

A _____
Message _____
_____ to You.

Oh! I seem to stand,
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been;
Wrapped in the radiance from Thy sinless hand
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture, waves of thought,
Roll in upon my spirit, strange, sublime,
Break o'er me unsought.

Give me now my lyre,
I feel the strains of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

If, as I trust, you may esteem this little
booklet, a worthy gift to a true friend, in
that case, let its inherent sentiments be-
come your mesage to others. To the un-
fortunate ones all about us; the sick, the
dying, the suffering ones on life's great
highways; the unfortunate, the poor and