

THE
GUARDIAN ANGELS,

OR,
FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

BY
MRS. SARAH GOULD.

Are ye forever to your skies departed?
O! will ye visit this dim world no more?
Ye whose bright wings a solemn splendor darted
Through Eden's fresh and flowery shades of yore?

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GUARDIAN ANGELS

N O T E .

THIS little offering, or memento of affection, under the appropriate title of *Guardian Angels, or Friends in Heaven*, is now presented to the public, with the hope that the sympathy and sentiments expressed will meet a hearty response from all who peruse its pages.

How beautiful and sublime the thought of angels, and guardian angels — their society and mission ; of the redeemed spirits of the “just made perfect,” and archangels, with cherubims and seraphims, wafting their heavenly influences over us, giving peace, comfort, faith, hope, and consolation to all who believe in the recognition of friends in heaven ! — also with the full conviction that the reader will here find a perfect gem of fragmentary compilation, in prose and poetry, rich in thought, truthful, as well as sweet and beautiful, in sentiment — thus making this little token one of the very best of gift books for presentation at all seasons of the year.

AUTHOR.

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF
JAMES OGLETHORPE
BY
JOHN STURGES
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I.
LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD, 1784.

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CHAPTER I

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the subject. It begins with a definition of the term "philosophy" and then proceeds to a discussion of the various branches of the subject. The author then discusses the history of philosophy, from the ancient Greeks to the modern era. He then discusses the various schools of thought, from the Stoics to the modern philosophers. The chapter concludes with a discussion of the importance of philosophy in the modern world.

The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed discussion of the various branches of philosophy. It begins with a discussion of metaphysics, which is the study of the nature of reality. The author then discusses epistemology, which is the study of knowledge. He then discusses ethics, which is the study of morality. The chapter concludes with a discussion of aesthetics, which is the study of art and beauty.

The third part of the book is devoted to a discussion of the various schools of thought. It begins with a discussion of the Stoics, who were a school of thought in ancient Greece. The author then discusses the Epicureans, who were a school of thought in ancient Greece. He then discusses the Skeptics, who were a school of thought in ancient Greece. The chapter concludes with a discussion of the modern philosophers, who were a school of thought in the modern era.

The Guardian Angels;

OR,

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

'T WAS evening. The sun had sunk behind the distant hill-tops, and the sombre shades of night were fast gathering round the snowy couch of a little sufferer. A careful hand had folded aside the muslin shade, and the faint light of evening rested on the pale, sweet face of little Alice. Her eyes were closed in troubled sleep. Frightful dreams seemed passing through her infant mind, and low, sad murmurs escaped her unclosed lips; while the deep sigh or gentle groan oft indicated sudden pain. One little arm was thrown across her pillow, half buried in the thickly clustering folds of shining hair that had escaped from its gauzy case.

All was still. No noise, no sound, save the low moan of little Alice, was heard within. Busy feet, on tip-toe, came and went,— friends looked grief, yet spoke not,—but the tears that coursed each other quickly down the mother's pale, wan cheek, as she stood almost breathless, bending over her suffering child, too plainly told her anxious sorrow.

At length the lids slowly unclosed, and the soft, blue eyes rested upon her mother. She smiled,— oh, that smile! The first for many, many long weeks! Then the mother wept tears of joy, as she thought that her child, her only one, might still live to be her solace in after years. Alas! fond parent, thy hope is vain! Even now the guardian angel waits to take her to Him who gave her thee.

She spoke. "Mother, I'm going to live in Heaven;— I wish papa would come home— poor pa!"

"He'll be here soon, my child; but you must be quiet and not talk now, for you have been very sick."

Soon the door opened. "Wife, said a stern voice, "how is Alice, to-night?"

"I'm afraid, William, she is worse. She has

been stupid and quite sick all day. She has been wishing you would come ; but I think she is asleep now. Speak softly, or you may wake her."

"Has Dr. H—— called to-day?"

"Yes, and he thought she was doing well; but he left more medicine, and said he would call this evening. I wish you would stay at home to-night, William—if she should be worse."

"I would, but I have an important engagement for this evening; and, really," said he, looking at his dying child, "she seems to me no worse than yesterday! Don't be alarmed, wife, Dr. H—— will be here to see her, and I shall be home at eleven, and if anything ——"

"How is papa's little Alice to-night—sick, eh?" Alice looked, but replied not.

"Allie, dear," said her mother, "your papa has *come* now." Still she spoke not; "Allie, Allie, your *papa* has come; wont you speak to papa?"

"Dear papa," said the sweet little child, raising her deep blue eyes, "I'm going to Heaven."

"Nonsense," said the infidel father, "you have been dreaming, I guess."

"Yes, papa, I have dreamed a sweet dream, and I saw little children with wings, — so happy — and they smiled, and said I was coming to live with them. And I asked if mamma would come, and they said yes. And I asked if my papa would come, too, and they looked so sad, and wept; and I wept, too, papa, for I wanted you should go there and be happy."

"Well, well, Allie," said he, stooping to kiss her, and a tear dropped upon her pale brow. As he turned to leave the room, Alice stretched out her little thin hand, and said — "Don't go, papa, your little Alice is dying."

"No, no, Allie," said he, turning to hide his tears, "you'll be better to-morrow — good-bye — papa will come back pretty soon."

"Come to Heaven, papa, and see little Alice."

The unhappy father left the room, and soon after he might have been seen hurrying away to the gaming-table. Faster and faster he hurried on, as if to leave his very thoughts behind.

"Poor little Allie!" thought he. "Going to Heaven — children with wings — I wonder what put such thoughts into the child's head? Going to Heaven — I wonder if there is a Heaven or not — I wish I knew — I almost wish I had

staid with poor little Alice — I'll go back — no, wife will think I am anxious — I'll go to-night and try to win, and then I'll stay with wife and Alice, and talk with her about Heaven, ha! She is a good child, though! anyhow — what if she should die? I almost wish I had staid at home."

* * * * *

"Ah, ha! Merton," said a fellow-gambler, "we are rather late to-night. They will take the advantage of us."

"Yes, — I wish I had stayed at home."

"Poh! your wife has been crying, hey?"

"No — but ——"

"Here, here's the No. — what are you thinking of, Merton?"

Once seated at the gaming-table, home and its inmates were forgotten. Deeper and deeper grew the excitement of the game; wager upon wager was laid down, until one thought, only, pervaded each mind. "Who should win!" The wine-cup was passed round — eyes flashed with intense excitement — loud bursts of laughter echoed round the dimly lighted room, till at length the game closed. All was still as midnight for a moment, and then — "William

Merton up for three thousand dollars!" shouted a dozen voices in a breath.

"There, now," said one, "don't you wish you had stayed at home? Guess the dear woman won't cry when you show her that; ha! ha!"

"Can't tell," thought Merton; for home and his dear Alice just then darted through his mind. Hastily he gathered up his wicked treasure, and, as he hastened out, he glanced at his watch. — "Passed twelve! 'Tis bad, I declare; I told wife I'd be at home at eleven. Well, I've won, and 'tis the last time I'll go there, any how!"

"What! the last time, is it?" said a well known voice. "You think, then, you will escape with all this booty, hey? We shall see," thought he. "Now, Merton," said the wily friend, stepping forward, and putting his arm within Merton's, "don't give up so! you've made well to-night, and there is no hurt in it at all. Keep on in the money-making line, is my advice to you, take it as you may. But good night, my friend; remember next Tuesday, and show yourself a man. Good-night; don't forget to show your wife the money; ha! ha!"

"Not till I see how Alice is," thought he; and hurried on, ever and anon thinking what

new investment he would make, and what presents he would make his wife and Alice. Vain dreamer! Thou knowest not the grief that awaits thee.

Again William Merton is standing by his own room door, lost in thought. Why does he hesitate? why listen so attentively with his hand on the latch? Why do sad forebodings and feelings of remorse enter his mind? With trembling hand he lifts the latch, and starts at the sound, so deep was the stillness around him. His wife met him in the hall.

"O William! why didn't you come?"

"Why! haven't I? How is she?" He could not say Alice, for he read the worst of his fears in his wife's mournful face.

"Is she worse?"

"O William, Allie, little Allie, is ——"

"Is what?" said he, springing to the bedside.

O, stricken father! Call her not—she is gone! Thy voice she cannot hear! Thy kiss she cannot feel! Thy tears she cannot see! Yet weep, strong man, and let those scalding tears wash guilty stains from out your sinful heart.

"O God!" he cried in bitterness of woe

"why did'st thou take my sweet little Alice from me? O Alice! why did I not stay at home with you? why did I leave you when you wished me to stay? All for money! money! What is money now to me! Will it put life into that cold clay? Will it bring back Alice? Oh! had I listened to the voice of my dying child! I never will go again, Allie, never! What is all the money I won to-night in exchange for my darling Allie?" thought he, feeling for his pocket-book. "What! Gone!" a crimson flush passed over his face, and, after searching more carefully, he exclaimed, in a tone of bitter vexation — "the villain has robbed me! I'm ruined forever! The villain! I'll meet him — I'll have satisfaction, either my money or ——"

"William, William," said Mrs. Merton, who had just come in as he spoke the last words, "what are you saying?"

"Saying, why I'm ruined, that's what I say;" and he bowed his head and wept.

"Don't, William, grieve so; all may yet be well. Little Alice, we hope, has gone to rest. Gone, I trust, to Heaven, where she will be far happier than she could be here. Let us, Wil-

liam, so live that we may hope to join her there."

"Talk not of Heaven to me,—I'm wicked! oh, how wicked! Guilty, yes, guilty! Did not the angels look sad when my angel Alice asked if papa would come? Ah! I have been a wicked, sinful man! Do I not deserve all this, and more? It is right — God is just! But I will, henceforth, try to live a better man!"

Mrs. Merton affectionately took his hand, for her heart was too full for utterance, and together they knelt by the bedside where the little clay-cold form of Alice lay enshrouded, and for the first time, since by his mother's knee, in early childhood, did William Merton's lips move in silent prayer. And when he rose and pressed a kiss on the cold brow of the little Alice, he was an altered man.

* * * * *

Years passed away, and again the gentle wife watched by the bedside of the dying. 'Twas not the same room — oh, no! 'twas much smaller, and more poorly furnished. The same kind and careful hand bathed the parched lips, and wiped the death-damp from his mar-

ble brow. But who is the sufferer? Ah! is it the same rich William Merton? Even so.

"Dear wife," said the dying man, "I must soon leave you. The sum I have saved for you and our dear children is small — take it — and rejoice that it has been honestly earned. I die happy — farewell — Allie — I come."

Guardian angels! do we doubt them?

Night by night, and day by day;

Could we guide our steps without them,

Where would wavering fancy stray?

Ev'ry noble thought that's spoken,

Ev'ry smile, and ev'ry sigh,

Are they not a sign — a token —

That some guardian angel's by?

Guardian angels, hovering o'er us,

Keep the soul, in mercy, pure;

Had we not bright hope before us,

Could we this frail world endure?

Then, be sure, that ever near us

Voices come from forms unseen,

Breathed by angels sent to cheer us,

Watching earth and heav'n between!

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

CHILD of earth, and child of heaven !

Each alike in form and face,
Save that wings to one are given,
Something too of loftier grace.

Yet the trustful and the true
Dwell in meekness with the other —
These alone it was that drew
From the skies its angel-brother.

Half in blindness, half in trust,
Guardian arms around him pressed,
Sleeps the child of time and dust,
Shielded by his cherub guest.

Angel child ! and child of earth !
Semblance ye of hidden things ;
One hath reached its spirit-birth,
One but waiteth for its wings.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes :
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance —
There's rest in his still countenance :
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
But ills and woes he may not cure —
He kindly learns us to endure.

Angel of patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brow with cooling palm —
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day !
He walks with thee — that angel kind —
And gently whispers, " Be resigned !
Bear up, bear on — the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

THE SONG OF ANGELS.

IN the sweet solitude of night,
While tired Nature seeks repose,
I seem to hear light rustling wings —
And, as my weary eyes uncloze,
Arrayed in robes of righteousness,
An angel-band appears above ;
And on their golden harps they sing,
In sweetest tones, of heavenly love.

“ We come ” — they sing from that bright world,
Beyond those shining orbs afar,
That spangle o'er yon azure dome,
Sweet messages of love to bear :
We come to dissipate death's gloom,
That now enshrouds this beauteous earth ;
To sing of life immortal, ere
These planetary spheres had birth.

“ Ere Time his circling course began,
This Universe our Father planned ;
In wisdom He the soul ordained,
And worlds came forth at his command —
Unnumbered worlds — unknown to earth,
Chiming, as they forever shine
In orbits all harmonious,
‘ Our God is love — his hand divine ! ’

“And as those glorious notes roll on,
Our Father’s realms echo above,
And all the innumerable throng,
Adoring, shout — ‘*Our God is love!*’
O wisdom infinite! O love
Unspeakable! — let evermore
Thy soul with joy see through death’s gloom,
In God confide — his name adore.

“Where Death appears, on wings of love,
Unseen, unknown, to earth we come,
To bear the disembodied soul
Up to our Father’s heavenly home.
O then, rejoice! no terrors fear!
And as to other realms we soar
Away, ‘*Hallelujah!*’ ever
Shout ‘*Hallelujah!*’ evermore!”

ANGEL MUSIC.

WHEN the twilight weeps ’neath the azure veil,
And the sweet flowers sigh as the day grows pale,
Then an angel comes on her silver wings,
And a golden harp in her hand she brings;
Soft, sweet and low,
Rich numbers flow,
And I hush my breath while the angel sings!

Oh! the love-rays fall from her dew-filled eye,
Like the soft star-beams from the twilight sky,
And she fans my brow with her fragrant wings,
While she gently strikes on the golden strings!

Soft, sweet, and low,
Rich numbers flow,
And I weep for joy while the angel sings!

Like the soft South wind, when he woos the flowers,
Like the glad bird's note, in his love-wreath'd bowers,
Like the thrilling sigh of the wind's harp-strings,
Are the rapture-tones that the angel sings!

Soft, sweet and low,
Glad breathings flow,
And I dream of love while the angel sings!

Like the plaintive voice of the moaning pine,
Like the wild, wild wail of the heaving brine,
Like the groans that sweep on the night-wind's wings,
Is the strange, sad song that the angel sings!

Dark, deep and low,
Sad moanings flow,
And I weep o'er the lost while the angel sings!

Then a lofty strain on the rich harp swells,
And the soul of bliss in its music dwells;

And the tide of song o'er the glowing strings
Flows fresh and free from the Eden springs !

Soft, sweet and low
Rich breathings flow,
And I dream of Heaven while the angel sings !

THE FLIGHT OF ANGELS.

[Written for a Monument to two English Children, in the
Protestant Burial Ground at Rome.]

Two Pilgrims for the Holy Land
Have left our lonely door,
Two sinless angels, hand in hand,
Have reached the promised shore.

We saw them take their heavenward flight,
Through floods of drowning tears ;
And felt in woe's bewildering night
The agony of years.

But now we watch the golden path
Their blessed feet have trod,
And know that voice was not in wrath
Which called them both to God.

ANGELS.

WHENEVER we read — as we very often do — in the Old Testament history, of an Angel, (*i. e.* Messenger) of the Lord, appearing to any one, such an Angel seems to have very seldom been (as in the New Testament history) a “Ministering Spirit,” — a *person* created by the Lord, and employed in his service.

You can easily understand that either any *person*, or any *thing*, may be employed by the Lord, to intimate his will — to convey his messages to men, — or to perform any service to them. And whoever — or *whatever* is so employed, becomes God’s Angel or Messenger. Whether it be a supernatural flame — or any other appearance — or a voice from Heaven — or a man — or any other personal Agent, of a different nature from man, — in all cases, that person or thing by which the Lord holds communications with mankind, is called his Angel, or Messenger.

And since the word “Angel,” originally signifies simply a messenger, hence our Sacred

writers often found it necessary, in order to prevent mistakes, to use the expression, "*Angel of the Lord*," to distinguish such a messenger as they are speaking of, from any ordinary messenger.

Now in the Old Testament history, when an Angel is mentioned as appearing, it is generally some visible object, in which there was an immediate manifestation of the *Lord himself*; so that you will frequently find the expressions, "the Lord," and the "Angel of the Lord," used indiscriminately to denote the same thing.

Thus, where we read of God's first manifestation of himself to Moses in the wilderness, in a flame of fire in a bush, we are told that *the Lord* spake to Moses out of the flame, saying, "*I am the God of Abraham*," etc. And Moses "fell on his face and worshipped." Now, if you look to the speech of Stephen as recorded in the Book of Acts (chap. vii. 30), you will find him speaking of the Angel of the Lord appearing to Moses in a flame of fire. And he again mentions (v. 38,) the "*Angel which spake unto Moses in Mount Sinai*." Now we all know that what was spoken there,

began with "*I am the Lord thy God* who brought thee out of the land of Egypt." It was the Lord himself, who held communication with his servant, through the means of the appearance of a flame, accompanied with "thunderings and voices," etc. And the *flame*, is thence called his Messenger, or Angel. *No created person* was here employed. And hence it is, that we often find (as I observed just above), the two expressions, "the Lord, and the Angel of the Lord," used indiscriminately, and with the signification.

For instance, in the Book of Exodus (chap. xxiii. v. 20,) "Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, (viz. the fiery and cloudy pillar, which accompanied the Israelites in their journeyings,) and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared.

"Beware of him, and obey his voice; provoke him not; for he will not pardon your transgressions; for my *name* is in him: (that is, it is a manifestation of my especial presence and agency; which in Scripture, is often called 'Name'), but if thou shalt indeed obey *his* voice, and do all that *I speak*," (here you observe that "he," and "I," are used indiscrimi-

nately,) "then I will be an enemy unto thine enemies," etc.

What has been said of the use of the word Angel in these passages, will for the most part apply, as to the essential points, to many others in the Old Testament history; even in those places in which the human form is assumed.

For instance, in the appearance of Angels to Abraham, and to Lot, (Gen. xviii.) of an Angel to Balaam, (Numb. xxii.), and to Manoah and his wife (Judges xiii.); and in several others, you will find, on an attentive perusal, that the Angels there mentioned (at least in the last two places), were not *created persons*, but manifestations of the Lord himself. And accordingly in most of these passages, you read of *DIVINE worship* being offered and accepted. To the Angels, on the contrary, mentioned in the New Testament—the ministering spirits recorded as appearing—divine worship either is not offered, or is carefully rejected. "See thou do it not!" (says the Angel to John, in the Book of Revelation, chap. xxii.), "for I am thy fellow-servant."

"The holiness of Angels is indicated in their

cheerful and uniform obedience. They are often spoken of, as being sent by God upon various missions to the earth. My God *hath sent* his Angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me," Dan. vi. 22. "In the sixth month the Angel Gabriel, *was sent from God* unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth," Luke i. 26. "Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath sent his Angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod," Acts xii. 11.

Thus we find that the Angels are ever ready to obey their Sovereign, and execute his will. Their plans and purposes are in unison with the Divine mind. They have no selfish ends in view, no unholy desires to gratify. They have no higher ambition than to execute, with fidelity and success, the commands of their King. They delight in serving. They glory in their loyalty. They covet no other state, for they have reached the highest attainment by created intelligences. They can go no higher without being infinite. They can occupy no loftier positions without being gods.

The existence indeed of created persons called Angels, seems to have been believed, in

early times, by the greater part of the Jews; though the sect of the Sadducees denied it. And we find mention of such beings, in several parts of the Old Testament. But in far greater number of the places (in the historical books), in which the appearance of an Angel is recorded, it will be found to have been a manifestation of the Lord himself.

Such then being the different characters generally, of the Angels, noticed in the Old, and in the New Testament histories respectively; you cannot but perceive the importance of constantly keeping in mind, the distinctions I have been pointing out; lest you should impute *false worship* to those persons who in the Old Testament are mentioned as offering adoration to what is called "the Angel of the Lord."

EARTH'S ANGELS.

WHY come not spirits from the realms of glory
To visit earth, as in the days of old,
The times of sacred writ and ancient story?
Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown cold?

Oft have I gazed, when sunset clouds, receding,
Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,
To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding
Along the confines of the glowing sky;—

And oft, when midnight stars, in distant chillness,
Were calmly burning, listened late and long;
But Nature's pulse beat on in solemn stillness,
Bearing no echo of the seraph's song.

To Bethlem's air was their last anthem given,
When other stars before the One grew dim?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison?
Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn?

And are they all within the veil departed?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now;
And many a tear from human eyes has started,
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

No ; earth has angels, though their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below ;
Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow ;
Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread ;
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood "between the living and the dead."

There have been angels in the gloomy prison —
In crowded halls — by the lone widow's hearth ;
And where they passed, the fallen hath uprisen —
The giddy paused — the mourner's hope had birth.

I have seen one whose eloquence commanding
Roused the rich echoes of the human breast,
The blandishments of wealth and ease withstanding,
That Hope might reach the suffering and oppressed.

And by his side there moved a form of beauty,
Strewing sweet flowers along his path of life,
And looking up with meek and love-lent duty :
I call her angel, but he called her wife.

O, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

THE ANGEL LAND.

THIS world is beautiful, 'tis true, —
But there's a brighter world than this
Beyond that dome of wavey blue, —
A home of everlasting bliss ;
That Spirit Land, whose canopy
Is never sullied with a cloud ;
Where clad in spotless drapery,
Saints are in adoration bow'd ;
A myriad band of vestals raise
Their voices in Jehovah's praise.

There, purling streams and shady bowers,
With fields of amaranthine hue,
And beds of bright ambrosial flowers —
Impearled with heavenly dew
On every hand, to please the eye,
Are spread in loveliness — and there,
Than those of sultry Araby,
The breezes richer perfumes bear ;
There, too, such melody is heard
As never mortal's bosom stirred.

OUR HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

AMIDST the melody of June,
When buds were bursting into bloom,
And earth seemed filled with Eden's grace,
Fit for an angel's dwelling-place,
God sent with us to dwell

A blue-eyed babe with golden hair,
And dimpled arms and forehead fair;
O! life seems richest, rarest bliss,
As her warm ruby lips we kiss,
Our darling baby, Nell.

Our "household angel," her bright smile
With radiance lights our home the while;
God grant her little dimpled feet
Through life may tread 'mong blossoms sweet—
O! guard our treasure well.

Dear, blessed gift! at morn, at even,
Our prayer for her goes up to Heaven;
For earth would be a dreary place,
Without the darling cherished face
Of our sweet baby, Nell!

"ANOTHER ANGEL."

"I WILL bathe my lov'd boy in the pure limpid wave,
And robe him myself in the garb of the grave ;
With my own tender hand have I closed his fond eyes,
Ne'er to open again till he wakes in the skies.

Let his shroud be the robe that hath decked him of yore,
By my fond fingers traced with affection all o'er ;
Spotless plaits of the lawn-shade his marble limbs fold,
O ! he greets me no longer ! his form waxes cold.

Once again am I smoothing his soft silky hair —
Methinks I've given birth to a bright angel heir !
While I pluck a pale flower in his clasped hands to lay,
Even death breathes a sigh o'er such beauteous clay.

