

HEAVEN'S NURSERIES.

“Look for me in the nurseries of heaven.”

Flits my soul, her fetters riven,
As a bird, to Zion's hill ;
In the nurseries of heaven
Ye shall find me, an ye will ;
Where the children's spirits gather,
Where the childish voices ring,
In the mansions of the Father,
In the palace of the King.

L'ENVOI.

To Years to Be! . . . to Years that Were,
What Grief or Happiness soe'er
Such Years have held,—“*No Thoro'fare!*”