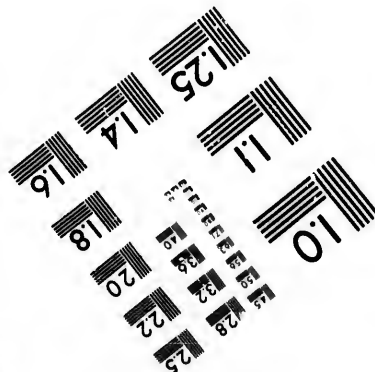
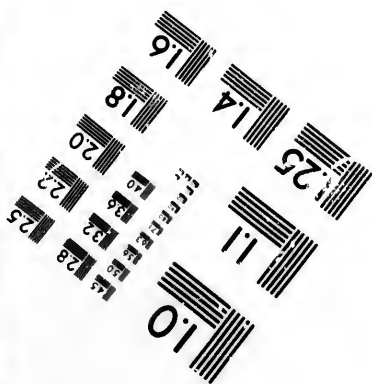
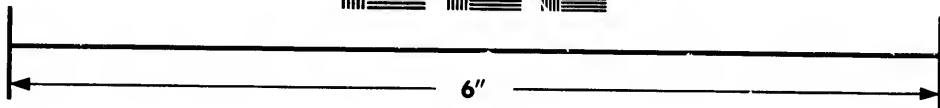
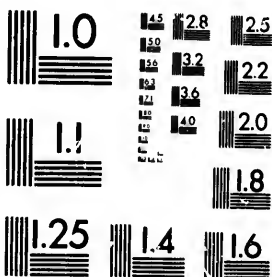


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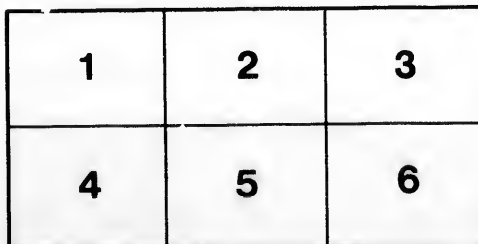
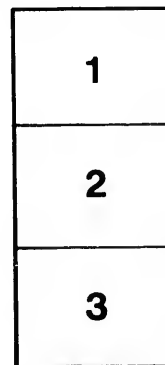
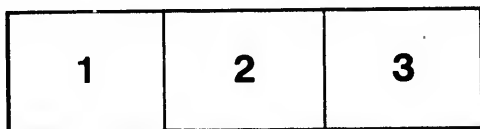
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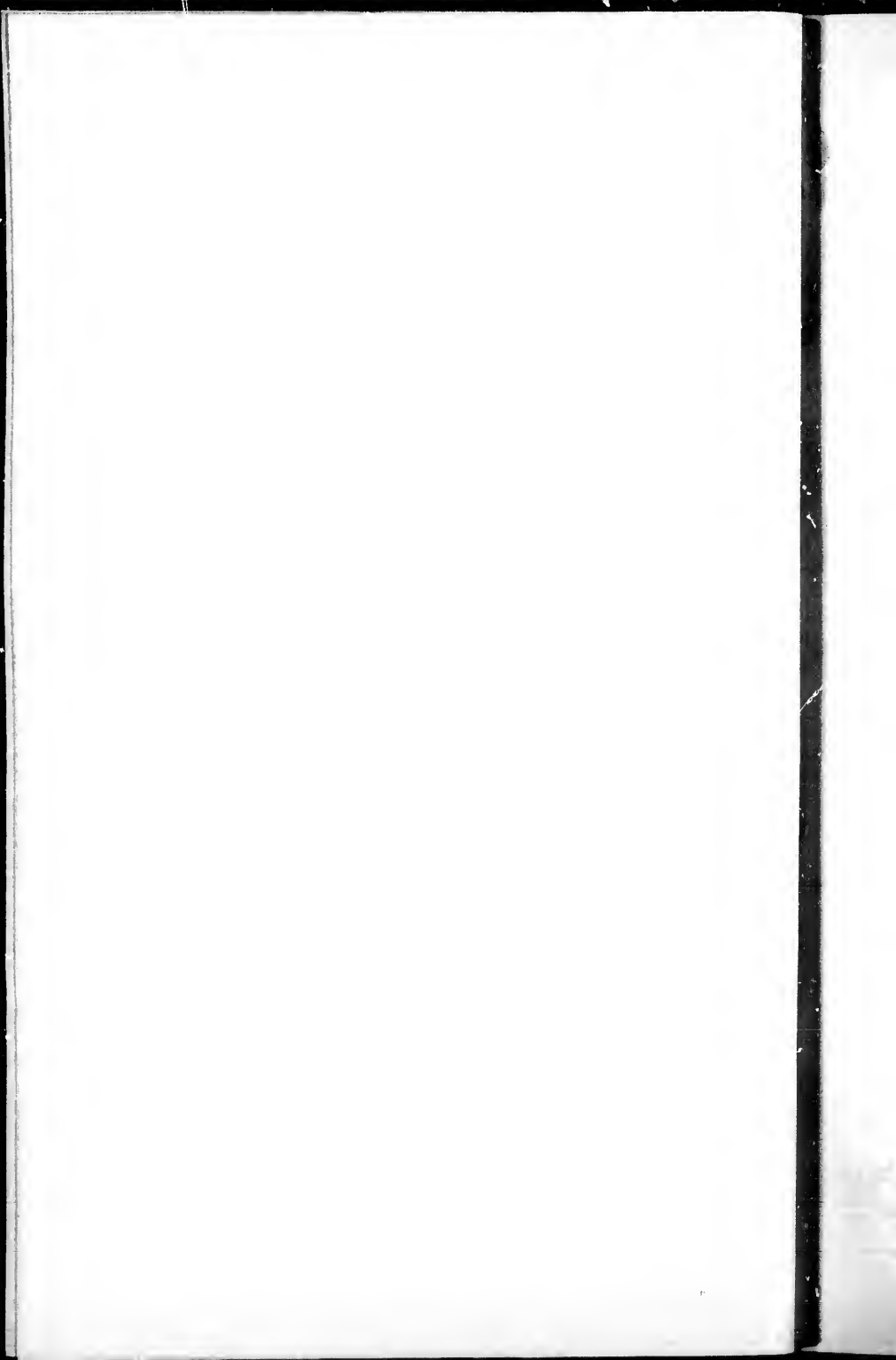
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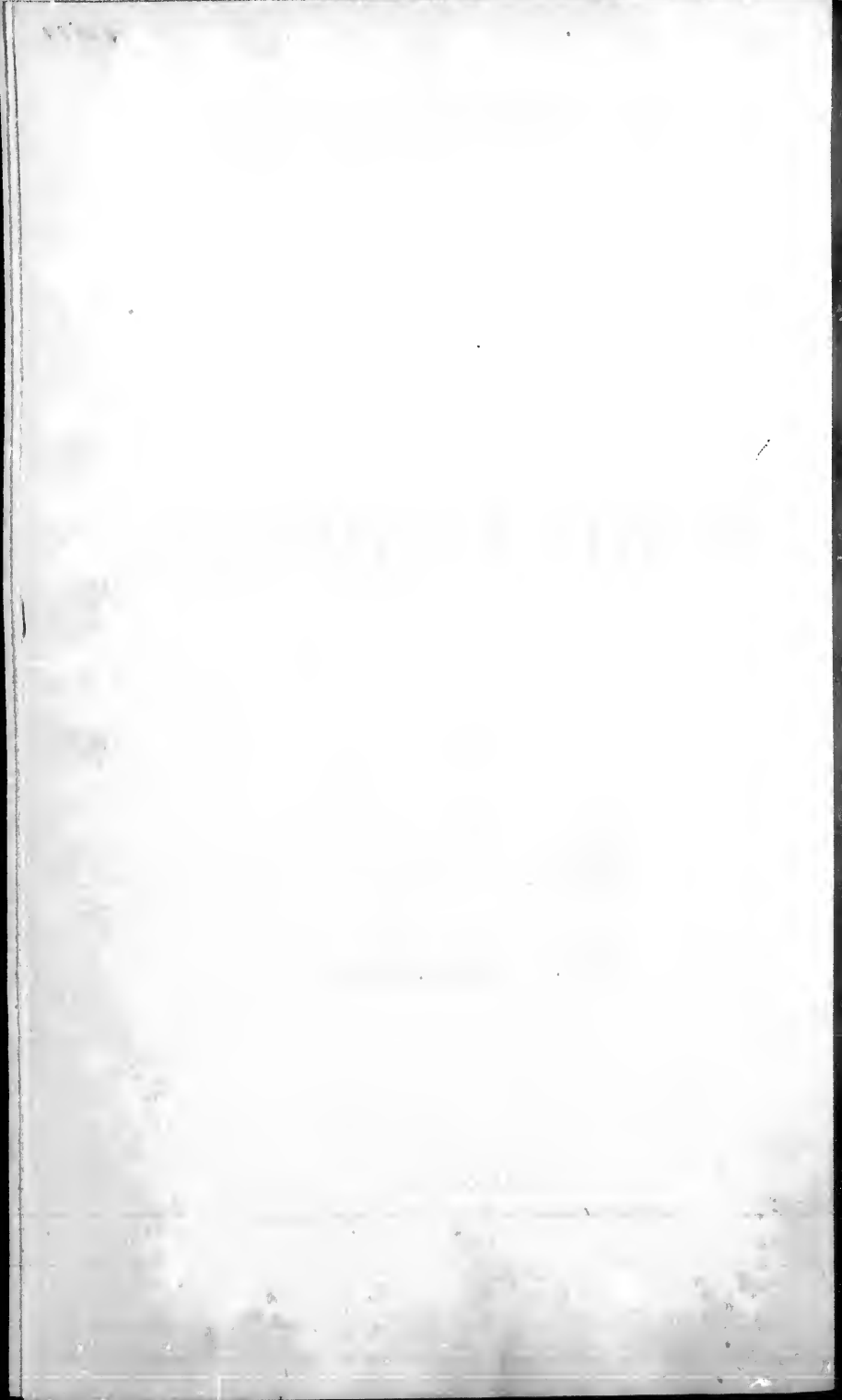
A WREATH
OF
WILD FLOWERS.

BY

Mrs.

M. J. THAYERS.

TORONTO:
PRINTED BY MORTON & CO., 40 CHURCH STREET.
1877.



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P R E F A C E .

