

Bright blossoms on the branches burst,
Then Autumn fruits grow there ;
So, dreams that sickly hope had nursed
Grown real, make life fair.
And dreams we prize as holy things
That haunt our path on mystic wings.

And so, across life's weary road,
Made dark by many a woe,
We hear the tender words of God,
"Come, follow where I go !"
And listening to that gentle voice
Is fixed the best and earliest choice.

First, we must pray, and watch, and wait,
And bear the daily cross,
And, till we reach the Master's gate,
Count earthly gain as lost,
Then hear, "good servant, nobly done,"
By patience hath the crown been won.

IN REPLY TO "ALONE."

It is the joyous time of June,
And Nature glads the smiling land
Arrayed in garments gay and green
Bestowed by nature's lavish hand.
Oh ! soft the lullaby of streams
'Neath shadow of o'er arching trees,
When all sweet, summer music seems
To float around us on the breeze.
It greets us in the greenwood glades—
By forest aisles and alleys lone,
Where, wandering in the twilight shades
The poet calls the hour his own.
Perchance he dreams some minstrel hand,
Wakes woodland harps to heavenly song,
While spirits from the golden land
On white wings bear the notes along.

But to thine eyes the world is grim,
And life is dark through falling tears ;