

And stand with glory wrapt around
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life
 With the Incarnate Son of God?

70

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
 O dark Beth-peor's hill!
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath His mysteries of grace,
 Ways that we cannot tell;
 He hides them deep like the hidden sleep
 Of him He loved so well.

75

80

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

THE FISHERMEN

HURRAH! the seaward breezes
 Sweep down the bay amain;
 Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
 Run up the sail again!
 Leave to the lubber landsmen
 The rail-road and the steed;
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,
 The breath of heaven shall speed.

5

From the hill-top looks the steeple,
 And the lighthouse from the sand;
 And the scattered pines are waving
 Their farewell from the land.
 One glance, my lads, behind us,
 For the homes we leave one sigh,
 Ere we take the change and chances
 Of the ocean and the sky.

10

15

We'll drop our lines, and gather
 Old Ocean's treasures in,