

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF
MRS. JOHN MOHR, ONSLOW.

(To cheer the hearts of her husband and children.)

Swells the loud music,
Heaven's joy-bells are ringing ;
Star to star is repeating,
Our dear mother's greeting ;
Every angel is singing,
In rapid flight winging,
And with multitude bringing,
The ransomed one home.

Up with the standards,
For Zion's fair daughter,
The triumph rebounding,
Through earth is resounding,
And the Saviour who sought her,
And with His blood bought her,
To His loving heart caught her,
And crowned her for aye.

Hail ! blessed morning,
The dark clouds are breaking ;
And my soul rent asunder,
In the awful storm thunder,
In a sweeter awaking,
To prayer is betaking,
And in melody making
The shadows depart.

From the shores of the blessed
In the far away glowing,
What is it comes welling,
And evermore swelling ?
It is Peace ever-growing,
Rest eternal inflowing,
Heaven's calm still bestowing
Its bliss on my heart.

M. H. SCOTT.

EDITORIALS.

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