



People News

Alvediston

Poems. By Eliza Rogers. London: Hurst and Blackett.

This elegant little volume, written by a lady who formerly resided at Alvediston, is dedicated to the Hon. Mrs. Sidney Herbert. The authoress states that not more than two-thirds of the poems are her own; all comprised in the first part being from the pen of one of her sisters. It is also stated that the motive which led to the publication of this volume was the hope of raising money towards the erection of a church for the labouring classes in a very poor and populous district in the suburbs of London. Some of the poems are of more than average merit. An extract from the volume before us will be found at the head of our column of "Varieties".

Salisbury and Winchester Journal Saturday 24 January 1857

With Many Eyes This Earth We View

by Eliza Rogers

With many eyes this earth we view,
With many ears its voices hear;
With many hearts we travel through
The changing seasons of the year.

For one beholds a desert plain,
With green isles scattered here and there,
And one a bright and boundless main,
With gentle lights and gentle air.

Both dwellers under the same skies;
Though one they only seem to so burn:
Perchance, his evening star will rise
When other lights to darkness turn.

To one great truth the spirit clings;
Though old, it cannot pass way:
There is a God who sees these things;-
A God whom heaven and earth obey.

By storms that shake this earth of ours
We know there is a God above;
By nightly stars and daily flowers,
We know he is a God of love.

Else how could any nent to sow,
To reap a harvest such as this
To live in sight of other's woe,
To die in sight of other's bliss --

While day by day, in our rough strife,
The things we cherish lose their bloom:
While year by year, some precious life
Sinks out of sight, in earth's vast tomb.