What ! could I permit e'en the kindest friend's hand
To robe my sweet Willie for Heaven ! Where a band
With his grandsire awaits him — his glory untold —
With their love like a garment around him to fold ?

O, my father ! receive thou this jewel of mine !
All fresh from my heart is it torn from its shrine ;
To our God I resign him — my Father, and thine ;
Lo ! the mantle of Levi yet rests on thy line !"

SOCIETY OF ANGELS.

THE present ministration of angels to Christian pilgrims establishes a relation of the deepest interest. The particular ways and instances of their special efforts, as our allies, we know not, nor do we need to know. It is enough for us to be assured that an immense host of these efficient guardians are in attendance upon the heirs of salvation. Dwelling as we do in this tabernacle of flesh, burdened with infirmities, assailed by temptations, what consolation it is to know that there is sympathy for us, and co-operation with us in the world of spirits! Let us never forget that, while we have to contend not only with indwelling sin, and the dangerous influences of surrounding scenes, but also to wrestle with principalities, powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, spiritual wickedness in high places, still, they that be with us are more than they that be with them. If, as to the young man with the prophet, a view were granted us into the surrounding sphere of spiritual being, or, if the vision of faith were sufficiently clarified and enlarged, we too should

see the "mountains full of horses and chariots of fire round about." Verily, the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.

Nor are low and lowly Christians overlooked by these ministering spirits. It has not been merely to the noble and learned of earth that they have made their most signal manifestations, but also to the outcast bondwoman, to the houseless prophet, to ignorant shepherds, and imprisoned fishermen. Gold, purple, ermine, and rags, and outward wretchedness, are all one in their eyes. "Take heed," said Christ, "that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." The most obscure of God's people on earth share in the sympathy of angels in yonder world of light, who stand in the presence of the King of kings. What ground of humble exultation is here; and what pitiable arrogance for any to despise them!

"I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow;

Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread;

When smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,

They stood 'between the living and the dead.'

“There have been angels in the gloomy prison;
In crowded halls; by the lone widow's hearth;
And when they passed, the fallen have uprisen,
The giddy paused—the mourner's hope had birth.”

“O, everlasting God! who hast ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order; grant that, as thy holy angels always do thy service in heaven, so, by thy appointment, they may succor and defend us on earth.

At the hour of death their services are eminently enjoyed. Dying seems ordinarily so much like passing suddenly into the dark, like plunging into an unfathomed sea, that the soul shrinks, and longs for some hand to guide and uphold it. The thought of going alone into those untried scenes not unfrequently occasions trembling. But it does not go alone. Angels are, as Tertullian calls them, *Evacatores animarum*.

“Hark, they whisper—angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.”

They who have ministered unseen, now become visible guards. The departing soul is

borne to its everlasting rest by the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof. "It came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom." Yes, Lazarus, without fortune, without friends, without home, without clothing, without food, exposed in the open air, and covered with sores, — Lazarus, whom a moment before the meanest servant of the rich man held in contempt, blessing his stars that he was not so forlorn and wretched; he, whom a moment before, none but dogs cared for, is now carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. A vast convoy of mighty, holy shining ones bear that despised beggar's soul high up in the Paradise of God.

What, then, if, in the closing scene, you feel as solitary and friendless as he who was laid at the gate of Dives? Think of the waiting crowd, into whose friendly presence and kind ministrations death will introduce you. Gently will they bear you in their arms to your Father's house. Familiarize yourself with this animating thought. In the midst of deep contemplation on his death-bed, Richard Hooker remarked: "I am meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and or-

der, without which peace could not be in heaven, and, Oh that it might be so on earth!" "Now, angels," said an early pastor of New England, when dying, "now, angels, do your office!" while Dr. Bateman exclaimed: "What glory! the angels are waiting for me! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! Farewell!"

When, reader, your face shall be toward Padan-Aram, and you light upon a certain place to tarry there all night, and, with the stones thereof for your pillow, you lie down in that place to sleep, may you behold the angels of God ascending and descending between heaven and earth! You will find it none other but the house of God; it will be the gate of heaven.

THE ANGEL'S MISSION.

ONCE on a time, from scenes of light
An angel winged his airy flight :
Down to this earth in haste he came,
And wrote in lines of living flame
These words, on every thing he met : —
“ Cheer up ; be not discouraged yet.”

Then back to heaven with speed he flew,
Attuned his golden harp anew,
Whilst the angelic throng came round
To catch the soul-inspiring sound ;
And heaven was filled with new delight,
For Hope had been to earth that night.

THE VEILED ANGEL.

WHEN our first parents were from Eden driven,
Through life-long years to bear a weary load ;
Urging their slow, tired footsteps on to heaven,
An angel journeyed with them on the road.

The glory of his face was veiled and hidden ;
Thus its sweet radiance they failed to scan.
Sin, by his voice, was ever, ever chidden :
He seemed the foe, and not the friend of man.

Whene'er they paused to gather deadly flowers,
Or pluck forbidden fruit from baneful boughs,
Or trifle with the solemn-footed hours,
God's angel bent on them his awful brows.

If from the narrow path, in pleasing wonder,
They roamed for idols 'mid the works of God:
He called upon them, in a voice of thunder,
And scourged them back with an avenging rod.

But if tow'rd heaven their eager footsteps hurried,
And each obedient, walked as God's dear child,
They felt not half the weary weight they carried;
The angel softly spake, and sweetly smil'd, —

“On—to the Night of Death; on—to Life's Morn-
ing.”

This weeping pair were by the angel driven,
With many a pensive smile, and solemn warning,
Until he left them at the gates of heaven.

Then—when they never more his aid need borrow;
Then—he unveiled at last his radiant face:
He is the friend of Man—his name is Sorrow—
He walks with us and all the human race.

AN ANGEL TEACHING PATIENCE.

BESIDE the toilsome way,
Lowly and sad, by fruits and flowers unblest,
Which my lone feet tread sadly, day by day,
Longing in vain for rest,

An angel softly walks,
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down,
The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks,
She weaves my fitting crown.

A sweet and patient grace, —
A look of firm endurance true and tried,
Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her face
So pure, — so glorified.

And when my fainting heart
Desponds, and murmurs at its adverse fate,
Then quietly the angel's bright lips part,
Murmuring softly, "Wait!"

"Patience!" she meekly saith:
"Thy Father's mercies never come too late;
Gird thee with patient strength and trusting faith,
And firm endurance wait!"

LOSS OF NEAR AND DEAR FRIENDS.

WHILE travelling through the scenes of time, afflictions are the means which our Father in Heaven uses to recover us from the influence of sin, to promote our usefulness here and our happiness hereafter. It is not enough to know that our suffering is just, but that it is designed for our good; it is not enough to say, "this is my grief, and I must bear it; but it is the Lord, my friend and my Father. Let Him do what seemeth good in his sight." But it is evident, that a hearty acquiescence in the divine will, under affliction, cannot arise, but from a knowledge of the Divine character. The child must not only feel that the Father has a right to chastise him, but that his chastisement is the result of paternal affection and love. We may be dumb, and not open our mouth, — but in order to render a cheerful and grateful submission, we must see the righteousness, the wisdom, and, above all, the kindness, of his dispensations towards us. Should we call that goodness in a parent, or the evidence of fatherly care, which would suffer him to let his child go unchastised, when

rebellious and disobedient? No — it should rather be termed cruelty. Neither will the goodness of our Heavenly Father fail to chastise and correct his disobedient children. Eternal love decrees, that if his children “forsake his law, and walk not in his judgments; if they break his statutes, and keep not his commandments, he will visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquities with stripes.” Yet the voice of the rod which we are commanded to hear, is, “How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I make thee as Admah? How shall I set thee as Zeboim? My heart is turned within me; my repentings are kindled together.”

Who can tell to what extremities we might have gone, if we had not been corrected? Says David, “Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but now have I learned to keep thy precepts.” Who can tell the evils we have avoided by the timely infliction of the rod? We were growing earthly-minded. God sent an east wind, and blasted the fruits of our field. He dried up the gourd of our pleasures at its root. He saw us placing our affections inordinately upon a lovely child, upon a husband or wife: He commissioned the messenger of

death to remove that idol.—His faithfulness prompted him to remove from us that which he foresaw would prove our ruin. He called us back to himself, that we might find our all in Him. Afflictions acted as a curb, and prevented us from plunging into the pit of wo.

Afflictions serve as a test of the Christian graces. “When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.” It is the windy tempest that tries the strength of the vessel. The pelting rain proves the soundness of the roof.

“Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.”

Satan once said, “Doth Job fear God for nought? Hast thou not made a hedge about him, and about all that he hath, on every side; but put forth thy hand, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face.” Look at the trial: bereft of all, he cries, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.” The piety of Job was equal to that trial. But see him dis-eased from the soles of his feet to the crown of

his head. Ah! do you hear the long and tedious complaints that break from his lips? The voice of God, out of the whirlwind, restores him to his right mind, and grace takes a deeper root in his soul than ever.

When we are surrounded with friends, wealth, and influence, we may not easily decide whether we are making the Eternal God our refuge and support; but let them be removed, and the trial is made. — If they were to us instead of God, we shall at once droop and languish; and we shall be ready to say, with one of old, “Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I left?”

Afflictions are designed to promote our happiness hereafter. “They yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those that are exercised thereby.” They are like the physician’s prescription — bitter indeed to the taste, but healthful to the system. “They work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” —

“They are not worthy indeed to be compared with it.” Who are they that stand before the throne? They that have come up out of great tribulation, and have washed their

robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. We may not be able to see their influence in promoting our eternal interests ; but, by and by, when the cloud shall break away, we shall see clearly their design and tendency. In these seasons of sorrow and bereavement, we need a clear, firm, elastic, available faith in immortality, in the eternity of our affections, and in the deathless union of those whom death has parted.

“The heart that God breaks with affliction’s stroke,
Oft, like the flower when stricken by the storm,
Rises from earth more steadfastly to turn
Itself to Heaven, whither as a guide,
Kindly though stern, Affliction still is leading, —
Even to the home of endless joy and peace.

There on the borders of that better land,
Shall pain’s sharp ministry forever cease.
Then shall we bless thee, safely landed there,
And know above how good thy teachings were ;
Then feel thy keenest strokes to us in love were given,
That hearts most crushed on earth, shall most rejoice
in heaven.”

“Christian, you have no occasion to fear

entering upon any path which God opens to you. What though that path be dark, and we know not where it will end? Is it not enough that he who opens it has said: 'Fear not, for I am with thee'? What though afflictions, repeated and overwhelming, lie along that path? Is it not the path marked out for us by the wisdom that cannot err? Is it not in this very way that the God of all grace designs to make us partakers of his holiness? Breaking our earthly arm, that we may lean upon himself; drying up our failing streams, that he may bring us to the living fountain; and cutting off our expected delights, that he may make us serene and joyful in himself without them."

"Oh, ye afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold and consider that soon your stones shall be laid with fair colors, and your foundations with sapphires." "Your windows shall be of Agates, and your gates of Carbuncles." It is but an handbreath, humble child of sorrow, and you shall be dismissed, refined and purified, by those afflictions, and made meet for glory.

Even now the dawn of the upper world beams through the clouds that darken your horizon,

and soon those clouds shall all be dispelled ; and under the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shining upon you eternally, you shall sing, " In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."

And what though your pathway into this felicity bring you to the river of death, and there is no turning to the right hand, or the left ; and there leaving kindred and friends behind, you must conflict alone with the cold waves ? Have you not seen others fearful as you, when they have come to the cold flood, borne peacefully through ? Have you not seen their fears dispelled, the billows parted before them, and the way opened for them to go through dry-shod ?

And is he who has done this for them, less sufficient for you ? " Fear not," is his word to every faithful follower. " I am the first and the last. I am he that liveth and was dead ; and behold I am alive for evermore. Amen — and have the keys of death and of hell." And will you not commit yourself to Him in whose heart is such love, in whose hands is such power ?

" Death is a theme of mighty import, and every variety of eloquence has been exhausted on the magnitude of its desolations. There is

not a place where human beings congregate together, that does not, in the fleeting history of its inmates, give the lesson of their mortality. Is it a house? Death enters unceremoniously there, and with rude hand tears asunder the dearest of our sympathies. Is it a town? Every year Death breaks up its families, and the society of our early days is fast melting away. Is it a church? The aspect of the congregation is changing perpetually; and in a little time, another people will enter these walls, and another minister will speak to them. Our fathers, who moved their little hour on this very theatre, were as active and noisy as we—the loud laugh of festivity was heard in their dwellings, and in the busy occupations of their callings,—but where are they now? They are where we shall soon follow them; they have gone to sleep—but it is the sleep of death.

“Death carries to our observation all the immutability of a general law. We cannot reverse the process of nature, nor bid her mighty elements to retire. But is there no higher authority—no power that can grapple with this mighty conqueror, and break his tyranny? Yes. True, we never saw that Being; but the records

of past ages inform us of the extraordinary visitor who lighted on these realms, where Death had reigned so long in all the triumphs of extended empire. Wonderful enterprise! He came to destroy Death! Vast undertaking! At the coming of that mighty Saviour, the heavens broke silence — music was heard from their canopy, and it came from a congregation of living voices, which sung the praises of God, and made them fall in articulate language on human ears. The disciples gave up all for lost, when they saw the champion of their hopes made the victim of the very mortality which he promised to destroy. He entered

‘That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller e’er returns.”

“ But he did. He broke asunder the mighty barriers of the grave; he entered, and he reanimated that body which expired on the cross, and, by the most striking of all testimonies, he has given us to know that he hath fought against the law of Death, and hath carried it. He has not abolished temporal death; it still reigns with unmitigated violence, and sweeps off each successive generation. Death still lays us in

the grave, but it cannot chain us there to everlasting forgetfulness: it puts its cold hand upon every one of us; but a power higher than death will lift it off, and reanimate those forms. The burying-ground has been called the land of silence—the Sabbath bell is no longer heard by its slumbering inhabitants; yet shall the sound of the last trumpet enter the loneliness of their dwelling, and be heard through death's remotest caverns; and this mortal, these mouldering bones, these skeletons, and fragments of humanity, shall put on glorious immortality."

Have you been called, in the inscrutable providence of God, to part with near and dear friends? And have they left behind an evidence that they loved the Lord Jesus Christ? Consider, for a moment, the happy change which they have experienced, and you will realize their gain. — Here, they may never have been clothed with the honors of office; but there they are kings and priests unto God and the Lamb. Here, they may have possessed uncertain and unsatisfying riches; but there they have an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and unfading. Here below they were strangers and pilgrims, having no continuing city; but now they have

gone home to that glorious city which God hath prepared for them; they are fellow-citizens with the saints in the heavenly Zion. Here, they dwelt in a frail, miserable tenement of clay; but now they have "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Here, their vision of divine things was limited and obscure; but now they see God face to face; they see Jesus as he is, and behold with wonder and adoration the triumphs of his cross—the glories of his crown. How clear is their vision now. How extensive their prospect of eternal things. Here they were disquieted with doubts and fears respecting the final trial of their faith; but these have passed away like the momentary, causeless anxieties and imaginary dangers of a dream. They have awakened in eternity and are safe. They had their trials, but these are ended; they had their pains, and fears, and tears; their days of languishing, and hour of dying. But all this is over; "the former things are passed away." They had many dangers, but escaped; temptations, but they vanquished them; conflicts, but the warfare is ended, and the victory sure. — They were weak, but received strength suffi-

cient to reach heaven. Their Father chastened them, but their last chastising is over. Their Saviour led them through trying scenes, but the last is ended. The work of faith and labor of love are finished. The patience of hope has endured to the end, and is no longer needed. Satan tried all his arts to undo them, and was baffled. The world employed all its snares, yet all are escaped. Sin made all its assaults, yet all are overcome.

Blessed was the day when they were brought to the Saviour's feet,—more blessed that, when they landed in the skies, and began to sing, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy name be the glory."

And shall we meet and recognize these dear departed friends, amid the glories of the upper temple? When the weeping parent asks, in agony, where is my child?—nature and philosophy only echo back the question with a more despairing emphasis. Revelation replies, "It is well with the child." Then why may not parents and children, brothers and sisters, redeemed through a Saviour's blood, unite once more in the social circle, and send up their anthems of praise, for being brought together to

that state of glory? "Love never faileth," not even when faith is lost in sight, and hope in fruition. In Heaven, the love of God, and the love of our neighbor, will be our highest duty, our highest privilege, our highest joy. And so it will be in reference to those endearments which now constitute the chief charm of life; they will be purified, strengthened and perpetuated. From the whole theme, it appears abundantly evident that the Bible permits us to hope that we shall know our friends in Heaven; that all those "who shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead," will be reunited to, and associated with, those whom they knew and loved in this life, and thus contribute to each other's delight in that land of perpetual blessedness and unfading joy.

If it be such a pleasure to take sweet counsel together here, and to "walk to the house of God in company," what must it be to join the same society of pious friends in the temple above? In the language of another,* "I can hold no sympathy with that stern, gloomy mood of theological teaching which tells us

* Peabody.

that our affection for our kindred and friends ought to be here, and will be in heaven completely merged in our love for God and for man in general. Such is not the lesson which we might learn from our own growth in piety. Our domestic affections increase in intensity and purity with the growth of our love to God. No families are so closely and tenderly united by mutual affection, as those where the spirit of heaven is shed abroad in every heart. A home where perfect love reigns, is a laboratory of those kind and devout affections which go up to God, and range round the universe. Nor can we forget that he who dwelt in the bosom of the Father, and shed his reconciling blood for the whole family of man, was a son, a brother, and a friend—that he wept at the grave of Lazarus—that he had a favorite disciple—that his dying eyes sought out his mother. The soul has, indeed, an indefinite capacity of loving; but it has not an infinite range of knowledge or power of acquaintance. In heaven, we shall, no doubt, love every child of God; but we cannot know all alike, or be equally intimate with all.” And if we are to associate at all with redeemed spirits, as we

know we shall, if there is to be in heaven the most perfect communion of saints, as we are equally assured, then is it not reasonable that this association, this communion, will be first with those whom we knew and loved on earth, to whom our hearts were closely linked ; who with the same opportunities and means of grace as ourselves, have been disciplined in the same school, and, if I may use the expression, had their spiritual affections and virtues cast in the same mould ? From the very finiteness of our natures, we must have our peculiar associates and friends ; and who so likely to stand in that relation as those who were nurtured at the same family altar ? This community of joys and sorrows in their previous state of probation, would naturally attract them together in heaven, and bind together as kindred spirits. And we can easily conceive how much such an union would tend to enhance their bliss.

WHO HATH NOT LOST A FRIEND?

FRIEND after friend departs ;

Who hath not lost a friend ?

There is no union here of hearts

That finds not here an end :

Were this frail world our only rest, —

Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,

Beyond this vale of death,

There surely is some blessed clime,

Where life is not a breath ;

Nor life's affections transient fire,

Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,

Where parting is unknown, —

A whole eternity of love,

Formed for the good alone ;

And faith beholds the dying here

Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,

Till all are passed away,

As morning high and higher shines

To pure and perfect day :

Nor sink those stars in empty night ;

They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

THREE years have passed, since first I left
My cottage home, to roam
'Mid strangers cold, and try, in vain,
To find me friends and home.

I had a father once, whose step
Sent gladness to my heart ;
But scarce ten years I loved him well,
Ere we were called to part.

My mother, then, an angel pure,
Was left to guide me on ;
But, fading slowly, year by year,
She soon, alas ! was gone.

A little sister still remained,
A fairy creature, too ;
But soon my EVA passed away ;
They're *all* in heaven now.

TO ONE DEPARTED.

ART thou not near me, with thine earnest eyes,
That weep forth sympathy! — thy holy brow,
Whereon such sweet imaginings do rise:

Art thou not near me, when I call thee now,
Maid of my childhood's vow!

• Even like an angel, smiling 'mid the storm,
Wert thou amid the darkness of my woes —
Thy pure thoughts clustering around thy form,
Like seraph-garments, whiter than the snows,
Which the wild sea upthrows.

Now I behold thee, with thy sorrowing smile,
And thy deep soul uplooking from thy face,
While sweetly crossed upon thy breast the while,
Thy white hands do thy holy heart embrace,
In its calm dwelling-place!

I HAVE A HOME.

I HAVE a home, a glorious home,
Far, far above the skies ;
Where tears of sorrow, grief, despair,
Can never dim mine eyes.

There Christ our blessed Saviour dwells,
And God our Father reigns ;
Before them saints and angels bow,
And praise their holy names.

I may be tossed by raging waves,
On Fortune's stormy sea ;
My heart may bleed from sorrow's dart,
And friends forever be.

Yet will I upward lift mine eyes,
To that bright home on high ;
Where flowers of joy forever bloom,
Perennial in the sky.

The earth will soon dissolve like snow,
The sun will cease to shine ;
But O, that glorious home above,
Will be forever mine.

THE SPIRIT ENTERING BLISS

WHEN Nature's fire shall cease to burn
Within this mortal, mouldering urn;
My soul will triumph o'er decay,
O'er changing worlds that pass away,
And seek a clime from sorrows free,
On wings of immortality.

What pleasant sound is this I hear?
Behold! behold! the angels near,
On snowy wings they hover nigh
While earthly scenes are passing by,
And from their harps sweet thrilling strains
Re-echo o'er the heavenly plains.

On my glad wings I swept along,
Amid this bright angelic throng,
Whose rapturous songs of joy and praise,
Of triumph o'er death, hell, and the grave,
Fill'd my freed soul with bliss supreme,
Exceeding mortal's brightest dream;
Yet sweeter raptures fill me now,
While at the throne of God I bow.

NO NIGHT THERE.

"No night is there!" The sun of love is beaming
Upon the happy denizens of heaven;
Its pure effulgence from God's presence streaming,
Shines ever on the hosts of the forgiven.

"No night is there!" for cloudy disputation
Is left behind upon the sinful earth;
With notes of cheerful praise and adoration,
All voices blend to hymn the Saviour's worth.

"No night is there!" for want and pain are ended;
Sin and temptation they shall know no more;
And unbelief, with all that God offended,
Departed as they left the mortal shore.

"No night is there!" for eye to eye each seeth,
There no harsh judgments, no distrust intrude;
Before love's light all misconception fleeth,
And each esteems the other as he should.

"No night is there!" for none shall know the anguish
Of separation or estrangement keen;
Under the Lord's chastisement none shall languish,
For there his glorious face unveiled is seen.

O, then, while here in darkness and in sorrow,
We wait with trembling hope the summons home;
A ray from heaven to light our path we'll borrow,
Nor e'er beyond its hallowed influence roam.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

LIVE for something ; be not idle —
Look about thee for employ ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming,
Labor, and the sweets enjoy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay ;
Life for thee hath many duties,
Active be then while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway ;
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary ;
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning
From this perfect fountain head.
Freely as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true ;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too ;
For human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake ;
To emulate their glory,
And to follow in their wake ;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine ;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine ;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
And not alone by gold ;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me ;
For those who know me true ;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too :
For the cause that lacks assistance ;
For the wrong that needs resistance ;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

INQUIRY AND REPLY.

"Who are these in bright array?"

