

Rest thee, dear soul, thy toils and trials o'er,
In Heaven is rest, for pilgrims evermore;
Death takes the body out of mortal sight,
Life lifts the spirit into Heaven's own light;
Ever with God, thy fathers' God, to be,
Youth without age, a bright Eternity.

Hark! 'tis a song, as never sung before;
Anthem more sweet, from yon bright happy shore;
Voice ever thrilling, singing now above,
Endless its praises of the Father's love.
Rest, aching head! for after toil is rest;
God takes thee home—home to thy Father's breast,
All weary pain and travel of the road
Lost in the light and glory of thy God!

ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D.

“SO BEAUTIFUL TO GO.”

“SO BEAUTIFUL TO GO!” The joys of time are waning;
The friends I loved so well have hastened on before;
And, as they passed away,—my longing heart restraining,
I've asked when I should join them on the blessed shore?

“SO BEAUTIFUL TO GO!” for heaven is wondrous dearer,
Since cherished human links have bound me to the Throne!
Oft hath the veil seemed rent, and heaven itself been nearer,
As hope by hope hath faded,—some but newly blown!

“SO BEAUTIFUL TO GO!” to leave earth's many sorrows,
To enter on the fulness of eternal joy!
But I had fondly dreamt of many bright to-morrows,—
Of harder labour still in my dear Lord's employ!

“SO BEAUTIFUL TO GO!” for now my spirit boundeth
At mention of that name,—that Name I love the best!
Behold a shoreless sea faith's plummet never soundeth,—
The name of JESUS,—telling me of peace and rest!