

Shattered Morals.

How many are the thoughtful words,
Risen, yet never spoken !
How many are the promised ends,
Awake a last but broken !
How often are our thoughts of love,
Which flow twix't mind and heart,
Divided by these selfish tongues,
Where friendships fall apart !

How often pity is pitiful,
And aid in time is severed !
How often obedience is a crown,
And never half endeavored !
How often our charity is a sham,
And not through love sincere !
How often praise is shattered blow,
And not the words of cheer !

How often envy takes her rise
Against a prosperous soul !
How often passions do despise
The spirits self control !
How often we neglect to pray,
Until that hour is past !
How often ambition rules this mind
And never found at last !

How many are those bitter words,
Never again recalled !
How many are those anxious hearts,
Where pen has never scrawled !
How many have such self conceit,
As will not bow to toil !
How many have such filthy tongues,
As tempt clean lips and spoil !

How many do control themselves,
Unknown to their heart !
How many move in circles gay
An empty polished cart ?
How many rue each fatal day,
They lost in time of youth !
How many thought, yes ! Thought to late,
To live a life of truth !

Past Friendship.

To-night my mind before the evening calm,
Conceives fond friendships of the past ;
Afloat on time's river at memory's dam,
They still are gathered now to last.

Yes ! I hear those voices in the waters,
Clear as they floated years ago,
Unselfish, each ripple as it totters ;
Great is this stream and true it's flow.

Perhaps some have passed it by unnoticed,
Oh ! What a journey this to see ;
Lost neath pleasures of a selfish spirit,
Lost now and to forever be.

Found amid my choicest recollections,
Are those familiar chimes which fell,
And called me from pleasures and affections,
To treasures neath the schoolday bell.

Friendships were they indeed of unknown
worth,
Which I behold lost now and then ;

Such golden minutes unknown to desire,
Could I but live such o'er again.

Encourage others is much better far,
To leave those paths, which cause my rent,
Than lose the profits of the present hour,
O'er which some make a long lament.

Stand and Wait.

Last night ! Just at the close of day,
When darkness dimmed my sight,
I asked the Lord what must I do ?
From Heaven flashed a light ;
I bowed my head and hid my face,
I knew not of my fate,
When down to me a voice replied :
Be patient ! Stand and wait.

Again I asked amid my fears,
How must I bear my pains,
For Lord Thou knowest of my cheer,
Thou also shared my gains ?
I listened as I did before,
I knew not of my fate,
Again to me that voice replied :
Be patient ! Stand and wait.

Again I asked with weeping eyes,
How must this thing do ?
My faith is weak in thee dear Lord,
My word is false untrue.
I listened as I did before,
I knew not of my fate,
Again to me that voice replied :
Be patient ! Stand and wait.

'Twas then I knew the voice that spoke,
I raised my head to seek ;
But of myself, I could not see
But darkness cold and bleak,
Then I remembered of those words,
When I knew not my fate,
That voice to which the flesh was dead :
Be patient ! Stand and wait.

Books.

Ye books ! With all thy knowledge stored,
Can't ever make the man.
The worse is picked—the best ignored,
To please some natural plan,