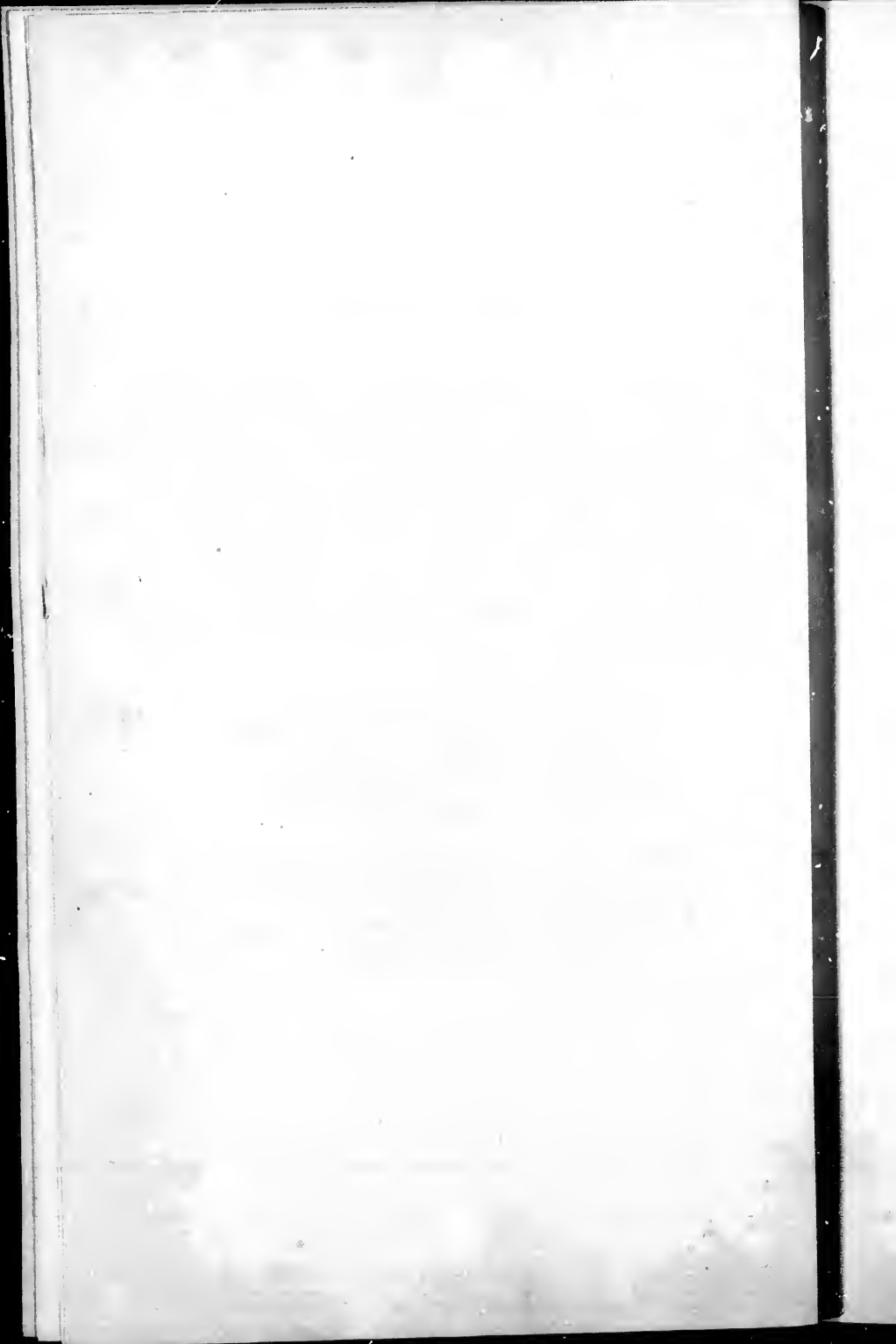
IT was the intention of the writer of these poems to have issued a book of larger size, but circumstances have prevented her from doing so ; hence many pieces have been withheld which would otherwise have appeared ; but she trusts these few "wild flowers from thought's wild field" will be looked on with a kindly eye by the indulgent reader.

A fairer wreath I would have brought,
A garland beautiful,
Without a weed, where ne'er a leaf
Would wither or grow dull.

But say not these which now I bring
Have all been twined in vain,
For most were gathered in dark days,
And wove in hours of pain.

Toronto, April, 1877.

M. J. T.



MOTHER'S ROOM.

Bright, airy rooms and spacious halls,
And beautiful emblazoned walls,
Sweet scenes of every shade were there,
And all was beautifully fair
 Around my childhood's home.

My heart clings round the dear old times,
When sitting 'neath the shady limes
Watching the white swans glide away,
Or listening to the fountains play,
 A happy boy at home.

But sweeter far than all the rest
One spot there was I loved the best ;
In every nook were books and flowers,
And there I passed my brightest hours.
 It was my Mother's Room.

And rocking-horse, hoops, bats and balls,
Kites, spades, and toys round play-room walls,
I'd leave them all and steal away,
E'en story-books aside I'd lay
 To find my Mother's Room.

A smile, a kiss would welcome me,
And then I'd climb upon her knee,
My little head lean on her breast,
And never long for sweeter rest,
 Than found in mother's room.

My little sorrows she would hear,
And kiss away the falling tear,
Then I would never more feel dull,
All was so bright and beautiful
 In Mother's little room.

In gentle voice she often read,
What our Lord Jesus did and said,
And then I'd kneel low at her side,
While she asked God to guard and guide
 My life in that dear room,

My boyhood's days are gone, are fled,
And mother slumbers with the dead ;
And other scenes now greet my eyes,
And round my heart cling tender ties ;
 But, oh ! that little room.

'Tis held in fond remembrance dear,
For every gentle word and prayer,
Forget that room I never can,
For if aught's noble in the man,
 'Twas wrought in childhood there.

No spot on earth can be so dear ;
With gentle tread I enter there,
For mother's hand was on my head,
When voices whispered, " She is dead,"
 And bore me from the room.

'Tis guarded now with sacred care,
We seem to feel her presence there ;
Fresh flowers do every morning fill
The vases on her table still ;
And when our hearts with grief are riven,
Or if we want to think of Heaven,
 We go to Mother's Room.

OH! LEAVE ME NOT YET.

Oh! stay awhile ; stay awhile ; don't go away ;
Kind, beautiful birdies, I've something to say.
I love all that is lovely, pure and true,
My soul is now longing to chatter with you.

So many dear friends have gone my heart loved,
Whose friendship I've tested, who faithful have proved.
Then, sweet, timid treasures, a little while stay ;
I love you, I love you—oh! don't go away.

The pale summer roses have faded and fled,
The jessamine blossoms lie scattered and dead,
And all the fair flowers are saying good-bye,
And some of your mates no longer are nigh.

Yellow leaves are lying all withered and sere
Though Autumn's soft footsteps are scarcely here.
At the loss of these friends, my eyelids are wet,
Then, beautiful songsters, oh! leave me not yet.

For life is so chequered, true friends are so few,
My heart-strings are twisted and twined about you ;
E'en grief falls asleep 'neath your soft, soothing lay,
Then, dear little birdies, oh! don't go away.

And yet it is selfish to ask you to stay ,
When I owe you far more than I ever can pay ;
But, birdies, sweet birdies, my bosom doth swell,
Oh! I feel it is hard to bid you farewell.

But should I be gone when next you appear,
One cherished request I ask with a tear ;
Will you find out the spot where they give me a grave,
And sing o'er my dust, 'tis all that I crave.

A BROTHER'S LOVE, OR THE CAT'S
RAPHAEL.

Silent and cold the poor young artist sat,
The easel standing close beside his chair,
A weeping boy, bending o'er a dead cat,
Stood on the canvass, freshly painted there.

Bending in sorrow o'er the much-loved dead,
In silent grief the artist's brother stood,
With lips pressed close, close to the cold forehead,
And then he wept, wept tears like unto blood.

My brother! oh! my brother! can it be
That I have found thee thus, he murmured low;
Oh! Gotfried, would, would I had died for thee,
Then I had never felt this crushing blow.

I know thy name will live while artists be,
Lovers of art will twine thy wreath of fame;
But, Oh! my brother, what is that to me?
For it will only gild a dead man's name.

But could'st thou smile again, and feel the kiss
Which now I press, press on thy cold, dead brow?
Oh! Gotfried, this would give me deeper bliss
Than all the flowers Fame's hand may offer now.

The world thy name at one time never knew,
But as a poor, a poor, half-witted boy;
But we, we two in love, together grew,
No mother's smile did fill our hearts with joy.

We knew she died, and slept low in the grave;
That she had loved us; but we knew no more.
Oft, hand in hand, we watched the grass there wave,
There oft we wept, because we were so poor.

But now thy name will pass from tongue to tongue,
 Another Raphael will the world now see ;
 But I must weep and sigh, and sorrow long :
 Fame will not give my brother back to me.

She cannot light again those faded eyes,
 To rest in Love's soft radiance on me.
 This dear, dear hand, cold, motionless it lies—
 She cannot make the blood run warm and free.

Thy voice, so mute, she cannot let me hear ;
 She cannot bring the smile I loved to see ;
 She cannot make thee feel thy brother near,
 Nor can she tell what grief is his for thee.
 My brother—thou'rt dead—all else is blank to me.

“A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.”

A child rose from her slumbers,
 And bowed her sunny head,
 Folded her little fingers
 Beside her snowy bed.

For blessings through the night,
 Her simple thanks did pay,
 And prayed the Angels might
 Protect her through the day.

The sceptic father heard
 The little lisper's prayer,
 And all his views absurd
 Were buried then and there.

“A little child shall lead them ;”
 The Bible tells us so.

A dying child moaned low,
"Oh! father do not sin,
God's kingdom, pa, you know,
Will take no drunkards in."

And written on her brow
Was infantine despair ;
E'en Death softened his brow,
Touched by the dying prayer.

The pearly gates of light
Opened, and she passed in,
And on the self-same night
The father ceased to sin.

"A little child shall lead them ;"
The Bible tells us so.

A tender mother lay
Upon her dying bed,
And found it hard to say,
"God's will be done," she said.

The struggle lasted long,
Then came deep inward peace ;
'Twas by a soft sweet song
Our Father sent release—

Sung by her own dear child—
The theme—"God's Fatherhood :"
The dying parent smiled,
And left her babe to God.

"A little child shall lead them ;"
The Bible tells us so.

BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

Reserve your best smiles deep down in your heart,
When you with acquaintances roam,
And when you have done with the world's busy mart,
Go lavish them freely at home.

Retain your best looks whoever you meet,
And however life's billows may foam ;
Oh ! cherish sweet love, for life-joys are so fleet,
For the dear ones toiling at home.

As actions speak louder than words anyway,
Then scatter sunshine and not gloom,
'Mong the loved ones who study your comfort by day,
And at eve make cheery your room.

Press gently the hand or give a soft look,
For your favourite tasty repast,
A richer reward than trinket or book,
To keep a heart warm to the last.

Your home may be lowly and you may be poor,
And far from the land of your birth,
But if love's golden star shines in at your door,
'Tis the brightest abode upon earth.

Oh ! cherish the loved ones that walk by your side,
While over life's desert you roam ;
If they should go first o'er death's waiting tide,
And enter the bright, better home ;
'Twill cheer you to think, when left alone sad,
And pining for those who made your heart glad,
You were kind when they were at home.

COME AND SHELTER HERE.

(THE BOYS' HOME, TORONTO.)

Come, friendless, homeless orphans,
Dry the scalding tear,
For tender, loving voices
Bid you welcome here.

