

THE CONSUMPTIVE

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The Consumptive by Gertrude

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GERTRUDE

**THE
CONSUMPTIVE**

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CONSUMPTIVE.

BY GERTRUDE.



HARTFORD:
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1850.

DEDICATION.

To thee, my sister, whose brief stay
On earth was like a dream,
Whose smiles like sunbeams passed away,
Or like the rainbow's gleam ;

Whose life stream to eternity
Fled like a summer rill,
But who, though now an angel free,
Art yet my sister still ;

To thee, thou of my childhood's home,
I dedicate my tale,
The record of thy transient bloom,
So lovely, but so frail !

If angels can look down and see
How move our heart-strings here,
Then may this tribute, due to thee,
Prove that thou wert most dear.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DEDICATION,	3
ADDRESS TO DEATH,	9
THE BRIDAL MORNING,	11
THE PARSONAGE,	19
THE LITTLE STRANGER,	24
THE SHADOW,	31
THE DELUSION,	36
ANGEL WHISPERINGS,	50
THE BURIAL,	55
THE SPIRIT'S HOME,	62

ADDRESS TO DEATH.

"Come in consumption's ghastly form,
And thou art terrible!"

HALLECK.

WHEN thou, O Death! dost come to those,
Whose hearts are full of earthly woes,
Whose weary days in grief have fled,
'Till all their love of life is dead,
Whose heaving bosoms' deep drawn sigh
Betrays how much they long to die;
When thou, O Death! dost come to such,
And soothe them with thy silent touch;
Then, thou art beautiful.

When thou, the patient suff'rer, weak,
Whose wasted form and pallid cheek,—

Whose quiv'ring pulse and languid eye,
Mark midnight hours go sleepless by ;
Whose weary, drooping eyelids crave
The long, sweet slumber of the grave :
When thou, O Death ! dost bid such rest
And lay them 'neath the earth's green breast,
Then, thou art beautiful !

When thou dost come to those, O Death !
Who writhe 'neath scorching fever's breath ;
Whose parching lips and burning brain
Bespeak the fervency of pain ;
Whose wandering reason cannot share
The struggle that the flesh must bear ;
When thou, O Death ! an angel kind,
Dost quiet the delirious mind,
Then, thou art beautiful !

But Oh ! when thou dost come to those,
In whom the young blood richly flows ;
When thou dost come with step of stealth,
To those whose cheeks are flushed with health ;

Whose robust forms seem to defy
 The thought of weak mortality !
 When thou, O Death ! dost all contemn
 And set thy fatal seal on them ;
 Then, thou art *terrible* !

THE BRIDAL MORNING.

"There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
 No faint remembrance of dull decay ;
 There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
 As if for a banquet, all earth were spread ;
 There were voices that rang thro' the sapphire sky
 And had not a sound of mortality !" MRS. HERMAN.

THAT bridal morn—how glad it broke
 In all its vernal mirth !
 Never a brighter sun awoke
 Upon a brighter earth.

That heavenly bridegroom burst his tent
 In glorious regal pride ;
 And all his brightest beams were lent
 To bless an earthly bride.

Forth marching on his proud career,
 Beneath his potent sway,
The mists that veiled the landscape clear,
 Like phantoms fled away.

The dew drops sparkling in his rays
 And quiv'ring on each stem,
Gave back a full, resplendent blaze,
 A rainbow diadem.

The webwork, on the fresh, green grass,
 Sure promise of fair day,
Spread out a pearly, glist'ning mass,
 A veil of network spray.

And Flora's children, that sweet train,
 Meet for a bridal drest,
Exhaled rich fragrance o'er the plain,
 Upon the zephyr's breast.

And those soft warblers of the spring,
 With their enchanting lays,—
Oh! how their mellow notes did ring,
 A concert of pure praise!