

Holy communion ! dearer far  
Than joys that earth bestows ;  
Thou art life's holy radiant star ;  
From thee sweet comfort flows.

Strength for the hour of need is given ;  
Grace, peace, and joy, and love ;  
The hope of friendship too in heaven,  
Our mutual home above.

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TO A FRIEND.

How oft we view our weakness, and deplore  
The chain of circumstance around us thrown ;  
But barren sands, long heaping on the shore,  
(As in fair nature is so often shown,)  
Do bear some trees and flowers, and are made  
At last a fair retreat, a shelt'ring shade.

The hand of God indeed may bare the strand  
Where bright waves glitter'd ; but the treasures  
borne  
Of thought and feeling (like shells unto the land,)  
May make us blest ; and though the *sea-weed's*  
thrown,  
Yet we may gleam from all things what is best.  
The fly of evening darkens *when in rest* :\*—

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\* The " fire-fly."