

ONLY A WORD!

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A parting in angry haste,
The sun that rose on a bower of bliss,
The loving look and the tender kiss,
Has set on a barren waste.
Where pilgrims tread with weary feet
Paths destined never more to meet.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A moment that blots out years,
Two lives are wrecked on a stormy shore,
Where billows of passion surge and roar
To break in a spray of tears—
Tears shed to blind the severed pair
Drifting seaward and drowning there.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A flash from a passing cloud,
Two hearts are scathed to their inmost core,
Are ashes and dust for evermore.
Two faces turn to the crowd,
Masked by pride with a life-long lie,
To hide the scars of that agony.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
An arrow at random sped,
It has cut in twain the mystic tie
That had bound two souls in harmony,
sw et Love lies biggling or dead.
A poisoned shaft, with scarce an aim,
Has at once a mischief sad as shame.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! for the loves and lives
So little a cause has rent apart;
Tearing the fondest heart from heart
As a whirlwind rends and rives,
Never to reunite again,
But live and die in secret pain.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas that it should be so!
The reticent speech, the careless tongue,
Have wrought more evil and done more wrong,
Than have brought to the world more woe
Than all the armies, age to age,
Records on history's blood-stained page.

Music.

SILVER FOUNTAIN.
A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful home for thee, brother, A home, a home for thee; In that land of bliss where
2. There's a beau-ti-ful rest for thee, brother, A rest, a rest for thee; In those mansions a-bove where

CHORUS.
pleas-ure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee, } A beau-ti-ful home for thee, brother, A
all is love, There, brother, 's a rest for thee. }

3. There's a beautiful crown for thee, { In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee.
A crown, a crown for thee, } In those mansions a-bove where all is love, There, brother, 's a rest for thee.
When the battle is done, and the victory won,
Our Saviour will give it to thee.
4. There's a beautiful robe for thee, 5. Will seek that beautiful home, brother,
A robe, a robe for thee; That home, that home above, } er,
A robe of white, so pure and bright, In that land of light, where all is
A glorious robe for thee. bright,
6. There's a beautiful home for thee, That land where all is love? }
CHO.—A beautiful home for thee. CHO.—A beautiful home for thee.

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