

LINES ON A MOTHER'S DEATH.

Mother where, O where art thou ?
Whither has thy spirit fled,
Leaving in its flight thy dead
Cold form, mute and powerless now ?

Art thou with the angels bright ?
Joining in the thrilling song
That resounds, in echoes long,
Through the mansion homes of light ?

Yes, I know thou art above,
Where the saints and angels raise,
Ever sweet, the hymn of praise,—
God is glorious, God is love !

Far away from earthly strife,
Best of kindred, mother mine,
What a sphere of bliss is thine,
Never-ending joyous life !

Oh ! 'tis foolish here to weep,
Where our sorrow never ends,
For our dear departed friends,
When in death they fall asleep.

What is life ? a fitful blast
Of time, strewn with griefs around,
Where no happiness is found,
Chequer'd o'er from first to last.

Still, to memory will be dear
That form loved in youth so well ;
The voice that acted as a spell
To chase away each boyish tear.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PROSPECT.

"He shall go no more out"—Rev iii. 12.

To go no more out from the Lord,
No more from his presence depart—
What joy does the prospect afford,
To the grief burden'd sorrowing heart ?
To be with the Angels of light,
To share in their glories divine,
No more behold darkness or night,—
This state, will it ever be mine ?