

**THE LAST DAYS OF
JESUS AND
OTHER POEMS**

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The Last Days of Jesus and Other Poems by Sophia Louisa Little

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SOPHIA LOUISA LITTLE

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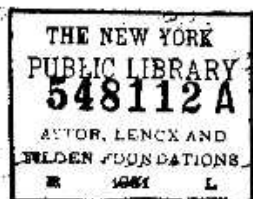
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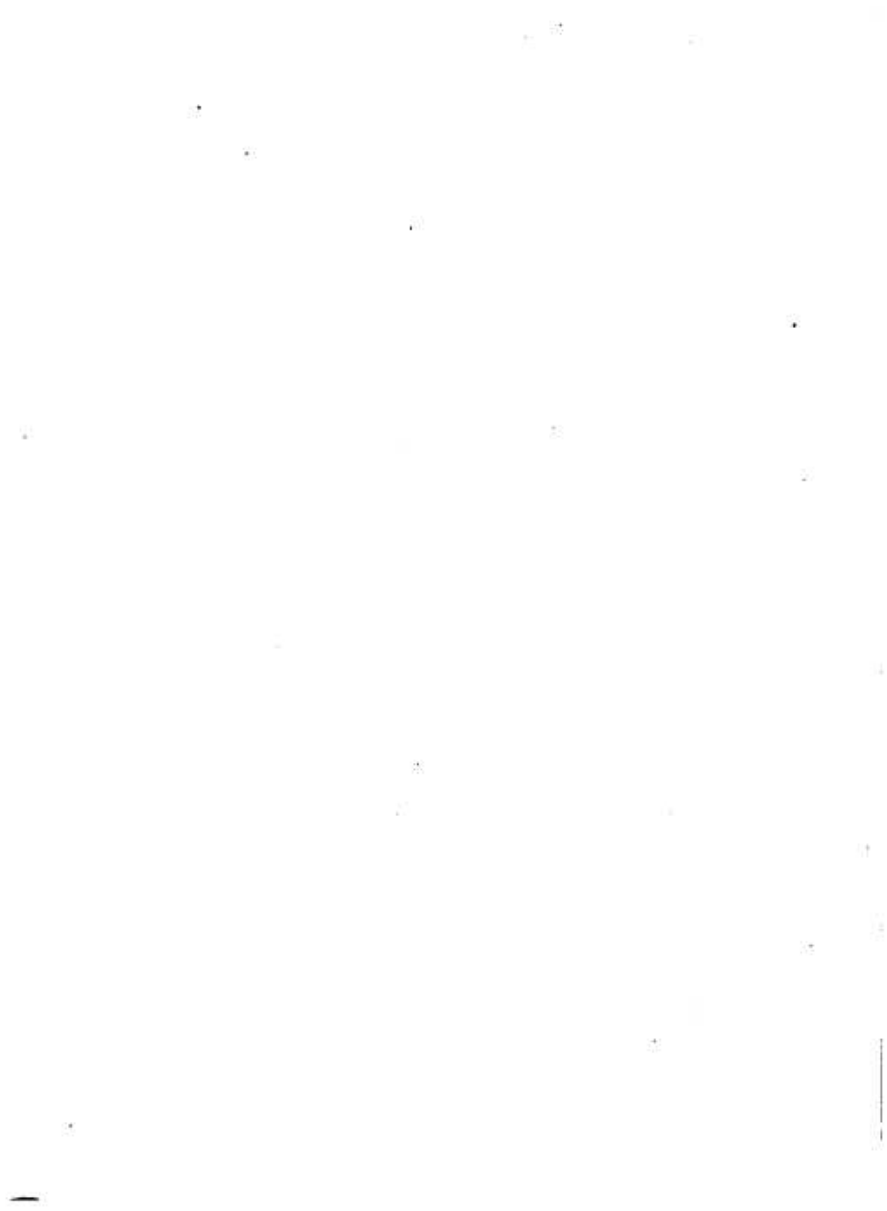
ROY WEBB
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IN REMEMBRANCE
OF
MRS. JOHN CAREY

