## THE StSquEHANNA REGISTER.

\section*{VOLUME XXV. <br> |  |
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|  | To my Mother in Hearen. Thou'st bid adien to Earth, MotherThy rands have quickly sped The golden bowl of life is broke Thy spirit on high hath fled. The light that gilt thy brow, Mother. All radiant, now has finwa; The Spoiler Death has sped his dart And clairasd thee tor his "own." |
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|  | Thy race is early run; Mother, <br> - Thy guide-star Faith and Hope, <br> Kluose cheeing light enabled thee <br> With sin's dark form to cope. <br> We bear thy . roice no more, Mother- <br> That roice of magic spell- <br> Yet shall we grieve, when tiou hast grine <br> With Saines in light to docell? |
|  | We had not thongbt that thou, Mother <br> Wert thus to go so soon: <br> Thy life's bright sub unclouded rose, Unclouded set at noon. <br> Yet we will not repine, Mother. Though teaderest ties be riven, Fe all thall meet in Heaven. |
|  | Thine exit ras serene, Mother - In slumber's calm embrace: Hethought ppon thy emiling lip Perchance in some pure clime, Nother Thou journeydst in thy dream, Or sprr'st the bright Angelic host While passing Jordan's stream. |
|  | Another tie is gone, mothar, <br> From fond affection's land; <br> et we round meekly kiss the rod, Nor chide that unseen Hand. Our prate Muther Our pryers shall danly rike. <br> Mnt meet thee in the sties. <br> Thomas C. Hartshoat |
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|  | When sppie-trees ia blossom are, <br> And cherties of a silken mhite; And king-cups deck the meadows far. <br> And danodile in brooks delight: <br> When golden wall-flowers blpom around, <br> And purple rivlets scent the gronnd, And lilac $\bar{j}$ gins to elow her bloom, <br> Vie then may eag the 3lay bas come. |
|  | Than happy slepherds tell their tale Winder the tenoer leafy tree; And all adorn the grassy vale And all adotrn the grassy vale And Philomel, writh liquid throat, That bad been all the uinter dumb, We then nay eay the May is come.; |
|  | When fithes leap in sifeer stream, <br> And tender corn is apringing high, And banks are warm wifh sunny bean, <br> And twittering smallows cleave the eky, <br> And forest bees are fromming near, <br> And considps io mays hasts appear, <br> Fie then may kay that May is come |














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MONTROSE, PENNA., THURSDAY, MAY 23,1800 .


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