

INVOCATION.

Show me the way, that Thou wouldst have me
go,
While wand'ring down Life's, darkened path of
years,
And give me strength to fight the bitter fears,
That strive to bring about my overthrow !
I ask not much, dear Lord. Full well I know,
That there is joy in life to dry my tears,
That lips are kind to whisper in my ears
And tune my heart strings to love's allegro.
Show me the way, kind Father ! Let me see
A little sunlight in my ev'ry day
And, for my wealth, give me not lucre gay
But peace of soul and mind ! Therein, for me,
Lies recompense, the sweetest, to defray
Man's sense of duty, love-defined and free.

EVENTIDE.

Far o'er the fields, rich in their em'rald gleam,
Where whisp'ring run the merry rills so free,
The meadow-lark sounds sweet her melody,
And sunbeams, fading, throw their smiles supreme.
The lily pale has laid her head to dream
Upon the brook's, green breast and, o'er the lea,
In notes of prayer, soft, pealing, glad and free,
The ang'lus, ringing, sings its ev'ning theme.
O little bell ! From out yon belfry gray,
Thy accents, stealing, linger soft and sweet ;
Hushed are the noises in the village street,
Whilst now you echo out the parting day—
The ploughman hears thy call and doth repeat
His thanks to God, while bending low to pray.