THE LIBERATOR

POETRY.
mX Fifyteti bibth-day. I used to think, when $I_{\text {a }}$ a chidd,
Played with the pebbles oz the ehore,
Of the clear river ripling wild, Pinyed with the pebbles on the Ahore,
Of the clear river, ripting wild
That roiled before ny father's door,
 To thik of it of checked my gilee,
And filled my childish heart with
 And thought, ' When mm no od
Must $I$ darn tockings all tio tim
Hust $I$ sit in on



 But then she played not by the brook,
Sho did not gather r retty fiowers,
She did not sing with merry look, Nor make a paring tetime of the hours.
So, when she said, one sunny morn, I wopt iike one of hope forlorn;
And throw my playithing all nway. Be old $!$ ike grandma, and not romm
The glen in spring, for violets blue, Or bring tha bright Mny blossoms home,
Or ick the strawtbrries mong the do
Be old ! nud in the summer time Be old ! and in the summer time
Thke weary nnsp in mid -dy hours
 Nor rlang upon the vino-clad tress,
And shount ther rich ripe custers down
Be olla! and sit round wintry firs !
 Me fifty! have ho sliding spree !
And hush nuxy nll will desirs !
t thought ntwere better not to be. But two score years have glided br,
With sunmer's heat and winter's coll With sunny hours nud clouded sky,
 That eft my plyymates ali behind. Spectncles lie upon my nose,
But no white frill looks prim and cold
nt Ing yray hinr curls -1 wear
I do tot feel so crer old.
play nmong the pebbles, I Where once I wathed tamiline swhore,
The duncius Pdike to climb the apple trec,
Where once the spicy swecting graw,
Inke brape-rine swings, und have a gloe
 And genther violets in the glon-
 Was one brond mirror, cold and gla
dike to see the noiss school, Play 'Lsost my glore, and ' Nind the rale',
My heart throbs quick $-i t$ is not cold. hearr the cry of Kato and Jonno,
of Lottie, Jinn, Holen, SuzCompe Gorge, and Dan, and William,
m fify, but $I$ am not
end 1 seo no gloom in ripening y carr
H hopes are bright, my gpirit
g How vin wore all my chilidish fears ! Ify childidh sports, $I$ lored them then
I love to think them over still ; To slut my eses, and dream ngain
Of silvery stream and woodland $h$ But ilife has preasuan ancs holioors still Than childhood's play, with all
that as we journes doorn the liill,

 To lovo and labor, but for me; ;
And khall I piniof or chilithoot'sogs,
For woonland walks and wiolets blue, For woadland walks and violets blus
hill round me merry girls and bos
 Than in the spriag-time, long ago.
Tha pathe T'rc trod were sometimes rough And sharp and piercing tom my feet;
Yet there were dasied walks enough riends that I lored hare passed from sigh Betore mo do tha spirit home,
ut in the das that knows no nigly
 But hare lived to feel nnd kn
That were lifo to hive ore ngan,
Twera better that it should bo $\Delta t$ very winding of the way,
$r_{\text {reo sought for loce, and love }}$ h For love can cheer the darkest days
And mako tho poorest home a heaven. : So who 're passing down; like me,
Lifecte autumn side, be brave ennd strong, And teach the lisper at your knee,
That fifty years is not so ong ; And free from dolorous pain and
And The olifece larp must be ever strung
With lore of aty, ereryherc.
 Moke sweter music than before;
So, of the thant, by ocrow torn, Than that which greated us at morn,
When it was new, and brace, and Father, I thank thec for them all. Oh ! guide me, guaral me, till the fall
of death my
form shall hide at thst Let me in ore and kindness still
Live on, nor o'er grouv hard and cold Live on, nor deer grow hard and
Bend mo and break meto thy will
Bat may my ppirit noer groi odd

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