

Not always will our care, our faithful love,
Keep these home-flowers ; a still voice from above
 Calls them Heavenward ;
His loving hand gathers the blossoms fair,
In grace and beauty to bloom in gardens there
 Forever with the Lord !

O! wilful feet, that wander in early day
From the safe shelter of earthly home away
 To folly's dangerous brink ;
Straying, unconscious of harm, down devious ways,
Lighted by passion's 'luring blinding rays,
 In waters deep to sink.

Better the last long sleep—the bitter tears—
Safe from sin, long sorrow-laden years,
 Safe in the gardens fair ;
Where never-fading flowers bloom in endless light.
Where tears are never shed ; 'tis never night,
 His garden has angels' care.

