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The Heavenly Home,

No night distills
Its chilling dew upon the tender frame;
No morn is needet there: the light which fills
The land of glory, from its Maker came,

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep—
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!

No withered flower
Or blasted bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast, or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe,