



For the Sunday School Guardian.

FAREWELL SISTER.

Farewell sister, thou art going
To a world so bright, so fair,
Where none but holy angels
Are ever singing there.

Thou art going to a city,
Far, far from mortal sight,
Where the streamlets and the fountains
Are ever clear and bright.

The sun is ever shining
In a bright and cloudless day ;
The flowers are always blooming,
And will never fade away.

In the midst of that glad city
Is a throne of spotless white,
'Round which the happy angels
Ever hover with delight.

We know thy spirit flutters,
And longs to take its flight,
And ever live with Jesus
In a world so pure and bright.

We feel sad that thou art going,
But we would not have thee stay ;
We hope again to meet thee
In a never-ending day.

J. R. F.

THE HEATHEN AFRICAN MOTHER AT HER DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Some of the Pagan Africans visit the burial-places of their departed relatives, with offerings of food and drink. Mothers have been known, for a long course of years, to bring, in an agony of grief, this annual oblation to their children's graves.

"DAUGHTER, I bring thee food,—
The rice-cake pure and white,
The cocoa with its milky blood,
Dates and pomegranates bright,
The orange in its gold,
Fresh from the favourite tree,
Nuts in their brown and huskey fold,
Dearest, I spread for thee.

"Year after year I tread
Thus to thy low retreat :
But now the snow-hairs mark my head,
And age enchains my feet.
O, many a change of woe
Hath dimm'd thy spot of birth,
Since first my gushing tears did flow
O'er this thy bed of earth !

"There came a midnight cry,
Flames from our hamlet rose ;
A race of pale-browed men were nigh ;
They were our country's foes :
Thy wounded sire was borne,
By tyrant force, away ;
Thy brothers from our cabin torn,
While bathed in blood I lay.

"I watch'd for their return
Upon the rocky shore,
Till night's red planets ceased to burn,
And the long rains were o'er ;
Till seed, their hand had sown,
A ripened fruitage bore ;
The billows echo'd to my moan,
But they return'd no more.

"Yet thou art slumbering deep ;
And to my wildest cry,
When vex'd with agony I weep,
Dost render no reply.
Daughter ! my youthful pride !
The idol of my eye !—
Why didst thou leave thy mother's side.
Beneath these sands to lie ?"

Long o'er the hopeless grave,
Where her lost darling slept,
Invoking gods that could not save,
That Pagan mother wept.
O for some voice of power,
To soothe her bursting sighs !
"There is a resurrection's hour,
Thy daughter's dust shall rise."

Christians ! ye hear the cry
From Heathen Afric's strand :
Haste ; lift salvation's banner high
O'er that benighted land.
With faith, that claims the skies,
Her misery control,
And plant the hope that never dies
Deep in her tear-wet soul.