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AN ORPHAN'S ADJURATION.
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Spirit—returned to Heaven, thy place of birth!
Dearest and sweetest of the saints on high!
Oh, tell me—tell me, is *the love of earth*
Lost in the boundless glory of the sky?
Perchance the music of thy voice is now
Too deep and perfect for a mortal ear?
Then tell me silently while here I bow
Alone, half thrilled with joy and half with fear.

I know thou'rt where ten thousand sunbows arch
His throne whose empire is the Universe!
Listing the echoes of the spheric march
That chant His praises in eternal verse.
Yes—up, 'mid stars and seraphs *thou* dost dwell,
And *I*—down in the dust where serpents hiss,
And roses fade and sounds of sadness swell,
But *art thou less my brother!*+ for all this?

Oh, do not mem'ries from this world of ours,
Undying, lovely, shadowy and soft,
Haunt thy sweet dreamings in the amaranth bowers?
Hast thou not told thy sister-angels oft
That once in thy brief exile from the blest,
In some far sphere all dim and damp with care
A child was rocked against thy beating breast
Who now—is left alone and lonely there!

And though that child's red, parted lips have grown
Pale and half-scornful—though her golden hair
Is darkened, as to suit the fate she's known,
Thou lovest her the same! And when despair
And all earth's maddening mockeries and harms
Have ceased to sting her with their poisons wild
Oh, wilt thou not re-clasp her in thy arms
And tell the hosts of Heaven, It is my child!

+The use of “brother” is probably a typesetter’s error. Both the poem’s title and the remainder of the poem point to the speaker’s mother as its addressee.