

The fish of the sea in schools they can swim,
 Though their home it might be in the North frigid zone,
 Amid mountains of ice in twilight's last gleam,
 Whilst the soul that is ransomed must wander "Alone."

God strengthen the hearts of those who may roam,
 Among those in whose hearts seeds of hatred are sown,
 I thank thee my God, for that promised home,
 Where the heart that is sad will no more be "Alone."

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

One autumn eve when Venus brightly twinkled,
 I gently tapped upon the village window pane;
 When lo! a careworn face, old and sadly wrinkled,
 Enforced me as a statute in silence to remain.

'Twas not the lips which gave the parting kiss,
 Or the arms that around my neck entwined;
 Oh! bitter thoughts; why art thou to me distressing,
 Since those I loved, no more on earth I find.

How oft I knelt at that sainted mother's knee,
 And felt her tears upon my youthful cheek;
 Oh! could I now on earth, but for a moment see
 Or hear that gentle voice that once to me did speak.

Oh! blessed thought that we may re-unite,
 Where storms and trials no more can part our kin;
 Where shadows are not seen that betoken gloomy night,
 Since we have been released from that burden, sin.

In vain I sought my kind and aged mother,
 But alas! no trace of her could "there" be found;
 Until a stranger who greeted me as a brother,
 Led me to a well secluded grassy mound.

Could tears now speak, a tale they would unfold
 Of wrongs inflicted on a kind and loving mother,
 Whose memory yet is cherished by members of the fold,
 Who will in yonder home, again embrace each other.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

By the side of a spotless white and humble cot,
 A patient mother watched her sleeping child,
 When an angel whispered: Fear thou not,
 God can protect e'en though the storm be wild.

The child awoke with a smile upon her face,
 Then gently pressed her weeping mother's hand:
 She told her she had seen a celestial place,
 Far, far away, where dwelt a white-robed band.