

And safely to port he would bear it,  
 Though mountains, to wreck it, would move;  
 For they who sail under his banner  
 Shall know of the power of His love.

Oh, Lily, dear angel in Heaven!  
 With garments the glorified wear;  
 How pure is thy robe in its whiteness,  
 Beyond all we here can compare.

Soon, Lily, the boat will be coming  
 To carry me o'er the dark tide,  
 May I, too, go forth with the Saviour,  
 For Captain and Refuge and Guide.

Then safely I'll reach that blest haven  
 Where beams the bright evergreen shore,  
 And join my sweet Lily in Heaven  
 In praising the Lamb evermore.

---

### LOVE'S AWAKENING.

---

TO ZYNTHIA.

---

Unvail, unveil, dear Zynthia,  
 Thy radiant orbs of brown,  
 Put by the flossy 'broidery,  
 Put on thy silken gown;

Thy pearl-gemmed necklace quickly,  
 Clasp round thy neck so fair,  
 And in those glossy ringlets  
 Bind roses rich and rare;