

The mountain rose, God's chaste and fairest child,  
 'Mid virgin snows, blooms sweet upon the wild,  
 And like an angel, from Love's bridal bed  
 To greet Love's smile, rears her celestial head.

The nightingale, discoursing Love's sweet song,  
 Interprets heav'n the vocal vales among :  
 The skylark too, blythe herald of day,  
 At heaven's gate, pours forth Love's melody.

But, words are vain ! expression must begin,  
 Not with the lips, but, in the lives of men.  
 God's work is finished ! All is full expressed !  
 And Life, the King of Heaven, reigns first and last.

## OTHER LINES.

*Stanza closing a letter written to the* REV. ISABELLA M.  
 STEWART, C.S.D.

FROM off the sacred tablet of the heart,  
 Inscribed and sculptured with immortal skill,  
 I strove to copy thee, with human art,  
 The fond inscription Love doth chisel still :  
 But words are vain to trace or aught define,  
 What angel-thoughts alone could well divine.

*Written on the fly-leaf of a copy of "Science and Health"*  
*which was received from the Author's Beloved*  
*Teachers in Christian Science.*

WITHIN the sacred secret of my love-bound heart,  
 Whose tablet wears the impression of Love's art ;  
 There angel-bride, in marriage I, thee hide,  
 Where home-blest, thou wilt evermore abide.