Come, poor, neglected children,
From sad haunts of sin ;
Here hearts brimful of pity
Wait to take you in.

Come, little, wandering outcasts,
Frozen with the cold :
O! come and find warm shelter
In this welcome fold.

Come, destitute and helpless,
Sorrowful and sad ;
You, who have had no childhood,
O! come and be made glad.

Come, ragged, hungry, dirty,
No harsh words you'll hear,
Love, sympathy and comfort,
Food and raiment here.

Come, lonely and forsaken,
Poor, deserted boys ;
O! come and share Home's blessings,
And all her offered joys.

Come, kindly hands will guide you
To a nobler road,
Which leads to honour, happiness,
And finally to God.

Followers of Him who came
 To seek and save the lost ;
 Fulfil His blessed will,
 And keep his sacred trust.

Gather the outcasts in,
 And win a star-gemmed crown ;
 Do it alone for Him,
 Who for the lost came down.

Soon will this life be o'er ;
 Soon will your race be run ;
 Soon will you hear your Saviour's voice
 Pronounce the glad, " Well done."

" Because ye did it unto these,
 The very least, for me ;
 Come up, ye blessed, enter in,
 And all My glory see."

THE WANDERER.

He bent low o'er the burial stone
 Of her who loved him best ;
 Hot tears were falling one by one,
 Down where her head did rest.

Mother, he murmured, sad and low,
 Oh ! would I now could rest
 My aching head, my throbbing brow,
 Once more upon your breast.

For you would draw me close, and kiss
 Away this burning pain ;
 Would love me still ; yes, even bless
 Your sinning boy again.

You, mother, would not Albert say ;
But Bertie—my pet name—
My mother, you would kneel and pray,
Not tell me of my shame.

Oh! would I were again a boy,
And hear you fondly say :
“ Bertie, my sunshine, pride and joy ;”
But, oh ! 'tis passed away.

They're gone, they're gone, those precious days
Forever passed away ;
Oh, mother! mother! Bertie prays
To sleep low with thy clay.

How oft we sat, those bright, bright days,
Beside your white-rosed tree,
Where still the sparkling fountain plays,
I nestling on your knee.

You spoke so tender, soft, and low,
Called me a treasure rare,
When stooping down to kiss my brow,
And stroke my curly hair.

Oh! could I but those days recall,
So full of bliss to me,
Such beauty through the wide-world all
I ne'er again shall see.

Come back to find my mother dead !
Dead! all my heart did crave,
Nowhere to lay my weary head
But on my mother's grave.

Oh! mother, mother, now above,
 In everlasting joy,
 Oh! will you not look down in love
 On your repentent boy.

Blest spirit, O! Methought you could
 Calm my wild grief to peace;
 Henceforth I'll walk where walk the good,
 By help of God's free grace.

Sweet angel mother! be my guide,
 Till life's last path is trod—
 Until I find me by thy side,
 In the pure light of God.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. GEO. LEWIS,
 P. M. MINISTER, TORONTO, ONT.

Tears are falling, hearts are sighing,
 For a noble life is gone;
 For a Prince in Israel's fallen,
 Fallen with his armour on.

Fallen, and the Church is mourning
 O'er her great, her gifted son;
 Fallen, doing glorious battle,
 And the victory's early won.

Fallen—but attending angels
 Bore the spirit home to God;
 Borne on snowy wings of Seraphs,
 To its pure, its blest abode.

Hosts of worthies now made perfect,
 Hail him welcome to the skies;
 From the highest courts of Heaven,
 Soft, sublimer notes arise.

As the great, the grandest plaudit
Comes from Jesus' lips, "Well done,"
Enter good and faithful servant,
Take the crown so nobly won.

Brethren, weep, but gather nearer
The great shadow of the cross ;
Lift the blood-stained banner higher,
For the Church ill spares her loss.

Widow, clad in sable robes,
Mourning now in sorrow deep,
Lean upon the arm of God,
Faithful will his promise keep.

Husband tender be to thee,
Father to thy darling child,
Through the darkness safely guide,
To the palace undefiled.

There to find your precious dead,
Never more to say farewell ;
There to prove thy loss was gain,
And He doeth all things well.

Parents, mourning o'er the grave
Of your cherished much-loved son,
Heaven the mist will clear away,
Why his work so soon was done.

Why so early sink to rest,
Why first go the brightest, best,
Heaven the great grand truth will tell,
He liveth long who liveth well ;
How deeds are measured and not years,
Will all be seen when Christ appears,
To meet the rising dead.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. D. LEWIS,*

(Who Died While Studying for the P. M. Ministry.)

He sleeps in death's deep solemn sleep ;
 A widow and fond parents weep ;
 While orphan-babes look on and sigh,
 And ask, Why did our father die ?

He sleeps, and will no longer rule
 Christ's nursery—the Sabbath-school—
 No more the church his aid will share—
 No more will hear him plead in prayer.

He sleeps ; but 'tis a blessed sleep ;
 So calm, so pure, that angels keep
 Their station round the sleepers tomb,
 Shedding soft sunlight 'midst the gloom.

He sleeps ; and all life's toil is done ;
 The battle's fought, the crown is won ;
 Faith gently draws the veil aside,
 And bids you look o'er Jordan's tide.

She smiles, and pointing up on high,
 Whispers—he lives, no more to die—
 He lives where sorrow ne'er shall reign ;—
 He lives, and you will meet again.

*The Rev. George and Mr. David Lewis were brothers,
 and died within a fortnight of each other, during the Summer of
 1873, of typhoid fever.

TO THE MOON ON A MISTY NIGHT.

Why dost thou veil thy face,
Beautiful Queen of night?
Why hid'st thou thy calm, soft smile,
Beautiful Orb of light?

O beautiful, pale moon!
Would'st thou a lesson teach
To us poor mortals who oft crave
For things beyond our reach?

Or dost thou shade thy brow,
That we may look beyond
The fading joys and hopes of earth,
Of which we grow too fond?

And would'st thou bid us look
Through sorrow's veil of night
To scenes of radiant, rapturous joy
And floods of sweet delight?

Would'st speak of yonder land,
To our benighted minds,
Where beams of purer, rarer light
Than thy fair radiance shines.

THE RAILROAD.

Two children—a boy and girl—
Both full of life and glee,
The little boy some six years old,
The baby-girl just three.
"Sis," said the bright-eyed laughing lad,
"Let us at railroad play,
I'll be conductor, engine too,
The game will be so gay.

This low foot-stool shall be the car,
 And you the passenger,
 And when I puff and scream and shout,
 Sit still and do not stir,
 Get in—sit so—now, we will start ;
 But mark you what I say—
 Don't speak until I name the place
 Where you intend to stay."

A puff, the stool flew o'er the floor,
 And then stopp'd with a jerk ;
 And with a voice full loud the boy
 Named his first place—"New York."
 Backwards and forwards went the stool
 Across the play-room floor,
 He shouting places till he found
 He had no more in store.

All towns and cities—all he knew—
 Not many had been given ;
 Then, as a last resource, he stopped,
 And cried out loudly,—“Heaven.”
 And then the little passenger,
 In lisping tones, but clear,
 Said : “Dis must be the nicest pace ;
 I des I'll det out here.”

Oh, would we larger children learn,
 When gracious calls are given
 To leave earth's gay pleasure car,
 Which oft leads far from Heaven :
 Hear, 'mid the empty songs of earth,
 Strains from the higher sphere,
 And bid the driver stop, and say,
 “I guess I'll get out here !”

IT.

lad,

SONS OF THE SEA-GIRT ISLE.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Sons of England Benevolent Society.)

From whence came ye? Who were your sires?
 Can ye true kindred claim
 With that brave race and glorious land
 Which heads the scroll of fame?
 Can you call that proud land your own
 Which gave those heroes birth;—
 A land whose light illumes the world,
 And gladdens all the earth;—

A land of happy cottage homes,
 And proud ancestral halls;—
 A land on which the smile of God
 Serenely, softly falls;—
 A land that's blessed with Bible-light,
 And Heaven's most gracious smile,—
 Upheld by good and righteous laws,
 Is Britain's sea-girt isle.

Standing beneath the red-cross flag—
 Whose glory gilds a world—
 Peace, happiness and love abound
 Wher'ere it is unfurled,
 Beneath that grand old glorious flag,—
 Beneath its folds of light
 Well may ye boast of pride of birth,
 And glory in your right.

Beneath its wide, wide sheltering folds,
 From every clime and tongue,
 Outcasts and homeless wanderers
 May find redress for wrong;

Borne high by liberty, it waves
A welcome full and free ;
Tho' old and battle-worn, it is
The pride of land and sea.

My brethren! have you ere forgot
Where first you knelt in prayer,
Where first you saw a mother's smile,
And felt a father's care?
Have you forgot those temples fair
Which stud the God-blest soil,
Where voices blend and prayers ascend,
From peers and heirs of toil?

Can ye forget those classic halls,
That grace your native land,
Whence culture sendeth forth her sons,
A royal, noble band?
Can ye forget those graves where lie
The great, the wise, the good—
The brave, large-hearted ones who gave
For freedom's cause their blood?

Can ye forget those deathless names,
That beam on glory's scroll,—
Those names that cannot but inspire,
Nobility of soil.
Then, oh! my brother Englishmen,
Your birth-right ne'er disgrace ;
Remember, ye are offsprings of
A noble, generous race!

Remember! that your glorious sires
Were men of truth and might,
Stand to their motto, nobly stand—
"For God---God and the Right!"

Uphold, ye Sons of England,
Your country's world-wide fame;
Walk worthy of the land you love,---
Worthy the land you claim.

IN BETTER CARE.

I loved him too fondly, I loved him too well,
With a wild idolatrous love;
God removed him and gave him in tenderest care,
To a better child-lover above.

Friends folded his robes, and gathered his toys,
And put them all gently away;
And I thought that the sun had forever gone down,
And not left behind him a ray.

And I stole to the room, away to my dead,
And kissed the beautiful clay;
Then fell on my knees, and leaned my lone head
On the little white coffin, to pray.

And slowly my tears fell on the fair buds
That gleamed in the soft, sunny hair,
And rolled on the shroud, and the dear little hands
So cold and unearthly fair.

And I vowed by the side of my beautiful dead,
Where I read Death's message so plain,
That I never would worship unlawfully more,
And never make idols again.

And I thought, as I kissed the sleeper's pale lips,
They whispered "Amen" to my prayer,
And the rose-buds that circled the beautiful head
Smiled sweeter and lovelier there.

ONE OF GOD'S HEROES.

Close the door softly,—come gently away ;
He is resting forever ; my son ;
He was one of God's heroes that poor peasant lad,
And his heaven-wrought crown is now won.

Yes ; one of God's heroes ; He has many down here
Both strong to suffer and bear,
Who struggle and win in the battle of life,
But their brows are unlaurelled down here.

They follow their Leader—Christ Jesus, our Lord ;
You heard his name often to-day ;
'Twas last on the lips of that suffering lad,
Who has just passed from sorrow away.

