

THE CHAMBER OF PEACE.

"And the pilgrims they laid in a fair upper chamber whose windows were toward the sun-rising, and the name of the Chamber was Peace."—Pilgrim's Progress.

HERE is an island of ease,
Here is a harbor from pain
Set in the midst of unrestful seas
That clamor around it in vain.
Here where labors and tumults cease,
Enter, and shut the door ;
The light is the light of the sunrise shore,
And the name of the chamber is peace.

After long patience and pain,
Spirit unvanquished so long,
Weary of heart, and of brain
And the mocking of sorrow with song,—
Here, at this door is thy final release :—
Enter, the stairway is steep
But the pillow is soft, and the slumber is deep,
And the name of the chamber is peace.

Still is the chamber and sweet,
White is the coverlet drawn,
Where tall lilies stand at the head and the feet,
And the windows look into the dawn.
Not here shall the noise of the battle increase
Nor thy heart be shaken again
By the sound of the struggle, the cry of the slain :—
Sleep !—the voices of daylight cease,
And the name of the chamber is peace.