

Has since cross'd o'er the river,
And left us, who are here below.

He has gone where there's no twilight,
But all is wonderous day,
Where Christ himself is the rising sun,
And the streets are gold, not clay.
We strew o'er his grave rare flowers,
We moisten the grass with our tears;
But our flower has been transplanted
To the garden of eternal years.

How many homes are desolate,
How many hearts that mourn
O'er the memory of loved ones called away,
And laid in their lonely bourne,
But weep not as forever,
God has a promise given,
If we but serve him here below,
We all shall meet in Heaven.

And when we're safely anchored
On the rock of Evermore,
We'll send the boatman back again,
For those who are on the shore.
And when they, too, have landed,
We'll enter hand in hand,
To meet the loved ones gone before,
And to join the angel band.

LILLIE VAILE.

THE VALE OF MORVEN.

BY G. V. L.

In the "everlasting sunshine,"
With its bright and genial skies,
Breathing gales of spicy sweetness
Yon green vale of Morven lies.
How I love that spot of beauty,
Tongue of mortal ne'er can tell;
Yet I go impelled by duty,—
Vale of Morven, fare thee well.

Sleeping in the clouds of Heaven,
Are thy mountain summits seen,
And thy murmur'ing waters—flowing
Midst meadows of fairest green,
Land of aromatic bowers,
Shady nook and sunny dell,
Gorgeous fruits and fragrant flowers,—
Vale of Morven, fare thee well.

There the lovely maid of Lora
Softly tunes her sweet guitar,
While her blue eye rich in beauty,
Twinkles like the evening star.
As the motion of the billow
Is her bosom's gentle swell,
There let my head find a pillow.—
Vale of Morven, fare thee well.

Though to other lands I wander
And no more thy beauties see,
Still never shall be forgotten
Joys that I have known in thee.
To thy dells shall memory bind me
Evermore—with mystic spell;
Sadly now I gaze behind me,—
Vale of Morven, fare thee well.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

HENRY ODDFIELD'S WIFE.

"Why Charlie, old friend, how do you do? What a stranger you are! Haven't seen you for years. When did you come to town? Where are you stopping?" cried Harry Oddfield, as he unexpectedly met his old friend, Charles Hastings, who had just returned from far-distant India, where he had been for several years, adding gold to gold, in mercantile pursuits. He had been very successful, and had now returned to his native town, to enjoy his wealth among early friends and associates.

Answering his friend's questions, as rapidly as they were asked, he, in his turn, had many inquiries to make, as they walked down the street together. Harry was on his way to his store then, but Charles accepted his invitation to call and talk over old times at his home. "I am anxious to introduce you to my wife. Did you know I was married? Oh, yes, I have got the dearest little wife in all Christendom, said Harry Oddfield, as they parted.

Yes, Charles Hastings knew he was married. He had heard from a friend that Harry Oddfield, unfortunate man that he was, had married a literary woman. Oh, how he pitied him; bound for life to one who, neglecting her home and her household duties, devoted all her time to books and papers.

In imagination, he had already pictured that home, cheerless and uninviting, that wife, untidy in attire, caring nothing for her husband's comfort or happiness, only sighing for the admiration and praise of the outside world.

He should like, to call on Harry; it would be pleasant to go back with him, in thought, to the old days, with their