

THE LIFE

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER, D.D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

BY

HENRY CARRINGTON ALEXANDER.

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known me if she had seen me, which she did not, for she passed me with her eye upon the ground in a profound, but not (I trust) a painful reverie. But even the supposed identity awakened many old associations, under the influence of which I scribbled at the very moment of departure, a few lines intended to remind them of me, and deposited them, with my own hand, on my way to the Niagara steamer, at the office of a morning paper—possibly the wrong one. Whether they were ever published I am still uncertain, as I do not often see Canadian journals; but as authors do not ‘willingly let die’ the feeblest of their literary offspring, I repeat the verses from memory, and therefore possibly with some diversity of text, which may perplex my editors hereafter :

THRICE TRANSPLANTED.

A SONNET.

From a Volume of Unpublished Poems.

I knew a little fresh Canadian flower,
 Transplanted early into English soil,
 And fondly nurtured in a fragrant bower,
 With sleepless care and unremitting toil,
 Then gently moved back to its native bed,
 There to take root forever—it was said.
 Since that day, long past, I have seen it not,
 But lately visited the garden-spot,
 Where it had twice upreared its modest head,
 Expecting to behold it in full bloom.
 But it was gone—not dead, thank God, not dead—
 Its early promise withered in the tomb—
 But a third time transplanted! May His hand
 Spare that sweet blossom yet to blow in its own land.*

TORONTO, May 24, 1859.

A——A.

In the spring or summer of 1860, a letter was received in Princeton addressed by “Minnie” herself to “her unknown friend, A——A.” The hand and diction, and the tone of sentiment were all in exquisite good taste; and the letter breathed a spirit of respectful and delicate regard, and of grateful but curious desire. It was perused with high satisfaction, and yet with an interest that was at once keenly ap-

* From the Staunton Spectator of June 28, 1859.