

Address to the Author.

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Sing on sweet singer ! Earth hath need of all
The songs that consecrated hearts and lips
Can sing. Amid the cares and jarring sounds
Of this sad world of ours, such words as thine
Fall on our listening ears like sweet stray notes
From angels' harps in that bright blissful Home,
Where music ever soundeth, and God's praise
Is sung for aye.

As oft sweet birds of song
Are placed within the prisoning bars, that thus
Their voices might be trained to higher melodies
And notes more musical than those which came
From their frail, throbbing breasts before ; so God,
In boundless love and wisdom, hath thought best,
To keep from thee all outward liberty,
And grant instead far higher freedom—even
Liberty of soul.

Sing on, frail singer !
Sing on. And let us hear from time to time, well pleased,
Fresh echoes of those heavenly sounds which float
Through all thy soul, like lofty strains which fill
Some sacred temple, and fall faintly on
The world without.

Sing on below. And soon
God's love shall find for thee some noble part,
In that grand anthem which the ransomed sing
For ever, as they stand around His Throne.