

Thy mirth, it lighted up her soul;
Depression mirth away did roll.
The sorrow that to thee was sore,
That sorrow it distress'd her more;
And mortal eye it ne'er did see
Two sisters more in unity.

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Ah! yes; a pleasant thing and good,
For brethren if they only would,—
And meant for sisters this as well—
In unity together dwell!
'Tis like the Holy Oil outpour'd
On Aaron's head, and as it flow'd,
It trickled down from head to beard,
His sacerdotal garb besmear'd.
So like this Oil is Unity,
A good and pleasant thing to see;
Like Zion's Mount its blessings too,
And it of Hermon is the dew.

3. THE NIECE (A Faithful Helper)

And, when at length thy flesh doth tire,
And sleep thine eyelid doth require—