

all evil, but the love of money. He was one of those men that money was not good for, for it might have proved his idol to worship. But, thank God, it was not his lot to be rich ; he, of course, had enough to make him comfortable, and he was more content with his lot than some of his brothers were with their abundance. He was rather gloomy, if in trouble, and loved sympathy. But my mother was not very sympathetic in her manner, and perhaps one reason of this was that she was an only daughter, and those pampered daughters seldom have much sympathy for others, for they need it all themselves. But still she was kind and loved him : but he needed not only sympathy but cheerfulness as well, and this he had, for she was ever cheerful amid all life's trials, and only for the disposition she had he would have suffered, for she tried not to let him get cast down. God saw fit to afflict his body in the year 1845, which was a great blessing to him, for he ever, from that period, tried to live to God.

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#### **The Land of the Blest.**

Dear father I ask for my mother in vain,  
Has she sought some far country her health to regain?  
Has she left our cold climate of frost and of snow,  
For some warm sunny land where the soft breezes blow ?  
Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy loved mother has gone  
To a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown ;  
Her spirit is strengthened, her form is at rest,  
There is health, there is peace in the land of the blest.

Is that land, my dear father, more lovely than ours ?  
Are the rivers more clear, and more blooming the flowers ?  
Does summer shine over it all the year long ?  
Is it cheered by the glad sounds of music and song ?  
Yes, the flowers are despoiled not by winter or night,  
The well-springs of life exhaustless and bright ;  
And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are addressed  
To the Lord who reigns over the land of the blest.