

AWAKENING

THE sky is clear, the sun shines bright
And thawing, freezing, day and night,
Spring marches on.

The snowdrops smile from pearly eye,
As thankful through their tears they cry:
Old winter's gone.

So may my troubled soul at last
Greet, when the storm-clouds all have passed,
The Heavenly One.



IN MEMORY OF BABY COUSIN.

To its Mother.

ONE little light gone out;
One little soul called home.
But oh! the darkness and dreary doubt.
And the love-chords snapped in hearts so stout;
Oh the tear-drops shed by baby's bed;
Oh the life-stream red to its fountain-head,
And lashed into muddy foam,
While the world rolls cold and lone.

Oh! you little dear,
We are glad you have come so soon,
And an angel* pair bore through the air
That sweet little soul so free and fair.
As their laugh rang out in one grand shout
It drove to the deep my dreadful doubt.
And now with the warmth of noon
I can sing: "Thy will be done."

* Two others of this family had gone on before.