

To Miss Josephine D. Russell

While scanning with admiring eye,  
This book which beauties flowers adorn,  
I could but wish thy path should be,  
This flowers, as fair, without a thorn—

Yet if thou wouldst your flowers stray,  
And have this world seem gay and bright,  
Oh! cling to truth's unerring way,  
Which can alone yield pure delight.

May earth's dark woes ne'er reach thy heart,  
But joy, bright joy alone be thine,  
And when from earth you're called to part,  
May hope of Heaven upon thee shine  
Your friend S. B. H.

December 20th 1844.

S. B. H.