



FROM
"THE LAND OF REST."

There is a land of perfect rest,
A land where dwellers all are blest ;
Where streams of joy forever roll,
And peace bathes every weary soul.

'Tis not beneath the tropic skies,
Where tow'ring palm trees proudly rise,
Nor where the incense-laden breeze,
Shakes fragrance from Magnolia leaves.

No sunny vale or cloud-capt hill,
Nor groves where sweetest songsters trill,
Nor green isle on the ocean breast,
Nor gorgeous region of the west.

No land of wondrous wealth untold,
Nor strand enriched with gems or gold,
That spirit resting place contain,
Where severed hearts unite again.

'Tis far beyond the grasp of time,
And fairer than earth's brightest clime,
More glorious than our hopes can tell,
The land where earth's redeemed shall dwell.