## Poema

The Rainbow

Box - Jown in hope, in thanks, all go who mourn; Whene'er that peculify arch of radiant huer substies! Surpenfring earthly trints, - the storm substies! If natures strife and lears this heaven-born, It souther the sail, the siming, and for form; I souther the sail, that pow're hime endeed The hope, the faith, that pow're hime endeed The hope, the faith, that pow're him wire torm - With latent good the week by which we're torm - With latent good the woes by which we're torm - To be beaton all by sense of sin spread, - I head nowing from teast and sight!

Sevenling harmony from teast and sight!

A please: - that thep implanted in the breach of his high may have that never thes,

A histen light may have that never thes,

But bursts there to the trainers in puret heres whered

A. A. Lovelace

## SONNET THE RAINBOW

Bow down in hope, in thanks, all ye who mourn;—
Where'in that peerless arche of radiant hues
Surpassing earthly tints,—the storm subdues!
Of nature's strife and tears 'tis heaven-born,
To soothe the sad, the sinning, and forlorn;
A lovely loving token to infuse
The hope, the faith, that pow'r divine endures
With latent good the woes by which we're torn.—
'Tis like a sweet repentance of the skies,
To beckon all by sense of sin opprest,—
Revealing harmony from tears and sighs!
A pledge:—that deep implanted in the breast
A hidden light may burn that never dies,
But bursts thro' clouds in purest hues exprest!

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