

# AN ORPHAN'S ADJURATION.

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BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.  
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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!

