

Joy of sharing with another,
 Maketh earthly comforts rife,
 Many always are imparted,
 In a Heaven-provided wife.

Though ambition earthward fadeth,
 Hope of glory firmer seems,
 Calmer, sweeter thoughts come gently,
 Soul repose, and fewer dreams.
 Substance more than shadow pleaseth,
 Less of false, more of the true ;
 Everything does not grow older,
 Sameness oftentimes is new.

Long anticipated trials,
 Of old age, seem distant yet,
 But their gentle intimations,
 Daily, I cannot forget.
 Though the shadows Eastward lengthen,
 In the right direction 'tis,
 Golden sun-set always cometh,
 E'er the endless morn of bliss.

Blessed foretaste of the future,
 Sweet remembrances of the past,
 Waken mingled joy and gladness,
 That the evening comes so fast,
 Life on earth is still worth living,
 Much enjoyment yet remains,
 Chiefly in the moral nature,
 Where the blessed Saviour reigns.

Earth seems less, and Heaven greater,
 As we near the eventide ;
 What a company are waiting
 For us on the other side,
 Early friends have crossed the river,
 Others linger by my side,
 Faith anticipates re-union,
 In the " Home beyond the tide."