Who are these in robes of lightness
Roaming through the immortal bowers,
With the pure and sparkling brightness
Of the sunshine over flowers.
See the fragrant snow-white roses,
On their pearly brows entwined,
While each joy a glance discloses
Richer than on earth we find!

These were once with us dejected,
Wandering far from God and love;
Foes to truth, they truth rejected,
Careless of the light above!

See how joyously adoring,
Now they sound their harps of song!
Bow in matchless grace before him,
Lowliest of the admiring throng.
'Neath the throne's intensest splendor
Why no fault do they disclose?
Warm in love, serene and tender,
Pure in truth as falling snows.

Once they sighed in deepest sorrow,
Burdened by the weight of sin ;
Not a comfort could they borrow
From the midnight gloom within.
THIS the secret of their favor ;
When amid their hopeless woe,
Whispers of a pitying Saviour
Bade their tear-drops cease to flow ;
Instant with a child's confiding
In His hand their own they laid,
Trusting to his faithful guiding,
Through the sunlight or the shade.
Whom He leads, He leads to glory !
Whom he calls with joy reply.
Mourner, look ! the way's before thee,
Fix on Him thy earnest eye !

PASSING AWAY.

It is written on the rose,
In its glory's full array —
Read what those buds disclose —
"Passing away."

It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer day ;
It is traced in sunset's dyes —
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
As their young leaves glistening play,
And on brighter things than these —
“Passing away.”

It is written on the brow
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now —
“Passing away.”

It is written on the *heart* —
Alas! that *there* decay
Should claim from love a part —
“Passing away.”

Friends, friends! — O, shall we meet
In a land of purer day,
Where lovely things, and sweet,
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
And the thoughts that in them lay,
When the mingled sympathies —
“Passing away?”

O, if this may be so,
Speed, speed, thou closing day!
How blest, from earth's vain show
To pass away!

THE MOTHER'S LEGACY.

Who will take care of thee, my child?

The dying mother said ;

Who'll care for thee, when I am laid

Upon my earthy bed?

Alas ! I leave thee to the world,

Thou little guileless one ;

May some kind heart watch o'er thy life,

As I would fain have done.

Thine intellect, that slumbers yet

In childhood's narrow bound,

I give the world, to bless mankind,

And scatter wisdom round.

O, may the one, who guides thee through

The sunny vale of youth,

Impart a virtue, stern and pure,

A love of man and truth.

Thy soul, immortal as its God,

I leave in trust with those

Who, o'er the earth like angels spread,

Will mitigate thy woes ;

From them, of purity and grace

Thy soul receive its leaven,

Till, sped its way through earthly care,

It wings its flight to heaven.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

OUR earth is very lovely, with her sunny skies of
blue,

Bright opening buds and blossoms blending each vary-
ing hue —

Her twilight dews fast falling, and her ocean-murmurs
low,

And her pale stars softly gleaming o'er eve's ethereal
brow ;

Thou hearest the wild-bird's warble floating softly on
the breeze,

As they trill their gladsome carol through the dark
entangled trees.

Yes ; Earth is very lovely ; till her last bright sun
shall set,

The beauty of thy birth-land would I bid thee ne'er
forget.

But there's a land far lovelier, whose skies no dark-
ling know,

Whose fair, undying flowerets in fadeless beauty
glow, —

Where the wavelets of life's river glide tranquilly
along,

Mingling their low-toned minstrelsy with the glad
angel-song ;

There shall fall no touch of sorrow, no shadowy hours
will come,
Flinging their mournful darkling o'er the sunny light
of home.
If thou wouldst pass its portals when from this earth-
life riven,
Then, while Earth still thou lovest, thou shouldst re-
member heaven!

WHERE IS THAT LAND?

WHERE is that land of mystery,
Where the spirit lives forever;
Where sin and sorrow enter not
To dim the crystal river?
How does the spirit wing its way
To sister spirits there —
When does it reach eternal day
And breathe in heavenly air?
And what composes those fair robes
That ever bright and new —
Is there a crown upon the head
That sparkles brightly too?
And is there nought but spirits there!
Where joy forever reigns;
Where spotless purity and love
Adorn the heavenly plains?

OUR LITTLE BROTHER.

WE loved the silky, golden hair,
That played upon his forehead fair ;
The angels loved him, — for so rare
Were such pretty locks of hair.

We loved his brilliant, glistening eye,
So keen, so loving, yet so sly ;
The angels loved him too, — for why
Should they resist his sparkling eye ?

We loved his laugh, so gayly ringing,
Joy to our loving bosoms bringing ;
The angels joined him in their singing, —
So seraph-like his laugh was ringing.

We loved him. Picture of the mother
Was our sweet bud, our darling brother.
Bright seraphs bore him hence, — another
Gem in thy coronet, dear mother.

We love him now. The sweetest flower
That ever saw a sunlight hour,
Has from our bright domestic bower
Been plucked, — to be in heaven a flower.

The fragrance of that bud in heaven,
Forth reaching to our hearth-stone even,
Shall, if thy grace, O God, be given,
Win us from earthly flowers to heaven.

TO MY MOTHER.

O, MOTHER, dearest; hast thou e'er
From Heavenly mansions leave to stray —
A ministering spirit here —
With me, with me, dear mother, — stay.

O'er me a holy influence shed,
Like that which beams in thy bright home; —
No thoughts of fear, or trembling dread,
Are linked with thy loved spirit — come!

Come to me in whatever form
The radiant host angelic wear, —
Like lightnings flashing 'mid the storm —
Or robed in summer clouds so fair.

Thine eye last looked in love on mine,
Even through the gathering haze of death; —
And can a love so deep as thine,
E'er die with this life's fleeting breath?

I see thee not, yet feel thou'rt near,
For all things round me speak of thee; —
E'en as thy voice methinks I hear
In the night-winds' low minstrelsy

THE SOUL'S PASSING.

It is ended! — all is over!

Lo, the weeping mourners come, —
Mother, father, friend and lover,
To the death incumbered room;
Lips are pressed to the blessed,
Lips that evermore are dumb.

Take her faded hand in thine, —
Hand that no more answereth kindly;
See the eyes were wont to shine,
Uttering love, now staring blindly;
Tender-hearted speech departed, —
Speech that echoed so divinely.

Runs no more the circling river,
Warming, brightening every part;
There it slumbereth cold forever, —
No more merry leap and start;
No more flushing cheeks to blushing, —
In its silent home the heart!

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently
My name, when I rest with the dead ;
Tread lightly
The turf that lies over my head :
Plant flowers,
To bloom o'er the place where I sleep,
And willows,
Whose branches shall over me weep.

O, come there,
When spring's gentle breezes do play,
And sing there —
Sing o'er me a low, mournful lay :
At evening,
When fragrance floats soft on the air,
Then kneel there,
And offer thy deep, fervent prayer.

Let me die
When the sun slowly sinks to his rest ;
When his beams
Brightly play round his home in the west :
As softly
As fades daylight's last trembling ray,
So gently
My spirit would then pass away.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

THERE was silence in Heaven. The song, that had echoed in strains of such entrancing sweetness around the throne of the Eternal, was for a moment hushed. There was no sound in Paradise, save when the golden lyre of some glorified spirit thrilled faintly, and sent forth a low, melodious note, as if unwilling to cease its musical breathings.

The hosts of the better land — myriads of angels and archangels knelt humble around the "*Great I Am*," with their pinions folded and their heads bowed in reverence to Him at whose command a holy stillness now reigned throughout the spirit-world.

A vast, aye, and a glorious assemblage was that; yet one white-robed form, that was wont to mingle in the throng, was absent; a divine commission had been given him, and now he winged his way to the world below. Eagerly the angel bands watched him as he sped far, far on his earthward flight; and when at length he paused above a scene of wretchedness, and a harp-note of celestial sweetness came faintly to their ears, they cast their fadeless diadems at the feet of the Infinite, and cried, "Hallelu-

jah to the Lamb who has saved *us*, and still continueth to save."

To the sad and the sorrowing, to the guilty and erring of earth, had God sent the messenger of mercy; and when the music of his song floated to the realms above, he paused above a low couch, on which reclined a dying boy. A bright-haired lad he was, who had beheld the storms and sunshine of only ten short years. He had been gay and joyous, as childhood ever is; but now the light of his sunny eye had grown dim, and his merry laugh went forth no more on the summer air. There was a feverish flush on his rounded cheek, and his full lips were parched with the burning breath of disease. Beside him stood a pale, sad woman—his mother—his widowed mother. There was an expression of intense suffering on her face, and the tears gushed to her eyes when she smoothed back the golden ringlets from his brow; nearer and nearer still drew the heaven-sent messenger, and more intently gazed he on the form, in which, like a pent-up bird, the soul was panting to be free. At length the lad's eye brightened; a rich crimson flushed his cheek, and the small hand, clasped in the moth-

er's, trembled convulsively, as thus he spoke:—
“I see the seraph, mother! let me — O, let me go!” and the voice died away like the low thrill of a lute-tone—the eyelids dropped lovingly over those calm, pure orbs—the crimson faded from the cheek—the *boy had heard the angel's whisper*, and the mother sat alone with the *dead*.

Hours went by; midnight brooded o'er the earth, and the stars, like spirit's eyes, looked down upon the widow's home. Beside her boy the mother knelt, with her hands clinched across her motionless breast, and her cheek pressed to his, as if to warm it into life; but no mother's power could wake the dead.

Still clasped the mother to her boy; but the wild and unnatural light in her eye too plainly told that grief was struggling, for the mastery of reason. The spirit came near—softly he struck one chord of his celestial lyre, then mingled a low whisper with the thrilling strain. Suddenly a smile came o'er the face of the widow; she clasped the corpse of her son more nervously—a slight tremor convulsed her limbs—*she had heard the angel's whisper*—instantly her soul was with him over whom she had mourned.

ANGEL'S WHISPER.

WEEP not, mother,
For another
Tie that bound thyself to earth
Now is sundered,
And is numbered
With those of a heavenly birth.

She hath left thee,
God bereft thee
Of thy dearest earthly friend ;
Yet thou'lt meet her,
Thou wilt greet her,
Where reünions have no end.

Her life's true sun
Its course did run
From morn unto meridian day ;
And now at eve
It takes its leave,
Calmly passing hence away.

Watch the spirit —
'Twill inherit
Bliss which mortal cannot tell ;
From another
World, my mother,
Angels whisper, " All is well."

'Way with sadness !
There is gladness
In a gathered spirit-throng ;
She ascended,
Trials ended,
Joins their ranks and chants their song.

THREE ANGEL-SPIRITS.

THREE angel-spirits walk the earth,
Our guides where'er we go ;
And where their gentle footsteps lead,
There is no human woe :
They smile upon the cradled child —
They bless the heart of youth —
And age is mellowed by the touch
Of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Three angel-spirits ; evermore
They guard our thorny way,
And those who follow where they lead
Can never go astray ;
For God has given them alike
To childhood and to youth,
And age is mellowed by the touch
Of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

THE ANGEL REAPER.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair?” said he,
“Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of those flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed on the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord has need of these flowrets gay,”
The reaper said and smiled;
“Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where once He was a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care;
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day —
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

ANGEL AND THE STARS.

"A little girl, looking at the stars as they came twinkling
through the boughs of the trees, exclaimed —

" 'See, there are the angels' fingers pointing to us.' "

" 'They are the angels' fingers
Pointing through the trees,'
They sparkle in the dew-drop,
They are mirror'd in the seas ;
They speak of yon bright heaven,
They tell a tale of love, —
While silently they glisten
From the firmament above.

"They are always shining brightly,
Though often veiled from sight ;
And when the night lowers darkly,
They gild it with their light.

'They *are* the angels' fingers
Pointing through the trees ;'
They sparkle in the dew-drop,
They're mirror'd in the seas.

"And they shall beam as brightly,
One hundred years from now,
And point with radiant fingers
Through each dark green-wood bough.

'They are the angels' fingers
Pointing through the trees ;'
They sparkle in the dew-drop,
They're mirror'd in the seas.

"And when those silent watches,
Far in the peaceful sky,
Shall beam on us no longer
From off their throne on high ;
Then shall they shine as brightly,
When *we* have passed away,
On those who'll think as lightly
As we who live to-day."

THE ANGEL AND THE BRIDE.

THE Angel who watcheth over those who are about to unite their hearts and hands in the fear of God, hovered near one who was soon to become a bride.

She sat alone in her chamber, and mused, and he was beside her, but she knew it not. He looked into her guileless eyes, and saw as through a clear glass, the movement of her thoughts, and heard their unspoken question.

“Wherewith shall I adorn myself when I stand forth in the solemn rite, that I may please him in whom my soul delighteth, and them also, who come thither to do us honor?”

Then the Angel smiled, and read in a Holy Book that lay open by her side, “Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?” And he whispered so softly, that it seemed as the zephyr among the flowers at her window.

“O Bride! be not studious to deck thyself in costly array. Trouble not thine heart about the silks of the merchant, or the gems of the lapidary, or the fashions of the tire-woman, or the pride of gorgeous apparel.

If these are fitting for thee, display them at other times, but not at this time. For it is a sacred festival, and around the pure bride, there is ever a mantle of dignity, that needs not tinsel or trappings, but is debased thereby.

The highest guest at the marriage-rite, is the Being that ordained it. Look then first unto Him, and see that thou wear the garment of humility.

The Angels also will be there. Therefore wrap thyself in purity, that they may give thee the smile that hath no self in it. For that is their badge,—and thou art but a little lower than they.

And in the sight of him who shall stand nearest thy side at the bridal, and of them who love thee, and are gathered around, modesty and simplicity are the true ornaments. “The topaz of Ethiopia cannot equal them, neither shall they be exchanged for jewels of fine gold.”

Then the gentle one, who deemed that she had been listening to her own sweet thoughts, made answer as they prompted her.

“I will wear a simple white robe, with the bridal veil, and my only jewels shall be the

snowy flowers. So shall my heart be more free to rise upward, whence its strength cometh."

Then the Angel revealed himself, and laid a casket beside her—saying, "Blessed art thou of the Lord! Behold a gift from Heaven! Take it,—and become more like unto us."

So she opened the casket, and in it, was but one fair gem. It was the pearl of a loving and lowly spirit. And as she pressed it to her lips, and laid it on her bosom, there came forth a voice which said,

"O bride! seek more and more the beauty of holiness. So shalt thou be lovely unto the Angels, and accepted of Him whose messengers they are. And when the comeliness of earth departeth, thou shalt receive a crown of glory, that can never fade away."

Trusting One, whither wilt thou follow thy beloved? From the nest where thou wert reared? from the hearth-stone, where thy first affections grew?—to take thy place at his board, and to beautify a new home, with the love that never dies?

Whither?—To a dwelling among strangers?—where eyes that never met thee, shall

gaze curiously upon thee? or forms that thou hast never seen, pass thee unnoticed by? For his sake wilt thou twine the tendrils of friendship around untried props, and wait in the patience of hope for the buddings of sympathy?

But whither wilt thou follow thy beloved? Over the rugged mountains?—to the fresh green West?—to the far stretching prairie?—to the sultry southern skies?—to the margin of the great Lakes?—to the village creeping from the heart of the forest?—or the thronged city, whose roofs shut out the blue sky?

Whither?—Over the Ocean?—upon the crested billow? where seas and skies mingle in misty line,—and at the trump of the hoarse winds, the terrible waves come forth to their tempestuous play?

Whither?—To foreign lands?—to the islands of the sea?—to people of a strange language?—whose words are to thine ear a confusion of unmeaning sounds? and in whose heart are no memories of those whom thou hast loved from infancy?

Whither?—Among the heathen, who know not God?—to bear to their downcast souls the melody of the Gospel? and to tell their un-

taught babes of Him, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me?"

And the bride-heart, strong in its holy love, answered, "Whither *he* goeth, I will go,—where he lodgeth will I lodge,—his people shall be my people,—and his God my God.

THE ANGEL BRIDE.

I SHOULD have known thou wouldst have died
When fate first led me to thy side ;
Thy holy eyes had nought of earth —
Thy lip ne'er curved in heartless mirth ;
I should have known thou wouldst have died,
My seraph-love ! my angel-bride !

I loved thee then, I love thee yet !
Though I have striven to forget —
Though Time's dark wings have pressed my brow,
I loved thee then — and love thee now ;
And had I died when thou wert dead,
Thy spirit, mine to heaven had led.

Thou gentle presence ! in that hour,
I felt thy being — knew thy power.
Thy spirit, from the clay departed,
Has watched o'er me when loneliest hearted.

The evening star recalls thine eye —
The mournful zephyr sighs thy sigh!

The forms of earth and visioned air
In being like to thee, are fair —
I do not yet deserve to die,
Or I might join thee in yon sky.
Pray that my sins may be forgiven;
I long to die — to reach thy heaven.

How human things the heart deprave —
Though I am kneeling by thy grave,
I feel a yearning unto earth,
Which speaks the spell of mortal birth.
I love an angel, loving thee,
Or scarce would wish to cease to be.

I cherish still my marriage ring,
Keeping it as an hallowed thing
Of the firm chain of love which binds;
It is a link which still reminds;
Though long on-earth may be my stay,
No spell shall charm thy spell away.

I feel I have not long to stay —
To heaven and thee I will away,
Beseeching God in earnest prayer,
Though I have sinned, to meet thee there;
For well I feel — full well I see
No earthly spell bound me to thee.

The bliss — the doom hath come at last,
My mortal frame is chilling fast;
While with the soul's clear eyes I see
My spirit-wife approaching me.
Oh! far from earth to holier things,
I glide to her on spirit-wings!

THE LOVELY BRIDE.

I WAS spending an hour, not long since, in turning the pages of a pleasant miscellany, in the course of which my eye fell upon the following rare, but beautiful and touching incident, in the history of one who that day was to become a bride.

A party of lively and interested cousins and friends had early assembled at the bridal mansion for the purpose of decorating the drawing room, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed. At length this pleasant duty being accomplished, they retired, happy in contributing to the joy of an occasion which while it would take from them one whom they loved, would unite that one to the object of her highest regard. The room was beautifully decorated with rich and variegated bouquets, and on

a centre table lay the gayly adorned bride's loaf, an object of great importance.

I said all had retired from the lovely spot; but there was one of the cousins, who, a short time after, stole gently back, to look once more at the varied beauty of the scene, and to indulge by herself the hopes and anticipations of an affectionate heart, for the future happiness of her friend. She gently opened the door, and was about entering, when she noticed the sofa was wheeled round to the precise spot where, that evening, the happy pair were to rise and exchange their solemn vows; and there the lovely bride was kneeling, so absorbed in her own thoughts, the intrusion of her friend was unnoticed. That friend stood for a moment gazing in holy admiration at the scene; she longed gently to approach and kneel by her side, but the occasion was too sacred to admit of social union, and she retired.

And what, so solemn and absorbing, was occupying the thoughts of this happy being? Was it the anticipations of worldly felicity that had brought her there? Looking round upon the beauty and gayety of the room, where in a few hours she would give her hand to him

whom she preferred to all others on earth, had she, in the wilderness and excess of her own emotions, fallen into a reverie? Nothing of the kind. Delighted she might be, and justly was; but she had one duty to perform; a high and holy duty, ere she plighted her vows to the object of her early affections. There, in that spot where she would soon stand and surrender her earthly all to her husband, she would first consecrate herself to the Lord. The prior consecration was due to him. On that altar she wished to offer an earlier and holier incense; on that spot, to make a record of the prior deed which she had given of herself, to her superior Lord.

I know not of an earthly scene more lovely, or of an immortal being in similar circumstances, in an attitude more becoming. And I am sure, that if her intended husband had himself the love of God reigning in his heart, and could he have seen her there, whatever he might have thought of her before, his love would have said — not, perhaps, with perfect truth; for others, it is to be hoped, have done so before her; but he might be forgiven if, in his ardor and admiration, he had exclaimed — “Many daughters

have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

What a beautiful example for the imitation of those who are about to be led to the hymeneal altar! Most beautiful, most becoming! I know not the subsequent history of that "lovely bride," but I am certain she never repented of that act of self-dedication to God. She may not, indeed, have escaped sorrow and affliction; but if they were her lot, I know that God would remember the kindness of her youth. He would not forsake her. She might bury her husband, children, friends; she might suffer sickness and poverty; but in no hour would her heavenly Father forsake her; he would guide her by his counsel, and afterwards receive her to glory. Youthful females! would you lay the foundation of future peace; would you provide against the reverses of fortune; would you have a friend and a protector through this world of vicissitude; would you have consolation in the darkest night of adversity which may set in upon you; imitate the example of "the lovely bride."

“LEAN NOT ON EARTH.”

“LEAN not on Earth ! a broken reed,
’Twill pierce thee to the heart ;”
Joy after joy will quickly speed,
And oh, thy youthful heart will bleed
To see those joys depart ;
Lean not on Earth.

Lean not on Friends ! they will not stand
The test of time and change ;
The smiling face — the opening hand,
And heart half willing to expand,
A trifle will estrange ;
Lean not on Friends.

Lean not on Wealth ! for quick, alas !
The winged meteor flies —
And all your golden dreams will pass
And wither like the summer’s grass,
Which soon in autumn dies ;
Lean not on Wealth.

Lean not on Fame ! a hollow blast —
It sounds and dies away.
Glory’s bright flash will never last,
And honor’s gleam is quickly pass’d,
A bright uncertain ray ;
Lean not on Fame.

But lift thy trusting gaze to heaven,
And fix it firmly there ;
And then, if earthly hopes be riven,
Thou hast a hope by Earth not given,
A balm for every care ;
O, lean on Heaven.

FLIGHT TO HEAVEN.

“WHAT is life? ’tis but a vapor ;
Soon it vanishes away ;
Life is but a dying taper ;
O my soul, why wish to stay ?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy ?
See that glory, how resplendent !
Brighter far than fancy paints ;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints ;
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing, with rapture, of his love ;
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above .
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

Go and share his people's glory,
 'Mid the ransom-crowd appear ;
Thine's a joyful, wondrous story,
 One that angels love to hear :
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy."

THERE IS REST IN HEAVEN.

"THERE'S rest for us in heaven :"

O, blissful words are they ;
That hope to us is given
Of an immortal day.

Mother, with the careworn brow,
Watching o'er thy children,
O, turn away from earth's hopes now,
 "There's rest for thee in heaven."

Father, with hairs silvered white,
Toiling until even,
O, turn away from earthly light,
 "There's rest for thee in heaven."

Mourner, bending o'er the sod,
Though deep thy heartstring's riven,
Murmur not against thy God,
 "There's rest for thee in heaven."

Sweet and broken-hearted one,
Weeping o'er love not given,
Thy race of life is nearly run,
"There's rest for thee in heaven."

LAND OF PROMISE.

"WHERE is that land, oh where?
For I would hasten there;
Tell me — I fain would go,
For I am weary with a heavy wo!
The beautiful have left me all alone;
The true, the tender, from my path have gone;
Oh, guide me with thy hand,
If thou dost know that land.
For I am burdened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair;
Where is it? Tell me where.

Friend, thou must trust in HIM who trod, before,
The desolate paths of life;
Must bear, in meekness, as he meekly bore
Sorrow, and pain, and strife:
Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths hath trod;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out, for thee, the appointed wo.

