

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN MURPHY, DIED JULY 30th 1879.

In the morning came the summons
From the Father's throne, above,
That our dearest friend was wanted
In that home of peace and love;
There forever more to dwell
With the God he loved so well.

O! 'twas hard! so hard to part with
One we loved through weary years,
One who shared in all our sorrow,
All our joys and all our cares.
Father, teach us in our loss
How to bend beneath the Cross.

Swiftly, swiftly, came the angel,
From the bright eternity,
Unloosed the fetters, burst the bonds,
And set the weary captive free.
Lead him o'er the golden strand
Into the bright eternal land.

With the cross he bore so patient,
Through life's pathway steep and lone,
Entered at the gate of pearl,
And laid it down at Heaven's Throne.
There, from the Father joyously,
Received the palm of victory.

Mary's hands are filled with roses,
She is twining flowers rare,
In the crown of dazzling splendor,
That awaits the pilgrim there.
He has followed in the footsteps of her son,
And, for the Cross, a Crown in Mary's home has won.

September 1st, 1879.

A. H.

In a letter to a friend a young lady states that she is not engaged, but she sees a cloud above the horizon about as large as a man's head.

'Why, Freddie,' said his mamma, 'you ought not to make such fuss. 'I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed.' 'Yes,' replied Freddie, 'but your hair ain't hitched to your head, as mine is.'