They are true noble heroes ; God's heroes, my son,
Tho' their names the world may not hear ;
They are written in tears—oft written in blood—
On a scroll that surpasses all here.

God's heroes are found in every land,
No matter what name or what race ;
They fight and they conquer, they suffer and do,
Through the strength of His matchless grace.

YEARNINGS.*

Oh, how I long to wander in the woods,
And sit beneath some sheltering, shady tree.
To bend and kiss the beautiful spring buds,
Then gaze around, and God in Nature see.

Oh! how I yearn to tread the mossy dell,
And nestle on the fair, green, grassy sod,
And revel 'mid the scenes I love so well,
Beauties admire, where I in health oft trod.

Oh! must I never, never rove again
At silent eve, and view the sleeping flowers?
Must, must I linger on this couch of pain,
Far from those beautiful sweet shady bowers?

If so, then Father! give, oh give thy child—
Thy wandering, faithless, erring one,
A temper meek, and resignation mild;
Oh! help my heart to say, "Thy will be done."

*Written during affliction.

THEY BROUGHT HIM ON HIS SHIELD.

They raised the youthful warrior from
The blood-stained, gory field,
And laid the brave, dead soldier boy,
Down on his battered shield.

And e'en in death, the lad's proud eye
Seemed to retain its fire,
As though the fatal blow had raised
His daring courage higher.

And tho' the blood-bespattered brow
 No frown wore now 'twas cold,
 A flush of joy seemed resting on
 His cheek of Grecian mould.

And round the beautiful carved lips,
 Curled something like a sneer,
 To let his Spartan Mother know,
 Her boy had known no fear.

And if no glossy laurel twined
 Around the pale young brow ;
 Dark crimson drops had left their stains,
 A prouder wreath to show.

The mother, bending o'er the form,
 Dead on the shield she gave,
 Read in the features at her feet,
 Her cherished boy died brave.

Long, long and silently she gazed,
 And kissed, with a sad smile,
 The gift, the noble gift which Heaven
 Had sent her for awhile.

THE DYING SAILOR BOY. +

They bore him from the deck, and laid
 Him in his hammock low,
 And his bronzed brow, where smiles oft played,
 Looked pale and solemn now.

They thought their favourite was dead,
 And all stood silent round ;
 But when they raised his wounded head
 He faintly breathed, they found.

When conscious, he looked all around,
And drew from 'neath his head
A Bible, very neatly bound,
And, smiling, calmly said :—

“This precious book my mother gave
To me before she died,
She said, would I be good and brave,
This book must be my guide.

“I took it from her dying hand—
So very white and fair—
Meet me, my boy, in yon blest land,
Was mother's dying prayer.

“She drew me close to fondly press
Her pale lips on my brow,
And passed away with that last kiss,—
I feel its impress now.

“Ernest, I'll give this book to you ;
Prize it wher'ere you roam ;
You'll find its every promise true ;
'Twill guide the soul safe home.

“When I fell down from yonder mast,
All fear it chased away,
And now this hour has come—my last—
Its truths are all my stay.

“Just read about those mansions fair—
The chapter's marked in John—
I'd like to hear those words—so rare—
Of Christ's ere I am gone.

Thank you ; don't cry ; I'm going home—
 Home to those mansions fair,
 And you'll come, Ernest, won't you come ?
 Oh ! say you'll meet me there.

“ Hush, Ernest, hush, my mother's come !
 Look ! 'tis no time for tears.
 Her robe is bright with Eden's bloom ;
 See ! what a smile she wears.

“ You cannot see her ? She doth bend
 Low o'er my hammock now.
 Ernest, do look ; love, beauty, blend
 Around her saintly brow.

“ O mother, angel-mother mine !”
 (No other words were said),
 And with a smile so pure, divine,
 Low drooped his curly head.

No waving plume, no tolling bell,
 No stately mourning car ;
 No empty grief, but hot tears fell
 O'er that young British tar.

In silence bent they o'er the dead ;
 Blanched was each sun-scorched brow ;
 The glory of the wave they spread,
 And all was ready now.

Then gently—as with woman's hand—
 They raised the lifeless form ;—
 A shudder passed through that brave band
 That never feared a storm.

The waves were still ; the wind just sighed—
 In keeping with his sleep—
 With quivering lips they let him glide
 Low down into the deep.

A dull, sad sound ;—then all was o'er ;
 He found a sailor's grave ;
 They gazed, and saw ; but saw no more—
 A ripple on the wave.

HE SLEEPS WITH ENGLAND'S DEAD.

He sleeps with England's great and good,
 With England's noble dead ;
 Where could her favourite statesman* sleep
 But in a royal bed ?

His name had been a tower of strength--
 When foe's the land did dread ;
 Where could she lay his head to rest
 But with her mighty dead ?

Familiar he with every court,
 Each cabinet well he read ;
 Well worthy now a name and place
 With England's princely dead.

The lowly and the noble born
 Wept when he bowed his head,
 And cried his resting-place must be
 With England's glorious dead.

*Lord Palmerston.

At home, abroad, his deeds were known,
 World-wide his greatness spread,
 And so they laid him gently down
 With England's matchless dead!

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. WM. LYLE,

P. M. MINISTER, TORONTO.

No hostile foes were nigh,
 No sound of battle-cry,
 But calm the warrior lay, viewing the sunlit shore,
 Where white-robed victors stood, waiting his coming o'er,
 And angels standing by,
 To bear his soul on high.

Music, sweet, soft and clear,
 Falls on his dying ear,—
 A holy smile illumines the conqueror's face,
 And beams from glory-land enlightens all the place,
 A grand, sweet scene is here,
 Too sacred for a tear.

Then came the last fond look,
 And the last words were spoke
 To dear ones gathered round.—
 This was the last request his quivering lips let fall:—
 "Speak not of me, but Him ; say Christ is all in all,"
 And then Heaven's glory broke ;
 The ransomed spirit took
 Flight to celestial ground.

BEAUTIFUL TREES.

Ye beautiful whispering, towering trees,
 How sweet to the soul is such company;
 Softly I list for your voice in the breeze
 Bringeth no mystic language to me,
 Beautiful, waving, rustling trees.

Lifting your crown-crested heads to the skies,
 With soul enrapt I tearfully gaze,
 Yet with wondering awe and trembling, I
 List to your musical anthem of praise,
 Beautiful, soul-inspiring trees !]

Whilst I, poor I, so erring, so weak,
 Too often forget your Maker and mine,
 For mercies and blessings so seldom I speak,
 And your hymn of praise is almost divine,
 Beautiful, grand, melodious trees !

Beautiful, beautiful soul-stirring trees!
 Teach whilst I rest 'neath your sweet, gentle shade,
 A hymn of true thanks, our Maker to please,
 From the lips of the heart to be paid,
 Beautiful teachers, glorious trees !]

Sing on fair trees, sing on,
 Your song enraptures me,
 My soul is catching every note
 Of your grand melody.

The cloudlets o'er your heads
 Pause in their airy flight,
 To harken to your thrilling notes,
 Then smile and pass from sight.

E'en birds refuse to sing,
 Silent they perch to-day,
 To listen to your rapturous strain,
 Spell-bound on branch and spray.

The flowers at your feet,
 Look up with lovelier smile,
 The murmur of the brooks is still,
 All nature lists awhile.

Sing on fair trees, sing on,
 And charm e'en misery,
 Sing on and cause some saddened soul
 To sing in harmony.

Sing on, fair trees, sing on,
 Pour forth your music free,
 Till old and young join in the strain
 Of nature's wondrous glee,
 Sing on, fair trees, sing on.

ON THE BURIAL OF HENRY D'ARCY
 BOULTON,

GRAND MASTER OF L. O. A. O. OF BRITISH AMERICA,
 Who Died at Toronto, February 15th, aged 50 years

(Dedicated to the Loyal Body of Orangemen.)

Why tolls the solemn bell
 From yon cathedral tower ?*
 What mean those sable robes
 Of citizens who pour—
 All moving on with gentle feet—
 To Berkeley House, in East King Street ?
 Is some great chieftain dead ?

*St. James' Cathedral.

A WREATH OF WILD FLOWERS.

Ah! yes, a Prince is dead,
 In life's meridian gone,
 And sorrowing friends have come
 To look their last upon
 Remains of one who made no foes
 Lying in Death's deep, calm repose,
 Who fell with armour on.

Those ranged in double file,
 Those walking four deep
 In this vast funeral throng
 For a Grand Master weep.
 Grand Master of a Brotherhood,
 Whose laws are holy, just and good,
 -Called Loyal Orangemen.

This wide-spread Brotherhood,
 Have far their faith unfurled—
 That Christ, the Son of God,
 Is Saviour of the world ;
 That sinful man may be forgiven,
 And find the only way to Heaven
 Through Him—" The Crucified."

The institution stands
 On pillars firm and strong,
 And every member vows
 To guard against all wrong,
 To deeply venerate his God,
 And spread true charity abroad.
 Amongst his fellow-men.

Heaven's high and just commands
 To keep most faithfully,
 And next to them stand firm
 Unto his country.
 If for Victoria's Crown he should
 Be called upon to give his blood,
 To give it loyally!

And such it is well known
Was he in heart and sou!
For whom the mournfull bell
From yonder tower doth toll,
And brethren come from far and near
To drop a tributary tear
And pay this last respect.

He whom they truly mourn,
His time and talents gave
To serve their glorious cause
Up to the very grave,
And Henry D'Arcy Boulton's name
Will live while men do true hearts claim
To venerate the good.

Can it forgotten be
That death was near him when
He asked the smile of God
On brother Orangemen,
That the Almighty's blessing would
Rest on the assembled brotherhood
At Clinton in Grand Lodge?

That Wisdom, Prudence, Love
Might evermore preside,
And Christian charity
Their every action guide;
And then the pen dropped from his hand,
His spirit left this lower land
For the Grand Courts above.

And now he mingles with
 Those who so bravely stood
 Firm by a righteous cause
 Which wrought all people good,—
 Those who were born for that great end,
 Which, when fulfilled, did high ascend
 To hear the glad "Well done."

TO NELLIE.

Thou sendest, my friend, to me for advice,
 And a poor adviser am I ;
 Then the subject, it is so weighty, so great,
 On a wiser one thou must rely.

And marriage, dear Nellie, I think is a step
 Should be taken most carefully,
 For on it depends much sorrow or joy,—
 Much happiness or misery.

A match-maker, Nellie, I never have been,
 And I never intend to be ;
 So for future comfort or future woe,
 Consult some one better than me.

Some marriages, Nellie, are only in name,
 And know nothing of unity ;
 True marriages all are made up in Heaven,
 Some say, and I partly agree.

Then go and kneel down in thy chamber alone,
 And talk to thy Father in prayer ;
 Thou wilt soon know whom He hath chosen for thee,
 For thy heart will fix its love there.

Yes, thy heart will guide thee aright, Nellie,
 List thou to its truthful plea ;
 Let not fitful fancy tempt thee astray,
 Trust thy heart and trust it fully.