Think of his weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted, or cared for him!
Think of the blood-like sweat,
With which his brow was wet;
Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone,
In that great agony, 'Thy will be done!'
Friend, do not thou despair;
Christ, from the heaven of heavens, will hear thy
prayer!"

FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury says: "When we come to heaven we shall meet with all those excellent persons, those brave minds, those innocent and charitable souls, whom we have seen, and heard, and read of in the world. There we shall meet many of our dear relations and intimate friends, and perhaps with many of our enemies, to whom we shall then be perfectly reconciled, notwithstanding all the warm contests and peevish differences which we had with them in this world, even about matters of religion. For heaven is a state of perfect love and friendship."

Rev. Richard Baxter says: "I must confess,

as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them on earth. If I thought that I should never know them, and consequently never love them after this life is ended, I should in reason number them with temporal things, and love them as such. But I now delight to converse with my pious friends, in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them forever; and I take comfort in those of them that are dead or absent, as believing I shall shortly meet them in heaven, and love them with a heavenly love that shall there be perfected."

Bishop Hall says: "Thou hast lost thy friend; — say, rather thou hast parted with him. That is properly lost which is past all recovery, which we are out of hope to see any more. It is not so with this friend thou mournest for; he is but gone home a little before thee; thou art following him; you two shall meet in your Father's house, and enjoy each other more happily than you could have done here below."

Dr. Doddridge says: "Let me be thankful for the pleasing hope that though God loves my child too well to permit it to return to me,

he will ere long bring me to it. And then that endeared paternal affection, which would have been a cord to tie me to earth, and have added new pangs to my removal from it, will be a golden chain to draw me upwards, and add one farther charm and joy even to paradise itself. Was this my desolation? this my sorrow? to part with thee for a few days, that I might receive thee forever, (Philemon, v. 15,) and find thee what thou art? It is for no language but that of heaven, to describe the sacred joy which such a meeting must occasion."

My Christian reader, have you lost near and dear friends—and did they die in Jesus? O, remember they are not separated from you forever—you are going to them. They are waiting to receive you into everlasting habitations. On your arrival there, you will know them, and they will know you; and you will there have the most endeared society—as it will include those to whom you were so tenderly related by the ties of consanguinity, or pious friendship, and at parting with whom, you sorrowed most of all, that "you should see their face, and hear their voice no more;" and also those you left behind you with reluctance and anxiety, in a

world of sin and trouble. With these your fellowship, after a brief separation, will be renewed, improved, and perfected forever.

“There on a green and flowery mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labors of our feet.”

* “Fathers and mothers, who have been called to yield to the demands of death a darling and pious child, while yet the dew and the beauty of youth were fresh upon him, go forth at the shout of the archangel, and you will find that child, glowing indeed with celestial beauty and glory, yet retaining something of that same expression which has stamped his image so deeply on your heart. And thou, disconsolate man, from whom death has taken the wife of your youth, go thou forth at the same signal, and you shall at once distinguish her too, amid ascending millions, and become her everlasting companion, in that world where they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God. The lonely widow, too, let her come, and she shall recognize that counte-

* Hitchcock's Four Seasons.

nance, which a noble soul and generous affection have made indelible on her heart, as once her husband and protector, nor shall any power be able again to tear him from her side ; but the holy joys of eternity shall be doubly sweet, because enjoyed together. Children of beloved Christian parents, come ye, also, and rush again into the embrace of those who gave you being, and who trained you up for Heaven, and they shall take you by the hand and still be your guides and companions amid the wonders of the new Jerusalem. There likewise shall the brother or sister, and the sister, who has often wept over a departed brother or sister, find them again, radiant with heavenly glory, yet retaining the traces of their earthly character. And whatever Christian weeps over the memory of a Christian friend, let him wipe away his tears, and prepare to meet that friend, when the graves have given up their dead, with a body like unto Christ's, yet fashioned so as to make it only a transmuted and glorified natural body, recognized by one of those golden links that bind the natural to the spiritual, the mortal to the immortal. Oh, blessed season of recognition and joy begun !”

Mourning Christian, how sweet, how cheering the anticipation; having finished the toils and labors of time,—then with angels and ransomed men, with patriarchs, prophets and apostles, with our sainted parents, or bosom friends, our children, taken from us in infancy, our brothers, our sisters, long separated from us,—to stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God, and chant the praises of Him who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light.

Weep not, Christian, weep not,
Wipe all thy tears away!
Those who leave thee sleep not
Under the cold, dull clay!

Weep not for the Babe! you loved,
So quickly from this scene removed,
A bud, that by the stream of life shall bloom,
Nor waste on earth its sweet perfume.
Mother! let songs of triumph dry thy tears!
For, while thou lingerest on some few dark years,
Thy blessed offspring to his glorious place
Hath gone before,
And sees the brightness of his Father's face,
Forevermore:

Weep not, Christian, weep not ;
Wipe all thy tears away !
Those who leave thee sleep not
Under the cold, dull clay !

Weep not for the strong and full-grown man,
Who valiantly the fight of life began,
Girt with the sword that pierces from afar ;
With helm and shield and panoply of war,
Hath he been taken ere his work was done ?
Wafted aloft with all his armor on ?
Warriors, when summoned from their earthly posts
To yonder shore,
Stand in the armies of the Lord of Hosts
Forevermore.

Weep not, Christian, weep not,
Wipe all thy tears away !
Those who leave thee sleep not
Under the cold, dull clay !

Weep not, when the old and hoary head
Sinks to repose among the peaceful dead :
Who weeps for sorrow when the ripened corn,
In golden sheaves, is to the garner borne ?
When the slow-laden swains all homeward come ?
And joyous reapers sing their harvest-home ?

So, when the life-long troubles of the blest
At length are o'er,
The angels gather them into their rest,
Forevermore.

Weep not, Christian, weep not,
Wipe all thy tears away!
Those who leave thee sleep not
Under the cold, dull clay!

Weep not for the dead, although they sleep,
And we alone our weary way shall keep.
They are asleep in Jesus! Their repose
Beckons us upward through this world of woes.
The day of our deliverance is at hand!
With thoughts fixed high in Heaven, on Earth we
stand,
With patience wait till angels from above
Shall ope the door,
Nor death shall part our souls from those we love,
Forevermore."

HEAVEN.

Is HEAVEN a place where pearly streams
Glide over silver sand,
Like childhood's rosy, dazzling dreams
Of some far fairy land?

Is heaven a clime where diamond dew
Glitter on fadeless flowers,
And mirth and music ring aloud
From amaranthine bowers ?

Ah, no ; not such, not such is heaven !
Surpassing far all these ;
Such cannot be the guerdon given
Man's wearied soul to please.

For saints and sinners, here below,
Such vain to be have proved ;
And the pure spirit will despise
Whate'er the sense has loved.

There shall we dwell with Sire and Son,
And with the mother-maid,
And with the Holy Spirit, one,
In glory like arrayed.

And not to one created thing
Shall one embrace be given ;
But all our joy shall be in God,
For only God is heaven.

ASPIRING TO HEAVEN.

YES, let me die! am I of spirit-birth,
And shall I linger where spirits fell,
Loving the stain they cast on all of earth?
O make me pure, with pure ones e'er to dwell.

'Tis sweet to die! The flowers of earthly love,
(Fair frail spring-blossoms) early droop to die.
But all their fragrance is exhaled above,
Upon our spirits evermore to lie.

Life is a dream, a bright but fleeting dream,
I can but love; but then my soul awakes,
And, from the mist of earthliness, a gleam
Of heavenly light, of truth immortal, breaks.

But heaven is dearer! There I have my treasure;
There angels fold, in love, their snowy wings;
There sainted lips chant in celestial measure,
And spirit-fingers stray o'er heaven-wrought strings.

There loving eyes are to the portals straying;
There arms extend, a wanderer to fold;
There waits a dearer, holier One arraying
His own in spotless robes, and crowns of gold.

Then let die. My spirit longs for heaven,
In that pure bosom evermore to rest;
But if to labor longer here be given,
"Father, thy will be done," and I am blest.

MOTHER AND HEAVEN.

"The two sweetest words in the English language, are
Mother and Heaven."

"MOTHER —

THE first fond word our hearts express,
In childhood's rosy hours ;
When life seems full of happiness,
As Nature is of flowers ;
A word that manhood loves to speak
When Time has placed upon his cheek,
And written on his brow,
Stern lessons of the world's untruth,
Unheeded in his thoughtless youth,
But sadly pondered now,
As time brings back, 'mid vanished years,
A mother's fondest hopes and fears.

HEAVEN —

THE end of all a mother's prayers,
The home of all her dreams ;
The guiding star to light our path
With hope's enchanting beams ;
The haven for our storm-tossed bark,
From out a world where, wild and dark,
The tempests often rise ;
And still, in every darksome hour,
This hope will rise, with holy power,
And point us to the skies,
Where Mother, Home, and Heaven are seen
Without a cloud to intervene."

TO MY WIFE IN HEAVEN.

BELOVED, in your bright world of purest bliss
Dost still love those whom thou didst love in this
Do thoughts of joys we've shared together here,
Come to thee, ever, in that blissful sphere?
Thy heart of love so pure and so divine,
Oh, is it still-beloved, *still* is it mine?

Yes, by the joys which now my full heart thrill,
I feel, I *know* thou lov'st thy husband still;
Thy husband *now*; though thou art gone above,
Thou hast not fled beyond my constant love.
Death hath no shade my love would fear to meet;
I feel, to love a wife in heaven, 'tis sweet.

And though now left to journey on alone,
The joys thy presence gave forever flown,
One hope doth brightly o'er the dark way shine:
'Tis that in heaven I soon shall find thee mine;
Where no more doubt, or anxious fears shall rise,
Nor parting tears again shall dim our eyes.

O, 'twill be sweet to meet on that blest shore,
All sorrows pass'd, all pains forever o'er;
My soul, impatient, longs to soar away
To those bright realms where thou dost waiting stay
To greet my coming, and the joys relate,
Which thou art sharing now in that blest state.

O, 'twill be sweet from *thy* dear lips to hear
 The joys which thou hast found in fulness there ;
 To hasten on, with *thy dear hand in mine*,
 Up to the throne where sits our Lord divine ;
 To walk *together* by the crystal stream,
 While Christ and his great love shall be our theme.
 My prisoned spirit *sighs* to be at rest,
 With thee, beloved, in that sweet home so blest

SUFFERING EXCHANGED FOR HEAVEN.

"OH! what a mighty change
 Shall Jesus's sufferers know,
 While o'er the happy plains they range,
 Incapable of wo!
 No ill-requited love
 Shall there our spirits wound,
 No base ingratitude above,
 No sin in heaven is found.

There all our griefs are spent,
 There all our sufferings end ;
 We cannot there the fall lament
 Of a departed friend,
 A brother, dead to God,
 By sin, alas! undone —
 No father there, in passion loud,
 Cries, oh, my son! my son.

HE DWELLETH IN HEAVEN.

He dwelleth in heaven : never more on the earth
Shall his voice swell the cadence of music and mirth ;
Never more shall his form that so manfully moved
E'er gladden our hearts in the home that he loved.

He dwelleth in Heaven : earth's conflicts are o'er,
He has sought, he has found that radiant shore,
To which his eye turned while he dwelt with us here,
And which to the pure and the loving is near.

He dwelleth in Heaven : he is free from earth's stains,
Never more shall he suffer its sorrows and pains :
Never more shall he bend 'neath the Chastener's rod,
For ransomed and joyful he dwells with his God.

He dwelleth in Heaven : he waits for us there,
He would that we all should his blessedness share ;
He comes to us oft in the dreams of the night,
And calls us to join him in mansions of light.

He dwelleth in Heaven : yet deep in our hearts
His image is graven, and never departs ;
And while we yet linger, we watch and we wait,
Till death, who has parted, again shall unite.

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

A HOME in Heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in Heaven.

A home in Heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
O! then, what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in Heaven!

A home in Heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope of the promise given;
We will up there in our home in Heaven.

A home in Heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl, by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in Heaven.

A home in Heaven! oh, the glorious home!
And the Spirit, joined with the Bride, says, come!
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in Heaven.

THE HEAVENLY FRIEND.

THERE is a friend above,
Whose pure affection far transcends all others ;
No earthly kindred, parents, sisters, brothers,
Like *Jesus*, love.

His friendship is sincere,
And firm, and changeless, not like meteors gleaming ;
But on his ransomed ones 'tis ever beaming,
Bright, calm and clear.

He is a faithful friend ;
In him the trembling soul, in hope confiding
May safely trust, — his love is e'er abiding,
Even to the end.

His sympathy how sweet !
Like softest music o'er the spirit stealing ;
It soothes the troubled heart with heavenly healing,
And joy complete.

His words of glorious truth,
Like cadences of love from heaven descending,
Allure and guide to scenes of bliss unending,
And fadeless youth.

He, with Almighty power,
Can give support when earthly hopes are dying ;
And safe is every soul to *Jesus* flying,
In trial's hour.

Celestial, peerless friend !
Around me cast thy kind and sheltering pinions ;
And take my spirit to thy blest dominions,
When life shall end.

O, give that gracious Guest
A throne in every heart, earth's sons and daughters !
His friendship is a fount of living waters,
And heavenly rest.

IN HEAVEN.

OFt weeping memory sits alone,
Beside some grave, at even,
And calls upon some spirit flown,
O, say, shall those on earth our own
Be ours again in heaven ?

Amid these lone, sepulchral shades,
Where sleep our dear ones riven,
Is not some lingering spirit near,
To tell if those, divided here,
Unite and know in heaven ?

Shall friends who o'er the waste of life
By the same storms are driven,
Shall they recount, in realms of bliss,
The fortunes and the tears of this,
And love again in heaven ?

When hearts which have on earth been one
By ruthless death are riven,
Why does the one which death has reft
Drag off in grief the one that's left,
If not to meet in heaven?

The warmest love on earth is still
Imperfect when 'tis given;
But there's a purer clime above,
Where perfect hearts in perfect love
Unite; and this in heaven.

If love on earth is but in part,
As light and shade at even, —
If sin doth plant a thorn between
The truest hearts, — there is, I ween,
A perfect love in heaven.

O, happy world! O, glorious place!
Where all who are forgiven
Shall find their loved and lost below,
And hearts, like meeting streams, shall flow
Forever one, in heaven.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

THE re-union of parents and children in heaven, as well as of other earthly friends, is a cheering and delightful thought. And the idea that our departed friends may sometimes be near us, or wait to welcome us on the borders of that spirit-land, is well suited to impress the mind.

A little girl in the family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precious child, lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features on her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful; and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious, prayer-loving child, was the cherished one of the bereaved family. But she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of her friend, who took a mother's kind care of her, and winding one wasted arm about her neck, would say, "Now tell me about my mamma." And when the oft-told tale had been repeated, she would ask softly, "Take me into the parlor: I want to see my mamma." The request was never refused, and the affectionate

child would lie for hours contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But —

“Pale and wan she grew, and weakly —
Bearing all her pain so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trial hour drew nearer.”

The hour came at last, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as the life sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly — spasmodically.

“Do you know me, darling?” sobbed close to her ear, the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer.

All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eye-lids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan cuddling hands flew up, in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above.

“Mother!” she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone — and passed with that breath into her mother's bosom.

Said a distinguished divine who stood by that bed of joyous death:

“If I never believed in the ministration of departed ones before I could not doubt it now.”

"ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING
SPIRITS?"

OH! the wind sounds sad and dreary,
Blowing up from off the bay;
But the fire looks bright and cheery,
Blazing on the hearth away,
As I sit all sad and weary,
For I've been alone to-day.

Coldly down the moon is beaming,
Making all things clear and bright;
And far away the waves are gleaming,
Tossing in her silver light.
Watching them, I sit here dreaming,
Dreaming all alone to-night.

Did I hear a low soft sighing,
In the corner far away?
Quick I turn and see there lying,
As she often used to lay,
One, who in this room was dying
Just one year ago to-day.

From her long, deep slumber waking,
Do I hear her voice once more?
Yes! my name she's softly speaking,
As she used, in days of yore,
Ere the angels love's bonds breaking,
From our hearts our treasure tore.

Thou art not alone, my sister ;
 (These the words she spake to me)
 Though in life's rough walks thou'st missed her,
 Still thy darling is with thee.
 And forevermore, dear sister,
 Hovering round thy path will be.

Did I hear thee murmur, dearest,
 That thou wast alone to-night ?
 Know, e'en then, to thee were nearest
 Spirits clothed in spotless white.
 Unseen, she, whose voice thou hearest,
 Brushed thee with her pinions bright.

Quickly toward the phantom starting,
 Ah ! the vision bright has flown ;
 But the words she gave me, parting,
 " Sister, thou art not alone,"
 From my memory ne'er departing,
 Cheer me as I journey on.

Oh ! if life be dark and dreary,
 Wrapped in clouds of sombre hue,
 If my way be wild and weary,
 Thorns be many, roses few,
 This thought shall my heart make cheery :—
 " Sister, ever I'm with you "

FAREWELL TO EARTHLY JOYS.

THERE was a time when life, to me,
Seemed but a flowing measure ;
When I was always full of glee,
And every scene a pleasure.

But they are past—those merry days—
I'm now to sadness given ;
My soul within me ever prays
To find a home in heaven.

I know that beautiful is earth,
But to yon land are given
Bright scenes of more exalted worth—
That “better land” is heaven.

And though the earth itself is grand,
Through life I'm madly driven ;
I'm longing for that “better land,”
Where lasting joys are given.

And it is there my bark I'll guide ;
I'll bear all sorrows given,
Still trusting in the hope of an
Eternal bliss in heaven.

THE REFUGE.

TURN from this world ; — 'tis not thy home !
From wave to wave why wilt thou roam —
Like yon small lovely speck of foam
 On ocean's ever-heaving breast ?
If tossed by every storm that blows,
Brightened by every gleam that glows,
And melted by each tear that flows,
 Canst thou find rest ?

Could wealth to thee true joy impart ?
Can giddy pleasure charm thy heart ?
Or splendor soothe its secret smart —
 Or heal its pain ?
Could taste — could feelings most refined —
Can all the stories of art combined —
E'en 'midst the favored sons of mind,
 Thou'st sought in vain ?

Is there no shelter to be found,
When clouds and darkness gather round,
And e'en the deep fix'd solid ground
 Is earthquake riven ?
Is there no sure, no certain stay,
No lamp to guide the wanderer's way,
And pour around its cheering ray,
 In mercy given ?

Turn to the world that may be thine,
Where love and peace forever join !
Look up ! behold that mystic sign —
Make it thine own !

Then shall the storms that rend thy breast,
Be hush'd to everlasting rest,
And thou received a welcome guest
Beneath His throne !

THE ANGEL OF THE LEAVES

“ALAS! alas!” said the sorrowing Tree,
“my beautiful robe is gone; it has been torn
from me; its faded pieces whirl upon the wind,
they rustle beneath the squirrel’s foot as he
searches for his nut; they float upon the pass-
ing stream, and on the quivering lake. Wo is
me! for my dear green verdure is gone. It
was the gift of the Leaves! I have lost it, and
my glory is vanished and my beauty has disap-
peared, my summer honors have passed away.
My bright and comely garment, alas! it is rent
into a thousand parts; who will weave me such
another? Piece by piece has been stripped
from me. Scarcely did I sigh for the loss of
one, ere another wandered off on air. The

sweet sound of music cheers me no more. The birds that sang on my bosom were dismayed at my desolation — they have flown away with their songs.

“I stood in my pride. The sun brightened my robe with his smile; the zephyrs breathed softly through its glossy folds; the clouds strewed pearls among them. My shadow was wide upon the earth, my head was lifted high, and my forehead was fair to the heavens. But now, how changed! Sadness is upon me, my head is shorn, my arms are stripped, and I cannot throw a shadow on the ground. Beauty has departed; gladness has gone out of my bosom. The blood has retired from my heart, and sunk into the earth. I am thirsty. I am cold. My naked limbs shiver in the chilly air; the keen blast comes pitiless among them. The winter is coming. I am destitute; sorrow is my portion; mourning must wear me away. How shall I account to the Angel who clothed me for the loss of his beautiful gift?”

The Angel had been listening. In soothing accents he answered the lamentation.

“My beloved Tree,” said he, “be comforted! I am by thee still, though every leaf has for-

saken thee. The voice of gladness is hushed among thy boughs, but let my whisper console thee. Thy sorrow is but for a season. Trust in me. Keep my promise in thy heart. Be patient and full of hope. Let the words I leave with thee, abide and cheer thee through the coming winter. Then will I come and clothe thee anew.

“The storm will drive over thee, the snow will sift among thy naked limbs. But these will be light and passing afflictions. The ice will weigh heavily on thy helpless arms, but it will soon dissolve to tears. It shall pass into the ground, and be drunken by the roots. Then it will creep up, in secret, beneath thy bark, and spread into the branches it has oppressed, and help to adorn them. I shall be here to use it.

“The blood has now retired for safety. The frost will chill and destroy it. It has gone into thy mother’s bosom for her to keep it warm. Earth will not rob her offspring. She is a careful parent; she knows all the wants of her children, and forgets not to provide for the least of them. The sap that has for a while gone down, will make thy roots strike deeper

and spread wider, and renewed and strengthened, it shall return to nourish thy heart. Then, if thou shalt have remembered and trusted in my promise, I will fulfil it. Buds shall shoot forth on every bough. I will enfold another robe for thee. I will color and fit it in every part. It shall be a comely raiment. Sadness shall be swallowed up in joy. Now, my beloved tree, fare thee well for a season."

The Angel was gone. The cold muttering winter drew near. The wild blast whistled for the storm. But the words of the Angel were hidden in her heart. It soothed her amid the threatenings of the tempest. The ice-cakes rattled on her limbs and loaded and weighed them down.

"My slender branches," said she, "let not this burden overcome you! Break not beneath this heavy affliction — break not! but bend, till you can spring back to your places. Let not a twig of you be lost. Hope must prop you up for a while, and the Angel will reward your patience. You will wave in a softer air. Grace shall be again in your motion, and a renewed beauty hang around you."

The scowling face of winter began to lose its

features. The raging storm grew faint, and breathed its last. The clouds fretted themselves to fragments, these scattered to fragments on the sky, and were brushed away. The sun threw down a bundle of golden arrows, that fell upon the Tree. The ice-cakes withered as they came. Every one was shattered by a shaft, and unlocked itself upon the limb. They melted and were gone.

Spring had come to reign. His blessed ministers were abroad in the earth. They hovered in the air. They blended their beautiful tints, and cast a new-created glory on the face of the blue heavens.

The Tree was rewarded for her trust. The Angel was true to the object of his love. He returned—he bestowed on her another robe. It was bright, glossy, and unsullied. The dust of summer had never lit upon it; the scorching heat had not faded it; the moth had not profaned it. The Tree stood again in loveliness; she was dressed in more than her former beauty. She was fair, joy smiled around her on every side. The birds flew back to her bosom, and sung among her branches their hymns to the ANGEL OF THE LEAVES.

CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

THE Sabbath sun was setting low,
Amidst the clouds of even;
“Our Father!” breathed a voice below,—
“Father who art in Heaven.”

Beyond the earth, beyond the clouds,—
Those infant words were given;
“Our Father”—angels sang aloud,
“Father who art in Heaven!”

