

NEW YORK.

Memorial Extracts.
From a Periodical "Under Heaven."
My mother's voice calls me home.
Her commands my soul obeys.
Like healing balm on sore disease,
She eases over the languishing nerves.
I say nothing but naming prayer.
While pious souls daily die.
But in the sun, unclouded day.

The gentle tears come streaming down,
And pass on and vanish from.
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of nature, and the mind
Of beauty who preservest, give still to me some strength.

Or what I have been taught to be.

My heart is burdened, and perhaps

My bosom has drunk no tears.

And there is nothing in the lap.

But nature's book is open yet.

With all my other lessons write.

There comes an evening tide,

Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,

When earth was garnished but a bride,

And night had on her silver wings.

When bursting buds and gushing grass

And waters leaping to the light,

And all that makes the pulses gay.

When older lustres, shade of the night—

When beauty, ready, lies there,

With friends on whom my love is hung,

Gazed on where evening's lamp is hung.

And when the hours come round,

Flung over his golden chain,

My mother's voice calls me home.

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