

The active form the smiling face,
In every thought appear ;
The prattling voice so cheering once
Still lingers in the ear.

The future casts a shadow now,
And hopes give place to grief,
And all these things so pleasing once
Can give no real relief.

'Tis only from a heavenly source
That happiness can flow ;
There only can the heart procure
A balm for every woe.

Then ye who mourn your absent ones,
Those gifts by nature given,
Remember tho' 'tis loss to you,
'Tis gain to Christ in Heaven,
But still the wounded bosom bleeds,
And cankers with its grief,
For things have not their former charms
To lend the soul relief.

There is no solid base on earth,
On which our hopes are sure ;
The Rock of Heaven alone can make
Our faith and hope secure.
This life is full of varied ills,
With pain in every breath ;
And everything, however pure,
Contains the germs of death.