

"As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

"When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,
When life's her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals;
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

"When, with sad footsteps, memory roves
Mid smitten joys, and buried loves,
When sleep my fearful pillow flits,
And drowsy morn'ning dunks my sight,
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

"One trial more must yet be past,
One pang, the keenest and the last,
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble quivering heart string fail,
Redeemer, grant my soul to see
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

New York Sept 6th 1836.

Mrs Sigourney.

Written by my very dear friend
Eliza Follen sent to me a
few weeks before leaving
New York.

Miss Emma Nichols.