

TREAD LIGHTLY THERE.

In yonder stately castle, with its ivy-covered walls,
Where revelry and mirth rang through its marble halls ;
'Twas there a silent group were gathered round a bed ;
"Tread Lightly There," you stand in the presence of the dead.

Within the prison wall in a convict's gloomy cell,
Reclines an aged man who for life is doomed to dwell.
It was not always thus with that unhappy soul ;
"Tread Lightly There," he has almost reached the goal.

In yonder lonely hut, on a mountain's rugged side,
There kneels an aged man, who was once a mother's pride.
False friends betrayed, he suffered by their rod ;
"Tread Lightly There," he's communing with his God.

Upon her lonely bed, a patient mother lay,
With her there was no night 'twas one eternal day
And by her stood her only child who watched the flickering light ;
"Tread Lightly There," she's kissing him good-night.

Away in yonder tents on Afric's battle field,
Are many of our friends, whose precious lives they yield ;
And many tears are shed for those who nobly fall ;
"Tread Lightly There," they are responding to their "call."

Down in the ocean's bed, 'neath showers of golden spray,
Where many of father, son, and husband lay.
There sleep they deep, down in their briny bed ;
"Tread Lightly There," thou art sailing o'er the dead.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

Often in my solitude I ramble in the village lane,
And listen to the music of the warbler's song ;
Then gaze in youthful rapture upon the golden grain
As my weary feet refuse to lead me farther on.

Of times I view that home, where childhood's days were spent
To listen to the sound of bells that float upon the air ;

I see the old "church spire" where I each Sabbath went,
And met the aged, and the young; the decrepid and the fair.

I wander in the old church-yard, where my companions rest,
Then gaze upon the tombs that denote their resting place ;
A vision stands before me : a pang arises in my breast
And phantoms of the past and future, my tearful eyes will trace.

I hear the bleating of the sheep, also the neighing of the horse,
As I did in days of yore, which can never more return ;

Yet why should I within my breast now cultivate remorse,
Since kind Providence did my wayward footsteps turn.

Of times I watch the billows with their silver spray,
And the little petrel that follows us each day ;

I hear the language of the waves in a rebuking voice now say,
Remember those this night who bade you daily pray.