

"How safe! Her resting-place how sweet!
But thou wilt sadly miss
The busy hands, the dancing feet,
The prattle and the kiss.

"There comes an hour, so long foretold
That many deem it vain,
When in his arms thou shalt behold
That precious lamb again.

"When earth and sea at God's command
Their treasures shall restore
Then thou shalt clasp this little hand,
Nor dread a parting more."

Love wept—her very bosom bled
For that lost little one;
But Faith supported her and said,
"The Master's will be done."

THE DAY OF WRATH.

"The great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"
—Rev. 6 : 17.

The nations tremble, and the isles are moved;
All cheeks are gathering paleness; lips are dumb
That smiled in scorn but yesterday, or proved
The day of wrath would not for ages come;
Each eye is fixed—there seems nor life nor breath
In that vast human sea,—but ah! it is not death.

The morning broke in splendor, as it rose
Upon the fated Cities of the Plain;
And men went forth refreshed from their repose,
Where duty called them, or the love of gain;