

Oh ! mother, mother, now above,
In everlasting joy,
Oh ! will you not look down in love
On your repentent boy.

Blest spirit, O ! Methought you could
Calm my wild grief to peace ;
Henceforth I'll walk where walk the good,
By help of God's free grace.

Sweet angel mother ! be my guide,
Till life's last path is trod—
Until I find me by thy side,
In the pure light of God.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. GEO. LEWIS,
P. M. MINISTER, TORONTO, ONT.

Tears are falling, hearts are sighing,
For a noble life is gone ;
For a Prince in Israel's fallen,
Fallen with his armour on.

Fallen, and the Church is mourning
O'er her great, her gifted son ;
Fallen, doing glorious battle,
And the victory's early won.

Fallen—but attending angels
Bore the spirit home to God ;
Borne on snowy wings of Seraphs,
To its pure, its blest abode.

Hosts of worthies now made perfect,
Hail him welcome to the skies ;
From the highest courts of Heaven,
Soft, sublimer notes arise.