.

O may
Love by hearts those
United and mingled into
Fondly so vows these keep still one,
Plighted, and dream of them alone;
Ever for on shine love our may and
Like hope's undying ray, which
Misfortune dark or grief
Ne'er hath power
Chase to
Away.