

But is this all of human life ?
 Shall we meet no more for aye ?
 Have we lost our lov'd ones for ever-
 more,
 When we said that last good bye ?

O, never. No, there's a home pre-
 pared
 For the followers of the Lord,
 And the gathering home will come
 by and bye,
 And our loved and lost be restored.

Then lift your weeping eyes, dear
 friends,
 Lay your trembling hands in His ;
 He will guide you safe life's journey
 through,
 To a fairer land than this.

Believe His word and trust His love,
 For the Lord doth nothing in vain ;
 The links that are broken here below
 He will fasten together again.

Yet weep awhile to ease your hearts,
 Jesus wept at the grave of His
 friend ;
 Then gird up your loins for the battle
 again,
 And press on to the journey's end.

One treasure is taken, another left,
 To grow up and fill the place ;
 The darling babe, 'twas her dying
 gift,
 May it gladden your after days.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Come on my friends my comrades
 dear,
 O wipe away the falling tear,
 And let your hearts be full of cheer,
 For that sweet day is drawing near.

When we shall pass beyond the sea,
 Where lov'd ones wait for you and me,
 Earth's stormy waves shall silent be,
 In that sweet land of liberty.

O, courage then to meet the ills
 Of daily life, the hand that fills
 Our bitterest cup, sweet dew distills,
 And naught but good for us He wills.

Here oft in bondage and in grief,
 We pine and sigh for some relief ;
 But O, the night of life is brief,
 And morning dawn will bring relief.

THE MAGIC OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

There's magic in the human voice !
 A power for good or ill,
 Its tones can bless or blast our hopes,
 Its accents cheer or chill.

Its tones with ruthless weight can fall
 And bruise a bleeding heart ;
 Or with angelic sweetness thrill,
 And bid our fears depart.

TO IZY MATHESON.

Dear Izy, you have asked that I
 would write some verse for you,
 But what the form that verse should
 take, till now I never knew ;
 For once you said decidedly, " Now,
 Mrs. Bentley, don't begin to teach,"
 So, then, my little friend, I won't, in
 manners make a breach.

Now, though my thoughts are slow
 and dull, I am so very tired,
 With hope of interesting you, my
 heart is now inspired :
 Come then and let us take a turn
 abroad, perhaps we'll see
 Some LESSON THAT WE BOTH MAY
 LEARN from flower, or field, or tree.

And first we'll go among the flowers,
 and try to tell their names ;
 With them I spent my youthful hours,
 I loved them more than games,
 I love them still the beauteous flowers,
 they show our Father's skill,
 And not a human being lives that
 could make one at his will.