

to mingle with those who bless and praise thy holy name in blissful chorus. O grant that such be our future portion, and that, whilst on earth, our lives may be passed in the performance of all Thou hast commanded us, so that we may thus be happy and thus be blest. Grant this, O Lord, for the sake of the cries and supplications wherewith we this day do seek Thee. Grant it for the sake of thine attributes of benevolence and compassion,—Eternal! Grant it for the sake of thy great Name, and with all our heart, and with all our soul, will we say, Amen.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT.*

COME, sweet sister, come away,
 Oh! leave your tenement of clay,
 And let not all your love be wasted,
 While heavenly bliss remains untasted.
 I've watched you all your life on earth,
 E'en from the moment of your birth,
 'Tis I that give to all you see
 That colouring so heavenly,
 'Tis I that whisper in your ear
 The music of another sphere;
 I float about your path by day,
 I give to all you think or say,
 A tenderness and love, which now
 With grief I trace upon that brow.
 'Tis I who hover all the night
 Around your bed till morning's light,
 And give your dreams a holier dye
 Than can be seen by mortal eye.
 Now raise your thoughts from earth to heaven,
 And think upon the bliss that's given;
 Think of the spirits' power who raise
 Their voices day and night in praise;

* The authoress says: "I send you these lines of mine, as the idea occurred to me that the beautiful figure kneeling on the tomb, with the tearful eyes and hand pointing towards heaven, might be supposed to be listening to the distant song of the spirit, who has ascended unto the regions of bliss."

In strains angelical they sing
 The wonders of th' Eternal King.
 They fly at their Creator's call,
 Then low in adoration fall.
 Now bid all earthly cares adieu,
 All earthly pain, and pleasure too,
 And tread with me that azure sky
 On which you gaze so wond'ringly ;
 The very air we breathe above,
 An atmosphere of holy love.
 Your joy and rapture here below
 No sympathy can ever know ;
 But there 'tis purified—refined
 In elements of floating mind ;
 There shall we feed on thought sublime
 Beyond the ravages of time,
 And watch and pray o'er those we love,
 Till every breath a blessing prove ;
 We'll dwell for ever with the Lord,
 And thank and praise his name adored.
 Give glory to His majesty
 In tones that rend the vaulted sky.

R. E. S.

 SONG

OF JUDAS MACCABEUS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF MASPHA.

BY MRS. R. HYNEMAN.

ON, warriors and chiefs, every step we have trod,
 Though blood-stained with carnage and heaped with the slain,
 Bear witness we fight for the glory of God,
 Whose aid we have asked, nor entreated in vain.

Attest it, ye armies, whose glittering array
 At noonday outshone in his splendour the sun,
 Attest it, ye proud girded warriors, who lay
 Unhonoured and cold when the battle was done.