

however, from the sublime to the ridiculous is but short, and we doubt not these compositions will, like the Jew's razors, answer the end for which they were created.

T.

FAREWELL!

AND memories so blessed bore she hence
Of all she knew in those few earthly years
As were to her the lovely models, whence
To shape the hopes she formed for unknown spheres.

And gently then the spirit stole away,
Leaving the body in a quiet sleep,
As if 't were too much pain with living sense
To break a tie such precious years did keep ;
As if it feared to trust the waking hour,
When that form, lovely as an angel's need,
Should question why the soul left such abode,
Or why with it to heaven it might not speed.

Still lies thy child with an unspotted brow,
Earth's dust is shaken from her young feet now,
And raying light, she stands in Heaven's clear day,
Girt for an onward and victorious way ;
Whom God hath housed wilt thou call back to brave
Anew those storms from which thou canst not save !