

Death is a judgment, that leaves a man no more land than his grave, no more clothes than his shroud, no more house than his coffin.

Diseases are the pioneers of death, to break the way for his approach.

POETRY.

THE VOICES OF THE DEAD.

O! there are moments when the cares of life

Press on the wearied spirit; when the heart is fainting in the conflict, and the crown, The bright, immortal crown, for which we strive,

Shines dimly through the gathering mists of earth.

Then, voices of the dead! sweet, solemn voices!

How have I heard ye, in my inmost soul. Voices of those, who, while they walked on earth,

Were link'd unto my spirit, by the ties Of pure affection—love more strong than death—

Ye cry, "Frail child of earth—tried, tempted one—

Shrink not, despond not, strive as we have striven

In the stern conflict—yet a little while, And thou shalt be as we are—thou shalt know How far the recompense transcends the toil."

Sweet sister! thou wert parted from my side,

Ere yet one shade had dimm'd thy loveliness— While still the holy light of innocence

Was radiant round thee—thou hast pass'd away In purity unsullied, to His bosom,

Who, in his love, said, "Suffer little children To come unto me, and forbid them not."

Mine only sister! thou art calling me— By all a sister's love, by every hope

Which wither'd at thy tomb to bloom in heaven,

To that bright home, where all the sever'd links

Of the dear household band again shall join, Nor through eternity the silver chain

Of purity, and love, and peace, be broken.

Friend of my youth! how lately in thy beauty

And gladness, thou wert with me! Life's young flowers

Were budding round us; now, my lips have press'd

Their last, sad kiss upon thy pale, calm brow, And the delight of many eyes is hid In the dark house of death. My friend! my friend!

'Tis thy sweet voice is pleading—shall the hope Which tinged, as with a ray of heavenly light, The clouds which gather'd round the parting hour—

The blessed hope of meeting thee again, Where death is not, be lightly cast away?

My mother! O my mother! thoughts of thee

Come o'er my spirit, like the dews of heaven Upon the fainting flowers. Best belov'd Of all the dear departed! to thy child

Thine image rises, in thy mournful sweetness And touching beauty, fading from the earth.

I hear thy voice as when I knelt before thee, And thou didst lay thy hand upon my head,

And raise thy tearful eyes to heaven in prayer To Him who, though the mother leave her child,

Will not forsake the orphan. Thy full soul Was pour'd in supplication, dying saint.

Wert thou not heard? surely thou wert, by Him,

Who, loving thee, hath called thee to himself; Surely thou wert—even now that voice of prayer

Is floating round me, breathing hope & peace. Thy God has been my God—thy trust, my trust—

His goodness faileth not. O, may he grant, That yet again the mother with her child

May bow to worship Him, the merciful, In that bright temple where no tone of sorrow

Is mingling in the rapturous bursts of praise!

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