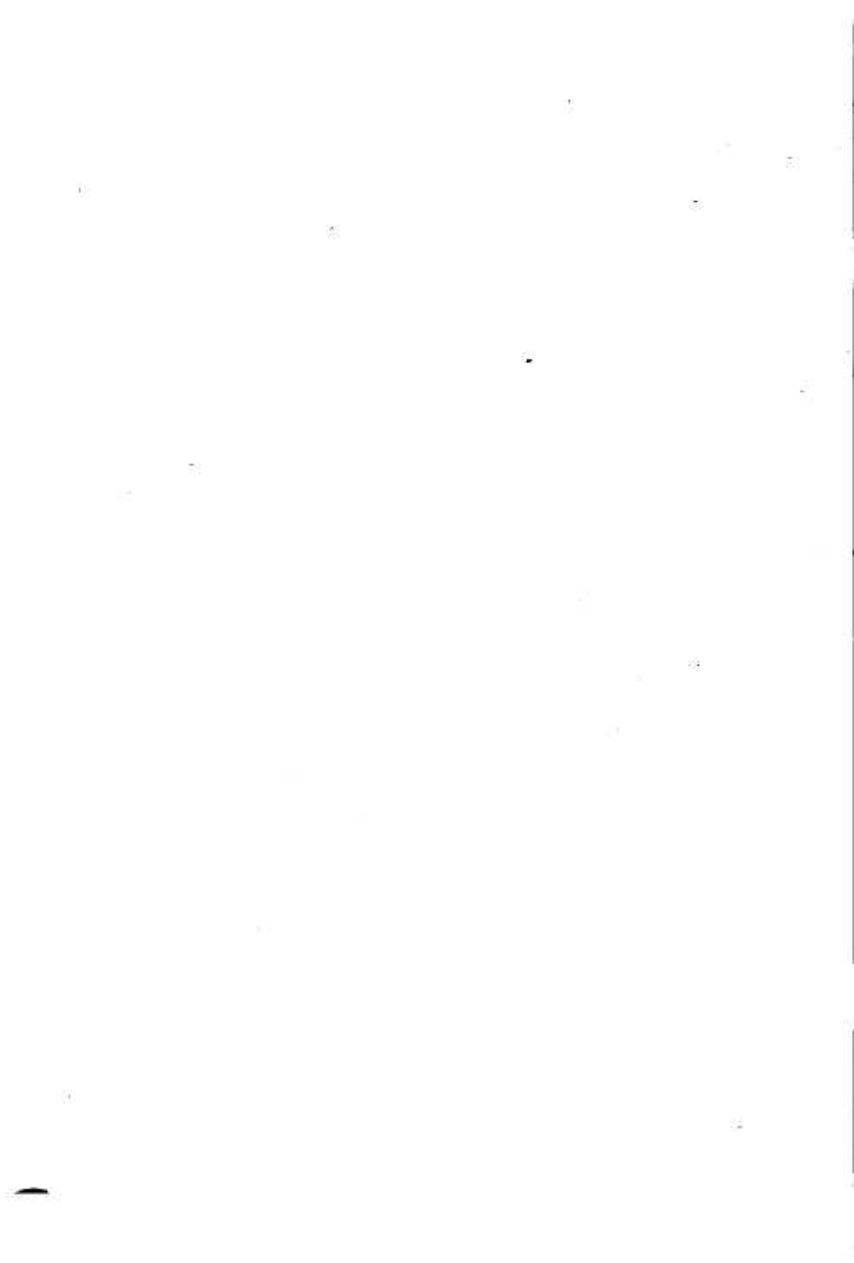
AND HER KIND ASSISTANCE
IN A WORK OF MERCY.

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THE ADVENT.

Melodious at creation's birth
The stars together sang ;
But sweeter far through heaven and earth
Redemption's anthem rang.

I

THE summer sun has left a bright farewell,
But growing shadows hang o'er yonder steep ;
A gentle stillness seems around to dwell,
Soft and ambrosial as an infant's sleep ;
Yet, brooding o'er the whole, a spirit deep,
As if the air had thought, Yon river clear,
And those blue skies, a quiet sabbath keep :
Surely some pitying seraph hovers near,
For love, pure, peaceful, tender love is here.

II

But there is one alone, and, kneeling there
Amidst the kindred stillness of the place,
The voice, the youthful voice is poured in prayer,
And light and tears are mingling in her face,
The broken spirit, and the answering grace,—
The hidden sweetness, and the Spirit's love,
O'er that celestial countenance we trace,—
Pure, harmless, chaste, as an unfledged dove,
And inwardly absorbed in One above.