

## "PASS UNDER THE ROD."

"I saw the young bride, in her beauty and pride,  
 Bedecked in her snowy array ;  
 And the bright flush of joy mantled high on  
 her cheek,  
 And the future looked blooming and gay ;  
 And with woman's devotion she laid her fond  
 heart  
 At the shrine of idolatrous love,  
 And she anchored her hopes to this perishing  
 earth,  
 By the chain which her tenderness wove.

But I saw when those heart strings were  
 bleeding and torn,  
 And the chain had been severed in two,  
 She had changed her white robes for the sables  
 of grief,  
 And her bloom for the paleness of woe !  
 But the Healer was there, pouring balm on  
 her heart,  
 And wiping the tears from her eyes  
 He strengthened the chain he had broken in  
 twain,  
 And fastened it firm to the skies !  
 There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice  
 of her God—  
 "I love thee, I love thee—pass under the  
 rod."

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend  
 O'er the couch of her slumbering boy ;  
 And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured  
 her name,  
 While the dreamer lay smiling in joy,  
 O ! sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew,  
 When its fragrance is flung on the air,  
 So fresh and so bright to that mother he  
 seemed,  
 As he lay in his innocence there.

But I saw, when she gazed on the same lovely  
 form,  
 Pale as marble, and silent and cold ;  
 But paler and colder her beautiful boy,  
 And the tale of her sorrow was told !  
 But the Healer was there who had stricken her  
 heart  
 And taken her treasure away ;  
 To allure her to heaven he has placed it on  
 high,  
 And the mourner will sweetly obey,  
 There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice  
 of her God,  
 "I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod."

I saw a father and mother who leaned  
 On the arms of a dear gifted son,

And the star in the future grew bright to their  
 gaze,  
 As they saw the proud place he had won ;  
 And the fast coming evening of life promised  
 fair,  
 And its pathway grew smooth to their feet ;  
 And the starlight of love glimmered bright at  
 the end,  
 And the whispers of fancy were sweet,

And I saw them again bending low o'er the  
 grave,  
 Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,  
 And the star had gone down in the darkness  
 of night,  
 And the joy from their bosom had fled,  
 But the Healer was there, and his arms were  
 around,  
 And he led them with tenderest care ;  
 And he showed them a star in the bright upper  
 world,  
 'Twas their star shining brilliantly there !  
 They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice  
 of their God,  
 "I love thee, I love thee—pass under the  
 rod."

ARE YOU READY?—Rev. Dr. Kidd  
 was a Scotch minister of some pro-  
 minence, and very eccentric, and one  
 who had his own way of doing things.  
 One of his parishioners says :

"I was busy in my shop, when in  
 the midst of my work, in stepped the  
 doctor."

"Did you expect me?" was his abrupt  
 inquiry, without even waiting for a salut-  
 ation.

"No," was my reply.

"What if it had been death?" asked  
 he : when at once he stepped out as  
 abruptly as he came, and was gone al-  
 most before I knew it."

What a question ! What a thought  
 for every one of us ! Does not death,  
 come to most, if not all, as unexpected-  
 ly as this ? And does not the inquiry  
 impress the lesson from our Saviour's  
 lips—"Be ye also ready ; for in such an  
 hour as ye think not the Son of man  
 cometh."