

You have stolen life's best sunshine
 To brighten your glad days,
 And stolen all our hearts, too,
 With loving, winning ways;
 But you knight, yon knight is coming,
 Lay Friendships armor down,
 Put by its silver helmet,
 Put on Love's golden crown!

GATES AJAR!

Little eyes just wide awake—
 Gates ajar—without a doubt;
 What a world of light looks in!
 What a world of love looks out!
 Gates ajar—through silken lashes
 Life's young sunbeams dance and play;
 Gleams and flashes from a fountain
 Bright and clear, though far away.
 Gates ajar—bright little windows,
 Where joy shows her laughing face,
 Free from care and without wrinkle,
 Faultless in her artless grace.
 Gates ajar—sly furtive glances,
 Coquetting with love's own speech;
 Tinting all with hues of gladness
 Which their mirthful eyes can reach.
 Gates ajar—ah! through those eyelids
 Shines a world of mystery,
 Flashing light upon our darkness,
 If the truth our eyes could see.
 Through those gates sweet music passes,
 Few can hear and fewer bear;
 Solemn teachings—Christ's own lessons—
 Light beyond the smile and tear.