

When the great busy world greets the bright rising sun,
 And the toil of another long day is begun,
 And the sad spirit shrinks from the turmoil and strife,
 And the weak heart would lay down the burden of life ;
 'Tis sweet to believe there's a home for each one,
 Whose life-work is bravely and faithfully done.

A SONG AND A STORY.

There's a song that will never grow old,
 And we'll learn its full tenderness never
 'Till we hear it on harps of pure gold
 In the holy and happy forever.

Its melody through the wide range
 Of ages eternal is ringing ;
 So old, yet so new and so strange,
 This song that the ransomed are singing.

'Tis the song of the Lamb who was slain
 To redeem us from woe and oppression,
 Who bore all our sin and our pain
 To crown us with honor and blessing.

We sing it 'mid sorrow and care,
 And it loses its tenderness never,
 But wait till we hear it up there
 In the holy and happy forever.

There's a story we ever shall love,
 But we'll know its deep mysteries never
 Till we have them unfolded above
 In the holy and happy forever.

'Tis the story that seraphim hear
 From the hearts of the ransomed ones welling,
 While angels astonished draw near
 To list to the tale they are telling