

Her Mantle.



O tell me where her mantle fell ;
 The mantle that she wore,
 When she ascending let it fall
 The prophet like of yore ;
 The mantle of Jehovah's love
 Enduring evermore.

Whoever wears that mantle now
 Is clothed in robe of power ;
 No circle's charmed beyond her reach,
 And like the fragrant flower
 Diffusing sweetness all around,
 She gladdens every hour.

When pilgrims on the river's brink
 Would reach the Golden Shore ;
 For them she smites the swelling stream ;—
 The waters part afore ;—
 Through crystal walls on either side
 She guides them safely o'er.

In love she smites the rugged rock
 And living water flows,
 The waste and arid desert smiles,
 The rose of Sharon grows,
 And mid the lilies of the vale
 The weary find repose.

O may this world of light and shade
 Ne'er want a friend to wear
 Her peerless legacy of love ;
 So rich beyond compare ;
 In fashion suiting every change,
 And graceful everywhere.

UNIE, VIVIS IN GLORIA DEI ET IN PACE DOMINI NOSTRI.