

DAILY SENTINEL.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1867.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

(GENERAL D. PRENTISS)—himself one of the most gifted of the American bards—thinks that no living poet can surpass the beauty of the language from the pen of his beloved master from the realms of death. "He is ex-cellently beautiful." "Poem after poem with the soft, soft light." "Gems out where my spirit lay." "I have a song to sing to-night." "Before them fall the snowy mountain peaks." "Since they are only the last and greatest, the most glorious, the most grand, the most sublime, like hours, And I see little here."

"There's always room among the leaves, And walking, with wavy leaves, Soft singing, with the soft, soft light; But when I close my eyes, I sing; I sing of love with dwells in Heaven."

The winds are soft, the clouds are few, And tender thoughts my heart beguile, As shooting up through the green leaves come out and smile; And to the green trembling leaves In silver troops the rippled crowd, Till all the leaves, dimmed over, Like the soft, soft rain, have closed; When you are not, scarcely live; And, lost in earth and steeped in pain, My spirit lies in quiet, too.

Loved me! though led to human sight, I find my way to Heaven still. And when I feel the right, That trembles through the atmosphere; As in some temple's holy aisle,

Though unto the hymn unstrung the prayer, Which tells that wretchedness has been there; A breath of incense, left alone, Where many a eager wing around, Will thrill the wanderer from a dream, Who trusts on reverend gravest.

I know the soul from whence comes thine; Yet scarce a while to dwell with me, Has taught me the prayer I learned in this. That I did not might dwell with thee.

I kept your name like the spirit's sight; I have a voice of every broken; That makes me wish to lose again; A voice all low and sweet like thine;

It gives an answer to my prayer, And makes me long to meet again; That I shall know and meet thee there.

I'll know thee there by that dear name, Bound which a tender halo plays; Still touched with that expressive grace, By that sweet smile that in thy shade Is beauty like the light of day; Whose own expression never died;

When thou didst call her to Heaven; The children in thy reverie, O! how like these blessed spirits above!

I'll know thee there—All here is there.

Regal! Mine eyes, within whose sphere The season of youth and manhood meets, That are so long, so soft, so fine, For all its dark and liquid beams. Though sixteen years a thousand eight, Were older than the light of day;

Wore length and girded like the sun,

Yet and down and down the eve,

Too and for eyes when under, too born,

Too young for eyes that yearn,

And when it cost me my life,

Hath made me the spirit of the day.

For all my spirit bears and wears,

For all my spirit bears and wears,