

Rest and dream
Of a Realm glad and free,
Where bright seraph-pinions gleam,
And God's Chosen ever see,
The mysteries of happiness that in the Presence be.

Sleep and dream,
Life is troublous here below,
And the bitterness and pain,
All too soon thy soul shall know.
Rest! the spotless flowers slumber and the drowsy
rivers flow!

SPIRIT VOICES.

The soul is haunted manifold, and thoughts
Thro' its oft-opened doors steal in and out,
And shadowy faces come, and forms forgot,
And whispers of the absent and remote;
But chiefly voices from the Spirit-world
In the weird night and still, when our sad hearts
'Are bowed with sorrow; even in clearest day,
Mid sounds of hurrying feet, when wondering friends
Our answering wait, and cheerful tones resound!

No marvel this:—the spiritual Soul
Seeks union with th' invisible, and here
Pines as an eagle chained unto a rock,
That eagerly looks up into the Sun,
And tugs his chain, impatient to be free.