

SOUL'S TRIUMPH,

BY THE VILLAGE BARD.

Life's scenes, long buried far in years behind,
 Rush to their close to crowd the weakened mind;
 Acts long forgotten, quarrels, friendships, fears,
 Come up with freshness, mingling joy with tears.

Would that the memory told alone of joy:
 Recalling not those scenes which peace destroy;
 But acts of wrong are thought of, tears must flow,
 The veil of memory hides not scenes of woe.

If memory would but cover all the past,
 Its joys with trials in oblivion cast;
 The ease of Death would then be free from pain;
 Unchecked our faith that we may live again.

But let the spirit bathe its past in love,
 'T has nought to do with earth, *its home's above*;
 The blood that cleanseth gives to winds its fears;
 While sorrow's crystal fount restrains its tears.

The waves are calm'd, and tranquil fills the soul,
 No more will trouble o'er that spirit roll;
 Death's pains now fail to bring the pall of gloom,
 The Christian trembles not though near the tomb.

This is not strange; for death has lost its sting,
 The grave's proud victory hath taken wing;
 The warrior triumphs, all his foes defied
 Are conquered bravely through the Crucified.

Hark! Hark! a voice of foreign accent speaks,
 The Bridegroom now that waiting spirit seeks;
 A hand appears to move the cloud of night,
 The valley dark begins to flood with light.

"*I quickly come,*" resounds through yonder sky,
 Commissioned angels leave their seats on high;
 Amen! Amen! the rapturous soul replies,
 While 'mid earth's tears 'tis wafted to the skies.