

MORNING.

Hail bright harbinger of day ;
Resplendent orb of light !
Whose golden beams doth chase away
The sable shrouded night.

The crystal dew hangs on the flowers,
How sweet the glowing thorn,
Ah ! who could waste, in sleep, such hours.
'The cheerful dawn of morn.'

The feather'd songsters of the air,
Their matin hymn doth raise,
The warbling little brooks declare
The great Creator's praise.

The flowers in ecstasy upfling
Their fragrant incense high,
Alas ! that man should fail to sing
A holy psalm of joy !

Arise, and greet the new born rays,
And climb the upland lea,
Join in nature's song of praise,
In nature's Jubilee !

HOPE.

I hear the north wind sigh, and say,
Soon I'll bring frost and snow.
I bid farewell to my flowers to-day.
Sweet treasures ! must you go.

I may not see you here again,
And ere my roses bloom,
Kind hearts, whose love shall never wane,
May plant thee near my tomb.

Flowers lovelier than mortal thing !
I'd sleep, if thou wert near ;
And all around thy fragrance fling,
And drop a crystal tear.—

What's loved in life ; may it be given
(If humble the request)
To roam 'mongst flowers in the fields of heaven,
With garlands for the blest !

Garlands, to hang on the harps of gold
Of my loved ones lost, and found,
Now safe within the Shepherd's fold,
Where joy and peace abound.

Sweet sadness leads me to the throne,
My aching heart to still,
To make my mute petitions known,
And hear His kind " I will."

Oh happy hope through endless years,
I'll sing again their lullaby,
For God will change my sighs and tears
Into a deathless melody !