

There are those whose only God is pleasure mixed with pride,
 They disdain the meek and lowly child of God ;
 But they will have to flee among the rocks to hide
 From the avenging angel with his all powerful rod.

Fire not the poisoned dart in case it may rebound,
 And strike the core of thine own burdened heart ;
 True love and sympathy is seldom ever found
 Where God and man doth daily dwell apart.

Would thou aid the lone and friendless on their way,
 And prove to them they have a friend in thee ;
 Strive not to crush the last expiring ray
 Of those who sail upon a raging boisterous sea.

IN MEMORIAN.

Why should we grieve for those who sleep
 In a calm and painless slumber ;
 Where angels in their white robes keep
 Their vigils o'er a countless number.

Thy child is one of that celestial band,
 For ever free from cares and toils of earth ;
 And you may join the happy band,
 Where home is one of everlasting mirth.

I feel for thee my brother, in thy sad bereavement,
 And extend to thee a sympathetic hand ;
 But why should we for those lament,
 Who are resting in that bright, celestial land.

May blessings rest on thee and thine,
 Who are left to dwell beneath thy roof ;
 And may they recognize the will of One divine,
 Who from His own has never stood aloof.

The time will come when you must go,
 And may thy child there clasp thy hand ;
 Then will father, mother, brother, sister know
 Each other, in that bright, celestial land.

Mourn not for one, whose pains are o'er,
 And is keeping watch for thee at Heaven's gate ;
 God grant to thee and thine, that daily power
 That will guide thee through the narrow strait.