

Poetical. THRILLING VERSES. The circumstances which induced the writing of the following touching and thrilling lines are as follows: A young lady of New York was the subject of writing for the Philadelphia Ledger on the subject of Temperance. Her writing was so full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion, that a friend of hers secured her of being a name on the subject of Temperance—whereupon she wrote the following lines:

Go feel what I have felt,
Go hear what I have borne—
Sigh 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn!
Then offer on from year to year—
The sole relief the morning tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Beneath the heaviest load to melt,
Be dashed with bitter tears and wail,
Your prayers prolonged, your tears defiled,
Go weep as I have wept.

Go to your father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Your's sweetest treasure to pull—
Life's fading flowers turned all the way,
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bowed—
With gnashing teeth—his blood in blood,
And gold and life laid low,
Go catch his wretched glance and see,
Their mirrored his own misery.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Those own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn form and withered brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now.

With falling frame and trembling limbs;
And trace the run back to him
Whose pledged faith, in early youth,
Promised forever love and truth,
But who discarded both and fled,
That promise to the cursed bed!

And feel her down, through love and light,
And all that made her prospects bright,
And changed her there, 'mid wail and strife,
That loving, loving, a drunkard's wife—
And stung a child's love so wild,
That withering blight, that drunkard's child.

Go hear, and feel, and weep and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone—
Think of the flower you will try,
When all proclaim, "no drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl,
Hate it a fervid word,
I loathe—ah! my very soul
With strong disgust is stricken,
When I see, or hear, or feel,
Of the dark beverage of hell!

[From the Natchez Daily Courier.]

"I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as they which have no hope."—1 Thes. iv. 13 and 14.

Not when first the anguished heart
Is called with all its loves to part,
That words like these can comfort give,
And bid the drooping spirit live.
How can we say that "it is well,"
When woe has caused the funeral knell?
How be consoled, when haunted by
The loved one's last expiring sigh?
E'en when we weep and muse alone,
On those who are forever gone,
The heart will wearily draw comfort
Its depth of utter loneliness!
'Tis not when first to passion's tide
We yield—forgetting all beside;
Or, to the calmness of despair,
The soul can lift itself in prayer;
No, each rebellion tear must cease,
Ere we can feel the dose of peace,
Shedding within its influence mild,
And causing every tumult wild.
Yet "Jesus wept"—we too may weep
In grief for "them who are asleep."
We, too, with sorrow's flood may weep
That quiet, holy spot—the grave!
Ye let us weep not alone,
To bend o'er that sepulchre stone;
But in our fainting spirit bear
"A sympathizing Saviour there."
Had Mary gone without her Lord,
She might not hear that grateful word
Calming her heart's deep throbs of pain—
"Thy brother, he shall rise again!"
And though not our loved ones rise
To glad us more our tear-dimmed eyes,
Yet still those blessed words abide—
"If we believe that Jesus died
And rose again," 'tis in His will
Gather together from abroad,
All those for whom we sadly weep,
Those who in Jesus "did sleep."

LITTLE NELL

She was not wise, but she was fair,
Bright as the sun-beds in her hair,
I never saw her eyes look
Upon the page of a book;
Oh, no, though little Nell, she
"I would make them dull; I told her so."

She was not learned, but she was true,
For Nature's sweetest gift she drew;
Those golden curls, I see them now
Sweep like a cushion on her brow.
No great thoughts could that bright head;
That made it such, as Nellie said.

She was not nice, but oh! her eyes
Meted with gentler sympathy;
When clouds by heavy on the way,
Bright Nellie cheered them all away.
Sweet, simple child, she did not know
What in her heart made sunshine so.

She was not learned, but oh! her face
Had such a pure, a loving grace,
The angels loved it, and they knew
Our Nellie in a brighter shroud;
I saw the laughing lips glow still—
Sweet Nellie sleeps beneath the hill.

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