

TO MISS L. O——

Lottie dear your lovely flowers,
Foretaste to me of holy bowers,
Where Hyacinths and Lillies Spring
To greet the smiling of the King.

Tho' I am wearing nigh the brink
Of all that's mortal, your sweet link
Of fragrant flowers lifts up my Soul
Unites me to the blessed Whole.

Of all that is prepared for me
The Golden Streets, the Jasper Sea !
The Tree of Life, the Pearly Gate
Where loved ones gone before now wait.

Thanks dear friend for these sweet flowers,
Recalling many youthful hours
With Nature and with Nature's God
I've spent along lifes' weary road.

LONGED FOR SUMMER.

Summer days have come at last—
I've wearied for their coming ;
The swallow bands are sweeping past,
And wandering bees are humming.

The robins carol on the boughs
Of my stately pussy willow ;
The very lowing of the cows
Makes the air feel mellow.

The school boy's shout at bat and ball
Shows dreary winter's over,
That would-be mother with her doll,
And happy, scampering Rover.

Oh ! could I but walk again
Throughout that clover field,
Along the road and down the lane,
What pleasure it would yield !

But here I lie, a stricken soldier,
Who in life's battle struggled long ;
Salvation's armor on my shoulder,
Until my Captain calls me home.

Gladly shall I leave the field,
For my Great Physician's sleeping balm
For by His stripes I shall be healed,
Then, oh, the crown ! the robe ! the balm !

GRANDMA GOWAN.