

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.

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 kindness;
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.