

Condolence.

(A few lines of condolence to the sorrowing widow of the late Thomas Johnstone, who was beloved and respected by all who knew him.

MY brother on the far-off isle of England's classic
shore
Is resting from his labors and the voyage of life
is o'er.

On the eve of my departure, in mingled joys and grief,
He left his homely fireside and came to my relief.
His name is on the life-roll now, and number'd wit' the
dead,

Since in the paths of saving grace his footsteps ever led.
His friend and companion in the fight she's mourning o'er
his death,

And waiting the return of Christ—'tis what the Scripture
saith ;

And in his slumber now he lies beneath the coffin lid,
Until the resurrection morn "his life in Christ is hid ;"
God to the sorrowing widow some heavenly comfort bring
To cheer her on her thorny path where thoughts they do
take wing,

When the day dawn does arise and our lot with Christ is
cast,

And chosen out from called ones, all sorrow will be past ;
Then weep not, sister in the Christ, we know it will be well,
Though for a time we have to part and say the word
"farewell."