

When the goodman mends his armour,  
 And trims his helmet's plume;  
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
 Goes flashing through the loom;  
 With weeping and with laughter  
 Still is the story told,  
 How well Horatius kept the bridge  
 In the brave days of old.



—\*THE CHANGED CROSS.\*—

—  
 BY HON. MRS. CHARLES HOBART.  
 —



T was a time of sadness, and my heart,  
 Although it knew and loved the better part,  
 Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,  
 And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these, as given to me—  
 My trial tests of faith and love to be—  
 It seemed as if I never could be sure  
 That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might  
 Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by sight,"  
 Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,  
 The thought arose—My cross I cannot bear:

Far heavier its weight must surely be  
 Than those of others which I daily see.  
 Oh! if I might another burden choose,  
 Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around—  
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;  
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,  
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light  
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;  
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,  
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see—  
One to whom all the others bowed the knee—  
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,  
And "Follow me!" He said; "I am the Way."

Then, speaking thus, He led me far above,  
And there, beneath a canopy of love,  
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,  
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was, most beauteous to behold,  
A little one, with jewels set in gold.  
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,  
For it will be an easy one to bear:

And so the little cross I quickly took;  
But, all at once, my frame beneath it shook.  
The sparkling jewels fair were they to see,  
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,  
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;  
But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,  
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,  
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined,  
Wondering, I gazed; and still I wondered more  
To think so many should have passed it o'er.



But oh! that form so beautiful to see  
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;  
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair!  
Sorrowing, I said: "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around—  
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;  
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,  
As my Guide gently said: "No cross, no crown."

At length, to Him I raised my saddened heart:  
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.  
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in me—  
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,  
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,  
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,  
For fear some hidden evil might betide;

And there—in the prepared, appointed way,  
Listening to hear, and ready to obey—  
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,  
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,  
And joyfully acknowledged it the best—  
The only one of all the many there  
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And, while I thus my chosen one confess  
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;  
And, as I bent, my burden to sustain,  
I recognized my own old cross again.

But oh! how different did it seem to be  
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!  
No longer could I unbelieving say,  
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah no! henceforth my own desire shall be,  
That He who knows me best should choose for me,  
And so, whate'er His love sees good to send,  
I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end.



→\*THE+BURIAL+OF+MOSES.\*←

BY MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.



BY Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave;  
And no man dug that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the "Sons of God" upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth;  
But no man heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth.  
Noiselessly as the day-light  
Comes when the night is done,  
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun—

Noiselessly as the spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves;  
So, without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,  
 On gray Beth-peor's height,  
 Out of his rocky eyry  
 Looked on the wondrous sight;  
 Perchance the lion stalking  
 Still shuns that hallowed spot:  
 For beast and bird have seen and heard  
 That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
 His comrades in the war,  
 With arms reversed, and muffled drum,  
 Follow the funeral car.  
 They show the banners taken,  
 They tell his battles won,  
 And after him lead his masterless steed,  
 While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
 Men lay the sage to rest,  
 And give the bard an honored place,  
 With costly marble drest—  
 In the great minster transept,  
 Where lights like glories fall,  
 And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings  
 Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior  
 That ever buckled sword;  
 This, the most gifted poet  
 That ever breathed a word;

And never earth's philosopher  
 Traced with his golden pen,  
 On the deathless page, truths half so sage  
 As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?  
 The hill-side for his pall,  
 To lie in state while angels wait,  
 With stars for tapers tall,  
 And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes  
 Over his bier to wave,  
 And God's own hand, in that lonely land,  
 To lay him in the grave!

In that deep grave without a name,  
 Whence his uncoffined clay  
 Shall break again—most wondrous thought—  
 Before the Judgment day,  
 And stand, with glory wrapped around,  
 On the hills he never trod,  
 And speak of the strife that won our life  
 With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!  
 O dark Beth-peor hill!  
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
 And teach them to be still.  
 God hath His mysteries of grace,  
 Ways that we cannot tell;  
 And hides them deep, like the secret sleep  
 Of him He loved so well.



—\*SONG.\*—

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.



HERE shall the lover rest,  
Whom the Fates sever,  
From his true maiden's breast  
Parted for ever?  
Where, through groves deep and high  
Sounds the far billow,  
Where early violets die,  
Under the willow.

There through the summer day,  
Cool streams are laving;  
There, while the tempests sway,  
Scarce are boughs waving;  
There, thy rest shalt thou take,  
Parted for ever,  
Never again to wake,  
Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,  
He, the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Ruin, and leave her?



"There through the summer day,  
Cool streams are laving."



In the lost battle,  
Borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattles  
With groans of the dying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap  
O'er the false-hearted;  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
Ere life be parted.  
Shame and dishonor sit  
By his grave ever;  
Blessing shall hallow it,—  
Never, O never.





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\*—NATURELLE.—\*  
—

**M**Y goddess romped at school,  
    Fetched April's boldest violet;  
Her crown was her brown hair  
    With diamonds of its own gloss set.

I envied not the Greek;  
    Callisto, Io, Proserpine,  
From all their ills were saved  
    Had Reus and Dis her beauty seen.

Fine dames forgot their airs,  
    And when her step led through the mart  
Traffic forebore its greed;  
    Yet simpleness was all her art.

For beauty use her rule,  
    Her language, tone, and gentle ways;  
Her grace showed best in tasks  
    She loved; and peace filled all the days.

A maid, when last we met,  
    A woman's form is now her earthly dress;  
O Time and World, I pray,  
    Ye have not changed her simpleness!



—\*—  
\*—THE MOTHER'S HEART.—\*  
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BY CAROLINE E. NORTON.

**W**HEN first thou camest, gently, shy, and fond,  
    My eldest born, first hope, and dearest  
treasure,  
My heart received thee with a joy beyond  
    All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;  
Nor thought that any love again might be  
    So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,  
    And natural piety that leaned to heaven;  
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,  
    Yet patient to rebuke when justly given;  
Obedient, easy to be reconciled,  
    And meekly cheerful; such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left—still by my side,  
    Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying;  
Nor leaving in thy turn, but pleased to glide  
    Through the dark room where I was sadly lying;  
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,  
    Watch the dim eye, and kiss the fevered cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made  
 Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,  
 No strength in all thy freshness, prone to fade,  
 And bending weakly to the thunder-shower;  
 Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,  
 And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then THOU, my merry love,—bold in thy glee,  
 Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,  
 With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,—  
 Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,  
 Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,  
 Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth!

Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of joy,  
 Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;  
 Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,  
 And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;  
 And many a mirthful jest and mock reply  
 Lurked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye.

And thine was many an art to win and bless,  
 The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;  
 The coaxing smile, the frequent soft caress,  
 The earnest, tearful prayer all wrath disarming!  
 Again my heart a new affection found,  
 But thought that love with thee had reached its bound.

At length THOU camest,—thou, the last and least,  
 Nicknamed "the Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,  
 Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,  
 And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others,  
 Mingling with every playful infant wile  
 A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And O, most like a regal child wert thou!  
 An eye of resolute and successful scheming!  
 Fair shoulders, curling lips, and dauntless brow,  
 Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming;  
 And proud the lifting of thy stately head,  
 And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! yet each succeeding claim  
 I, that all other love had been forswearing,  
 Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;  
 Nor injured either by this love's comparing,  
 Nor stole a fraction for the newer call,—  
 But in the mother's heart found room for all!

