Lines

Addressed to Mrs. Marsden, and pre
sented to her on Friday, Feby 19th 1841,

By Edward Delany,

A colored Native of the Island of

Jamaica.

For several years, I've had it on my mind
To give you something of the rhyming kind:
But thought in doing so, it might offend
A Mistress who has ever been my friend.

In years, however, as I'm rather older,
Not saucy grown, but now a little bolder;
I thought for once I'd make a ~~rash~~ attempt
And what is wrong, your kindness will exempt.

When I, in infancy, was led to roam
Far from my friends, my country & my home
And whilst I stood a stranger in the land;
Your kindness sought, and took me by the hand.

With gratitude to God, and you, I say,
'Tis six and twenty years this very day,
Since first I came beneath your kindly roof
Nor met a frown, nor suffered a reproof.

Yes, all these years, your servant I have been
And seen you pass thro' many a chequer'd scene
Like favor'd Israel, you have sometimes stood
On Pisgah's height, and then in Jordan's flood.

But, all the way, God's providential hand,
Hath led you through, as with a Moses' wand;
And now hath placed you, toward the ebb of life,
A Dame in Israel, and a Preacher's wife.

Long may you bear that honorable post
And prove a blessing to a numerous host:
May all your acts of kindness and of love
Be met and crown'd with blessings from above.

Long may your name in all the Church resound
Whilst you yourself in every grace abound;
And to whatever spot you're called to move
May you be guarded by the God of love!

And when 'tis said that "time shall be nomore,"
And you are safe on Canaan's happy shore;
Before the throne - the Triune God to greet,
May humble Edward worship at your feet!

Mr Marsden is a Methodist preacher

Summer.

By Robert Rose, the bard of colour.

Queen of the ever changeful year!
Earth greets thy bridal presence dear;
Hail! to thy train of fairest flowers
Hail! to thy love-inspiring hours!

Thine is the form of sylphid lightness
Thine is the eye of diamond brightness
Thine is the cheek of roseate hue,
And Parian brow so fair to view!

Thine are the hills alive with light
And vales all vocal with delight;
Thine is the breath so gently sweet
That fans the bowers where lovers meet.

Thine is the moonlight serenade
That warbles through the echoing glade
Wafted upon the ambrosial gale,
And rivalling the nightingale.

Thine are the halls of coral wove
Where starlight rays delight to rove
Or thread the mystic, magic ring
By some soft, sacred, silvery spring.

Thine is the wild and gladsome shout
Of childhood, freely bursting out;
Thine is the hum of wandering bee
Heard in its noontide lullaby.

Thine the meridian charms of earth
That call bright happiness to birth;
Thine are the hues of heavenly dream
And thine the brightest crystal stream.

Thou art of earth the blushing bride
The hours are laughing by thy side,
The fawns go dancing on the way
All nature joins the roundelay.

Thine is the innocence of flowers,
Thine are the songsters of the bowers;
Emblem art thou of life's gay noon,
That beams like thee, to fade too soon!

Reflect! vain man, while seasons pass,
Life's summer comes but once, alas!
Let Knowledge then adorn the mind,
And Summer there thou still shalt find.

who has lived several years in St Ann's