

Tell me, ye spirits, the enchantment that ye use
Youth's pleasures once again to bring,
The meek violet, sweet hawthorn blossom,
And spring primrose perfume to diffusc.

WM. STRONG.



The Philosophy of Life.

There's nothing we require more
Than life's philosophy to know ;
'Twill help us when our hearts are sore :
Brings cheer whichever way we go.
There's compensation in our loss—
There's strength for every bridge we cross.

There's joy at hand when sorrows press,
When clouds hang heavy overhead ;
When we are suffering sore distress—
In ways unseen are being led.
Its truth will keep us without fear
While o'er life's roughest seas we steer.

Our Pilot has been o'er the course ;
His wisdom guides our every turn ;
His promise comes with greatest force
When cyclones make our seas to churn ;
He whispers comfort in each breeze,
As we pass o'er life's stormy seas.

And when the waters rise and swell,
Threatening to swamp our little bark,
To know that He doth all things well
Brings sunshine to dispel the dark—
To know that wisdom, power, and love
Control the lower from above.

WM. STRONG.