“Thy kingdom come,” still from the ground,
That child-like voice did pray.
“Thy kingdom come!” God’s hosts resound,
Far up the starry way!

“Thy will be done!” with little tongue,
That lisping love implores.
“Thy will be done!” the angelic throng
Sing from seraphic shores.

“For ever!” still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer;
“For ever” floats in music sweet,
High ’midst the angels there.

LITTLE ANGEL NELLIE.

WHEN the drooping blue bells lingered
On the mossy grass-grown hill,
And the little snowy star-flower
Bent upon the flowing rill ;
When the lovely babe of summer
Wooed the breezes wandering by,
Then our little angel Nellie
Folded her soft wings to die ;
Twilight had her curtains gathered,
Pinned them gently with a star,
And the fragrant summer zephyrs
Floated sweetly from afar ;
Softly kissed the marble forehead
Of our little guileless one,
Lightly waved the golden ringlets
Tinted by the setting sun.
Then the snowy lid was lifted
From above the violet eye,
And a voice of music silvery
Whispered low, a sweet good-bye.
Tearful eyes were bending o'er her,
Lent "love glories" to her own ;
Gentle voices, sad and mournful,
Answered low her trembling tone.

But the idol fair was shattered,
Sweetly had the spirit fled;
Plumed were her bright wings for heaven,
And the blue-eyed one was dead.

Then with care the shining ringlets
Twined they from her marble brow,
Clasped the dimpled hand and whispered —
“Nellie is an angel now.”

Pressed the last kiss on her forehead,
Round her wrapped the robe of white,
Rosebuds twined amid her tresses —
Sadly breathed the last good-night.

Heaven retaineth now our treasure,
Earth the lowly casket keeps:
And the sunbeams love to linger
Where our little Nellie sleeps.

DREAMING OF ANGELS.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
O come to me oft,
When the light wing of sleep
On my bosom lies soft;
O come when the sea,
In the moon's gentle light,

Beats low on the ear,
Like the pulse of the night —
When the sky and the wave
Wear their loveliest hue,
When the dew's on the flower,
And the star on the dew.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
O come, and we'll stray
Where the whole year is crowned
With the blossoms of May —
Where each sound is as sweet
As the coo of the dove,
And the gales are as soft
As the breathings of love ;
Where the winds kiss the waves
And the waves kiss the beach,
And our warm lips may catch
The sweet lessons they teach.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
O come, and we'll fly,
Like two winged spirits
Of love through the sky ;
With hand clasped in hand,
On dream-wings we'll go,
Where the starlight and moonlight
Are blending their glow ;

And on bright clouds we'll linger
Through long dreary hours,
'Till love's angels envy
That heaven of ours.

CAN WE FORGET DEPARTED FRIENDS?

Who ever looked upon yon starry spheres,
Which brightly shine from out the dark-blue sky,
Nor called to mind the friends of other years,
The hopes, the joys, the transient smiles and tears,
Gushing from out where hurried memories lie,
And waking the full heart to highest ecstasy?

O, what a glorious vision, when the moon,
Silently gliding through her pathless way,
Has reached the extremest point of her high noon,
Shedding o'er this our earth her radiant boon,
While twinkling stars, and orbs of steadier ray,
Shine with a light that mocks the intenser glare of
day.

O, who has ever gazed on such a scene,
Nor thought the spirit of the blest were there?
Who, that beholds not in that blue serene
Bright isles, the abode of pleasures yet unseen,
Except by those who, freed from mortal care,
Have winged their raptured flight to realms of up-
per air.

136 CAN WE FORGET DEPARTED FRIENDS?

The mother, who has watched with sleepless eye
Her babe, and rocked with tireless foot the while,
And when she saw the little sufferer die,
Bowed her meek head, and wept in agony,
Fancies she hears, in yonder starry isle,
Her little cherub's voice, and sees his angel smile.

O, ye departed spirits of my sires,
And ye, the loved ones of my childhood's days,
While now I look on yonder heavenly fires,
Methinks I hear you tune your seraph lyres;
Methinks I see you bend your pitying gaze
On him who still must tread alone earth's gloomy
maze.

Thou angel spirit, who so oft didst sing
My infant cares to sleep upon thy breast,
Let me but hear the rustling of thy wing
Around thy child its guardian influence fling!
O, come thou from the island of the blest,
And bear my weary soul up to thy sainted rest!

Can we forget departed friends? Ah, no!

Within our hearts their memory buried lies;
The thought that where they are we too shall go
Will cast a light o'er darkest scenes of woe!
For to their own blest dwellings in the skies,
The souls whom Christ sets free exulting shall
rise!

THE ANGEL FORMS.

I HAD a dream. It was one dark and gloomy night, in the cold and dreary season of autumn, just as the snows of winter were about to come driving on according to the course of nature's fixed and changeless laws. The evening in question was very much in similarity to some that are passing at the present time, bleak, cold and cheerless, causing one to draw nearer the heated grate, as of some old familiar friend. Upon this eventful evening all had retired to embrace the sweet restorer, balmy sleep.

I had, during the day, been thinking of our dear little Willie, who had one short week before been consigned to the cold and silent home of the dead. His little form that before was most dear to me, seemed to flit before my vision, from "morn till dewy eve," and more particularly at this time I had new and peculiar scenes brought to my enraptured gaze. I had retired and but just fallen into a kind of reverie, when all at once it seemed as if a light suddenly came stealing into my room. — From whence it issued I know not.

I was in a gorgeous palace, somewhat similar to Aladdin's, so beautifully portrayed in the Arabian Nights Entertainment, decked with jewels bright and lovely. I cannot give a good description if I would.

Pen cannot record it, and if it could, imagination could not reveal it, no, for it was a glory such as angels in heaven cannot express. Suffice to say, the windows were composed of precious stones, and glass of the purest and richest hue, vieing even with the bright colors of the rainbow that tints the eastern sky; the doors were of pure gold, of the brightest kind; the floors were of sparkling glass, resembling the surface of some clear shaded stream, when here and there a star, more fortunate than its neighbor, peeped down to its depths below, casting its reflection back like a faint ray of the morning sun through the frosted trees. Taking all in all, it appeared to me as that house not made with hands, eternal, and in the heavens.

The light that first came peeping in seemed to come nearer and nearer, until it was just at the entrance of my door. Here a pause ensued, as of some one listening. In a few moments

I heard a sound, but what it was I know not. I tried to grasp but one word, and soon — yes, very soon, to my joy, I heard a single word. In gentle tones, as from the tomb, the faint echo came to my ear, “Lizzie!”

I was still in suspense, as to whom it was so quietly breathing forth my name, but I thought it was the voice of my beloved little Willie. I remained in a silent mood, thinking if I made the least noise the unknown one might take its departure, and I be left alone. Soon I heard a gentle tap at the door; what to do I knew not, but between hope and fear I arose and bade the intruder enter. The massive golden door sprung open, and in came, one after another, a convoy of little angel cherubs. I stood bewildered, amazed at the sight of the sweet, lovely little creatures, fit only for mansions of light in the Paradise of God. I cast my eyes around to see if, perchance, little Willie might not have strayed from Heaven’s high port to the dreary fields, “where living mortals lie.”

Where least I expected to find him, stood the once beautiful boy, now transformed into an angel of light, at the head of the band. He drew near to my side, whispered a word of

comfort, such as only angels could bestow, and told me not to mourn his absence, for I soon should come and dwell with him in his new home, which he said was called Heaven, and many angels were there, together with myriads of redeemed spirits of earth. I, with wonder and amazement, stood looking on the cherubic legion, when a voice from one of a superior order of angels was heard, bidding them hasten to their ambrosial retreat; ere they should become tainted with the poisonous atmosphere of this terrestrial earth, which would render them totally unfit for the purities of Paradise. Willie whispered a word to me, ere he left, and said that he would come again, and that I must be ready to go with him to that eternal world of joy.

The door closed; the light vanished from my enraptured vision, and I was left alone. I awoke, and oh, it was all a dream!

My Willie was truly in heaven, a beautiful angel cherub, but I was here amid sin and sorrow, awaiting the voice that would say unto me, "Thou hast suffered enough in the dreary regions of earth; child, come home; enjoy thy rest."

ANGELIC FORMS.

THERE are forms that are ever before us,
That seem kin to the angels above,
That cast in their loveliness o'er us
Strong feelings of friendship and love.

There are faces that cannot conceal
The riches the heart doth possess,
And the soul will its beauty reveal,
By those acts we can feebly express.

And these virtues are seldom combined,
With thy beauty of form, and of face,
But thy heart, and thy soul, and thy mind,
Lend a charm, no time can efface.

Thy step may grow feeble and slow,
And thy cheek be wasted and thin,
But no changes in life can o'erthrow
Those virtues concealed within.

SOFTLY, PEACEFULLY.

SOFTLY, peacefully

Lay her to rest:

Place the turf lightly

On her young breast.

Gently, solemnly,

Bend o'er the bed,

Where you have pillowed

Thus early her head.

Plant a young willow

Close by her grave;

Let its long branches

Soothingly wave.

'Twine a sweet rose-tree

Over the tomb;

Sprinkle fresh buds there,

Beauty and bloom.

Let a bright fountain,

Limpid and clear,

Murmur its music,

Smile through a tear —

Scatter its diamonds

Where the loved one lies,

Bright and starry,

Like angels' eyes.

Then shall the bright birds,
On golden wing,
Lingering over,
Murmuring sing ;
Then shall the soft breeze
Pensively sigh,
Bearing rich fragrance
And melody by.

Lay the sod lightly
Over her breast ;
Calm be her slumbers,
Peaceful her rest.
Beautiful, lovely,
She was but given,
A fair bud to earth,
To blossom in heaven.

THE DEPARTED.

How sweetly lingers
Around their memory soft and gentle light,
A track into the heavens serenely bright ;—
With rosy fingers,
The summer twilight thus around us weaves
A glory tinting deep the forest leaves.

Peacefully sleeping,
With Jesus hidden are the pious dead, —
For them no agonizing tears be shed;
Angels are keeping,
In fond remembrance of their faith and trust,
A silent watch where lies their mortal dust.

We hail the departed, —
The dwellers on yon pure and peaceful shore,
Whose faces we behold on earth no more; —
When we are faint-hearted,
And dim within us burns the sacred light,
The thought of them shall make our pathway bright.

No fierce blast hovers
O'er all that bright and blessed spirit-realm,
No wintry clouds, surcharged with storms o'erwhelm,
God's presence covers,
With a mysterious radiance vale and hill,
Where the departed ones are living still.

There is no dying
For them who as the angels are become,
Within the brightness of that heavenly home;
No grief or *crying*,
For all the former things have passed away,
In the soft air of an eternal day.

DEPARTED SPIRIT.

Suggested by seeing the friends of the pious dead weeping
around their mortal remains.

WHEN I am dead, my spirit fled,
And quenched the vital flame,
When round my bed, with sacred tread,
The loved, who bear my name,
Shall come and stand — a lonely band —
O, shed no tears for me.

When I am dead, my spirit fled,
And dust to dust returns,
Let o'er my grave no cypress wave;
Nor think of ashy urns —
Sad tokens given of heart-strings riven —
And shed no tears for me.

When I am dead, my spirit fled,
Let songs my requiem be;
Plant flowerets gay as cheerful May,
Where mourners bend the knee,
And hearts run o'er with days of yore;
But shed no tears for me.

When I am 'dead, my spirit fled,
Let faith my portion scan, —
My trials o'er, my sins no more,
Upon my foes a ban,
A sweet relief from every grief;
Then why one tear for me?

When I am dead, my spirit fled,
In heaven no tears shall fall,
But harps shall wake, and peans break,
And loud the angelic thrall —
“A sinner saved! death, hell is braved!”
Then shed no tears for me.

When I am dead, my spirit fled,
To God the boon returned,
If life has been a scene of sin,
And in my heart have burned
Lust, pride and hate, then woes await,
And weep, O weep, o'er me.

A RANSOMED SPIRIT.

HUSH! tread softly — a ransomed spirit
Is leaving its earthly clay ;
And the angels are joyously waiting in Hearen
For the loved one that's called away.

The dew-drops are standing upon the pale brow,
Death's présence is felt in the room ;
The eye-lids are drooping, the heart grows cold,
And we know that she's marked for the tomb.

We shall miss the kind word and encouraging glance ;
The house will look cheerless and sad ;
For a chair will be vacant, a voice be missing,
When the loved of our circle has fled.

But we know, though she's lost to us here on earth,
She will have a bright home above ;
And will join in the angels' holy songs
Of joy, and praise, and love.

LET US BE PATIENT.

LET us be patient. These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume the dark disguise.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly damps ;
What seem to us like dim funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death ; what seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
He lives whom we call dead.

"SHE SLEEPETH."

SHE is not dead, the friend we've lov'd so long,
 Our sister is not dead — 'tis only sleep
 That binds her eye-lids with a grasp so strong;
 She is not dead — then wherefore do we weep?

Why do we weep? Alas! the *sleep* of death
 Hath closed her eye-lids and hath marked her
 brow;

Will not our Master call again her breath,
 And cause the life-flood thro' her veins to flow?

Had we the power to call our sister down
 To our lone fire-sides from her Saviour's care,
 Are we so selfish as to rob his crown
 Of one pure blood-washed gem that sparkles there?

We will not call her from the Spirit-land,
 Much as we miss her kindly-beaming face,
 And the warm, fervent pressure of her hand,
 Her smile so full of tenderness and grace.

We will not call her back — our world at best
 Is filled with moanings of the stricken heart,
 And in the mansions of our Saviour blest,
 Grief never enters with its bitter smart.

Then let us bow submissive to His will,
Who hath the power to give and take away —
A Father's love our yearning hearts shall fill,
His presence change our night of tears to day.

TO MY MOTHER.

Oft I've thought of thee, my mother,
 In the lonely hours of night,
 While the winter storms were sighing
 And the stars had hid their light ;
 Hoarse the sleet came coldly beating
 On the window's casement low,
 Strong and vivid thought upwaking
 Of the homestead by the knowe.

Backward to the Past I wandered, —
 To the old white-bearded Past, —
 Then he bade me sit beside him,
 By the hand he held me fast ;
 And, though not a word was spoken, —
 Not a whisper uttered low, —
 Still he told how thou didst love me
 In the homestead by the knowe.

Straight he pointed to the bedside,
 And I saw one standing there

Deeply listening to my verses,
And my little rhyming prayer,
Heard I then her gentle blessing,
In a voice so soft and low,
That I knew my saint-like mother
In the homestead by the knowe.

TO A BROTHER IN HEAVEN.

My brother dear, ah ! can it be
Thou art no more distressed ?—
That Death hath kindly set thee free,
And thou art now at rest !

E'en so my fancy painteth thee,
With Him who reigns above,
Join'd with a goodly company,
Whose conduct flows from love !

While here, thy God enabled thee
To feel thy sins forgiven ;
And tearfully we raise our thanks
That thou art blest in Heaven.

No more thy voice salutes the ear
In tones of family-love :
No more thy songs on earth we hear,
Although thou sing'st above.

The viol and the flute lie still,
As though thy hands were dead;
Or as if none had power or will
To use them in thy stead.

Perhaps if God will thee allow
To leave the throne above,
Thou'lt be our guardian angel now,
Borne on the wings of love.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

THE way that leads from earth to heaven
Must be maintained by strife;
All who have walked therein have *striven*
To win the crown of life.
It is a way with ills beset,
Apparent and concealed;
These must in strength divine be met,
And boldly brought to yield.
But he who blindly seeks his ease,
And folds his hands to rest,
Will miss the prize that might be his,
And fail of being blessed.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

THOUGHTS of Heaven! they come when low
The summer-eve's breeze doth faintly blow,
When the mighty sea shines clear, unstirred
By the wavering tide, or the dipping bird;
They come in the rush of the surging storm,
When the blackening waves rear their giant form,
When o'er the dark rock curl the breakers white,
And the terrible lightnings rend the night —
When the noble ship hath vainly striven
With the tempest's might, come thoughts of Heaven.

They come where man doth not intrude,
In the untracked forest's solitude;
In the stillness of the gray rocks' height,
Whence the lonely eagle takes his flight;
On peaks, where lie the eternal snows;
In the sun-bright isle, 'mid its rich repose;
In the healthy glen, by the dark, clear lake;
Where the fair swan sails from her silent brake;
Where Nature reigns in her deepest rest,
Pure thoughts of Heaven come unrepressed.

They come as we gaze on the midnight sky,
When the star-gemmed vault looks dark and high,
And the soul, on the wings of thought sublime,
Soars from the dim world and the bounds of Time,

Till the mental eye becomes unsealed,
And the mystery of being in light revealed.
They rise in the Gothic chapel dim,
When slowly bursts forth the holy hymn,
And the organ's rich tones swell full and high,
Till the roof peals back the melody.

Thoughts of Heaven ! from his joy beguiled,
They come to the bright-eyed, artless child ;
To the man of age in his dim decay,
Bringing hope his youth has not borne away ;
To the woe-smit soul in its dark distress,
As flowers spring up in the wilderness ;
And in silent chambers of the dead
Where the mourner goes with soundless tread ;
For, as the day-beams freely fall,
Pure thoughts of Heaven are sent to all.

THE INDIAN'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

THE Indian dreamed of a land far away,
Where mountains swell proudly, and wild streamlets
play,

Where bright, verdant dells glance up like a dream,
And mirror the form of the wild mountain stream.

He dreamed of a hunting ground far, far away,
Where deer roam in freedom, and the wild chamois
play ;

Where nought broke the hush of the wild forest glade,
Save the low, plaintive murmur the forest stream
made.

A beautiful land was the land of his dream,
With a flood of rich glory, more bright in its sheen
Than e'er shed its light on mortal's dim vision,
And this was the Indian's dream of Elysium.

FIRST MOMENTS IN HEAVEN.

WHERE am I? gentle strangers, say,
I pray you speak me fair;
This brightness! is it earthly day?
This fragrance! mortal air?

My couch was dark, disturbed my rest,
But now all pain is o'er;
A bitter pang my heart oppressed;
I can recall no more.

I left the mourners round my bed,
My children, too, were near,
My gentle wife, who thought me dead,
Will joy to find me here.

For all things here most happy seem,
And beautiful to view;
Is it a dream? Yet 't is no dream
That I am happy too.

These robes of white, this wand of palm,
The crown that decks my brow;
All,—all are real; no false charm,
No phantom cheats me now.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

ONCE, with a fearful, trembling hand,
I drew aside the veil, to see
The glories of the heavenly land,
The brightness of eternity.
But soon the vision overcame,
And terror seized my quaking frame.

I looked, — I saw, — but O! the light,
The bliss, the splendor of the place, —
The shining host, who all unite
In songs before Jehovah's face!
A sudden dimness seized my eye;
For who could look on Deity?

One sight I caught of heaven's high train,
One glimpse of my eternal home;
I heard one sweet, melodious strain,
And all my powers were overcome.
I fell aghast; my senses fled;
Nor dared I raise again my head.

The sight, O! ne'er shall I forget;
The song still vibrates on my ear;
When shall I reach that blest estate —
When in yon holy throng appear?
Haste, Jesus! fetch my soul away,
To dwell with thee in endless day.

THE ANGEL AND THE FLOWERS.

“EACH time that a good child dies, an angel of God comes down to earth, takes the dead child in his arms, spreads abroad his large, snow-white wings, flies forth over all those places which the child had loved, and plucks a whole handful of flowers, which he bears upward with him to the throne of God, that they may bloom there in yet greater loveliness than they had ever bloomed on earth. The good God folds all these flowers to his bosom, but upon the flower which he loveth best he breathes a kiss, and then a voice is given to it and it can join in the song of universal blessedness.”

Lo, all this did an angel of God relate whilst he bore a little child to heaven; and the child heard as if in a dream, and the angel winged his flight over those spots in the child's home where the little one had been wont to play, and they passed through gardens which were filled with glorious flowers.

“Which of all these shall we take with us, and plant in heaven?” asked the angel.

Now there stood in the garden a slender and

beautiful rose-tree; but a wicked hand had broken the stem, so that its boughs hung around it withered though laden with large, half-unfolded buds.

"The poor rose-tree," said the child; "let us take it with us, that it may bloom above in the presence of God."

And the angel took the rose-tree, and kissed the child, because of the words it had spoken; and the little one half opened its eyes. They then plucked some of the gorgeous flowers that grew in the garden, but they also gathered the despised butter-cup, and the wild hearts-ease.

"Now, then, we *have* flowers!" exclaimed the child; and the angel bowed his head; but he winged not yet his flight towards the throne of God. It was night, all was still; they remained in the great city, they hovered over one of the narrow streets, in which lay heaps of straw, ashes, and rubbish, for it was flitting-day.

Fragments of plate, broken mortar, rags, and old hats, lay scattered around, all which bore a very uninviting aspect.

The angel pointed out, in the midst of all this confused rubbish, some broken fragments of a flower-pot, and a clump of earth which

had fallen out of it, and was only held together by the withered roots of a wild flower, that had been thrown into the street because it was considered utterly worthless.

“We will take this with us,” said the angel; “and I will tell thee why, as we soar upwards together to the throne of God.”

So they resumed their flight, and the angel thus related his story:—

“Down in that narrow street, in the lowest cellar, there once dwelt a poor, sick boy; from his very infancy, he was almost bed-ridden. On his best days, he could take two or three turns on crutches across the little chamber, and that was all he could do. On a few days in summer the beams of the sun used to penetrate for half an hour to the floor of the cellar; and when the poor boy sat there, and let the warm sun shine upon him, and looked at the bright red blood flowing through his delicate fingers, as he held them before his face, then it was said of him, ‘He has been out to-day.’ A neighbor’s son used always to bring him one of the young boughs of the beech-tree, when it was first budding into life, and this was all he knew of the woods in their beauteous clothing

of spring verdure. Then he would place this bough above his head, and dream that he was under the beech-trees, where the sun was shining, and the birds were singing. On one spring day, the neighbor's son brought him some wild flowers, and amongst these there happened to be one that had retained its root, and for this reason it was placed in a flower-pot and placed upon the window-sill, quite close to the bed. And the flower was planted by a fortunate hand, and it grew and sent forth new shoots, and bore flowers every year; it was the sick boy's most precious flower-garden, — his little treasure on earth, — he watered it, and cherished it, and took care that the very last sunbeam which glided through the lowly window, should shine upon its blossoms. And these flowers were interwoven in his dreams, — for *him* they bloomed, for *him* they shed around their fragrance and rejoiced the eye with their beauty; and when the Lord called him hence, he turned, even in death, towards his cherished plant. He has now been a year with God, a year has the flower stood forgotten in the window, and now it is withered, therefore has it been thrown out with the rubbish into the street. And this is the flower,

the poor withered flower, which we have added to our nosegay, for this flower has imparted more joy than the rarest and brightest blossoms which ever bloomed in the garden of a queen."

"But how comest *thou* to know all this?" asked the child whom the angel was bearing with him to heaven.

"I know it," replied the angel, "for I was myself the little sick boy who went upon crutches. I know my flower well."

And now the child altogether unclosed his eyes, and gazed into the bright glorious countenance of the angel, and at the same moment they found themselves in the Paradise of God, where joy and blessedness forever dwell.

