

It is my joy, it is my pride  
 To picture thee in bliss divine,  
 A happy and an honored bride,  
 Blessed by a 'fonder' love than mine ;  
 Be thou to me a holy spell,  
 A bliss by day, a 'dream' by night,  
 A thought on which his soul shall dwell,  
 A cheering and a guiding light.

His be thy heart, but while no other  
 Disturbs his image at its core,  
 Still think of 'me' as of a 'brother,'  
 I'd not be loved, nor love thee, 'now,'  
 For thee each feeling of my heart,  
 So holy, so serene shall be,  
 That when thy heart to his is pressed  
 'Twill be no 'crime' to think of me.

I shall not wander forth at night  
 To breathe 'thy' name as 'lovers' would,  
 Thy form in visions of delight  
 Not oft shall break my solitude,  
 But when at morn or midnight hour  
 I commune with my 'God above,'  
 Before the throne of peace and power,  
 I'll blend 'thy' welfare with my own.

And, if with pure and fervent sighs,  
 I 'bend' before some loved one's shrine,  
 When gazing on her gentle eyes,  
 I shall not blush to think of 'thine,'  
 Thou! when thou meet'st thy love's caress,  
 And when thy children climb thy knee,  
 In thy 'calm' hour of happiness,  
 Then 'sometimes,' 'sometimes' think of 'me.'

Of my father, my uncle, Mr. Stephen L. Wright, wrote: "My friend and connexion by marriage, Mr. Edward Gray Bourke, was a polished, elegant gentleman. His career through life was always 'elevated.'" Although his feelings may have been operated on by surrounding circumstances, for he was exceedingly 'sensitive' and careful of his reputation, yet such were his 'principles,' such his 'command' of himself, that even in moments of the 'greatest excitement' he never descended from the height of 'dignity.' Through the 'laudable' liberality of his father, Mr. William V. Bourke, my 'friend' received a finished education at 'Nassau Hall,'