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No. 33 Carter's Alley.  
1843.

“ When to the morning’s light  
 Her soft blue eyes unclose,  
 Tell her, her mother hovered near  
 To watch her sweet repose.

“ And when the stars look down,  
 And silence walks abroad—  
 Tell her at such a tranquil hour  
 My spirit sought its God.

“ I come—sweet voices call—  
 Strange glory round me gleams!  
 Jesus! and angels——life farewell—  
 I *waken* from thy dreams.”

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### AN EVENING HYMN.

BY REV. T. B. BALCH.

SAVIOUR, with thee I love to dwell,  
 In orient vales, on Calvary’s steeps—  
 Where broken rocks thy sorrows tell,  
 And fond remembrance freely weeps.

My heart would hear thy gentle call,  
 When forth I stray at evening hour,  
 O’er fields by some lone waterfall,  
 That lulls the ear of woodland flower.

Oh, let me then enroll thy name,  
 In every flower around my feet;  
 And think of Him who wrought its frame,  
 And fill’d its leaves with hues so sweet.

Or gazing on the evening sky,  
 Its richly woven wreaths of gold,  
 Have charmed away my roving eye,  
 To that serene, secluded fold.

Where all thy ransomed flock at last,  
 Shall range in trackless fields of light—  
 And death’s dark shade forever past,  
 Eternal morn succeeds the night.

In that dear fold my soul would rest,  
 Yet all its powers would active be—  
 As when a harp with vigor prest,  
 Pours forth its softest melody.

Where moves the star to blend its beam,  
 With the rich flush of evening tide,  
 And deck yon clouds that radiant seem,  
 As robes by angels cast aside.