If it tells thee the man who seeketh thine hand,
 Can offer his whole heart to thee,
 And that no other one can ever have thine,
 Then take him, and you will agree.

THE DEAD BARD.

Beautiful flowers are scattered around,
 On carpet, on coffin and pall ;
 Love has been here, twining sweet wreaths,
 And letting soft tear-drops fall.

Loveliest flowers, on table, on desk,
 'Neath soft falling drapery white ;
 Beautiful sleeper ! his death-chamber looks
 So pleasant, so tranquilly bright.

Lift the lid gently—his glossy locks fall,
 Shrouding his pale, placid brow ;
 The garland God twisted around it in life,
 Is smiling in beauty there now.

Touch his lips softly—those eloquent lips—
 Whose music is echoing still,
 Floating away down valley and glen,
 Rising o'er mountain and hill.

Yes, this was his own, his favourite room,
 Where he loved to compose and to write,
 He breathed his last here ; I wish you had heard
 The words he uttered that night.

That lovely garland of fragrant flowers,
 The sweetest, the fairest, the best,
 We culled them with care from his favorite bowers,
 And twined them to lay on his breast.

We must give him a calm, a shady grave,
 Where the bright, glassy brooklets flow ;
 Sweet birds must sing, and fair trees must wave
 Where one of God's singers sleeps low.

TO A COLUMBINE.

(Composed while Gathering Flowers.)

Lift up thy brow, poor little flower,
 I will not pass thee by,
 True, I have here some choicer ones,
 But they 'erelong will die.

I like the colour of thy dress—
 A pale, sweet modest pink ;
 And tho' they call thee "folly's flower,"
 Thou art a gem, I think.

Thy form is very beautiful ;
 Thy leaves are modelled rare ;
 I'll take thee tenderly, as I
 Have culled the fairest here.

I feel a sort of favourite love
 Within my breast for thee :
 Is it because thou whisperest
 That folly knoweth me ?

Then, for thy frankness, slighted flower,
 I'll honour thee to-day ;
 I'll place the crown upon thy brow,
 As Queen of my bouquet.

Sweet, God-sent flowers! my heart is full
 Of gratitude to you;
 I understand your language well,—
 It thrills me through and through.

Lonely or sad I cannot feel
 In company like this—
 O blessed flowers! ye bring bright hours
 And almost all I wish.

LET HIM BE HAPPY AWHILE. ✕

Pray, mother, don't silence your boy's merry glee,
 Oh! let him be happy awhile;
 Soon sorrow may come to dim that bright eye,
 And rob that fair brow of its smile.

Then, share in his mirth, and join in his glee,
 Make home a bright, blessed bower,
 That here he may come when childhood has fled
 For aid in temptation's strong hour.

Give him kisses in plenty, and smiles not a few,
 And let him oft pillow his head
 Low down on your breast, and pour out his grief
 In your ear without any dread.

And smooth out the cloud that ruffles his brow;
 He will feel your soft touch to life's end,
 And know and remember that you were his best,
 His very best earthly friend.

And would you have him tread in a straight path
 And never to wander astray,
 Then kneel, mother, kneel, and pray with your boy—
 Pray lovingly; earnestly pray.

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES SWAIN.

(The Manchester Bard—Died at Manchester, England, Sept., 1874.)

Proud Manchester weeps for her son,
Her bard—her much-loved Swain
Has left his silent harp unstrung,
Ne'er to be tuned again.

For he the call could not withstand
From yon congenial clime,
And now he tunes a deathless lyre,
Beyond the shades of time.

E'en while his spirit dwelt below,
Within a house of clay,
Bright visions broke upon his soul,
Which set her powers in play ;

Strains from the everlasting hills
Came wondrously sweet ;
Deep melody, sublimely soft,
Unto the bard's retreat.

Then, Manchester, cease, cease to weep ;
Thy poet could not stay,
For, listening to those rapturous strains,
He sighed to be away—

To join his school companion, friend,*
For whom he dropt a tear,
For whom he mourned—in touching strain—
The loss of one so dear.

That dear, belov'd friend of his soul,
Beckoned him o'er life's bound,
And now with all the great, the good,
They tread celestial ground.

*Referring to Swain's poem "In Memoriam."

Friendship's sweet link forever joined,
Which death snapped rudely here,
And dreams not realized below,
Are all perfected there.

There love and truth, in one bright chain,
Their happy spirits bind,
And all the soul's deep yearnings now
Full satisfaction find.

There the departed sons of song,
Sing welcomes loud and sweet,
And kindred spirits cluster round,
Their brother home to greet.

Then, Manchester, thy bard still lives—
Wipe off the falling tear—
Lives in a fairer, sweeter clime,
A nobler, purer sphere.

Then, lift, lift up thy drooping head,
Thy loss is His great gain,
And what he thought and wrote below,
Was labour not in vain.

Thy sorrow-clouded brow lift up—
Which o'er his grave droops low,
From that dear spot where sleeps his dust,
Shall leaves of beauty grow.

And thou shalt pluck the fair green leaves
For this dear bard of thine,
A beautiful unfading wreath
To lay upon his shrine.

ON THE SAME.

O thou deathless, bright and happy spirit,
 Reposing on the bosom of thy God,
 Tell, O tell us of the land thou dost inherit,
 Where angels dwell and spirits of the good.

Oh! can'st thou send no message, radiant one,
 No soft, sweet whisper on the gentle breeze,—
 No tidings of that land where thou hast gone,
 Where joys celestial ever more will please?

Or does that land surpass what fancy wrought
 When thou wast here and charmed us with
 thy song?

Or can no poet, with his mine of thought,
 Catch but a glimpse while mingling with
 earth's throng?

And are its glories so unfading bright
 We could not bear the scenes thou could'st
 unveil,

And if we could, would earth's dark shades of night
 Dim, mar, and all their wondrous beauty pale?

Then, we must die like thee,—
 Must tread where thou hast trod,
 To prove what 'tis to be—
 To be at home with God.

TO MRS. H.—, LONDON, ONTARIO.

Dear Mrs. H.—, I still retain—
 And trust I ever may—
 The memory of your gentle act
 One bright Dominion Day.

Don't you remember how it was?
 You came in soft and still,
 And, bending o'er my bed of pain,
 You kissed me with good-will.

And then you gently drew a chair
 And sat down by my bed ;
 You knew we were in trouble then,
 And tender words you said.

You passed your hand along my brow,
 And wiped away some tears
 That gathered thickly in my eyes,
 For then I felt sad fears—

Lest he whom I loved best on earth
 Should grieve too much for me,
 For that seemed worse than any pain
 Or any poverty.

When bidding me good-bye, you said :—
 “ Dont be offended, pray,
 But I've been thinking you must have
 Some strawberries to-day.”

You gave my hand a tender press,
 Then fled like light away.
 When you had gone, I found in it
 A piece of silver lay.

But, O! 'twas not the fifty cents
 That made the joy-drops run ;
 Nor yet the thought of strawberries,—
 'Twas how the deed was done.

TORONTO, July 1st, 1874.

ONLY.

Only a look--but scorn did dwell
In the cold, cruel dart ;
Only a look—but, oh ! it fell,
Crushing a noble heart !

Only a look—but then it came
From a pure, tender heart ;
Gently it fell like summer rain,
Soothing a life-long smart.

Only a word—an unkind word,
Spoken by lips we love,
And deep heart-burning thoughts were stirred,
No after words could move.

Only a word--a gentle word,
Whispered in grief's dark hour,
Gilding the path-way on life's road,
Like some lone desert flower.

Only a smile played round the lip,
And left a sneer there ;
It caused a faltering step to slip
Deep down to black despair.

Only a smile, but oh 'twas rife
With love, and beamed afar ;
It turned the current of a life,
And from it sprung a star.

Only a touch—but then it came
From a rude, unkind hand,
Causing a life to end in shame
That might have graced a land.

Only a touch—but softly laid
 On one in sorrow's hour,
 And it removed a heavy load
 When words, no words had power.

Only a tear—but 'twas brimful
 Of cruel, angry light,
 And, flashing on a burdened soul,
 It broke a heart out-right!

Only a tear—but oh! that tear
 From love's deep fount it run,
 And it alone had power to cheer
 When all, all else had none.

A look, word, smile—a touch, a tear,
 May wound, may heal, make sad, or cheer—
 ONLY! what magic power it brings,
 Life's road is paved with little things.

BORROW NOT.

Never give thy child a name
 Borrowed from some son of fame,
 For it will not make him great,
 Neither will it change his fate.
 Would'st thou have him on fame's scroll,
 He must climb to reach the pole.
 Toilers, all who have got there,
 Worked and won those garlands fair.
 Would'st thou see the laurel twine
 Or the glossy bay-leaf shine
 Round his temples? let him know
 They for workers only grow.
 Would'st thou have him gain renown?
 Bid him work, and win a crown.

GO, CULL ME FLOWERS.

Go, cull me flowers—dark, crimson flowers,
And leaves of evergreen ;
My garland is for one who bled
For Britain's Crown and Queen.

Not in hot action, but cool blood
My poor young hero died,
And his death-agonizing wail
Is still heard far and wide.

And will be heard for long, long years,
And in those years to come,
Will mothers tell unto their boys,
This loyal youth's dark doom.

I know some say he was unknown
To fame or gentle birth ;
I want not such to bring me flowers
For this brave, manly youth.

But you I ask who lovers are
Of loyalty and truth,
To come and help me twine a wreath
For my poor friendless youth.

To you I sue who proudly claim—
Where manhood ranks—a place,
Who render honour where 'tis due,
Despite of creed or race.

Unknown to fame,—then must true blood
For justice cry in vain.
Unknown to fame,—will this wash out
Fort Garry's foul, dark stain ?

Will two or five years' banishment
Atone for poor young Scott?
Or wipe the cruel, cowardly hands
Free from the deep red blot?

Ah, no! then haste and bring me flowers
Of rich, deep crimson dye,
He fell, the brave Canadian youth
For Queen and Country.

Devotion to her flag and laws
The rebels called a crime;
And so the brave, heroic lad
Must die before his time.

In fresh young manhood's morning bloom,
When life's fair hopes rose high,
A most intensely cruel death
Poor Thomas Scott did die.

Lay dying—struggling in his blood,
No loved one bending o'er
In that last hour of agony—
No pillow but his gore.

Then, haste and bring me blood-red flowers,
And leaves of cypress too,
For were not hopes asunder torn
And crushed when life was new?

And yet a few fair bursting buds,
Like rays of joy in grief,
Should mingle with the mournful leaves
In our memorial wreath.

For when that dark death scene was o'er,
We trust in Heaven he won
Sweet rest and life, eternal life,
Through God's beloved Son.

And that some angel softly twined
 Around the spirit-brow
 Fair leaves and sweet celestial flowers,
 Which bloom with deathless glow.

Ye maidens fair of Canada,
 Of you a boon we crave—
 A boon ye cannot well deny—
 Weep for the young, the brave.

