

they will not be at present out of place, I submit them to the affectionate friends and the public.

Thy gentle goodness bless'd me when a stranger in the land,  
Inspired me when oppression lay on me its cruel hand;  
Thou through those clouds beheldest me enduring every ill,  
When drinking deep afflictions and sorrow to the fill,—  
Accept this humble tribute of gratitude from me,  
For all the tender kindness that I received from thee—  
May heaven benign e'er favour thy person and thy store,  
And grant thee every blessing till life's vast scenes are o'er.

#### A SACRED MEMENTO OF MRS. CORKINDALE.

My harp awake thy tender strings empower,  
To aid the muse in her distressed hour,  
That weeps in mem'ry of an hallowed scene  
In human life, which spots lie evergreen,  
And stand as columns here in human life,  
To point man's soul from all its scenes of strife;  
For oft indeed those hours of hallowed thought  
Become divine of heavenly sympathy fraught,

And stand apart to look at life so true,  
Without the colouring of false glowing hue;  
The human heart like nature's floodgates break  
Betimes with woe that doth its powers o'ertake,  
As nature's waters doth the earth deface,  
So youthful bloom and beauty lose their grace,  
And furrowed o'er their remains many a line  
Which none can feel save that rent breast of thine.  
Dear prostrate man, who felt these waters roll,  
In boundless grandeur o'er thy troubled soul.

If so betimes a sunny smile may rise,  
Like rainbows lustre through the cloudy skies,  
Thy furrowed brow again will gather gloom,  
As mem'ry's powers recur but to the tomb;  
The tomb! I said, where love will shed her tear  
For dear ones mantled sacred ever there.  
Two silent years had fled on gentle wing  
Since wedlock bless'd the pair of whom I sing,  
Within those years their sprang an springs the flower,  
Pure wedlock's fruit to augment the family bowers.  
Ah! troubled year, though big betimes with hope  
Of future joy bright'ning each spirit up,