

And opened wide the golden gate to let the wanderers in.

The scene again it changeth, the autumn of the year

Is here in all its beauty, but my poor heart is sere ;
For I have laid my darling beneath the cold grey sod,

In the joy of heavenly glory, and the hope of seeing God.

And now before my vision she riseth once again,
Her gentle face, it seemeth free from sorrow and all pain.

I hear her sweet low whisper, " List, ere it be too late,

I bid you follow closely, till you reach the Golden Gate. '

LUCERNE.

A Swiss lake with its waters
As clear as the sunlight,
Which deepens into shadows —
Dark here, and there most bright.