Go, gather blue "Forget-Me-Nots"
 And sprays of laurel green
 For him who shed his young life's blood,
 And died for England's Queen.

TO THE LADIES OF THE GIRLS' HOME,
 GERRARD STREET, TORONTO.

[On seeing a letter in the "Leader," of August 27th, 1875, signed
 by "G. E. S.," asking for flowers and books for the sick.]

Dear Ladies,—I read in the "Leader" last night
 A letter from one "G. E. S.,"
 This writer I thought has a beautiful soul,
 And a heart that can feel for distress.

And I felt very sad because I was poor,
 And owned so few books, and less flowers ;
 For I have been sick, hence know how to prize
 Good volumes and beautiful flowers ;

And the writer speaks truth, when he—or she—says,
 Two things can enliven a room, [heart
 Can soothe the pain-stricken, and cheer the lone
 And rob the sick chamber of gloom.

Flowers, beautiful flowers, can speak to the soul,
 In language so tenderly sweet,
 Next to God's blessed word, they bid us to lay
 Our troubles all down at Christ's feet.

Our murmurs they hush, and bury our sighs
 Deep down in the cells of the heart,
 And make us feel sure our Father, our God,
 The rod in pure love doth impart.

They brighten dim eyes, and wreath pallid lips,
 And bring pleasing thoughts in dull hours ;
 Weak, thin hands they cause to fold in true thanks
 To the Maker and Giver of flowers.

Oh ! sisters I wish I had plenty of books,
 And a plot of beautiful flowers,
 To aid on your sweet, gentle mission of love,
 And help to make brighter dark hours.

A tear or two fell on the letter I read—
 The letter but yesterday penned ;
 And I laid the "Leader" aside with a sigh,
 Because I had nothing to send.

TO A HYACINTH.

(Standing by my sick couch.)

Welcome, thou lovely, charming flower,
 Again thou com'st to cheer my room ;
 Thy beauty gilds the passing hour,
 Thy sweetness drives away the gloom.

Emblem of hope, thou fairest flower—
 Perfect in form and full of grace,
 Beautiful thing, in gentle power
 Thou tell'st of love, of joy, and peace.

Thou speak'st of summer joys to come—
 In gentle tones sweet tidings bring,
 More dear to me than rose in bloom,
 Thou sweet, thou lovely child of spring.

Beautiful gem of Flora's train,
 I cannot help but love thee best,
 For thou did'st come when grief and pain
 Both dimmed my eye and heaved my breast.

I hail with joy thy sweet return ;
 Thou'st won my heart, sweet pretty flower ;
 I love, love well all Flora's train,
 But thou must be my favourite flower !

Dear flower—of pale sweet lavender,
 Rising 'mid tapering leaves of green,
 I bless the hand that sent thee here,—
 A tender comforter thou'st been.

THE PICTURE.

(Taken from a small Photograph.)

Yes, 'tis thyself, my gentle boy,
 Those lips, those eyes are thine ;
 The same fair brow, round which I saw
 The flowers of genius twine.

The same fair brow these lips have kissed,
 And yearn to kiss again ;
 The same sweet look that gave me joy,
 Now gives me heartfelt pain.

How oft, oft have I seen thee look
 As thou art looking now,—
 Thy hair brushed back—a crown of light
 Wreathing thy lovely brow.

The self-same little classic head
 That leaned upon my breast,
 The same soft cheek of rarest mould,
 This hand so oft caressed.

The dimpled chin so small and fair,
 All, all is just the same
 As when the hours flew joyously,
 And grief put in no claim.

Those bright, those happy bygone days
 Can ne'er forgotten be ;—
 How many sources of delight
 They brought to thee and me.

Those soft, brown eyes, they follow me
 When'er I pass thee by,
 And oft I think those precious lips
 Do quiver with a sigh.

When musing on thee, oft I think
 Thou speakest from the wall,
 And on thy little pictured cheek
 I see a tear-drop fall.

Sometimes thou smilest lovingly,
 And then my heart feels glad,
 And I forget thou art away,
 Or ever wast made sad.

Not all the wealth the world doth own,
 Not all its mines of joy,
 Could buy the picture of my dear—
 My gentle-hearted boy.

TO MAY—1875.

Sweet, beautiful May comes smiling this year,
 How she carries me back to the land I love dear,
 And brings in full view the kind ones at home
 And each lovely spot where my footsteps would roam,
 To the neat house of prayer commodious and light,
 With its minister's desk of pure snowy-white,
 And blue-velvet pannels with wreaths of gilt leaves,
 Where the pure-hearted men dropped the seed for their
 sheaves.

Then she gently leads me away with soft tread
 To a beautiful place where sleepeth my dead ;
 And I kneel me down low by mounds of soft grass,
 And look through the d^r as if it were glass,
 On calm pallid brows a lustering hair—
 Some glossy and dark, some wondrously fair,
 And I view pale fingers which oft I have pressed—
 They seem to touch lightly each flower-wreathed
 breast,

Dear eyes—I remember each glance and each hue,
 Altho' they are closed and hidden from view,
 Deep down in my heart is a feeling of pain—
 A yearning to see them all open again,
 And falls on the ground a sad bitter tear,
 While rises a pang and a dread, dread fear—
 That more of my loved ones may be with them laid
 When I kneel again here in memory's shade.
 May, beautiful May! thy smile can make glad,
 But oh! thou can'st whisper so mournfully sad,
 For when thou appeared in the year sixty-nine
 Old England looked gay in that first smile of thine,
 But my heart and others were fearfully sad,
 Thy soft soothing voice could not make us feel glad
 Tho' thou did'st thy best, sweet, beautiful May!
 And my thanks at thy feet I tenderly lay,

Tho' six years have passed, I remember all yet—
 Thy gentle sweet kindness I ne'er can forget,
 Thou camest on the deck and stood by my side,
 That morn I left England, and so gently thou tried
 In thine own sweet way to make it appear
 That the scenes I was leaving might all be found here;
 But sweet, lovely May I cannot here find
 The beauty, the bliss I then left behind.
 The "Alexander Marshall" on which we then stood,
 Thou smilingly said'st all about her was good.
 And a ray of thy smile fell soothingly soft
 On her "stars and stripes" waving high up aloft;
 O yes! thou wast kind to me, beautiful May!
 And kind to the weeping ones—now far away,
 And kind to the loved ones who stood by my side,
 As we looked our last on the land of true pride,
 And I thank thee again, mild, generous May
 For striving to cheer us so gently that day.
 O! I hail thy return with thankfulness true,
 In thy soft fleecy robes of silver and blue.

THE DENIAL.

No, Freddie, I could not give you that top,
 Nor yet that little round ball,
 Tho' it grieves me, child, to deny you a gift
 That seems so triflingly small.

But, there is nothing upon the what-not so dear
 As that top and companion—the ball,
 Why, Freddie, I can't look at either at times
 Without letting many tears fall.

But you can't understand how a top and a ball
To me should be preciously dear,
How two such small things can make my heart sad
Or cause me a sigh or a tear.

But should you from boyhood to manhood grow up,
And lose a treasure, a joy,
You will know why I prize with the tenderest care
Such things as a child's common toy.

You will know why I cannot allow you to touch—
Except with the gentlest care—
That barrow which stands in the corner, or e'en
To sit in that little low chair.

You will know why I keep locked up in a drawer,
Some things that are sacred to me—
Which would puzzle your brains very long to find out
Where their worth or beauty could be.

Oh! the hand that has spun that top,
And tossed that little red ball,
Has nestled so often in mine,
I have kissed those fingers small ;

It has shaded a little bowed head,
Whilst I sent up on high a low prayer
That the owner of that little hand
Might have Heaven's tenderest care.

It has passed along my brow—
Its touch was familiar there ;
It has softly carressed my cheek
And played with my unbound hair.

I have felt it around my neck
 At evening, morning and noon ;
 Oh ! I thought it a beautiful hand !
 And treasured it as a sweet boon.

The tiniest bit of soft moss,
 A leaf by the summer breeze fanned,
 A flower, a blade of green grass
 Can talk of that dear little hand ;

'Twould throw down the top or the ball,
 To smilingly, gleefully bring,
 And lay softly down in my lap
 An offering of Autumn or Spring.

'Tis the hand of my living-lost* boy,
 Who visits me only in dreams ;
 I fondle and gaze on it still
 Through memory's wonderful gleams.

Oh ! that beautiful, beautiful hand !
 I pressed it last with heart-pain,
 And God only knows if on earth
 I ever shall press it again.

*An adopted child who was taken from us under very painful circumstances.

ELLIE'S FLOWER.

Pale, lovely flower, I've come again,
 To talk with thee awhile,
 For naught remindeth me like thee
 How Ellie used to smile.

Sweet, fragrant gem ! how beautiful
 Thou lookest and smilest now ;
 Ah ! just such pure, sweet light as thine
 Once wreathed our Ellie's brow.

The fragrance of thy breath brings back
Her tender grace of mind,
'Twas thy soft voice when Ellie died
Which made me feel resigned.

Oh! had'st thou faded when she drooped
And passed with her away,
I could not come and talk with thee
Of her this summer day.

I never should have named this spot
My "Resignation Bower,"
Nor changed thine own sweet name to that
We call thee "Ellie's Flower."

Oh! had'st thou died when Ellie died,
Naught had been beautiful,
E'en songs of birds, of brooks, and trees,
All music had been dull.

But O thou livest yet, sweet flower,
And talkest oft to me—
In Ellie's voice—of joys gone by,
And joys which are to be.

SHE FADED WITH THE FLOWERS.

She faded when the flowers died,
Our loved, our beautiful;
Drooped in full beauty by our side
Just as the days grew dull.

Her brow so spiritually fair,
Looked beautiful in death,
No shade of sorrow lingered there,
No stain from evil's breath.

The lashes drooping kissed her cheek,
And veiled her death-dim eyes,—
That beamed with soul-light, soft and meek,
Blue as the azure skies,

And round her shoulders fell her hair
In waves of glossy brown,
Fair myrtle-leaves—so very fair,
Composed love's woven crown.

A beauteous smile which oft did play
Around her lips before,
Now settled sweetly on her clay
More beauteous than of yore.

Her last song lay upon the bed,
The pencil by its side,
We raised them reverently and read—
“The Robe awaits the bride.”

We copied out with trembling hand,
That last soul-thrilling lay,
Then passed it round the household band,
E'er we knelt down to pray.

'Twas moistened with the dew of grief,
When it was gently laid—
Wreathed round with choicest flower and leaf
Away within the shade.

Pencil and poem, long—so long—
Have lain with our sweet dead,
But oh! the music of that song
Has never, never fled.

'Twas meet that she, our gentle one,
 Should die when died the flowers,
 Should droop when summer-scenes were gone,
 And leave life's wintry hours.

HAVE I NO THANKS TO BRING?

(Written after being restored from a long Affliction.)

