

When I think of poor Pat and all that he said
My thoughts will then turn to those who have lead
His footsteps, weak soul, in error's dark maze,
Oh how will they meet their Judge's stern gaze;
And what will they do when they hear His voice say,
"You knew in your hearts that I was the Way,
"Twas written that I, I alone was the Door
Through which all must enter to live evermore,
That wide open it stood by night and by day
Welcoming all who came in the right way.
Souls fainting and thirsty ye drove them from Me
And my Water of Life so abundantly free,
Like poor tired sheep ye scattered them wide
From shelter and care and their Good Shepherd's side."

HUSH, MERRY BIRDIE, HUSH.

HUSH, merry birdie, hush,
Thy song is far too gay;
Fond hearts are sad, if sing thou must,
Then sing a softer lay.

O put aside thy glee,
And list to what I say;
We cannot bear thy gladsome notes
On Gertie's burial day.

Thou can'st not know, birdie,
That Gertie's gone away;
Or thou would'st silent sit, or sing
A soft, soul-soothing lay.