



POETRY.



MUSIC'S CALL.

Come, when sad and weary,
Life seems lone and dreary,
Cheerful music bring:
While its spirit breathing,
Charms thy soul are wreathing,
Then sing, O! fondly sing.

Sing, though darkly dreaming,
Sing, though tears are streaming,
Morn will soon be gleaming,
Brightly on hope's wing,
Soon thy heavy sadness
Thou'st shall turn to gladness:
Then sing, O! gladley sing.

Come, when hopes are brightest,
And thy heart is lightest,
Breathe thy joys in song,
While thy voice is swelling,
Angels pure are dwelling
In thy heart a throng.

There forever singing,
Joys celestial bringing,
Live they, fondly clinging
To their home of song.
Thus, forever cheering,
Always bright appearing,
They thy heart make strong.

When sweet morn is breaking
Brightly o'er thy waking,
Thankful praises sing.
When, at eve retiring,
Peaceful rest desiring,
Prayerful music bring.

Fleeting sorrows never
From the song should sever,—
Music lives forever
In eternal spring.
Thither thou art tending
While thy heart is blending,
With thy voice to sing.



A CHILD'S EVENING THOUGHTS

All the little flowers I see,
Their tiny eyes are closing;
The birds are roosting on the tree;
The lambkins are reposing.

The sun, where that dull streak of red
Is faintly glimmering still,
They say has gone to seek his bed
Behind the purple hill.

And I, through all the quiet night,
Must sleep the hours away,—
That I may waken fresh and bright,
To live another day.

And well I know whose lips will smile,
And pray for me, and bless me;
And who will talk to me, the while
Her gentle hands undress me.

She'll tell me there is One above,
Upon a glorious throne,
Who loves me with a tender love,
More tender than her own.

And we shall live with him in heaven;
For he has sent his Son
To die, that we may be forgiven
The sins that we have done.

He'll make my heart grow, like his own,
All loving, good, and mild;
For he will send his Spirit down,
And take me for his child. E. S. R.

THE ANT.

See the small ant,
Who, while the sun
Shines so bright and strong,
In work goes on,
And lays up in store
For the cold hour,
When winds may blow,
And rains may pour.
These say to man,
"Waste not in sloth
Thy life's short span,
But do His will who gave it."