

The Way of Holiness Made Plain.

The world has kindly dealt, mother,
 By the child thou lov'st so well,
 Thy prayers have circled round her path,
 And 'twas their holy spell,
 Which made their path so dearly bright,
 Which strewed the roses there,
 Which gave the light and cast the balm,
 On every breath of air.

I bear a happy heart, mother,
 A happier, never bear,
 And even now new buds of hope
 Are bursting at my feet,
 Oh, mother, life may be a dream,
 But if such dreams are given,
 While at the portal thus we stand,
 What are the truths of heaven?

I bear a happy heart, mother,
 Yet when fond eyes I see,
 And hear soft tones and winning words,
 I ever think of thee ;
 And then the tear—my spirit weeps—
 Unbidden fills my eye,
 And like a homeless dove, I long
 Unto thy breast to fly.

Then I am very sad, mother,
 I am very sad and lone,
 Oh ! there's no heart whose inmost fold
 Opes to me like thine own ;
 Though sunny smiles wreath the blooming lips,
 While love tones meet my ear,
 My mother, one fond glance of thine,
 Were 'thousand times more dear.

Then with a closer clasp, mother,
 Now hold me to thy heart,