

Acrostic to a beautiful infant.

Lo, mariner, a sail, just launched upon the wave  
O'er life's deep Sea, its course to plough, and stormy waters brave,  
Unfurl'd its every sail, by zephyrs gently borne  
Is little reck of toil some way, of Sorrows early dawn  
Suspicion taints not childish joy, from doubts & fears at rest  
A dancing merry lark it floats upon the ocean's breast.  
Ah, beautiful babe how [ ] thy spoilt childhood knows  
Nor aught of sin, nor tempter's powers, life's darkened bitter fear  
Deep in the heat the poison lurks, but grace can set thee free;  
Eternal God! oh, guide the lark in safety o'er the Sea.  
Remember sire, she's only lent, and children lightly hold.  
Such cherishes jewel, insecure, this lamb of God's own fold,  
One only prayer my soul shall breathe, kind Heaven spare the tree,  
Nor toss the branches [ ] both shall yield rich fruits eternally.



An Acrostic for Louisa Anderson  
a few years later

Lone Pilgrims rest! This earth is not so drear  
O'er many a rugged path, bright flowers doth appear.  
Unherded past them not, sweet fragrance they impart  
In sorrows darkest hour, cast sunshine on the heart.  
Such beautiful child art thou! A bud of promise given;  
A mother's prayer could never seek a brighter gift from Heaven.  
Ah! Soften was the joy that stole above thy natal hour!  
No parent tree a scion gave – nor plant a rarer flower.  
Dark eyes of hazel hue and cheek surpassing fair,  
Each smile that plays around thy lips is such as angels wear.  
Rest darling! Rest! Thy fears assuage, for in thy peaceful way  
[S     ] ever bright, a meteor light – “Thy hopes illumine ray”  
On this prophetic still, the rainbow “smiles to cheer  
No cloud shall rest upon thy path, wish low of promise “near



Envelope:  
Miss Anderson

Staten Island

