

The Pauper's Death-bed.

Tread softly — bow the head —
In reverend silence bow —
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed,
One by that paltry bed —
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state:
No — no crowds attend —
No — no guards defend —
This palace gate!

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound —
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed — again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh! change — Oh! wondrous change —
Burst are the prison bars, —
This moment there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change — stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod.
The sun eternal beacons —
The new immortal wakes —
Wakes with his God!

I cannot discover who is or was the
author of the above which I
think a perfect gem and
worthy of the best of our English
poets.

From Caroline to her Cousin Harriet
Cox, (Liverpool).

Harriette! thou art my pen to tell
The secrets of a loving heart!
Thou knowest that I love thee well,
And from that love will never part;
Yet thousand pens could never say
The tender friendship that I feel
For one who on each passing day
Shared in my joy or soothed my ill.
When in sweet childhood's hours we played
When hearts were light and free from care
Then we together joyful strayed
And seemed each other's joys to share.
Thou ever wert the merry one,
When hearts were light and souls were free
But now thou art so thoughtful grown,
What, Harriette, can have come o'er thee?

Thou art not old: the world's rude cares
Have never touched thy youthful mind;
Thou lookest on this world of snares
As if thou wert for grief designed!
Yet think not, dear, I mean thee wrong:
This heart is large in its wide range!
Thou shalt find love for thee as strong —
Love, which, for thee, shall never change!

I may be wrong! — all human lot
Is cast in doubt, and change, and sin;
But, whether it be so or not,
Trust thou in God for peace within!
His mercies ever shall endure,
He shall support thee on thy road,
Then shall thy path be firm and sure,
Then shalt thou rest in peace with God!

That gracious God has placed thee here
To fill the station He has given;
Trust in his love, his name revere,
And make His word thy guide to Heaven
And when the final call of death
To one of us shall first be given,
Then may we say with kindred faith,
We part on earth, to meet in Heaven.

C.S.C.

The two pieces on the other side are
sent merely as specimens to prove
that, with even very limited means
of education, negroes are capable of
expressing their feelings with con-
siderable force and elegance.