

## A SPIRIT'S TASK.

[FROM GOETHE'S "FAUST," SCENE 1.]

In floods of life, in action's storm  
Up and down I wave,  
Rocking to and fro!  
The womb, the grave,  
An eternal ocean,  
A changing motion,  
A life aglow,  
The clattering shuttle of time thus I heave,  
And vestments of life for the Godhead I weave.

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## HOME.

Domestic peace! Oh what a boon thou art!  
How blessed is the home where joy unfolds  
Her golden wings, and gladdens every heart;  
Where love each soul in perfect union holds  
With bands more thin than gossamer, but strong  
As chains which bear the swinging railway train;  
Where discord is not heard, instead, the song  
Of joy and gladness, with its sweet refrain;  
Where faces beam with mutual kindliness;  
Where self is pleased in soothing others' grief,  
And is most blest in striving but to bless,  
To sacrifice, to bear, to give relief:  
O blessed home, thou heavenly joy on earth,  
Mine be thy peace, give me thy hallowed mirth!

July 4th, 1882.