

Borrow and darkness from the grieved one
Who ne'er recalled the heart she gave the Son.
Escaped from haunts where phantom doubts did
 scare

Thy penitential spirit with the glass
Of fever's flame or gull's remembered fire
Thou than the favored votary of Desire
Art happier far,—and, glancing o'er the past,
Thou see'st why sorrow's stream flow'd deep and fast
Along thy pathway, till its swollen surge
From clinging friends and life's new blooming verge
Wrested thy feeble feet, and bore from me
Thy lovely form to Death's dark-heaving sea!
O solemn hour! when we thy struggles watched,
And saw thee rise—to be again o'erwhelmed
By the yet blackening deep, that wave on wave
Of anguish poured across the yawning grave,
Dashing thy bosom with Pain's bitter dregs,
Till thrice for thy release a brother begs
And thy lips quiver in the lingering strife
For patience to endure slow-ebbing life!
Till twice thou callest for the numbered hours,
And twice the weary friend retiring cowers,
Awe'd or affrighted at the dread suspense
While thy half-perished form dies sense by sense?
—What, sister, was thy strength, that one so frail
Could bear the pressure of Death's bony mail
Till the last signet of thy helpless form
Lay a crushed rose beneath a frozen storm?

My love to those who watched my clogged breath
Forbore to yield the victory to Death,
And the effluence of my mother's eye,
Sleepless and tear-dew'd, made me calmly die!
Their meeting the grave's terror I foresaw,
And sought to pluck some vermin from its jaw.
When my guilt rose a high and hideous Shade,
I drew the Spirit's sword, and its white blade
Drove the black specter, with the leagued crew
Of recollected deeds, whose crimson hue
Gleamed on Death's helmet and his arrows' points
Till my prayer struck them from his clanking joints.
When less substantial forms, in dim array,
From farthest hell came screaming on the spray
Of whelming waters, hurling doubts and fears,
Threatening dno' woes from Justice's barbed spears
I grasped the "shield of faith" and quenched their
 darts.

As borne through waves beyond infernal arcs!
While on my bosom like a mountain lay
Corruption's hand, making a night of day,
And Friendship's every voice to me was stilled,
Arrested by deaf ears that hand had chilled:
While my tongue faltered with familiar names,
Struggling to whisper yet love's quenchless flames;
While feeling Grief's last pressure on my cheek,
And my wrung heart could find no tears to weep;
Hope rushed along the night in Promise's car,
Borne on the winged light of Bethlehem's star,
Parting the dark on Separation's ocean
And marked my path along its hushed commotion!
Then hastening angels from my Father's dome

Came whispering "Welcome to thy Savior's home!"
My strength in contest with man's haunting foe
To Him who them on Calvary met I owe;
On that I saw their machinations foiled,
And his name them of all their armor spoiled!
Had I in girlhood learned its wand to wield,
Sooner had phantom foes been made to yield.
'The Lord is kind, but his judgments are severe,"
I testified when made so long to bear
Their elfin taunts with Pain's more Protean fangs;
And now I see those long protracted pangs
Were but the strokes of his chastising rod,
That love's last work which brought me to my God!
Hour blessed above all childhood's gayest cheer!
Though than the midnight storm to thee more drear
When vanished the last glimmering of earth,
And my wrecked body, for its second birth,
Was laid a willing trophy of the tomb!
Secure in sacred treasury of Earth's womb!
When broke life "silver cord" with fluttering throes,
Tha "golden bowl" poured out its holy flow,
And Death, with Sin and Hell, gazing appalled,
Saw their frail prey forever disenthralled!
I rose with smile and rapture's silent gaze
Through parting darkness to the rubbing blaze
Of holiness and glory, which the Conqueror shed
E'en on the relics of the trusting dead!
Era of being! when from guarded path
I saw at once the goodness and the wrath
Of Him, the Crucified, whose distant nod
Drove back, from where my guardian angels trod,
Pursuing demons, legions of hard-hearted proud,
Who faithless were e'en by his cross and vacant
 shroud!

But thou these songs nor lyres canst ever hear
Till Earth has ceased her chant in thy dull ear;
Till, like thy sister, thou thy prison break
As'neath Death's strokes its frail foundations quake
Of my eternal years one hour outweighs
The happiness of time's delusive years,
And thou, fond brother, in thy hapless trance
Ne'er felt the swelling joy my spirit's glance
Along light's utmost verge confers on me,
When bid its rays to guard—or shed on thee!
Go, then, to serve and to enjoy that One
Who wills that you through life shall walk alone,
Bearing and doing all in hope of heaven,
Till purity and peace to thee be given,—
Till friends and wretched foes need thee no more,
Their wants and ways to pray for or deplore!
Let parent, brother, all the living be
Happier and better for thy loss of me!
Thy Heaven and love derived be richer far
Than when on life I shone, a clouded star!
'Tis but a moment and thy grief is past,—
Uncounted ages through thy joy shall last;
To-day, Immanuel, angels, God, and heaven are
 mine!

To-morrow,—penitence and love obeyed,—these all
are thine!

T. E. S.
Amherst, March, 1840.

THE subject of the above poem had a feeble childhood. Being an only daughter and her parents having removed from Cambridge to the seclusion of the country while she was yet young, she became very fond of mingling in the gambols of her brothers; this sustained her health until the age of ten, after which she was afflicted with morbid illness much of the time until severe watching, exposure, and toil by the bed of a sick friend, induced the acute disease which terminated her life at the age of twenty-five, March 27, 1839. She was ever fond of her books, but feebleness and, during two or three of life's best years, a partial blindness prevented systematic study. So ardently did she desire the privileges of our improved academies, that she jeopardized her life in procuring means after her father's were exhausted, and in prosecuting her studies at Shelburne Falls. She was ever fond of historic and religious works,