

"ABSENT, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN."

The days have passed slowly away,
The hours have quite tardily flown,
Most surely they ling'ringly stay,
For Mary, dear Mary has gone

When we to our table repair,
At morning, at noon, and at eve,
Our eyes fall on one vacant chair,
Made vacant when Mary did leave.

When shadows of night gather round,
And the family circle have met,
All vacant her seat is still found,
And the vacancy all do regret.

The Sabbath again has returned,
Last Sabbath our Mary was here,
Now gone, and her absence is mourned,
For a season, no more she'll appear.

She's gone from her home in the West,
To New England, the land of the free,
Where her ancestors quietly rest—
That land will her future home be.

She's gone—may a future all bright,
With blessings before her arise;
May it ever be hers to do right,
And virtue and truth always prize.

She's gone—yet remembered by those
From whom she is parted awhile,
In memory, her worth will repose,
While fancy reveals her sweet smile.

She's absent—Forgotten? O never!
Her faults, we will lightly pass by,
Her worth, may it live on forever,
Till we all live forever on high.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR—A COM-
PARISON.

The beauty of summer has faded,
The glory of autumn has passed,
And winter though lame and jaded,
Comes hurrying on at last.
Thus must wandering mortals,
Happy, or sad, or gay,
Pass through death's dark portals,
To the regions far away.
They must fade as the summer doth fade,
Like autumn their glory must pass;
For all, whom Jehovah has made,
Must go, to the grave, alas!

"MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN."

When buoyant, on the floating breeze
Of life's bright summer, we are borne,
When everything around doth please,
We hardly think we're made to mourn.

When lovely friends, with kindness dear,
To us their sympathies have shown,
But few the omens that appear,
To tell us, that we're made to mourn

But when the ills of life are felt,
And life of its fond pleasure shorn,
And anguish deep the heart doth melt,
We truly feel, we're made to mourn.

When nature's beauties lose their charm,
And grief the weary soul has worn,
And sorrow sounds a deep alarm,
Alas! how natural 'tis to mourn.

And when our dearest friends have fled,
And by relentless death, are torn
From us, and numbered with the dead,
'Tis nature's precious boon, to mourn.

But when our friends have passed away,
And after them we too are borne,
If we have walked in "Wisdom's way,"
We shall forever cease to mourn.

THE EXIT.

Days and weeks, and months, and years,
Pass away as roll the spheres;
All things earthly hurry on,
Soon we mortals shall be gone.
Let us as we pass away,
Do the duties of each day,
Faithfully, the moments spend,
Persevering to the end.
Do the work we have to do,
Well, and faithfully, and true.
Then from toil, when life shall cease,
We shall have a sweet release.
Grief, and care, and labor o'er,
We shall reach the "Shining Shore."
There the weary ever rest,
With the holy and the blest.