And God folded the dead child to his heart, and he received wings like the other angel, and flew hand in hand with him. And all the flowers also God folded to his heart, but upon the poor withered wild-flower he breathed a kiss, and a voice was given to it, and it sang together with all the angels which encircled the throne of God; some very nigh unto his presence, others encompassing these in their widening circles, until they reached into infinity itself, but all alike were happy. And they all sang

with one voice, little and great; the good, blessed child, and the poor wild flower, which had lain withered and cast out among the sweepings, and under the rubbish of the flitting-day, in the midst of the dark, narrow street.

O COME, pluck sweet flowers
In life's earliest hours,
Entwine a bright wreath for thy brow ;
That their fragrance may last
When thy skies are o'ercast,
Their perfume around thy path throw.

When thy young eye is bright,
When thy spirits are light,
Go, gather the sweet flowers of love ;
Let meekness and truth
Be the flowers of thy youth,
And that kindness which comes from above.

Let wisdom direct
Thy young hand to select
Those flowerets which never decay ;
Let faith and hope bind
A bouquet for the mind,
Fading not in life's wintry day.

Let the pages of truth
Fill thy memory, in youth,
 With their precepts and lessons sublime ;
With a peace-loving mind,
With good will to mankind,
 Those jewels untarnished by time.

TO THE FLOWERS.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers ! are living preachers ;
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
 From loneliest nook !

Floral apostles ! that, in dewy splendor,
 “ Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,”
O, may I deeply learn, and ne’er surrender,
 Your lore sublime !

“Thou wast not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
 Arrayed,” the lilies cry, “in robes like ours !
How vain your grandeur ! Ah how transitory
 Are human flowers !”

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist,
 With which thou paintest Nature’s wide-spread
 hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
 Of love to all !

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for
pleasure,

Blooming o'er field and wave by day and night;
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

THE FLOWERS.

THOSE sweet summer flowers,
 Blossoming with all their colors gay,
Sparkling within their leafy bowers,
 Oh, bid them pass not away !

I would the meek, lovely train,
 So beautiful in bloom,
Might ever their charms retain
And yield their rich perfume.

Yes, I would the lovely flowers
 Might ever, ever live,
And to our hearts instruction bring,
 And soothing influence give.

Dearly do I love the summer flowers
 And all their leafy bowers,
Whispering ever of the world above
 Where spirits pure are joined in love.

But sad the thought, each gift is only lent,
 For a brief, transient day ;
As, by a gentle zephyr's breath
 They are quickly borne away.

Each lovely thing on earth,
 Is doomed to fade from its birth,
The early dew, the sun's parting ray,
 Are fading and passing away.

And so 'tis with each of us !
All that live must soon decay,
Each lovely thing to which we cling,
Must ere long give away.

Then let us seek a home on high,
Where flowers never, never die ;
Lay up our Treasures in the sky,
The Spirit's blest abode ;

THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

'T WAS evening ; and a lovely child
Kneeling in prayer,
Breathed forth her spirit's thankfulness
For holy care.

She prayed for all ; and ere she closed,
Asked God to take
Kind watch of her while sleeping there,
Till she should wake.

'T was morning ; and that little one
Was summoned hence ;
God sent an angel in the night
For Innocence ;—
And seeing that pure tender bud,
So calm and still,
He gathered it, but to obey
His Maker's will.

A FLOWER IN HEAVEN.

On the Death of Ella M. Pinkham.

OUR Ella's gone :

She's gone from friends, from parents dear,
Who've watched with care each passing year ;
From those rejoicing to behold
Treasures of mind in youth unfold ;
From those who loved her fond caress,
From those she lived on earth to bless,
From those who taught her " lips to sing
The praises of our heavenly King ;"
From tender friends she's quickly torn,
Their loss they now in sadness mourn ;
From all she's gone.

Where has she gone ?

The angels said, who heard her songs,
" She more to heaven than earth belongs ;"
Then came disease and oped the door,
And from our arms our treasure tore :
But near, there watched an angel band,
Who took our Ella by the hand,
They showed her little feet the way
To realms of joy in endless day.
Now, with new songs high heaven rings,
For there our darling Ella sings ;
She lives in heaven.

FLOWERS.

ONE morning, as I slowly strayed
Along a meadow bright and green,
Which in unconscious beauty laid
Two bright and sunny hills between ;
I saw a fairy little child
Gathering the flowers which sweetly smiled
Bright as a dream,
Beside a stream,
Which lightly, musically played
Along that meadow bright and green.
I asked the child why thus she sought
At morn, the margin of that stream,
And plucked the flowers whose forms were caught
And mirrored in its sunny gleam ;
She answered, as she sweetly smiled,
"I pluck these flowers blooming wild,
While morning's dew
Perfects each hue,
And bear them home, for I have thought
They make our home more cheerful seem."

Thus, thought I, it is well to go
 And gather love's and friendship's flowers,
 Along that stream whose waters flow
 Through frowning wastes and lovelit bowers,
 Towards that vast unbounded sea,
 The distant, dread eternity;
 And when at last
 Life's morn is past,
 These flowers, unfading, still may glow
 And cheer the gloom of sadder hours.

"ARE THERE FLOWERS IN HEAVEN?"

LANGUID and dying a sweet boy lay
 Watching the gleam of each crimson ray
 That tinted the clouds with a radiant crest,
 As the sun sank peacefully down to rest;
 And the stars came forth with their silver light,
 And the fair day slept on the breast of night.

Then the child looked up with a peaceful smile —
 "Mother," he whispered — she wept the while —
 "Like the last faint gleam of the lingering day
 The boy, ere the morn, will have passed away."
 Then a tear-drop gleamed in her soft blue eye,
 For she knew that her beautiful boy must die.

"Flowers, sweet brother!" a little girl cried —
And lightly she sprang to the sick boy's side;
"Roses, and lilies, and violets blue,
Spangled and gemmed with the evening dew!"
And the eye of the dying one brightened with pleasure

As over the pillow she scattered her treasure.

For each dewy dingle the sweet boy knew,
Where strawberries nestled and wild flowers grew, —
He lifted the buds and he turned them o'er,
For he knew he should visit their haunts no more;
He felt from them all he must soon be riven,
And he mournfully sighed, "are there flowers in
Heaven?"

"There are, there are, my beautiful child;
Not all the loveliness, pure and wild,
Of the blossoms of earth, so dewy and fair,
May vie with a leaf of the flowers that are *there*;
Here, they are fragile and wither away,
There, they are fadeless and *never* decay.

Then the child's face lit with a radiant light,
And the mother watched through the long, long
night;

Till the wild bird carolled his songs of joy,
And the sun looked in on that beautiful boy;
But an endless morn to the child was given, —
He had gone to dwell with the "flowers in Heaven."

SPRING FLOWERS.

THE flowers! the lovely flowers!

They are springing forth again;

And opening their gentle eyes

In forest and in plain!

They cluster round the ancient stems,

And ivied roots of trees,

Like children playing gracefully

About a father's knees.

The flowers! the lovely flowers!

Their pure and radiant eyes

Greet us where e'er we turn our steps,

Like angels from the skies!

They say that nought exists on earth,

However poor and small,

Unseen by God; the meanest things,

He careth for them all!

The flowers! the lovely flowers!

The fairest type are they

Of the soul springing from its night

To sunshine and to day;

For though they lie all dead and cold,

With winter snow above,

The glorious spring doth call them forth

To happiness and love.

I CANNOT STOOP TO FLOWERS.

A GRAY-HAIRED man to me declared,

“I cannot stoop to flowers!”

To man and God his head he bared,

To paltry pelf he cowers.

To meditate, great Hervey sought

The gardens and the bowers;

His mind the healthy dew-drops caught,

While *stooping* to the flowers.

The meanest flower of earth was made

By that great God of ours;

He everything created bade —

God *stooped* to make the flowers.

The brightest gems of flowering fields

Grown brilliant with the dew,

Our God his care in goodness yields,

And *stoops* to kiss them too.

“I cannot stoop so low as flowers,”

I heard the old man say;

His heart warmed not at sunny hours,

Nor the garden gems of May.

Can Heaven propitious be to him

Whose disposition soars

Amid bewitching fragrance in

The garden with the flowers?

PRECEPTS OF FLOWERS.

OH! lovely flowers, how meet ye seem
Man's frailty to portray,
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away!
Teach this, and though but brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath
For Youth's unthinking brow;
Go, and to busy Manhood breathe
What most he fears to know;
Go, strew the path where Age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay
Ye breathe these truths severe,
To those who droop in pale decay
Have ye no words of cheer?
Oh, yes! ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.

Go, then, where, wrapt in fear and gloom,
Fond hearts and true are sighing,
And wreath with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying;
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of the long sleep and broken chain.

And say, that He who from the dust
Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
His mercy and his power, —
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away!

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours —
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

Then, wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night, —
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not :
Then wherefore had they birth ?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth, —
To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim ;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will also care for him.

BRIGHT FLOWERS.

BRIGHT flowers, bright — to glad our sight —
Ye spread the meadows green,
And naught that's fair
Can here compare,
That we have ever seen.
Thou violet blue, with beauty's hue
Upon thy slender stem,
Within thy bed
Thy modest head
In lowliness doth bend.
Bright flowers, bright — ye are a light
To us from birth to tomb ;
A something rare
In beauty fair
That only dies to bloom.

Bright roses, bright — the red, the white,
Twined in Nature's diadem,
Ye are the one
That those hath won
To be her brightest gem.

White lily, pure — may those endure,
Nor waste thyself in vain ;
A lesson give
To us to live
Like thee, without a stain.

May all we do be pure as you —
On earth run out our span,
And up above
With those we love,
Be planted by his hand.

Bright daisies sweet, around our feet
May ye forever grow,
And o'er us spread,
When we are dead,
Above when we are low.

Bright flowers thus, when we are dust,
May ye our grave-sides tend,
And long may shine,
Forever twine
About th' abodes of men.

SUMMER FLOWERS.

SUMMER flowers, Summer flowers,
What beauty do they bear!
Their gorgeous hues,
With Heaven's dews,
Are glistening everywhere;
The morning air with perfume filled,
Distilled from out their bowers,
Our senses fill —
Our hearts enthrill,
With the breath of Summer flowers.

Summer flowers, Summer flowers —
Are scattered o'er the plain;
And the hill-sides, too,
With violets blue,
Are blooming once again.
And all a-down the streamlet's banks,
Where crystal waters flow,
The lily white,
The cowslip bright,
And nodding blue-bells grow.

Summer flowers, Summer flowers,
Will soon be gone again; —
Will pass away,
Till another day,
From valley, hill and plain.

Such, too, is life! In morning's prime,
When youth and Hope is ours;
We bloom to-day,
Then pass away
As passeth Summer flowers.

HOW LOVELY ARE THE FLOWERS.

How lovely are the flowers,
That in the valley smile!
They seem like forms of angels,
Pure and free from guile.

But one thing mars their beauty,
It does not always last:
They droop, and fade, and wither,
Ere the summer's past.

And I am like that flower,
That blooms in fragrant May;
When days of sickness find me,
Then I fade away.

Then let me seek the beauty,
That innocence can give;
For when this life is over,
That will ever live.

THE TRUE END OF BEING.

“NONE OF US LIVETH TO HIMSELF.”

Not to myself I live, —
The whispering sunbeam seems to say,
As from the gladdening fount of day
It swiftly wings its cheerful way:

This is my Being's great design —
No selfish wills that light confine,
But on the starry world I shine.

Not to ourselves we live —
The starry hosts in concert sing
When shadowy eve begins to spring;
To others then we freely bring

The light that we receive,
And blending then the cheerful ray,
We come at silent close of day,
To watch the hours of night away.

Not to ourselves we live —
The blooming flowers bring sweet reply,
To bless the earth like stars more nigh
Than those that cheer the distant sky,
Our life of bloom we give;
To others' ears, at others' feet
We breathe to shed our fragrance sweet,
That smiles of heaven and earth may meet.

We live in deeds, not years ; in thought, not breath ;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.

We should count Time by heart throbs when they
beat

For God, for man, for duty. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best ;
Life is but a means unto an end, — that end,
Beginning, mean and end to all things, God.

THE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND AND ITS ANGEL.

IN a wild and turbulent ocean, there was an island of wonderful beauty and repose. The tempests of the deep folded their wings on its shore, and, if the waves sometimes beat angrily there, their howls were softened to a pleasant murmur, in the calm, pure air.

Clouds flew over the sky, shadows crept among the trees, and showers descended upon the flowers ; but the sun soon looked out from the blossoms more freely in the warm, humid atmosphere. Birds of many tones sang in the scented pines, and the summer breezes came and seated lovingly around the sweet scented leaves, uttering low, soft sounds, like the mel-

ody of hymns heard in dreams: Little springs gushed up amongst bright green moss, beneath the gnarled roots of old trees, and, with silvery voices went murmuring down the shaded grassy lanes, where wreathing evergreens and violets hide from the eye; or, they glided by the footpath, and talked with the glistening sundew, that looks up to heaven through tears, — like gentle contrition, that, even amidst forgiveness, still grieves.

The fragrant trees, the birds, the dreamy flower, the lulling streams, the quiet ponds that mirror the dark overhanging firs, the dim religious light of the dense woods, where the sun-gleams are so few and fitful that the sarracenia peeps timidly from the moist earth, — all these had a spell to attract thither finely-developed spirits.

But an angel dwelt there, whose soul was in harmony with all this beauty, and who could interpret its mystic language to those who stood midway between the ideal world and the world of form and sense.

Spirits yet higher had instructed her in the language of higher spheres, until beauty and melody filled all her days, and the shadow and

the sunbeam alike read to her immortal lessons. What she had received she freely imparted, and her lips, like those of the prophets of old, spoke glowing words to kindle the soul, and live in the memory forever. The deep forest, with its flowers, she loved with a peculiar love; and little graceful vines, hiding beneath protecting shrubs, were sought by her, and questioned of their secret life; and they answered her deep interest, and seemed endowed with the perception of her angelic nature.

Her intense affections and self-devotedness, that were forbidden to rest on individual being, were showered in blessings on all who came around her.

She clothed the needy, she healed the sick, she visited the mourner, and lived to God, and in view of her immortal life. Her presence was delightful to all who had sufficiently emerged from sense to be admitted into full communion with her spirit. They entered into the Holy of Holies, and were penetrated and filled with the unknown power that taught them through *her*, the chosen priestess of the mysterious shrine. They sought her companionship, and loved to sit with her in the green dells,

and question the tiny flower and little vine of their secret sympathies and concealed life. They walked in the depths of the dark woods, and listened to the harmonies flowing around, until the tempestuous ocean that they had left sounded only a deep, grand chord in the diapason of the universe, sublimely chanting also its hymn of praise. As they listened to her gentle lessons, the wild lamenting of its waves ceased, and its angry howls were softened and blended with the melody of brook and bird and tree, until peace overflowed the soul, — a peace that remained with them when they had parted from her, and committed themselves again to the turmoil of the troubled waters; and even then those waters would be jewelled, in the sunlight of heaven, with hues never before seen.

But the beautiful island and its angel would haunt each memory, until again the bark was oared to its tranquil shore, and again they sat at the feet of the teacher, and gathered music and sunshine for the rough voyage on the turbulent sea. But the beautiful island suddenly was darkened. The angel had fulfilled her mission, and was recalled *home*. Her voice had ceased among the woods; her eye no more

looked upon the flowers; yet the woods were fragrant as ever, and the roses blossomed unconscious that one who loved them had gone forever.

The clear ponds still mirrored the pines, the brooklet still talked with the sundew, the morning birds sang in the dewy boughs, and the thrush sent his resonant sweet evening hymn along the dusky forest; and, in the soft Autumn sunshine, the graceful little squirrel, that never feared her presence, leaped and chattered, in his joyous life, amongst the fading leaves.

The angel came no more. She had learned the lessons that she was imprisoned in the clay to learn, she had taught the lessons that she was detained in the clay to teach, and she had departed. No trace of the ascending spirit was on the fair blue sky, but her footsteps might still be lingering in the paths that she trod; so they who loved her with an imperishable love, who sought her presence with an instinctive attraction, go there again to bathe their souls in blessed memories. They think to find again, in communion with familiar things, something of the spell of her living presence. They hope that she will be there, unseen, to meet them

with the sympathy of other days, and that life will again flow onward in the reflected beauty of the departed angel.

They float the bark to its shore. They tread again the green aisles, as of old. That shore is fair as ever, but the booming billows that they have left still boom in the ear, and the forest temple throws down from its leafy dome no serene influence on their souls. The brook sings a dirge, the birds utter discords, and the flowers smile dimly in forest and field.

Whence this dimness, this discord, this dirge of the brook, and the wild moaning of the distant wave? All is unchanged to the sight, all is fair and beautiful in this island. The light and charm that emanated from her presence has gone with her from the landscape.

They who tread the shadowy lanes diffuse for other influence, and the bright things of the wild, seem ever seeking for the lost. Strange merriment echoes through the secluded dells, and irreverent hands pluck the sweet, simple flowers that she loved, and toss them contemptuously away. The deep, tangled forest, that was her temple and shrine, is desecrated by unholy mirth, and all her pure and simple tastes

are but themes of ridicule. Her elegant amusements so thoughtful, so quiet, so beneficial to all around, are despised, and the noise of revelry is loud in her once tranquil home. They cannot understand her holy thoughts and her gentle deeds. Her meek and conscientious life is but tameness of spirit, and all its high and spiritual beauty is but a strange and incomprehensible delusion.

Well may the brook sing dirges, and the bird discords! Well may mournful coloring be on the flower, and wild wailings come from that ocean surge, and the whole island mourn and complain! The beautiful has vanished with the angel. The spirit that infused its own elevated life into all things has borne it away with her presence, and they who loved the island have ceased to love and visit it. The island exists no more for them!

There is a realm where that which *has been* never dies, and where the beautiful is a perpetuity and a blessing. Evil and imperfection are necessary for a season, but the high and the excellent are co-existent with eternity. In that lovely and mystic realm again is found the Beautiful Island of the Past, with all its

beauty undimmed. There the brooks sing in melody, and the flowers lift their bloom unblighted, and peace flows from the sunshine of its unclouded skies. There is light, yet not from the sun that beams over earthly bowers. There is all its former beauty, and no change can again fall upon it, no leaf or flower can fade in its scented fields. And there the angel walks again as truly and visibly, to those who loved her, as in the green lanes and umbrageous pathways of her earthly home. And they who so mourned her departure go to this mystic island, and wander with her, as of old, through leafy arcades and by soothing streams, and listen to her gentle teachings. They go when life is dark, when the winds are unloosed and the sea is wild with storms; when, weary of contention with the billows, and faint with struggle, they go there, and the tempest is lulled, and the waves lie down to slumber. Again the hymn rings through the fragrant woods, and the soft air breathes immortality, and its consoling prophecies of the future destiny of man.

And they have ceased to mourn the desecration of that beautiful island, whose forests wave

in earthly air, as they have ceased to visit its mournful shore; but every day they bless Heaven that the beautiful is eternal, that the holy island still remains in all its quiet charms, and still preserves, for the reverent spirit, its elevated and sanctifying influence.

Never more to mortal vision the angel will reveal herself; never more the spiritual eye will behold the beautiful island among the waters of an earthly ocean. But in that mystic realm where the good and the beautiful alone have permanence, the island and its angel abide forever.

“How cheering the thought that the spirits of bliss
Will bend their bright wings to a world such as this;
Will leave the sweet joys of the mansion above,
To breathe o’er our bosoms some message of love!

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some pilgrim to snatch from his stormy abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.”

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands ;
Beside the ancient portal,
A sentry grimly stands.
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door ;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is Heaven,
And Death the sentry grim ;
The Lord therefore has given
The opening keys to him.
And ransomed spirits, sighing
And sorrowful for sin,
Do pass the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

* * * * *

Their sighs are lost in singing,
They 're blessed in their tears ;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave to earth their fears.
Death like an angel seemeth,—
“ We welcome thee,” they cry ;
Their face with glory beameth —
'Tis life for them to die.

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

O, WHEN the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shade arrives at last,
It is not sleep, it is not rest ;
'Tis glory opening to the blest.

Their way to heaven was pure from sin,
And Christ shall there receive them in :
There, each shall wear a robe of light,
Like his, divinely fair and bright.

There parted hearts again shall meet,
In union holy, calm, and sweet,
There, grief find rest ; and never more
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

There, angels will unite their prayers
With spirits bright and blest as theirs ;
And light shall glance on every crown,
From suns that never more go down.

No storms shall ride the troubled air ;
No voice of passion enter there ;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales, that breathe, and die.

For there the God of mercy sheds
His purest influence on their heads,
And gilds the spirits round the throne
With glory radiant as his own.

INVITATION TO GO ON PILGRIMAGE.

COME let us go to heaven ; — the way,
Like darkness, opens into day,
When, from the turning point of night
Breaks the first beam of morning light.

Come, let us go to heaven ; — our guide
Is Christ who lived, is Christ who died,
And rose again ; — his staff and rod,
Through life and death, will lead to God.

Come let us go to heaven ; — forsake
Sin, death and hell ; and gladly take
His easy yoke, his welcome load,
And brave the dangers of the road.

Come let us go to heaven ; — and press
On through the howling wilderness ;
Yet fear not, little flock ! though foes,
Without, within, your course oppose.

Come let us go to heaven ; — no power,
Not Satan raging to devour,
Nor all his hosts can harm ; for ye,
Through Christ, shall more than conquerors be.

Come let us go to heaven ; — and meet,
Once and forever, at his feet ;
Yea, in his kingdom, as his own,
Sit down with him upon his throne.

Can these things be ; — they *are* — are *sure*
To all who to the end endure ;
While Unbelief cries, Can they be ?
Come let *us* go to heaven and see.

A BETTER HOME.

I SIGH for a better home
Than this poor world can give,
Where troubles never come,
Where sorrow cannot live ;
Here grief, and toil, and pain,
And wild distracting care,
And many an earthly bane
Mixed with our comforts are.

O for a resting place,
Of tranquil, calm repose,
Far from this dizzy maze,
This weary world of woes ;
To search from pole to pole,
And rest you cannot find —
Rest for the weary soul,
The troubled, burdened mind.

I shall not always stay
On this cold dreary shore,
The hope of a better day
Bids me sigh and grieve no more.
It bids me patiently endure
The ills of this short life,
And then I shall a rest secure
From its turmoil and strife.

It points me to a land
Where all are pure and blest —
Where the wicked cannot stand,
And the weary are at rest ;
No tears are there, or sighs —
'Tis the spirit's blest abode,
A mansion in the skies,
The paradise of God.

SPIRIT LONGINGS.

I'M weary of earth's cares and sorrows —

I dream of the homes of the blest ;
In vain all my waiting and watching
For the morn of eternity's rest.
I struggle and strive, till my spirit
Seems bursting its casement of clay ;
Impatient to enter those mansions
Where night never follows the day.

The pleasures of earth are not painless ;
Each rose I may pluck has its thorn ;
The scenes which appear so enchanting
All vanish like dream-thoughts at morn.
Oh ! when will that slumber, so dreamless,
Steal earnestly over my soul,
And all of my doubting and fearing,
Give place to a view of the goal ?

