

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Singing the Song, among the blest,
Of Christ, the sinner's Friend ; while we,
His friends, are left to mourn his loss ;
To sorrow, not as those who have
No hope. His life on earth was lived.
Upright and steadfast in the Truth,
As he believed, with childlike faith,
He trusted in his Saviour's power
To save and keep. Until, at last,
Behind his coursing steeds he loved,
He heard his Master's call "Come Home."

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

As I sit at my study table,
With the lamp's low simmering noise,
There come to me fond recollections,
Of the sports, that we had when but boys.

How, after a day of hard study,
And the order was, "Pack up your books !"
What zest characterized all our actions !
Our joy was soon shown by our looks.

And when, after standing for prayers,
We rushed for our caps and our coats,
Such laughing and shouts, I'd imagine,
Could only come from young throats.