

Lo ! far across the waters,
 In ruddy bars of gold,
 The sun is slowly sinking,
 Ere night her wings unfold.

The lantern from the lighthouse
 Its warning radiance lends,
 Above the mass of huge rocks
 Rest of sea faring friends.

Now Cynthia's orb is reigning
 High in the heaven ; and see
 Her attendant star is near her,
 As in duty bound to be.

THE BLESSED DEAD.

"And the twelve gates were of pearls * * * and
 the street of the city was of pure gold." Rev. xxi., 21.

When the gloaming softly falleth
 Over quiet land and sea,
 I can hear the well loved voices
 Of the dead that come to me.