When shall I, the outer form leaving,
On spirit-wings borne through the air,
No longer my weaknesses feeling,
Grow stronger while entering there ;
Where Jesus his mercy displaying,
Prepares for my spirit a place,
And bids me be ever rejoicing,
And dwell in the light of his face.

PARTING WORDS.

AND must I *now*, my trusty friend,
Bid thee a long farewell?
Thus *all* Earth's pleasures have an end,
How soon — no lip can tell.

We meet — we love — we promise oft
Unending happiness;
But time unseen, soon steals away
The joys we did possess!

Love — Friendship — ye are holy ties;
And though so frail on earth,
Ye shall be born again, and rise
Unto a heavenly birth,

Where angel lyres breathe songs of love,
Which time nor death can end;
O, that we yet may meet above,
Each lost and valued friend.

The bygone joys of other hours
Shall oft remembered be;
And I will send my spirit forth,
Far o'er the swelling sea.

The sails are spread — my trusty friend,
Receive my warm farewell!
Thus *all* earth's pleasures have an end,
How soon — what lip can tell?

RE-UNION ABOVE.

If yon bright stars which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling-sphere,
Where kindred spirit's re-unite,
Whom death hath torn asunder here ;
How sweet it were at once to die,
To leave the blighted orb afar, —
Mixt soul and soul, to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star !

But Oh ! how dark, how drear and lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We fail to find the loved of this !
If there no more the ties shall twine,
Which death's cold hand alone could sever,
Ah, then those stars in mocking shine,
More hateful as they shine forever.

It cannot be ! — each hope, each fear
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,
'Tis heaven that whispers, "Dry your tears,"
The pure in heart *shall meet again.*

OUR INFANT ANGEL.

I WAS but a childish mother. I had not forgotten the merry laugh of my girlhood, when they laid my baby on my breast, and looked upon him more as a curious plaything than as a human soul given into my hands for its earthly training. But my husband — ah, he was grave and wise enough for both — mother and child alike!

My husband was many years older than myself. He had known many a joy and sorrow long before I was born — and on the very day when my nurse was holding me (a helpless, laughing, crowing baby) out to pick the daisies for my birthday garland, he was bending tearfully over the grave of one who had made his home happy for years — the wife of his youth and the mother of his children! Strange! that I, who had no knowledge of sorrow, was yet to dispel his; that he, who had never gazed upon that child's face of mine, was one day to take its owner to his heart, as the light and joy of his declining years.

Our home was a little paradise, close beside the sea, a small, low-roofed, brown cottage,

with a rustic porch and latticed windows overgrown with climbing roses. The low murmur of the ocean soothed me into a happy sleep each night—the sweet song of the swallows waked me into a happy day each morning. And here, in the pleasant summer time, my blue-eyed boy was born, and my cup of joy was full to running over.

My boy, like all mothers' boys, was beautiful. And yet his loveliness made my heart ache. So frail, so fair! His colorless waxen cheek, his slender form, and large and melancholy blue eyes, filled me with a thousand fears. How often have I bent above him as he laid upon my lap, and prayed with all a mother's earnestness that his life might be spared. It was a foolish prayer, an unwise one, but then I could not see it!

My very life seemed wrapped up in that of my babe. With him by me every day, I could not see him fading, and the moaning sea could tell no tales. But now and then a shadow came over his father's brow as he watched us, that not even my kisses could quite drive away. I thought him growing stern and cold; but O, I wronged him! Never had he loved us so tenderly before!

Weeks passed on. My baby's eyes looked intelligently into mine, and the little rosy lips smiled whenever I came near. But still those little lisping utterances that thrill the heart so deeply were silent, and all my loving lessons fell on an unheeding ear.

The shadow on Arthur's face grew deeper as he watched my unceasing efforts. At last the blow came. I had been sitting in the doorway with little Earnest in my arms, trying to teach him to say "papa." His large blue eyes were fixed upon me with a wistful expression, but still the lips were mute, and vexed and disappointed I heaved a deep sigh and laid him back in his little cradle. Something in the look my husband gave startled me. I went beside him, and putting my arms around his neck —

"What is it, Arthur?" I cried.

"God help you to bear it, Mary!" he answered, solemnly. "Our child is dumb!"

DUMB! Could it be possible? What had I done that so deep a sorrow should be sent to chasten me? Other mothers might hear their children's voices calling them, but mine would be forever silent! Forever! it was so long a

word! Had it been for weeks, or months, or even years, I would have borne it; but to know that it could never be—that through childhood, youth and manhood, he could never speak my name—O, it was too much to bear!

Autumn and winter passed away, and my baby and I threw daisies at each other on the lawn before the cottage, while Arthur looked on, smilingly, from his study window. I had not grown reconciled to the great misfortune, only accustomed to it, and the mute kisses of my child were almost as dear to me as his spoken words could have been.

It was a strange task to teach that soul how to expand its wings. It was strange to teach the child his little evening prayer by signs, and yet as he clasped his small hands, and raised his sweet blue eyes to heaven, I often wondered if any labored supplication could have gone more quickly to the Throne of Grace. It was strange to see him sit silently above his play-things, to hear no sound from him except the plaintive, half-stifled cry he uttered when in pain, to feel those delicate hands clasping mine when something new had puzzled him, to the wistful, observant look with which he

regarded every one who conversed around him.

We make to ourselves idols out of clay, and they are taken from us. I needed the one lesson more. My little boy faded slowly beneath my eyes, as the summer came on. It was not so much with him a painful sickness, as the gradual wasting away of the springs of life. The mission he had been sent to fulfil was accomplished.

Many days before he was taken, I knew he must go. I was with him day and night. I sang him to sleep, and wet the still golden head with tears when he was slumbering quietly. Day by day I gathered up my strength for the parting which I knew must come, and day by day my heart sank within me, and the blood forsook my cheek if the slightest change took place.

We sat by the bedside of our boy; the little languid head was resting on my breast, and the tiny, transparent hands lay like two lilies in the broad palm of Arthur. I sang, in a hushed voice, the songs he loved the best, and the setting sun sank slowly behind the sea.

Cool breezes, the splash of oars and the rude

song of sailors down the bay, came floating in upon us. My darling boy lay and listened. I could not see that his breathing grew fainter and fainter, and that the lids of the blue eyes were drooping slowly towards each other. At last they closed, and thinking he slept, I laid my weary head upon my husband's breast and tried to sleep also. A strange drowsiness which was not slumber crept over me. I started from it suddenly, at last, with an instinctive feeling that all was not well. Tears fell upon my cheeks as I lifted my head. They fell from the eyes of Arthur, who sat and thought while we were still.

I bent above my boy. The little cheek I kissed seemed growing cold, and with suspended breath I listened to hear the beating of his heart. He moved slightly as I called his name, and then looked up in my face with a gentle smile.

It faded soon, and he seemed to be struggling with some terrible pain. His lips were drawn back, his eyes upturned, and his hands clenched. I could not bear to look at him. I turned away and groaned in agony.

"See — it is over now!" said Arthur, as he put his arm around my waist, and held me firmly to his heart.

I looked. My darling raised his feeble arms, and as I bent my head, they fell heavily around my neck; his pale lips met mine in a last kiss. A sudden trembling seized him. His eyes lit up with a happy light, his cheek flushed, his half-opened lips seemed about to speak for the first time. Did I hear, or dream I heard, the one word I had vainly tried to teach him? "Mother!"

I could not tell. For the next moment the rosy flush faded, the little breast heaved with one short sigh, and my boy had left us.

Was that little life in vain? Was no lesson taught, no lesson learned, in that brief year of companionship with an angel? O yes! A lesson which the mother's heart can never forget, while it beats with the love it has felt for the lost. "Dearer is God for his sweet sake" —dearer to me, because he loved beauty so.

Many years have passed since my little boy fell asleep. Other children play around the door of my cottage, and kneel each night at my knee, to say the prayers he only looked; another Arthur, with bright, dark eyes, and golden hair, goes singing through the house, but still my heart is most with him. My chil-

dren stand beside that grave and listen with serious faces, when I tell them of the little brother who died before they were born, and then steal away silently and leave me there beside him.

I have grown old and care-worn ; the cheek he kissed is thin and faded, and the sunny hair with which he used to play, is streaked with silver. But my child will know me when I meet him, and I shall hold him to my heart the same as when he left me, an infant angel — freed from every taint of earth.

No barrier then between us — no weak, imperfect utterance, or look of pain ; for in heaven my child will speak, and the first word I shall hear him utter there, will be the word that lingered on his lips when he was dying. He will call me “ Mother ” there as here. Else I could never have given him up through all these weary years, and fed my heart upon the hope of hearing that half-uttered word breathed freely when I die.

Rests a child, a gentle spirit,
Where these flowers slowly wave ;
One that will a crown inherit,
When it rises from its grave.

LAST WORDS OF A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

I AM passing through the waters, but a blessed shore
appears, —

Kneel beside me, husband dearest, let me kiss away
thy tears :

Wrestle with thy grief as Jacob strove from midnight
until day ;

It may leave an Angel's blessing when it vanishes
away.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, 'tis not long she can
be there, —

See how to my heart she nestles — 'tis the pearl I
love to wear.

If, in after years, beside thee sits another in my
chair,

Though her voice be sweeter music, and her face
than mine more fair ; —

If a cherub call thee father, far more beautiful than
this,

Love thy first-born, oh, my husband, turn not from
the motherless.

Tell her sometimes of her mother — you may call her
Anna Jane —

Shield her from the winds of sorrow — if she errs, oh,
gently blame ;

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping; I will answer if she calls,

And my breath will stir her ringlets, when my voice in blessing falls;

And her soft blue eye will brighten with a wonder whence it came,

In her heart, when years pass o'er her, she will find her mother's name.

I will be her right hand angel, sealing up the good for Heaven,

Striving that the midnight watches find no misdeed unforgiven.

You will not forget me, dearest, when I'm sleeping 'neath the sod;

Oh, love the babe upon my bosom as I love thee next to God.

MY BOY!

I KNOW his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there.

Not there? — Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked; — *he* is not there!

He lives! — In all the past
He lives; nor to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see him *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that — he is *there!*

SHALL WE RECOGNIZE OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN?

A BELIEF of this kind, though deep and general, does not, however, prove its own correctness; it will have little weight with those who have a more sure word of prophecy; yet must we regard it as somewhat significant, and closely related to an essential element of this human soul, indicating a want in the general heart thus plainly expressed. We would give to it, in connection with this subject, some such a place as we assign to the general belief of immortality in an argument to establish that belief.

Taking this side glance, as we approach the inspired volume, we naturally inquire, why should it not be so? What reasonable objection can be urged against it? So far from there being just ground to oppose it, does not every enlightened and Christian mind long that it should be true? What would society on earth be without mutual recognition? And is heaven a less social place? Is the demand for this less imperative there? Will our beloved

Christian friend be less himself after death than now, or lose those characteristics which attach us to him here ?

We open the Bible. We peruse it carefully. From first to last we find nothing that conflicts with this belief. If this were all we could say, even that would be in its favor. Here is our first proof, and though negative, yet it is valid. But let us examine what the Scriptures teach respecting the abode and condition of the glorified. In respect to their condition, we find that it is eminently social. They are represented as citizens, intermingling freely ; but there is no intimation that previous to their meeting there they were all strangers. They form a family, whose members were once on earth ; and can their quickened recollection be oblivious of former acquaintance ? Do they know less than they did here ? Does not Lazarus know in whose bosom he is ? All the conceptions of heaven suggested by the Bible favor the idea of future recognition.

This is our second step in the examination of divine testimony. Let us now proceed to a scrutiny of particular passages. The New Testament is before us. Our Lord speaks :—

“ And I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.” Will they meet at that banquet without recognition? Again:—“ Ye are they which have continued with me in my temptations; and I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me, that ye may eat and drink at my table, in my kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.” Can that be fulfilled while the parties are strangers to each other? And when, at the last judgment, he shall speak of things done to “ these my brethren,” will they not recognize those who have done them either an injury or a kindness? If, on the mount of transfiguration, the disciples knew Moses and Elias, who had already been a thousand years in glory, will not all disciples know them, and know one another, on the Mount Zion above?

We open letters from the great Apostles, and read:—“ Knowing that He which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also, by Jesus, and shall *present us with you* ;” and, again: 1 Thess. 2: 19, “ For what is our hope,

or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" We conclude with confidence that Paul expected to recognize those Thessalonian converts amid the throng before the throne. Turning back to the Old Testament, and hearing patriarchs speak of "being gathered to their fathers," and David of "going to the child," we infer that they expected to know their kindred in the Better Land. In the fourteenth of Isaiah we read:—"Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming; it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols; the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!" If that be true among the lost, shall it not be also among the blessed? If Dives in torment recognizes Lazarus afar off in

Abraham's bosom, shall not Lazarus recognize those who are near and round about him?

Neither the Old Testament nor the New goes into minute details respecting the heavenly state, or teaches future recognition, positively and directly; but, in view of the general expectation of the human mind, the absence of adverse testimony, and these decided though incidental teachings, we may be sure that Christian friends will know one another in the future world.

In the preliminary part of the chapter, we glanced at the character of belief on this subject in lands not illumined by the gospel. Let us now glance at the belief of those who have had the holy Scriptures. Cyprian, in the third century, responds thus:—"Who, finding himself in a strange country, does not earnestly desire to return to his fatherland? Who, about to sail in haste for his home and his friends across the sea, does not long for a friendly wind, that he may the sooner throw his arms around his beloved ones. We believe Paradise to be our fatherland; our parents are patriarchs: why should we not haste and fly to see our home and greet our parents? A great

host of beloved friends await us there; a numerous and various crowd, — parents, brethren, children, who are secure in a blessed immortality, and only concerned for us, are looking with desire for our arrival. To see and embrace these — what a mutual joy will this be to us and them! What bliss, without the fear of death, to live eternally in the heavenly kingdom! How vast, and of eternal duration, is our celestial blessedness! There is the glorious choir of the Apostles; there the host of joyful prophets! there the innumerable company of the martyrs, crowned on account of their victories in the conflict of suffering. There, in triumph, are the pure virgins. There the merciful — who have fed and blessed the poor, and according to their Lord's direction, have exchanged earthly for heavenly treasures, — now receive their glorious reward. To these, dearly beloved brethren, let us hasten with strong desire, and ardently wish soon to be with them, and with Christ."

In the fourth century, Chrysostom speaks: "If we hear him (Paul) here, we shall certainly see him hereafter; if not as standing near him, yet see him we certainly shall, glistening

near the throne of the King. Where the cherubim sing in glory, where the seraphim are flying, there shall we see Paul, with Peter, both as a chief and leader of the choir of the saints, and shall enjoy his generous love."

Pass on to the period of the Reformation. The great German reformer, the evening before his death, being asked what he thought on this point, remarks as follows:—"How did Adam do? He had never in his life seen Eve—he lay and slept—yet, when he awoke, he did not say, Whence came you?—who are you? but he said, 'This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh.' How did he know that this woman did not spring forth from a stone? He knew it because he was full of the Holy Spirit, and in possession of the true knowledge of God. Into this knowledge and image we shall, in the future life, again be renewed in Christ; so that we shall know father, mother, and one another, on sight, better than did Adam and Eve."

Zwingle, the Swiss reformer, speaks:—"There you may hope to see the society, the assembly, and the dwelling together of all the holy, wise, faithful, heroic, firm, and virtuous,

who have lived since the beginning of the world.

“There you shall see the two Adams, the saved and the Saviour. There you will see Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Judah, Moses, Joshua, Gideon, Samuel, Phineas, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, and the mother of God, of whom he has prophesied. There you will see David, Hezekiah, Josiah, John the Baptist, Peter, Paul, etc. There you will see yours who have gone before you, and all your forefathers who have departed this life in the faith. In a word, no virtuous person, no holy mind; no believing soul has lived from the beginning of the world, or shall yet live, that you shall not there meet with God.”

Another century rolls on, and we hear the sentiments of John Eliot, who for many months before he died, would often say that he was shortly going to heaven, and that he would carry a deal of good news thither with him; he said he would carry tidings to the old founders of New England, who were now in glory, that church-work was yet carried on among us; that the number of our churches was continually increasing; and that the churches

were still kept as big as they were, by the daily additions of those who shall be saved. "Shall I know you in heaven?" said an inquiring red man to John Eliot himself. The old chief Shenandoah wished to be buried beside his religious teacher, that at the resurrection he might go up with him. That Choctaw is still a living officer in the church, who wished a ministerial visitor to turn round, that he might have a full view of his face, so as to know him again in heaven.

These are specimens, taken from different periods and countries of Christendom, from different races and ranks of men, among all which, however, is found the common belief of future recognition.

Would that belief have been so universal were it unreasonable or unscriptural?

If then, this hope of future recognition has been so general even among the heathen; if, while we long for its fulfilment, we find nothing to forbid our hoping that such may be the case; most of all, if the Scriptures present no difficulties, but strong incidental evidences, — evidences which for centuries have satisfied believers in the most varied conditions, — we

may well believe' that Christian friends on earth will certainly recognize one another in heaven. That affection which yearns towards Machpelah, which carves touching memorials, on the tombs of the departed the world over, and which is sanctioned by the inspiration that cannot err—that affection is a true seer; and it would be like killing one of the prophets, and stoning them that are sent unto us, should we uproot it from the heart.

It is not of course, personal friends alone who are to know one another in heaven. The saints in glory will no doubt ultimately all become acquainted with each other. How many will at different times inquire, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?" And how many delighted disciples, on that mount above, will exclaim, through everlasting ages, "It is good for us to be here!"

O, what hours will those be, when we shall shake hands with Enoch, David, and Paul,—when we shall feel around our necks the pressure of Abraham's arms, and the beloved disciple! Do we wish to talk with the venerable reformers, martyrs and Puritans?—with John

Bunyan, Philip Doddridge and president Edwards? It will soon be gratified.

"I want to go to heaven," said Dr. Emmons, in his old age. "It is an inexpressibly glorious place. The more I think of it, the more delightful it appears." "And I want to see *who* is there; I want to see brother Sanford, and brother Niles, and brother Spring, and Dr. Hopkins, and Dr. West, and a great many other ministers, with whom I have been associated in this world, but who have gone before me. I believe I shall meet them in heaven, and it seems to me, our meeting there must be peculiarly interesting." He added, "I want to see too, the old prophets, and the apostles. What a society there will be in heaven! There we shall see such men as Moses, and Isaiah, and Elijah, and David, and Paul; I want to see Paul more than any man I can think of."

The question, Shall we know our friends and others in heaven? is answered. The intimations of God's word all favor it; and those intimations accord with the irrepressible demands of the human soul. It was doubtless in part, to encourage this hope that Moses

and Elias appeared to the disciples, and talked with them on the mount of glory.

And if those who never met on earth are to recognize one another in heaven, shall not personal friends much more? Most evidently was it the apostle's expectation to recognize his Corinthian, Colossian and Thessalonian friends; and has he been disappointed? And will not other, yea, all the sanctified intimacies of earth, be perpetuated in the everlasting home of the redeemed? Every place of holy fellowship and prayer answers, yes. Every inner recess of the heart answers, yes.

Blessed gathering! Blessed greetings! Joyful indeed will be the meeting of those who have taken sweet counsel together, who have devoutly prayed and sung together, who have been companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. But unspeakable must be the joy of those who then behold in each other the instruments of their own conversion, or the results of their labors for the Salvation of others, and jointly give all the glory to a present God. And O, what heart will then be large enough for the rapture of a

successful ambassador of Christ!—of one like Paul, meeting the multitudes saved through his instrumentality? Signal indeed must be the grace that shall prevent such a soul from being completely overwhelmed in the transport of that hour. To find that his ministrations were owned beyond his thoughts; that many by his preaching, were turned to righteousness; that a prayer for some apparently hopeless sinner was answered; to find youthful professors edified, and aged saints comforted; that churches were refreshed, it may be, by his presence; that directly, or indirectly, foreign evangelization was accelerated by him; and all, only because sovereign grace called, enabled, and persuaded him to the same.

O, it requires other than human pens to describe the emotions of such men in glory!

But what friend in heaven do we most desire to see?

No one can enter there whose heart looks not first of all at him who is seated on the great white throne. What are our ideas of the city of God? Is not Christ the light thereof? Is not the glory which he had before the world was, to be displayed? Did the Eternal Son

take a human form? — in it agonize in Gethsemane, be scourged in the judgment-hall, crucified on Golgotha, sleep in the sepulchre, and rise to heaven, and shall any other human form divert the eye from that? Are those the scars that speak of precious blood once shed for you? are those the lips that cried, "It is finished?" And will we soon withdraw our gaze? No, much as we love all other friends, there is one in the kingdom of heaven who will make us temporarily forget them all.

For years — if there be years there — ay, for centuries, it may be, will the Lamb of God absorb our souls.

When we reach the city of God, we shall not first of all, grasp the hands of present acquaintances. Of such an affront to the proprieties of heaven, no one, presented at the court of the King of kings, was ever guilty. Bowing down in such gratitude as we never knew before, gazing in a holy ecstasy of love, breaking forth into high and ceaseless praises, there shall we stand age after age. Not it may be till the world has been burnt up — not till the elect have all been gathered home to their Father's house, shall we think of looking away from

that brightness of the Father's glory, our Saviour, our dear Redeemer. Eternity will be long enough for all the sanctified attachments of earth to have full scope. But the first song, the everlasting song, will be, "Now unto him that loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory forever."

THE VOICE OF SYMPATHY.

It giveth joy unto the sad,
It makes the toil-worn stranger glad,
It brings a light to sorrow's eye,
And checks the low and plaintive sigh,
Of heart bereft and desolate,
And changes even the ingrate.

Who hath not felt, when sad and lone,
A thrill of joy, when friendship's tone
Hath waked us from the painful dream
Of sadness to a brighter theme?
With gentle accents soft and low
As music of the streamlets flow.

It yieldeth to the brow oppressed,
A halo of the spirit's rest;
It cometh to the weary one
Like music of our childhood's home;
Its tones, though few and far between,
To me like angel-visits seem.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

WE are all here !

Father, Mother,

Sister, Brother,

All who hold each other dear.

Each chair is filled, — we 're all *at home* ;

To-night let no cold stranger come :

It is not often thus around

Our old familiar hearth we 're found :

Bless, then, the meeting and the spot ;

For once be every care forgot :

Let gentle Peace assert her power,

And kind Affection rule the hour ;

We 're all — all here.

We 're *not* all here !

Some are away, — the dead ones dear,

Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,

And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.

Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,

Looked in and thinned our little band :

Some like a night-flash passed away,

And some sank, lingering, day by day ;

The quiet graveyard, — some lie there, —

And cruel Ocean has his share, —

We 're *not* all here.

We are all here!

Even they, — the dead, — though dead, so dear;

Fond Memory, to her duty true,

Brings back their faded forms to view.

How life-like, through the mist of years,

Each well-remembered face appears!

We see them as in times long past,

From each to each kind looks are cast;

We hear their words, their smiles behold;

They 're round us, as they were of old, —

We are all here.

We are all here!

Father, Mother,

Sister, Brother,

You that I love with love so dear.

