

MUSIC.

ROSY child amid earth's blossoms fair
Started, as, harmonizing with his mood,
And concentrating all life's future good
In blithe allegros, echoed music rare ;
But, anon, changed to requiems was the air,
And a dark man who, yonder, listening, stood
Grew paler in the shadow of the wood,
Clenching his hands with aspect of despair.
But, now, majestic anthems thrill the strings,
And a grey Christian, sorrow-sanctified,
On bed of pain sighed, "'tis an angel sings ?"
Smiled like a dreaming infant, slept, and died
Waking in rapture 'mid the sound of wings
And harps, where bliss and music are allied.

ETHAN HART MANNING.