

Behold the bending orchards,
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let Heavenly fruits abound.

Oh, by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain—

Our barren hearts made fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy Face.

The Old Hymns.

Still wandering
over field and hill,
And surging up the beach,
Are songs that wake a nobler thrill
Than our new singers teach.

The psalm tunes of the Puritan;
The hymns that dared to go
Down shuddering through the abyss of man-
His gulfs of conscious woe

The rapt strain hallowed the blue arch
Above the settler's farm,
And held him in his forest march
Closer to God's right arm

Then is it strange that at the sound
Of these old hack-nayed hymns,
The pulses give a homesick bound
The eye with moisture swims?

The long quaint words, the hum drum rhyme,
The verse that reads like prose;
Are relics of a sturdier time
Than modern child hood knows

Luey Larcom.

The Old Piano.

Of all sad voices from forgotten years,
It is the saddest; see what tender tears
Drop on the yellow keys, as soft and slow,
I play some melody of long ago

Only to think,
O white, sad notes, of all the pleasant days,
The happy songs, the hymns of holy praise,
The dreams of love and youth that 'round you cling!
Do they not make each sighing, trembling string
A mighty link.

O land of winter and of bloom,
Of singing bird and moaning pine,
Thy golden light, thy tender gloom,
Thy vales and mountains all are mine!
Thy holy loves of other years,
With beckoning hands toward me lean,
And whisper through their falling tears
"Lord, keep my memory green"

Dear Memory! whose unclouded gaze
Can pierce the darkest wilds of space,
Thy memory watch fires blaze,
Thy memory breezes fan my face
I would, not give the light she flings
Across my future landscape scene,
For all the pomp and power of kings—
"Lord, keep my memory green"