Father! have I no thanks to bring?—
 No song of gratitude to sing
 For all thy tender, matchless care,
 Thy gracious answers unto prayer?
 My heart, I know, is prone to sin,
 But has it no, no cord within
 To raise one thankful hymn of praise
 For blessings that illumine dark days;
 No grateful throb, Father, to Thee
 For boundless mercies unto me?
 In pain Thy messengers were near —
 Were sent to stay the starting tear;
 They softly smoothed my weary bed,
 And gently raised my drooping head,
 Whispered sweet tidings in my ear,
 And bade me trust Thee and not fear.

And now Thou hast removed the rod,
 Accept my thanks, tho' poor, O God,
 I bring on bended knee.
 Father! with reverence I kneel,
 Accept the thankfulness I feel
 For blessings great to me.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

Letters from home! kiss after kiss
Falls on each written sheet;
The dear, dear hands which traced the lines
My dim eyes plainly greet.

Letters from home! large tear-drops fall,
And roll upon the page,
And time seems to retrace her steps
To youth and childhood's stage.

Letters from home! Oh! how they bring
Forgotten things to mind;
Forgotten? nay, they but untie
What memory's cord doth bind.

Letters from home! O treasures rare.
Bedewed with many a tear;
How sweet, how sacred to converse
With those far off, yet near!

How sweet to know a father's hand
And heart sends what I hold;
And that a generous brother's love
To me doth wide unfold

The secret chambers of his soul,
The store-room of his heart,
That he may add unto my joy,
And in my grief take part.

With these dear letters in my lap,
My brow within my hand,
I sit and ponder till I think
I'm in my own dear land.

HE'S A MOTHERLESS BOY.

Oh! speak to him gently, he's a motherless boy ;
 No soft, tender hand his footsteps have led ;
 Oh! use him not rudely, no harshness employ,
 For no mother's breast hath pillowed his head.

Oh! think he'd no mother to teach him to pray,
 He never knelt down night and morn at her knee;
 No voice in soft tenderness taught him to say,
 Father in Heaven, from evil guard me.

Oh! think, only think of his sad cheerless hours ;
 A bright sunny childhood never was his ;
 Tears have stood on his cheeks like dew on the flowers
 As he sighed—but in vain—for one gentle kiss.

No mother to soothe in sorrow and blame ;
 No soft-loving hand to cool his hot head ;
 No voice in love's accents to murmur his name ;
 No mother to kneel and pray by his bed.

No mother! oh, chide him not ; cast back your mind ;
 Your childhood was bright with pleasure and bliss.
 Deal tenderly with him, be lovingly kind.
 No mother! what loss can be equal to this ?

TO GRACE.

Dear Grace, I do not like to hear
 Such sounding words from you ;
 Oh! let us still be girls in heart,
 As simple and as true.

Address me as in days gone by,
 Write in the plain old way,
 This new—but far from improved style—
 Drop altogether, pray.

I cannot think why Gracie writes
 Me in this high-toned strain,
 For her's is not a shallow mind,
 Nor was she ever vain.

Though she has passed youths' boundary line,
 And entered on wifehood,
 Her simple, gentle, graceful ways
 Will ever stand her good.

Dear Gracie, think of Ella's home—
 Lit up with love-light sweet—
 O what a lovely flower-clad bower
 For childhood's tender feet!

How swiftly Frank's feet homeward bends
 When office-hours are o'er,
 He never fails to meet a kiss
 And smile at his own door.

And all this pure domestic bliss,
 Which Ella's home contains,
 Is that those gentle, lovely traits
 Her girlhood had remains.

THOUGHTS OF AN ABSENT FRIEND.

Oh! Ella, would I had thee here,
 True friend of heart and mind,
 We'd roam o'er poesy's thornless fields,
 And choicest flowers find.

Oh! for a pure, whole-hearted friend,
My Ella, just like thee,
To cheer me up when I am sad,
Or join me in my glee.

Come, soothing tears, my heart feels lone,
Flow, softly flow, kind tears,
Come, dew of sympathy—Oh! come,
Dissolve these inward fears.

Roll, slowly roll, and bring relief,
Or bear away the pain—
The longing, yearning, deep desire
To see my friend again.

Come, as I kneel me lowly down,
With brow bowed in my hands,
And tell me there's another heart
That fully understands.

O precious drops! kind, friendly tears,
To thus, thus freely roll,
How tenderly you've soothed my heart,
And comforted my soul.

Each drop has whispered sweetly soft,
And has a token given
That I shall find some Ellas here,
And hosts of them in Heaven.

'TIS THUS THEY GO.

[On seeing a beautiful flower scatter its unfaded leaves on my
flower-stand.]

'Tis thus our household flowers fall,
'Tis thus our friends depart,
Ere life has blighted, beauty fled,
Or grief has caused a smart.

'Tis thus our dearest treasures go,
Love's chosen, sacred band ;
'Tis thus they drop into the grave,
Touched by an unseen hand.

Sweet flower ! I gazed on thee this morn
With glad admiring eyes ;
I look on thee this afternoon
With sorrowful surprise.

Like thee, our hopes droop and decay,
Our idols turn to dust ;
They have to fade away and die,
To teach our hearts to trust

In One—our elder Brother, Friend,
Whose all-surpassing love
Transplants our drooping, fading flowers
To deathless bowers above.

There we shall find them, every one,
Renewed in loveliness,
Smiling in sweet celestial bloom,
'Mid Eden's blessedness.

THE CHILD VIOLINIST—JAS. G. SPEIGHT.

(His last Prayer:—"Merciful God, make room for a little fellow.")

Dying in the dark and gloom,
 Father sleeps and cannot see,
 God of Mercy ; Oh ! make room
 For a little one like me.

Dying, dying all alone ;
 God of Mercy, look and see—
 Find a spot near Thy white throne
 For a little one like me.

God of Mercy, Oh ! make room
 'Mong yon bright, yon happy band,
 Where there is no night, no gloom,
 Let a little fellow stand.

God of Mercy, Oh ! make room .
 Near those angels, harp in hand,
 Where those deathless flowers bloom,
 Let a little fellow stand.

God of Mercy, Oh ! make room
 'Mong yon blessed company ;
 Let a little fellow roam
 With them by yon glassy sea.

Let a little fellow stand
 Near yon fair musicians there,
 Let him join yon choral band
 Let him learn their notes so rare.

Gracious God, Oh ! let him come,
 Earth is all too dark for me,
 Let some angel bear me home ;
 God of Mercy ! send for me.

ON THE SAME.

A child's last dying prayer—
Which nightly watchers bring—
Falls on the Father's ear
From off the seraphs wing,
A prayer so beautiful sublime,
It echoes through the sinless clime,
It charms the dwellers there.

The white-robed harpers pause,
Pause in their mighty song;
The angels' wings fold close,
They wait the answer, Come.
It rolls swift o'er the plains of light.
Haste! bear the child from earth's dark night,
Ye shining ranks, make room!

The pearly gates give way,
And music's favourite child
Enters without delay
The palace undefiled,
And throngs of bright ones crowd to see
The young immortal just set free,
And joyfully make room.

Then scenes surpassing bright
Attract his wondering gaze,
Absorbed in glorious light,
And Heaven's sublimer rays,
As angel-fingers touch the lyre,
And hallowed strains rise sweeter, higher,
To greet the child of song.

Beautiful gifted boy!
Found everlasting rest,
And deep unsullied joy,
Upon the Saviour's breast.
Close folded in those loving arms,
No pain, no night, no death alarms,
Secure forever there.

TO A REJECTED POEM.

Don't blush and hide thy face from me,
My child, my slighted one ;
Let all the blame be cast on me,
For I the ill have done.

'Tis sad my errors, child, should fall
On thy defenceless head ;
Ah ! how it proves how very far
One sinner's guilt may spread.

Thou'st been a favourite child, e'en from
The moment of thy birth,
And, like a foolish mother, I
Proclaimed thy fancied worth ;

And sent thee forth that all the world
Might see thee as I see ;
But, Ah ! the cruel editor
And I could not agree.

TO AN EDITOR.

Sir, I am sorry that I gave
You trouble to return
Those verses, which you seem to think
Are only fit to burn.

Your pardon, sir, I would have craved
A week ago or more,
But this proud, stubborn pen of mine
Would not stoop to implore ;

Tho' fully conscious that it would
Have to submit sometime
For sending Mr. Editor
Some trashy, senseless rhyme.

P.S.—By all that's noble, sir, in men,
Look o'er the folly of my pen,
On promise that you never see
Another line from M. J. T.

TO A CANARY.

[After hearing it sing.]

Fair, lovely little songster,
Thy beautiful, sweet song
Has called a tear up from my heart,
And with it came along

A host of tender, varied thoughts,
Some pleasing, and some sad,
Altho' that soft, sweet lay of thine
Was sung to make all glad.

It makes me sad to see thee hang
In this dark, dreary room,
If thou wer't mine, sweet warbler,
Thou would'st not know such gloom.

But thou should'st have the sunniest spot,
Free from all dust and dross ;
I'd wreath thy cage around with flowers,
And carpet it with moss.

A beauteous palace it should be,
Fit for so fair a king ;
And I would sit enrapt to hear
My little monarch sing !

And, when thou sang so sweet a lay
As thou hast just now sung,
A lump of sugar thou should'st have,
And pet words from my tongue.

Yes, birdie, I would give thee praise,—
Not any flattery ;
I'd tell thee how thy native lay
Had wondrous charms for me.

Whil'st thou wast singing, pretty one,
Some passed and repassed thee,
But not one word of thanks thou got'st
For all thy melody !

'Twas this that made me feel so sad,
And drew that tear along ;
And makes me chatter to thee now
In words akin to song.

Ah ! birdie ; ah ! another tear,
 And now my thoughts rest on
 Some other singers, sweet as thou,
 Not missed till they were gone !

NAUGHTY PUSSY !

Oh, kitty ! now this is really too bad ;
 Ah, well may you scamper and run ;
 But, pussy, you don't know how sorry I feel
 At this new piece of mischief you've done.
 My beautiful fuchsia ! oh, pussy how could
 You knock it down thus on the floor ?
 The ladder is broken, the tender young buds—
 Here are more than a dozen, I'm sure,
 Lying scattered about. Oh, kitty, I loved
 That fuchsia, because it could bring
 Back the glad look of my boy, when he chose
 And bore it home for me, last spring.
 Yes, kitty, it brought the sweet look of content
 He wore when I gave him a kiss.
 I was angry, kitty, when you knocked my ink o'er ;
 But, oh ! that was nothing to this.
 Had Jabez not told me, a few months ago,
 To keep you alone for his sake,
 I would give you away, you naughty young puss ;
 But now you don't get e'en a shake !

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Follow him gently,
 Drop a tear on his breast ;
 He died for his country,
 With the bravest, the best ;

With the greenest of leaves
Let his armour be bound,
And carefully wrap
Our banner around.

The gallant old flag
O'er his coffin let fall ;
He has nobly won
Such a funeral pall.

Then bear him on slowly,
To the beat of the drum,
And lay him down gently
By the marble column.

Oh! carry him softly
Where tears strew the ground,
And flowers bloom fair
On the warrior's mound.

