

BY JOHN B BRATTON.

VOL. 38.

Poetical.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED. BY T. D. ROBINSON.

I am all alono in my chamber now, And the midnight hour is near; And tho goa's crack and the clock dull tick Are the only sounds I henr. And over my soul in its solitude, Bweet feelings of andness glide; For my heart and my cyce are fuil when I think Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house-Went home to the dear one's all-And softy to poend the garden gate. And softy the door of the hall. My mother came out to meet her son-Bhe kissed me, and then she sighed. And her hend fell on my neck, and she wept For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come In the graden where he played; I shall miss him more by the fireside. When the flowers have all decayed. I shall see his toys, and his empily chair, And the horse he used to ride; And they will speak, with a silent speech, Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister again, With her playmates about the door; And III waitch tha children in their sports, As I nover did before; And If, in the group, I see a child That's dimpled and laughing-cycd, I'll look to see if it may not he The little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house-To our Father's house in the skies-re the hope of our souls shall have no blight. Our love no broken its; We shall roam on the banks of the river of Pe And halt in it bligstoil tide; And one of the Joys of our Heaven shall be-

Miscellancous.

<section-header><section-header><section-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

.

THE COLORED PROPLE OF Indiana have called a orace convention, to be held in Indianapolis on the 1st of August, to take into consideration some schome of general emigration to Liberta, or some other country.

•