

Though friendless thou art, there is One who can see
 Each step thou dost take, in thy journey through life;
 And fondly He says, those who will come unto Me,
 I will lighten their burdens, through the valley of strife.

Then see not the pleasures, that will burden thy soul,
 And cause thee a pang that the world cannot heal,
 The path, is not rough, that will lead to the goal,
 For there is One; Who for all thine errors can feel.

Though brambles and briars around thee have grown
 And thistles have bloomed in the place of the rose;
 The reaper will glean of the seed that was sown,
 And sever the tares from the wheat that He sows.

May thy thoughts and thine actions be pure as the snow,
 As it covers the earth, with its mantle of white;
 And day after day; may thy virtues still grow,
 Until thy home thou will reach in that land of delight.

IN MEMORY OF G. A. GIBSON

(Who was lost in the Eruption of St. Vincent.)

Sleeping in a watery grave; beneath the tropic sun,
 Far, far away from his early childhood's home;
 His trials are over; his earthly toils are done,
 And never more with us, will the old familiar figure roam.

'Tis sad to part with those for whom we have a love,
 And lay them near our homes, where we can gaze upon the tomb.
 Yet 'tis joy to know that we again may meet in realms above,
 And cheer the hearts of those who now are veiled in gloom.

Few were the thoughts, when last he left his earthly home
 In health and strength, with hopes that filled the heart with joy,
 That never more, he would within his native village roam;
 God dry the tears of those, until they meet again their sailor boy.

Had he have passed away with loving friends around,
 We could have cheered his parting hours from here;
 We could when all was o'er, have laid him in the mound,
 And on the new-made grave have shed a parting tear.

He has gone, God comfort those whom he has left behind,
 To them a father, friend and husband may Thou be;
 And may they in Thee strength and consolation find,
 Until they meet with him, now sleeping in the sea.

Farewell to him our brother resting in an ocean grave,
 Until the Angel shall the trump throughout the earth resound
 God has only taken him, for which a time he gave,
 And soon we'll meet again as homeward all are bound.