

"THOU HAST LOVED."

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Dearest, in thine eye's deep light
Is a look to tears allied—
Sorrow struggling with delight,
Each the other seeks to hide ;
Thou, the freighted ark of life
Lonely floating on the sea,
With thy being's treasure rife—
Thou hast wearied thus to be.

Thou hast sent thy dove from thee—
Forth hast launched thy dove of peace,
And the branch, though green it be,
Can it bid thy doubtings cease ?
Though it speak of hope the while,
Verdant spots and sunny bowers,
Can it bring thee back the smile
That beguiled thy vacant hours ?

Take thy dove and fold its wing—
Fold its ruffled wing to rest ;
Deluge airs around it ring :
Let it ne-~~de~~le on thy breast.
Dearest, all thy care is vain—
Mark its trembling, weary wings ;
But it comes to thee again,
And an olive branch it brings.

Take it, bind it unto thee,
Though the leaves are dim with tears ;
Such thy woman lot must be—
Love and sorrow, hopes and fears.
Bind the branch of promise ever
To thy heart, with fear oppressed,
Let the leaves of hope, oh ! never,
Withered, leave their place of rest.

VIOLA.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

This simple chain of sunny hair,
Thus braided by thy gentle hand,
Anear my heart I ever wear,
Since thou art gone to shadow-land.

Whene'er upon the little gift
Of thy sweet love my eye is cast,
Will welcome memory come and lift
The curtains of the silent Past !

Ah ! my fond heart, as well it may,
Feels then, in all its depth anew,
That which, when thou wast called away,
Ennobled and immortal grew !

Lost one ' to thee I'll constant prove,
Long as I walk this mortal strand,
So may I claim thy perfect love
When we shall meet in shadow-land.

MORNING PRAYER.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

He is not here !
We meet around the altar yet once more,
Where we our prayers have blent so oft before,
And drop a tear
Upon the holy book from which he read
Who sleeps, at length, in peace, among the silent dead.

Yet from on high
He looketh on us—widow, daughter, son—
Pointing the course by which he glory won.
He still is nigh,
On angel's wings, to comfort us and guide,—
Unseen, but not unfelt, forever by our side.

Father in heaven !
Who hast called home the leader of our band,
And the bright glories of the better land
Unto him given,
O, be with us, and keep us in the way
That leads, through this dark night, to an unending day !
Strengthen our hearts
To bear, with fortitude, the ills of time ;
Preserve them ever from the winter's rime,
So let our parts
Be acted, that again the prayer and song
We may together blend, and through all time prolong !