

'Though eighty lengthen'd years have scatter'd snow  
 Upon thy honor'd head—though sorrow's seal  
 Is stamp'd with heavy pressure on thy brow—  
 'Thine is an angel's mind! and oh, I feel  
 It gives an angel's look which age can never steal.

'Thy soul has long been ripening for its God—  
 And when He calls it, I should not repine;  
 But nature still must mourn—and o'er thy sod  
 I know no tears will faster fall than mine—  
 I know the bitter anguish that will twine  
 Around my heart strings; but the thought is pain!  
 I will not think that I must soon resign  
 What I can never find on earth again,  
 Oh, that blest prize has not been lent in vain!

For I do hope thy firm but mild controul,  
 Thy precept and examples, may have shone  
 With rays of brightness o'er my youthful soul,  
 Which will my pathway light when thou'rt gone;  
 And when, before thy Father's mercy throne,  
 Thou join'st with myriads in the holy song—  
 If it may be, wilt thou on me look down,  
 And watch my faltering footsteps, while along  
 This busy maze I tread, and guard me still from wrong?

Our concluding extract from the writings of Miss Tonge, was written on her passage to the West Indies, occasioned by recollections of her sisters:—

Three blossoms on a bending bough,  
 We long together grew—  
 Till Fate, with sternness in her brow,  
 Arose, and passed this cruel vow:  
 "I'll break these ties so true."

So I—the lowliest flower of all—  
 Was severed from the rest;  
 And when I heard the final call,  
 How many a tear-drop fast did fall  
 Upon my parents' breast.

But soon again these drops were dried  
 By mercy's mildest ray—  
 Which long reflected, shall abide  
 A holy beacon, still to guide  
 My soul in virtue's way.

For oh, this world is hard to brave,  
 Now that I'm all alone;  
 And active memory still will save  
 Each scene within her secret cave,  
 Of days forever gone.

I'm borne along the nighty sea,  
 With dangers all around;  
 Sweet Sister blossoms, where are ye?  
 Still clinging to the parent tree,  
 Upon your native ground.