

Refreshing verdant life ; granting new birth,
 With morning's ray upon the grass will shine,
 The flowers pitying that at eve did pine ;
 The flocks and herds now feeding on you lea—
 Thy hand, my dear, we'll go the sheep to see ;
 These resting sheep and lambs how meek they
 look,

So often mentioned in God's holy book.

Now twilight gray has cast its shadows dim,
 The birds have sung their last vesper hymn
 In praise of God, they never do forget ;
 In this, my Julia, they example set ;
 Let not the birds in praise sweet music pour
 And you forget the Lord you should adore.
 Behold o'er yonder trees the evening star
 Twinkling so bright in its blue home afar,
 And see the crescent moon, her diadem,
 The golden stars that Heaven's curtain gem ;
 Homewards we'll go by this Ethereal Light,
 A blessing ask of Him, the king of night.

THE LITTLE GRAVES.

There are two little graves in yon churchyard,
 A mother's fondest hopes lie buried there ;
 Two babes there slumber in the sleep of death,
 Lost to the world, unknown to all its care ;
 Their mother wept the more to think of two
 Thus gone, that both her babes must die ;
 Mother, in bitter grief, forget not hope