

That so 'mid all the fret and strife,
The jarring undertones of life ;
My life might rise to God, and be
One long harmonious symphony.

LAY OF LIGHT.

When first the broad tent firmament,
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers in the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green ;
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes,
Of Eden's early queen.

When the waves that burst o'er the world accursed,
Their work of wrath had sped ;
And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Came forth from among the dead.

Then with wondrous gleams of my braided beams,
Mild I bade their anxieties cease ;
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll,
Heaven's covenant of peace.

The wild flower in the waste by my love embraced,
As the rose in the garden of kings ;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo ! the gay butterfly wings.

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and the unjust I descend ;
E'en the blind whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears.
Feel my smile as the smile of a friend.

If such the glad worth of my presence on earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while ;
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile.

Abridged from W. P. PALMER.