

Unto me belongeth shame !
Not for me the crowns of gold,
Palms and harpings manifold ;
Jasper wall and golden street,
What thou wilt, O Father, give !
All is gain that I receive.
If my voice I may not raise
In the elders' song of praise,
If I may not, sin defiled,
Claim my birth-right as a child,
Suffer it that I to thee
As an hired servant be ;
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be Thine ;
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace ;
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on ;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true,
With the work I fain would do ;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant ;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy ;
Out of self to love be led
And to heaven acclimated,
Unill all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

PERSONAL AND MEMORIAL.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

Conductor Bradley (always may his name
Be said with reverence !) as the swift doom came,
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame.
Sank, with the brake he grasped just where he stood
To do the utmost that a brave man could,
And die, if needful, as a true man should.
Men stooped above him ; women dropped their tears,
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or fears,
Lost in the strength and glory of his years :
What heard they ? Lo ! the ghastly lips of pain !
Dead to all thought save duty's, moved again :