This may not long of us be said;

Soon must we join the gathered dead;

And by the hearth we now sit round,

Some other circle will be found.

O, then, that wisdom may we know,

Which yields a life of peace below!

So, in the world to follow this,

May each repeat, in words of bliss,

We 're all — all here!

COME TO THE LAND OF PEACE.

COME to the land of peace!
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away,
The sounds of weeping cease!
Fear hath no dwelling there!
Come to the mingling of repose and love!
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
Through the celestial air!
Come to the bright and blest,
And crowned forever! — 'midst that shining band,
Gathered to Heaven's own wreath from every land,
Thy spirit shall find rest!
Thou hast been long alone;
Come to thy mother! — on the Sabbath shore,
The heart that rocked thy childhood back once more
Shall take its wearied one.
In silence wert thou left!
Come to thy sister's! — joyously again
All the home-voices blest in one sweet strain,
Shall greet their long bereft.
Over thine orphan head
The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough;
Come to thy father! — it is finished now;
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace ;
And O, bright victory ;—death by love no place !
Come, spirit, to thy God !

MOTHER'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

THREE beautiful children made glad the home of a happy mother. Her love for them was intense, and her care never failing. They were in her thoughts all the day long, and in her dreams by night. The youngest of these children was a boy. He had large deep blue eyes, and his long lashes when he slept lay upon his cheeks like the lashes of a woman. Something in his face ever awakened in the minds of those who gazed upon him, thoughts of heaven, and many said of him that he was but a stranger here, and would soon return to his own country. And such thoughts came sometimes to the happy mother, and then her heart trembled and grew faint.

At last, what had been feared befel the child. The Angel of death came and removed him from his earthly abode, to his heavenly dwelling-place, and the stricken mother bowed her

head and would not listen to the voice of consolation.

"God is good," were the words of one who sought to comfort her, "and he afflicts us in loving kindness."

"I will not believe it," replied the weeping mother. "It was not good to take from me my precious boy."

"He is with the angels,—think of that. The great problem of his life is solved, and it is well with him. There is neither doubt, nor fear, nor anxiety on his account, for he is safe in the everlasting habitations of our Father in heaven."

The mother listened, and the consoler went on.

"No more grief, no more sorrow, no more pain! Think of that. Let not your thoughts droop with feeble wings about the dark and gloomy grave. He is not there. But, let them rise on swift and sunny pinions to the beautiful dwelling-place of the angels. His decaying body alone fills the grave; but his pure spirit, that gave life and beauty to its earthly tenement, has gone to his better home.

Would you have him back again? Had

you the power, with a word, to call him to earth, would you speak that word, now that he has escaped the long trial and suffering that comes to all who have to make the journey of life? No, I am sure you would not."

The tears of the mother ceased to flow, and she bent nearer to him who spoke, and listened more intently. He went on.

"All children who die, are raised up in heaven and received by angels, who love them with the utmost tenderness. Your dear boy, though he has been taken from an earthly mother, has already found a heavenly one. And you have not really lost him, for he is present in your thoughts, and you love him with even an intenser affection than before. To part with him is hard; for our natural feelings cling to those we love, and their removal brings exquisite pain. But our natural feelings have in them the taint of selfishness, and it is needful that they should be elevated and purified; or, rather, that they should die in order that spiritual affections may be born. And what are spiritual affections? The love of things good and true for their own sake? And such affections are not born unless natural affections are laid in the grave. The

death of these affections is always accompanied by pain ; but the birth of corresponding spiritual affections will be with joy. The deep sorrow you now feel is a natural sorrow. Your heart is aching for its loss ; and even while reason and religion tell you that this removal from earth to heaven is one of infinite blessedness to your boy, you mourn his loss and will not be comforted. But, it is for you to look up and feel an exquisite joy in the thought that you have added one to the company of God's angels. It may not be now ; it cannot be now ; for the smiting of your natural affections is too recent, and the waters of affliction must flow for a time. And, it is good that they should flow forth, in order that spiritual consolation may flow into your heart from heaven. But, this influx of healing waters will depend on your self.

You must be willing to look up and to seek comfort from the only source whence it springs. You must be spiritually glad that your child has gone to heaven — that is, glad for his sake, and for those who are made happier in heaven by his presence. There is such a gladness — but it thrills in a region of the mind far above

the place where natural affections move — and it is full of that interior delight which fills the heart of angels.”

Thus spoke the Comforter, and his words found their way into the mother's heart. She did not make a response, but her thoughts were filled with new images ; and even in the bitterness of her sorrow, she tried to look away from her own loss and to think of all that her absent one had gained.

In the night following, as she lay slumbering on her pillow, which was wet with tears, a sweet dream, that was not all a dream, came to her. She saw before her a company of angels, surrounded by infants and little children — the latter dressed in white garments, with flowers blushing amid their clustering curls. They were in a garden, and the children were sporting with one another, and, ever as they drew near or touched the flowers that were springing around them, each blossom glowed with a new and living beauty. Eagerly the mother looked for her precious boy, for she knew that he was in this company, and, as she looked intently, one of the angels, who held a child by the hand, separated herself from the rest, and approached

her. She knew her sweet one in an instant; and, oh, inexpressible delight! she knew the angel also. It was her own mother! Her mother, who had been taken to heaven when she was only a child, but whose gentle, loving face, had ever remained pictured on her memory.

Oh, the exquisite joy of that moment! Her own mother was now the angel-mother of her beautiful boy. How sweet the smile that beamed upon her eyes seen only in dreams for years! and, as her lost darling sprang into her arms, and laid his head upon her bosom, a voice of exquisite melody, whose tones had come to her as if from afar off many and many a time, since childhood, said: —

“ Daughter, be comforted! He was too pure, too gentle, too frail for earth. Life would have been sorely tried and tempted of evil, and, perchance, might have fallen by the way. Therefore in mercy he was removed to this heavenly land, where there is no evil to tempt, no pain to afflict, no grief to bow the stricken heart. Sorrow not for him, for all is well. He has been committed to my care, and I will love him with a tenderness made deeper for the love that is felt for you.

"A little while longer, and you will be called home. I will keep your darling safe for you until that time."

An angel's kiss then warmed the mother's cheek, and she awoke. Heavenly light and heavenly music were in her chamber. Slowly the light faded, and the music grew fainter and more distant; not outwardly but inwardly distant; and as she hearkened after it, bending her spirit towards heaven, she still heard the sounds; and, even yet she can hear them, when earthly grief is hushed, and her mind is elevated into heavenly tranquillity.

From that time, joy mingled with the mother's sorrow. She believed the dream. To her it was not fantastic, but a vision of things that were. She had treasure above, and her heart was there also. Love's golden chain had extended its links, and the last one was fastened in heaven. Daily, hourly, momentarily, she missed the one who was away, and she longed to hear again the sound of his happy voice, and to look upon his beautiful face; but she knew where he was, and that it was well with him; and she dried her eyes and patiently bore her affliction.

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

"I SHINE in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow,
Through the shadow of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, which frequent tears
Have soiled and left their stain.

"I have found the joys of Heaven,
I am one of the Angel band ;
To my head a crown is given,
And a harp is in my hand.
I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath made free,
And the glorious halls of Heaven still ring
With my new-born minstrelsy.

"No sin, no grief, no pain ;
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come.
Friends of my mortal years !
The trusted and the true,
Ye are walking still in the vale of tears,
And I wait to welcome you !

“Do I forget? Oh no!

For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet, and touch again.
Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric chain
Flows freely down like a river of light,
To the world from whence I came.

“Do you mourn when another star

Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the voice of war,
And the rage of conflicts die?
Then why do your tears roll down?
And your hearts be sore riven?
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in Heaven.”

ANCHOR THY HOPE IN HEAVEN.

THE brightest gem the crown of life can show,
Casting a radiance on our path below,
Where clouds are gathering, and the lowering storm
Seems almost bursting o'er the shrinking form,
The sun of Hope o'er the horizon gleams,
Sheds o'er the fainting spirit healing beams.

Hope on — hope ever — life hath many flowers,
Twining around us e'en in gloomy hours ;
The cloudiest day will have bright gleams of light,
And stars will twinkle through the darkest night.

Retrace the past, there may be sorrow-tears,
Yet joy — heart-soothing joy — also appears ;
If rightly read, each trial-sacrifice
Would seem as mercies — angels in disguise.

Hope on — hope ever — what if hope deceive ;
Are we not happier when we thus believe ?
Look to the brightest side through misery's veil,
Anchor thy hopes in Heaven, — they cannot fail.

THE ANGEL MEETING.

"But may ye not, unseen, around us hover
With gentle promptings, and sweet influence yet,
Though the fresh glory of those days be over,
When 'midst the palm-trees, man your footsteps
met?"

THE last tints of the fading light of day rested upon the pale, sunken cheek of our beloved Nellie. The night breezes strayed to and fro amid the leafy branches near, with low murmurs which seemed to sigh a mournful requiem over dying hope, blighted in its tender youth.

Nellie was beautiful; her dark eye was large and eloquent with rare thoughts which thickly peopled the chambers of her mind. Her soul was ruled by the mighty power of Genius, so that her "words were words of wisdom;" and she "wielded the pen of a ready writer."

The muses lent their aid and she struck the chords of her lyre and sung in sweetest melody of verse — and those who read admired, rejoicing for the joy that new and beautiful thoughts had been presented them, and blessed the originator of the same.

Of late many gloomy shadows had passed over her bright pathway, dimming the future, and dark clouds of uncertainty hovered near.

Disease had placed its withering blight upon her delicate form, and we feared she must die; but our spirits rebelled and said, "we cannot give thee up, oh Nellie! thou art so dear—so beautiful and good!"

She had watched the going down of the summer's sun, as it passed away in all its pageant glory; and the air was now soft and balmy—filled with the odor of many and beautiful flowers.

Slowly came forth pale Lupa with her glittering throng.

Their bright rays fell here and there amid the dark foliage; and airy beings stole gently by, sporting with its glancing moonbeams.

As Nellie gazed out upon this enchanting scene, behold! two spirits met in mid-air—the Life-angel and the Death-angel.

The Death-angel spread out its broad, dark wing, and in tones like the slow dropping of molten lead, spake in these words: "I have come again from the spirit-land—I have come to bear a noble one from these thy realms;

transported to worlds of light to join the heavenly choristers, and chant eternal songs of love."

The Life-angel replied: "Why comest thou so often from out thy dark dwelling to take as thy victims the creatures of my care? but if I must give to thee now one of my precious treasures, be content with an aged one who has long dwelt here a pilgrim sojourner. Let now his wanderings cease, and take him to thy embrace, for his body is weak, and his soul has grown faint and weary of earth."

But the Death-angel said, "nay, that cannot be—still longer must he linger—*his* time is not mine. I have not come for the withered tree—dry and seared in leaf and branch; but for the young and tender plant. It is my Master's bidding. He calleth for such an one, transplanted to bloom, warmed by the genial rays of His own light, in His immediate presence. Give me a youth—a fair and gentle youth!"

The Life-angel pointed to a stately mansion saying, "There dwells a youth just in his prime, blessed with power and wealth. He holds himself a ruler of the lowly, and the oppressor of the unfortunate. Lo, he is mighty and great

in power and strength ! Behold, the souls of men do him homage !

“ If thou shouldst send thy poisoned arrow through his heart and pour thy icy chillness in his veins, now filled with the warm current that I give to mortals ; should he in his pride and honor fall at thy command to leave his gold, then would his devotees with pomp and pageant show, over the worthless dust thou leavest behind, make signs of great mourning — rear to his memory a costly monument, and laud his name afar.”

Again the Death-angel spake — “ Not worth like this is worth in the holy mansions of heaven. His gems not such as gem the choral throng ; and the power that rubies give to man on earth is weakness there.

“ My Master calleth for one whose presence would add brightness to the shining band. — Would one, who leaveth all his goods behind, whose soul is stained with the dark deeds of oppression and injustice ; which, though the world beheld performed and said ’twas right, because he daily knelt before our Master’s throne, there to repeat the words of adulation, — would he, I ask, add light to brightness ?

“Soul-worth and heart-goodness alone shall gain the reward of heaven — the favor of love divine!” and looking down upon lone, sad Nellie, the angel thus exclaimed: “There is the boon I ask; oh, give her to me!”

The Life-angel sorrowing said, “Gladly would I give her to thee, but ’tis hard to bid one so young, so tender, go through the dark flood — its waters are so deep, so very-cold! I know the shore is green and beautiful beyond; that it is all bright there where no night is. I know she is an orphan, bereft of kindred and friends, who at thy signal have gone to the spirit-world; that her tired soul often yearns for rest, the rest that is found in the far-off land to which thou bearest such as she — oh, choose some flower less lovely! for I can boast of few so good as she, — yet if it be God’s will — not mine be done: still let her linger while the flowers are blooming, while all is life and beauty in this sweet summer time. It is not fit to take her from such scenes as these!”

The Death-angel soon replied — “All is well. Be it even as thou hast said. When I call for her it shall be the sad, sweet autumn time; then will I take her to my dark domain, and

from thence up to realms of light," and rejoicing that at last he had found the object of his search, and well nigh ready to be carried from this vale below,—let fall the shadow of its wing upon her lovely form and sealed her for his own, and shouted, "she is mine!"

During all this time another angel form had lingered near, and heard the low communings of these two.

It was Nellie's guardian angel—the spirit of Genius. When it caught their tones and knew that she must go, it let fall its head and wept—yes, great in all its loftiness, its glory and might; bowed low and mourned that this dear object of its charge must, thus early, know the blight of death!

There was a low murmuring like the bitter sighs of those afar, and the dew-drops gently descended to the ground.

Did not Nellie hear in the murmurings of the winds, the sighs of the Life-angel and Genius wailing together? and did she not look upon the descending drops as their tears being wept for her? and Nellie wept too.

Days, weeks passed by; at last there came a frost, a blight, and the beautiful flowers drooped

their heads; their leaves withered and dying whispered, "thou Nellie too must die!"

A little later the branches of the trees were bare — their foliage scattered on the ground rustled sadly, mournfully in the gale: In the same room where upon that summer's eve Nellie had seen in her soul a vision of the angel-meeting, now lay a cold, still form.

The spirit of Nellie had fled its earthly tenement.

Again there was mourning upon earth, but in heaven there was joy, — exceeding joy that a sister spirit had joined their throng. With her golden harp she sung, in softest, sweetest strains, praises to God upon his throne, and cried, "joy! joy!" The heavenly arches and the celestial band echoed, "joy! joy!"

AN angel form, with brow of light,
Watched over a sleeping infant's dream,
And gazed as though his visage bright
He there beheld as in a stream.

Fair child, whose face with love doth shine,
O come, he said, and fly with me;
Come forth to happiness divine,
For earth is all unworthy thee!

The angel shook his snowy wings,
And through the fields of ether sped,
Where heaven's eternal music rings, —
Mother, alas! thy child is dead! —

SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

I've heard you sing of earthly bowers,
All overhung with fading flowers ;

Now sing to me of heaven !

Though earth's young buds may open fair,
There is a poison in the air,

A blight on every blossom there ;

Oh sing to me of heaven !

I'm fainting with the dust and strife
That fill the battle-field of life ;

Oh sing to me of heaven !

The white-robed angels gently move

Among the happy fields above,

And all their words are breathed in love ;

Oh sing to me of heaven !

Aye, sing ! for I am longing so

To that delightful rest to go,

The holy rest of heaven !

Your notes will make my spirit strong

To rise o'er mortal grief and wrong,

* And listen to the angels' song ;

Oh sing to me of heaven !

GUIDE TO HEAVEN.

My Sister,
The Bible,
God's holy Word,
Which he to sinful man has given,
Bright morning star —
The only star
To point the wanderer home to Heaven.

My Sister,
The Bible,
The only mirror
Which shows to man his base behavior
To Him who died,
The crucified,
But now the great — the risen Saviour.

My sister,
The Bible,
A brother's gift;
A gift to prize above all others.
It gives you light,
It bring's you life,
It brings you love beyond a brother's.

My sister,
The Bible,
O, prize it well.
'Tis Heaven's chart, to guide you home
To worlds of light,
Where, robed in white,
The Saviour smiling, bids you come.

THE CHILD'S FIRST THOUGHT OF HEAVEN.

"DEAR mother, why those marks of care,
Those lines of white in thy dark hair?
It was not so last Christmas-day;
Why, tell me why your locks are gray?"

"My son, the harvest draweth nigh,
When I must lay me down to die."

"I well remember how you cried,
The day that little Henry died,
But still can see your placid look
When reading from God's holy Book."

"My son, a hope to me was given,
That I should meet him soon in heaven."

"But when *my* body, too, shall die,
And silent in the cold earth lie,
Will not my soul in joy arise
To meet our Henry in the skies?"

"It will, my son, if here on earth
You truly know the second birth."

"I want to meet you, too, dear mother,
With father, May and baby brother;
And Katy Ray, our good old nurse,
Won't she be there to see to us?"

"My son, there's room for all above,
Who ne'er forget that 'God is love.'
Go on, and through life's fleeting day,
O, ne'er my boy, forget to pray ;
And when o'erhangs the gloom of even,
You'll sleep on earth to wake in heaven."

"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

IN the door of a New England cottage sat a little child, at the close of a summer Sabbath day. The twilight was fading, and as the shades of evening deepened into darkness, one after another of the stars stood out in the sky, and looked down on the child in his thoughtful mood. He looked up into the mysterious chambers above him, and counted the bright spots as they came, till his eyes grew weary of watching the worlds of light, which to him were only holes in heaven's floor to let the glory through. And the child became so thoughtful in his reverie, that his mother said to him,

"What are you thinking of, my son?"

He started as suddenly awakened from a dream; and when she repeated her inquiry, he could only say,

"I was thinking —"

"Yes, my dear child, I knew you were thinking, and I wish you would tell your mother what you were thinking of."

"O," said he, and his little eyes sparkled in the dark with the thought on his lips, "O mother, *I want to be angel!*"

• "And will you tell me, my precious boy, why you would be an angel?"

"Heaven is away up there, mother, and God is there, and the angels love him, and are so good and so happy; I want to be good and go there to love God, and be an angel to wait on him forever."

There was something so much like the voice of heaven in these words, that the mother, proud of her son, but trembling for her treasure, called him to her knee; and, as he laid his head on her bosom and wept, she thought she had been warned as in a vision. But she was wise as well as fond in her affection, and she kissed his forehead, and smoothed his silken hair, and in a low, gentle voice told him to be a good boy, and by-and-by he should be an angel among angels. His young heart was comforted. He sat on her knee for an hour, and asked

strange, deep questions, which the mother could not always answer; and then he knelt by her side, and with her soft hand on his head, he repeated his evening prayer.

"Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Wash me in thy precious blood;
I thy little lamb would be,
Help me, Lord, to look to thee."

A few minutes afterward he was in his cot asleep, dreaming, perhaps, of heaven.

Within less than a quarter of a year, when the summer was gone, but the mellow autumn was yet lingering, and the leaves had not yet changed to fall, the child fell sick, and the light of that cottage, the joy of that mother's heart went out. He breathed his last in her arms; and as he took her parting kiss, he whispered in her ear, "*I am going to be an angel!*"

And so death closed those little eyes—shrouded their bright glances. O, that the sun would not come streaming in on that shrouded form, as if there were no grief in the world!

How sweetly he sleeps—that little coveted angel! How lightly curl the glossy rings on his white forehead! You could weep your

very soul away, to think those cherub lips will never, never uncloze. Vainly you clasp and unclasp that passive, darling hand, that has wandered so often over your cheek. — Vainly your anguished glance strives to reap the dim story of love in these faded orbs. — The voice, sweet as winds blowing through wreathed shells, slumbers forever. And still the busy world knocks at your door, and will let you have no peace.

It shouts in your ear; its chariots rumble by; it smiles broadly in your careworn face; it mocks you as you sew the shroud; it meets you at the coffin, at the grave, and its heavy footsteps tramp up and down in the empty rooms from whence you have borne your dead. But it comes never in the hush of night, so wipe away your tears!

Can you look up? Can you bear the splendor of that sight? Ten thousand celestial beings, and your own radiant child in their midst!

Cling not too closely to your beautiful treasures, children of earth!

. THE CHERUB CHILD.

GOD looked among his cherub band,
And one was wanting there,
To swell along the holy band
The hymns of praise and prayer.

One little soul which long had been
Half way 'tween earth and sky,
Untempted in a world of sin,
He watched with loving eye.

It was too promising a flower
To bloom upon this earth,
And God did give it angel power,
And bright celestial birth.

The world was all too bleak and cold,
To yield it quiet rest ;
God brought it to a Shepherd's fold,
And laid it on his breast.

There, Mother, in thy Saviour's arms,
Forever undefiled,
Amid the little cherub band,
Is thy beloved child.

OUR DARLING.

OH ! weep with me, our darling's dead !

We've laid him low ;

Cold wintry winds above his head

Now rudely blow.

And starry snow-flakes softly fall

Above his bed ;

Gently, as at some spirit's call,

To guard the dead.

'Twas tranquil summer's day

We laid him there ;

Pale blooming flowers drooping lay

Around his hair.

The gentle zephyrs mildly played

O'er his pale brow ;

We wept when low his form was laid ;

We mourn him now.

Yet while we weep, a voice we hear,

A voice of love ;

It bids us wipe the falling tear,

And look above.

The grave is not your loved one's home,

Not where he lies.

His spirit evermore shall roam
In Paradise.

Sweet angel-boy ! Thou wert not given
Long here to dwell.
From earth's rude blast thou'rt safe in Heaven.
'Tis well ; 'tis well !

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They have ever kept in view !

"I from Greenland's frozen land,
I from India's sultry plain,
I from Afric's barren sand,
I from Islands of the main !"

"All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last
At the portals of the sky."

Each the welcome, "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin ;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in !

Soon shall we meet again —
Meet ne'er to sever ;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever ;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes ;
Our songs of praise shall close —
Never — no, Never !

RE-UNION IN HEAVEN.

How short is the earthly history of a family !
A few years, and those who are now embraced
in a family circle will be scattered. The children,
now the tender objects of solicitude, will
have grown up and gone forth to their respective
stations in the world. A few years more,
and children and parents will have passed
from this earthly stage. Their name will be
no longer heard in their present dwelling.
Their domestic loves and anxieties, happiness
and sorrows, will be a lost and forgotten history.
Every heart in which it was written will
be mouldering in the dust. And is this all ?
Is this the whole satisfaction which is provided

for some of the strongest feelings of our hearts? If it be, how shall we dare pour forth our affections on objects so fleeting. How can such transitory beings, with whom our connection is so brief, engage all the love we are capable of feeling? Why should not our feelings toward them be as feeble and unsatisfying as they? But, blessed be God! this is not all. Of this he has given us perfect assurance in the Gospel of his Son. Though to the eye of unenlightened nature the ties of domestic love seem scattered into dust, the spiritual eye of faith perceives that they have been loosened on earth, only to be resumed, under far happier circumstances, in the regions of everlasting love and bliss. Though the history of a family may seem to be forgotten, when the last member of it is laid in the grave, the memory of it still lives in immortal souls, and when the circle is wholly dissolved on earth, it is again completed in heaven.

END.