

## The Home Department.

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### OUR CHILD'S WEDDING.

The wedding guests have left us now,  
 The house is silent grown,  
 The bridal flowers are dying fast,  
 And we are sad and lone.  
 We think of her so far away,  
 We miss our darling's voice,  
 The gentle step, the silvery laugh  
 That made our hearts rejoice.

I seek her room—last time I went  
 Her arms were round me twined—  
 The bridal veil, the wither'd wreath  
 Of orange flowers I find;  
 These tell me that our only one  
 Hath left our home and hearth  
 To travel by her husband's side  
 Life's steep and narrow path.

There lie the books she left behind,  
 In each her maiden name;  
 'T is strange to think my child will now  
 Another title claim.  
 I sit and muse upon the past:  
 It seems but yesterday  
 That she—a tiny, helpless babe—  
 Upon my bosom lay.

And now my darling leans her head  
 Upon another's breast,  
 In other ears her inmost thoughts  
 Are lovingly confessed.  
 Her spouse hath won the nobler right  
 To shelter her from ill;  
 While matron duties, hopes and cares,  
 Her tender soul shall fill.

'T is harder far to part with her  
 Than human tongue can tell,  
 Yet I'm content to give her up  
 To him who loves her well;  
 For he is worthy of our child;  
 And, though she loves him best,  
 I know her parents still will keep  
 A place within her breast.

O Lord, we pray, protect and guide  
 Our son and daughter both;  
 Help them in sorrow and in joy  
 To keep their marriage troth.  
 Bless them with faith in Christ Thy Son,  
 That, when this life is o'er,  
 Their happy, ransom'd souls may dwell  
 With Thee for evermore!

DORA.