

And as I stood gazing I seemed to forget
That life had more trials in store.
And many rough billows I might have to cross,
Before I set foot on that shore.

IN THE WOODS.

Watching Two Children Play.

IN this garden God's hand hath planted and dressed,
Where nature is calling, come hither and rest,
'Mid bright, shady leaves and green-covered hills
And soft, soothing sounds of whispering rills;
Where zephyrs sing low and bird melody rings,
Are two little angels without any wings.

For had they got wings they would soon be away
To the land that is fitted for such as they.
Birds then would be silent, and darkened earth's bowers,
Song and blossom would die without childhood's bright
hours,
But praise be to God, these treasures are given
To teach us some truths of the home-life of Heaven.

While blest with sweet children sin ne'er will hold
sway,
And while flowers remain love ne'er can decay.
What lessons we learn from the daisy and rose,
From breezes and trees and from blessings like those.
Thanks, thanks, to our Maker for musical things,
And for dear little cherubs without any wings.