

and kicked one end out, it was then lowered again and I felt unutterably sad as these words came to mind: "If in this life only we have hope we are of all men the most miserable."

At this moment, however, the sun, which had been hiding itself all day, burst its dark bands, and our hearts became radiant with expectation and hope as we sang:

"There is a happy land,  
Far, far away."

JULIA MARSHALL.

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### UNVEILED.

A cohort of angels left the skies,  
And came down to earth one day;  
With rapturous flight they sped them back,  
For a treasure they bore away,—  
A soul they bore to its Father's home,  
And in Heaven a great joy spread;  
But shadows fell on the earthly home,  
For the fair sweet child was dead.

### II.

The cohort to earth again came down,  
But sad were their hearts and sore;  
For they bore a soul from its Father's home,  
To leave on earth's lonely shore:  
With tardy wing to the skies they went,  
And in Heaven was many a tear;  
But our hearts were light and we were glad,  
For Thou, whom we love, wert here.

JNO. F. VICHERT.