

And so since that day it ever has been,
None who trust him have long been alone,
For a guardian is nigh, and ever stands by
To protect us abroad or at home.

Was Gordon alone when he faced the fierce mob
Of the Mahdi's fanatical host?
His heart did not quail or his confidence fail,
For he stayed to the last at his post.

He knew that his God would in death as in life,
Throw around him His mantle of power;
So he gave up his life with a smile on his lips,
And found peace in his last dying hour.

And 'tis so when life's done, when He calls us away,
And the waters of death must be passed,
It will not be alone we shall enter that stream,
He will send us a guide at the last.

THE ROBIN

Six miles from crowded London
There are gardens fair to view,
Where the greensward brightly sparkles
With the early morning dew;
There the oak, the elm, the sycamore,
The cypress and the yew,
Spread their various tints and loveliness
In the everglades of Kew.