

Poetry.

**"MY SOUL CLEAVETH TO THE
DUST; QUICKEN THOU ME, AC-
CORDING TO THY WORD."**

My soul fast cleaveth to the dust;
My heart within is dead and cold;
I'm blown about by every gust;
No certain anchorage I hold.
I fain would lift mine eyes on high,
But, all unpurged, they cannot see;
I feel like one about to die,—
Have mercy, Jesu, quicken me!

My life is like the untilled land,
On which no flower or fruitage grows;
'Tis like a waste of arid sand,
A wintry landscape clothed with snows.
All empty are the vanished years;
Shall like the past the future be?
'Gainst this I plead with prayers and tears,
Have mercy, Jesu, quicken me!

My life is like to plants that creep,
Like plants that droop and touch the
ground;
No seed I sow, no harvest reap,
All barren as the months go round.
Uproot me then, and plant again;
I would be fruitful unto thee;
Prune, cleanse me, Lord, I'll scorn the
pain:
Have mercy, Jesu, quicken me!

COMPANIONS.

Smile farewell to Sorrow:
Give to Joy good-morrow:
And charge him to continue
A quiet reign within you.

Smile farewell to Gladness:
Take the hand of Sadness,
And wistfully beseech her
To be your tender teacher.

No shall both befriend you,
And to the grave attend you;
There Sorrow from you sever:
Joy go with you ever.

GOD'S CALL TO REST.

"And they heard the voice of the Lord
in the cool of the day."

At morn each day God's angel wakes,
Kindles his lamp in heaven;
And its rays he flings
On both serfs and kings;
So his call to labor is given.

His lamp goes out; he lieth down,
And bids men follow him now,
From the warehoused street,
From the fishers' fleet,
From the plain and the mountain brow.

And though the voice be soft and low,
As soundless as the dew,
'Tis the Friend above,
'Tis his call of love
Who through the rest maketh all things
new.

Then heed it well, and quiet be;
Follow this lead of heaven,
And in kindly shade
That thy God hath made,
Take the rest to weariness given.

CONSOLATION.

When the pale wreath is laid upon the
tomb,
Love's last fond homage offered to the
dead,
And the bereft, with tears and droop-
ing head,
Bid mute farewell on sadly turning home.
Sister and brother, widowed love and
friend,
Review, as in a solemn vision then,
Their dear one's life, its bliss and bit-
ter pain,
Its restless hopes now ever at an end.
The common thought lifts them above
despair,
One brief thanksgiving is on every
tongue:
The faithful heart shall never more be
wrung,
With cold unkindness or with aching
care;
That generous mind no stern rebuffs
shall vex;
That busy brain no problems dire per-
plex.