And touch the sod lightly,
As ye cover his breast,
And leave him to sleep
Where the bravest do rest.

Then solemnly place
A slab at his head,
To tell how for Honour
And Freedom he bled!

SING, GENTLE BREEZE.

Sing, gentle breeze! O sing
Of yonder radiant spheres;
Sing in a soft, melodious strain,
And charm my listening ears.

O! waft me one low note
Of song the ransomed sing,
And let me faintly learn to know
How Heaven's high arches ring.

Come, soft, soul-soothing breeze,
While earth's loud noise is still;
O! tell me of those strains which float
O'er Eden's flowery hill.

Come, calm, sweet whispering breeze,
In voice divinely clear,
And fall in deepest melody
Upon my waiting ear;

And tell me how they sing
Above yon fair blue sky,
O! sing in softer, sweeter notes
Than in the days gone by.

Oft hast thou sweetly sung
Of beauties 'neath the sky;
But now I crave a holier lay,
And I will tell thee why:

Among those songsters there,
In yonder realms above,
Are some I knew and loved below,
And shall forever love.

KISS HER SOFTLY.*

Oh, kiss her! kiss softly her poor withered cheek,
Nor think her desire is a maniac's freak.
A kiss, gentle maiden, in pity impart,
She asks from the depth of her poor bleeding heart;
She asks not a flower, she craves but a bud
From the tree that alone can do her real good;
She looks through the misty veil of her tears,
To the days, the weeks, the months and long years,
When she had not to ask for a bud or a flower;
They were lavishly brought from garden and bower.
The sweetest perhaps came from her own cherished
 boy,
The pride of her heart, the life of her joy,
When he climbed in her lap to reach mamma's brow—
It was not pain-penciled with sorrow as now—
She may see his fair curls as they carelessly spread
Blending with smiles on her darling's forehead:
Then grant her request—one—only one kiss;
And give her, oh, give her a moment of bliss!
The green shrub of love in Eden was found,
It throws its rare fragrance the wide world around,
Then, spare a sweet bud to each wounded one here
And life will not seem so terribly drear;
For the bud you now drop, a flower will be given
To cheer you below, and delight you in Heaven!

*(A young lady passing through a ward in a certain Lunatic Asylum, was asked by an aged patient for a kiss, whereupon all in the ward craved the same favour.)

THE SPANISH GIPSY GIRL.

Queen of Spain's wandering tribe was she,
 With soft, sad eyes of brilliancy,
 Dark as the raven's wing.
 Her step came gentle, soft and slow,
 Her voice, so mellow, sweet and low,
 Did music with it bring.

The jest was hushed when she drew near,
 And softer look each brow would wear,
 Her presence mildness lent ;
 Her pure sweet smile and graceful mein,
 Were lovely traits, and oft were seen
 On some sweet mission bent.

She wandered to an artist's room.
 How could such beauty and such bloom
 Escape an artist's eye ;
 Beauty his aim, his soul's delight,
 Beauty in every form and light
 Must to his canvas fly.

Painting was he an altar-piece.
 She sat her down with grace and ease.
 And watched his moving hand,
 Day after day she silent sat ;
 She ne'er had seen a face like that
 In Spain's fair sunny land.

"Whose can it be?" at length she said,
 "That beautiful, that thorn-crowned head ;
 Signor, who can he be ?
 Why wears he thorns on brow so fair ?
 What mean those cruel, blood-drops there
 Beauty in agony !

“That look, it makes my bosom swell,
What love, deep, tender love doth dwell
 In his dim glazing eye!
Tell me, Signor, who can it be,
What means that look of agony,
 Why dying thus, oh why?”

“Why, 'tis the Saviour—Christ,” he said,
“Of course, you know that, in our stead,
 He died on Calvary.”
“I never heard the name before,
Oh, Signor, you must tell me more,
 His life, his history.

“Died in our stead; why, Signor, why--
How can it be that he should die,
 And thus for you and me?
Signor, you must it all explain.
I think you said Christ was his name,
 Tell me who Christ can be?”

“But did he wear a look so rare?
What deep compassion dwelleth there,
 Yet grief intense I see;
Thorns must have caused him pain most keen,
But oh, what can that death-scene mean,
 And where is Calvary?”

“Tell me, Signor, oh tell me why
That gentle one should suffer, die,
 On a rude cross for me.
I would have kissed that bleeding brow!
Oh, Signor, tell, and tell me now,
 Why did he die for me?”

The artist's hand fell at his side ;
He gazed upon the Crucified
 As he ne'er gazed before ;
Then read the words his hand had traced—
Words that shall never be erased,
 But live when time's no more.

It was one verse, and only one—
The sixteenth of the third of John,
 Placed 'neath his work now done.
He read, and read, and read it o'er—
"So loved the world ;" could God do more
 Than give His only Son ?

Light broke, bright, glorious light divine,
He looked away from Mary's shrine
 To Christ, and Christ alone.
A new-born joy beamed in his eye ;
Christ-Jesus, Prince of Life, did die,
 Did for all sin atone.

He ne'er had deeply thought before ;
For fame he worked, for nothing more,
 Now fame for Christ must fly.
Turning, he saw the girl's dark eye
Fixed on his work, and heard her sigh,
 "Will he not tell me why ?"

"Tell thee ; O yes, I'll gladly try
To tell of Him, how, where and why
 For a lost world he died ;
Redemption's plan for Adam's fall,
With soul new-born, he saw it all,
 And loved the Crucified.

With burning zeal, heart filled with love,
He told how Christ came from above,
Christ spotless, undefiled ;
How the incarnate Son of God
The path of toil, of suffering trod,
And how He was reviled.

Weary and worn, went doing good,
Wept, groaned and prayed, then shed His blood
And in a grave did lie.
The cross he bore, with all its shame,
'Twas thus he did the world reclaim,
Now all may live—none die.

Tear after tear ran down her face—
Joy-drops did one another chase,
“ Thank you, Signor,” she said,
“ I understand it, every part ;
A heavy load has left my heart,
I feel for me he bled.

'Tis such a wondrous story all,
Our father Adam's sin and fall,
And Christ our Saviour's birth,
Signor, I'll love Him while I've breath,
And think of His grand life and death,
Long as I live on earth.

“ He lives, you say, no more to die,
Not thorned but glory-crowned on high,
A mighty Victor-king ;
Worshipped, adored by seraphs there ;
Yet stoops to hear the faintest prayer
That broken-hearts may bring.

So now I need not sigh and weep,
 Nor dread that cold, deep solemn sleep
 Which I have feared so long.
 Now peace, sweet peace pervades my breast,
 On Him that died I now will rest,
 His love shall be my song."

And now the veil of gloom was rent ;
 She spoke of Christ where'er she went,
 Told of His matchless love ;
 The touching story of the cross
 Refined her soul of all its dross,
 Did all her actions move.

And thus time fled with rapid wing,
 The girl her deep, sweet joys did sing
 As she now dying lay ;
 Softer and brighter grew her eye,
 And oft she whispered, " He did die,
 And bore my sins away."

More beautiful her smile became,
 More sweetly whispered she his name,
 In tranquil, holy glee ;
 'Twas on her lips, both night and day,
 'Twas heard just as she passed away,—
 " Christ Jesus died for me."

TO FREDERICK.

(A young poetical friend.)

I've read your last most carefully,
And more than ever plainly see
It takes two minds alike, my friend,
In fullest sympathy to blend.
The yearnings of a poet's soul
To some must seem a blotted scroll,
'Tis fine formed temperaments like thine
Can only sound his heart's deep mine,
A flower, a shrub, wave of the sea,
Can touch, and turn the mystic key,
Unlock the cabinets of his soul,
Then joy or sorrow forth will roll,
A cloudy or sunshiny day
Will tune his harp, inspire his lay,
'Tis when far from the noisy throng,
He warbles forth his sweetest song.

You say you never wrote a poem
To satisfy your mind.
Well, what of that? a friend of yours
Tells me she cannot find
A verse, nay not a single line
She owns that pleases well.
But then I think among our class
One thought is to excel;
That is, I mean, by word excel,
Clear fitting words to find,
To clothe the new-born glowing thoughts
Upspringing from the mind.
What wonder then, Dear Fred, you think
So meanly of your song,
When offsprings of a mind like yours
Demand an angel's tongue!

I dare not bid you cease to write,
Erelong you'll stem the tide,
The billows now may foam and rage,
But you will them outride,
Take Courage for your pilot, lad,
Grasp firm her offered hand,
You're not the first whom she hath helped
To safely reach the land.

I don't believe in models, Fred,
Tho' much we may admire
Some gifted minds, their lofty thoughts
Should only us inspire
To tell just what we think and feel,
In the best way we can,
If God approves, what matters then
The smiles or frowns of man ?

You mourn o'er your scant library,
'Tis hard ; but don't despair,
It has been said, "true genius
To poverty is heir."
Then grieve no more of lack of wealth,
Or of an unfilled shelf,
But what you do, or leave undone,
Take care to be yourself.

Tho' tempted oft, no doubt you'll be
To pay back with your pen,
The wounds your spirit has to bear
From shallow-minded men ;
Remember "France's Princely Boy,"
Or rather what he said :—
That "thorny paths to glory lead."
Make this your motto, Fred.

You must not think of giving up,
But struggle with a will,
Discouragements you're sure to meet,
While climbing up the hill.
Then toil, toil on, but careful be
To never write a line
To lead astray, or bring a frown
Upon the brow Divine.

You know the darkest part of night,
Is just before morn's gleam,
So, those who will not smoothly drift
Must pull against the stream ;
Then live above all scoffs and sneers,
And show that "right is might,"
That noble hearts can bear deep pain,
And smile at those who slight.

P.S.—Thou'rt one of Nature's freeborn sons ;
Right glad am I to find,
The pure, bright stamp of genius
Engraved upon thy mind,
Oh ! keep the crown God's hand hath given,
Unsullied on thy brow ;
The tempter lays enticing snares,
To ruin such as thou.

RING ON, SWEET BELLS.

[Written on Christmas morning.]

Ring on, sweet bells, ring on ;
Peal forth the gladdening theme !
Ring on and celebrate His birth—
The Babe of Bethlehem !

Ring on, sweet bells, ring on,
Lest we forget the morn
When He, the Prince of light and life,
The Saviour-Christ was born.

Ring on, sweet bells, ring on,
And touch heart, soul, and mind ;
Ring out and tell the poor, the sad,
Of joy to all mankind !

Ring on, sweet bells, ring on,
Send forth your notes of love !
Ring on, and tell of Him who bends
In pity from above !

Ring on, sweet bells, ring on,
Louder, and sweeter ring !
Ring out a song of lofty praise
To our Redeemer, King !
Ring on, sweet bells, ring on !

ERRATA.

"rosed," on page 14, line 14, should read "rose."

"Wher'ere," on page 20, line 20, should read
"Where'er."

"beams," on page 21, line 22, should read "beam."

"though," on page 43, line 21, should read "thou."

read "rose."
should read

read "beam."
d read "thou."

