

I little thought that one so fair,
So full of life and joy,
So soon should bid to home and friends,
A last, a long "good bye."

So soon should sink beneath the blast,
And quit life's devious way,
So soon thy blooming sprightly form,
Should mingle with its native clay.

Long ere the morn of life was past,
Had sunk thy fair young sun,
Long ere the noon of life was reached,
Thy earthly race was run.

Now sorrowing friends oft drop the tear,
O'er thy lone place of rest,
While faith beholds thy spirit pure,
Among the good and blest.

THE BLIND GIRL.

I cannot see fair nature now,
The handiwork of God,
I cannot see the mountain path,
I oft in childhood trod.

I cannot see the winding stream,
That glides by my old home;