

Put off, put off, the six days' load  
Of sorrow, toil, and care,  
Up to the hill, the house of God,  
The Lord will meet you there.

And shall we see him, we who fled,  
Or followed to deny;  
Yes, yes to-day by faith while led,  
To-morrow eye to eye.

Ye Sabbath bells, ye sabbath bells,  
When time to me doth end,  
Oh may I hear 'mid your rejoicing peals  
The spirit say ascend.

### PRAISE THE LORD.

Praise the Lord, who sought and found us—  
Paid our ransom with his blood;  
Now with cords of love hath bound us—  
Made us kings and priests to God.

Praise the Lord, who made us willing  
Peace and pardon to receive,  
When from hearts with rapture swelling  
Rose the whispered "I believe."

Then our bonds were burst asunder;  
Then our sins were in the grave.  
Lost in speechless love and wonder,  
Now we feel that Christ can save.

Oh, what have we to do with merit?  
Christ our righteousness appears;  
He hath breathed on us his spirit,  
Casting out our doubts and fears.

Once our hearts were all unholy—  
Every thought a flood of sin;  
Now we seek to serve him only—  
Serve no other Lord but him.

Can we doubt a change so gracious—  
Doubt its author—doubt its end;  
Had we o'er seen time so precious  
By the light which sin doth lend.

Nothing now from Christ can sever;  
He will bless us—he hath blest.  
Be our God and guide forever,  
Bring us to his purchased rest.

Soon around the throne we'll gather,  
Welcomed there by him we slow;  
He'll say come, ye blessed of my father—  
Take the crowns prepared for you.

### ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS SISTER KATE.

The nuptial hour is past, my love,  
The parting hour has come,  
And now thou goest a husband's joy to prove,  
Adieu thy childhood's home.

And now we are about to part,  
I may not bid thee stay.  
Who will cheer thy mother's heart  
When thou art gone away.

New loves, they say, will make amends,  
Thou wilt not like my care;  
They tell me of a throng of friends  
That wait thy joys to share.

But friendship's voice has often been  
A very creakoo call;  
As clamorous as leaves when green—  
As mute when they do fall.

Mine is a lasting love—  
A ray from Heaven above,  
That may not gild thy path again—  
'Tis a mother's love.

And I have watched thee at my breast,  
And cradled thee on my knee,  
And felt what tongue can ne'er express,  
Nor heart can feel for thee.

And I have watched the smile  
That o'er thy cheeks did play,  
And felt as if that smile  
A mother's love did all repay.

That smile now cheers another's breast,  
And I—do I repine?  
Nay, I rejoice to know the blest,  
And find my joy in thine.

### THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

This little flower with azure eye,  
You love it, lady—tell me why.  
It seems to me nor rich nor rare,  
It breathes no fragrance on the air;  
Nor splendid form, nor colors bright,  
May give it value in thy sight.  
If not for perfume nor for show,  
I pray tell me why you prize it so.

It is not rich, it is not rare,  
This little flower—yet, ah, how fair.  
Though it no merit else may claim  
But this, "the magic of a name,"  
Each tiny leaf into my ear  
Is breathing names to memory dear;  
The dead, the absent, the forgot,  
Are whispering here, "Forget-me-Not."

### THE SAILOR BOY'S FARE- WELL.

Adieu, adieu, my island home,  
I hear the breakers roar,  
And pant to breast the bounding waves  
That battle round thy shore.  
My spirit, like the mantling foam  
Upon the ocean's crest,  
Must onward, onward with the wave,  
Or burst upon its breast.

There's honor yet for gallant deeds,  
And red gold to be won,  
And glorious sights to look upon  
Beneath the southern sun.  
A heart to dare, a hand to do,  
No other boon for me;  
My steed, "the courser of the deep,"  
My heritage—the sea.