

- OASES -

Tired traveller moving slowly 'mid the pressing caravan,
Wayworn, thirsty, hot and longing for the shelter of
the palm;
Burning sands beneath, and o'er thee shines the bright
disheart'ning ray:
Look, ah, look! God, love, faith, Heaven —
Life's bright green spots in the grey.

SHARING

Ah, yes! if the blossoms that hang on your lawn
Will brighten another, and waken a smile;
If, into some chamber where care, too, has gone,
Their sweet fragrance may comfort and cheer for awhile;
Then give them! ah, yes! for the bloom-time goes by,
Let wide be their circle of cheer ere they die!

Alas! that the thoughts, and the words, and the deeds
That hang in profusion and brighten our lot
We enjoy, but we see not the passer-by's needs:
We cherish their life, but distribute them not:
In the garden of Kindness, by Life's thoroughfare,
We leave, ah! we leave so much we could share.