

There are virtues in a woman's kindly smile,
 That helps to cheer the crushed and bleeding heart ;
 To feel it has a friend in whom no guile
 Is found to fire the sharp and venom'd dart.

Woman! virtuous woman! the masterpiece of God's own hand,
 And the choicest blessing e'er bestowed on man;
 May the angels meet thee at the promised land,
 Where the dead in Christ will join the regal clan.

God bless our noble women who seek to lead the young
 In the path that will help them to obtain the crown;
 There is a balm for those the subtle serpent stung,
 That will extract the venom the evil one has sown.

Who can describe the joy within the mother's heart
 When infant lips sling forth the first parental call;
 Or who can count the cost when she is called to part
 With one whose voice rang merrily through the hall.

She watched the tiny feet as they began to feel the way
 From chair to chair with many a joyous smile;
 Her smiles were brighter than a sunbeam ray,
 That banished from the heart all thoughts of gulle.

The day has passed, the stars are shining bright,
 Her voice is heard appealing unto God,
 That he will guard them through this night.
 And keep them in the path, the dear Redeemer trod.

These lines have not been written, in view of earthly gain,
 They are in memory of a fond wife and mother,
 Whose efforts here on earth were always to obtain
 A future welcome and a glad reunion with each other.

Farewell to woman here, by the author of these lines,
 In which I seek to show her value in the home,
 Which certainly exceeds the wealthiest of our mines,
 And ever may the angel Peace, around her dwelling roam.

CRUSH NOT THE FALLEN.

Search thy own heart and dally life,
 Ere thou condemn thy brother's or thy sister's ways ;
 Then battle with the common foe called strife,
 Which may darken all your future days.

If a brother or sister wander from the path,
 Who made thee a judge to read the hidden heart ?
 Let love shine out in place of human wrath,
 Then God will bless thee for thy noble part.

Are there no evil thoughts within thine heart ?
 Be not deceived ; pure thoughts belong to God alone.
 And Satan daily will perform his cunning part,
 When thine are absent from God's eternal throne.