Farewell to Lindenwood.

Ah, sweet Lindenwood, do farewell
A fond adieu to flower and tree?
But where I breathe this sad farewell?
The weary in my heart shall dwell;
A vision soft it oft shall bless,
My coming homes of solemnness,
As far from thee I so soon must roam,
To seek again my wrested home?

I came to thee to find repose
My aching heart amid its woes,
Plead for the voice of nature mild,
To soothe to rest her weary child;
Thy sweet grass so softly grow?
And flowers of every lovely show?
And singing birds have all combined,
To win awhile from grief my mind.

Here daily on the fragrant air,
Abounds the voice of social prayer,
And I would bless the lovely place,
Where nature's voice, and God's free grace,
Sweet comfort to my heart hath given,
And may I feel that hour its温馨.
Yet they have power to seal it still,
By resignation to his will.

Sweet Lindenwood - last farewell
 Thy beauty, chains me as a spell,
 Thy sounds floating on the breeze,
 Thy singing birds and shady trees.
 And more than all the friends I've found,
 I share around my heart both bound;
 That time or distance will not sever;
 Advice sweet Lindenwood forever.

Lindenwood - May 5th, 1850.

L. W. July 1850. - An accurate Copy of the foregoing this day placed in the Lime Box deposited in the cavity of the South East corner stone of Lindenwood Female College.

* Mrs. Nation has recently lost her husband at the age of seventy, and had been spending some days at L. W.