

Better than the best of life  
Is a respite from its strife—  
Those that live shall sigh for death,  
Draw in pain their lingering breath;  
But no pang shall ever grieve  
Sleep of yours—too sweet to leave!  
When the "life of life" is o'er,  
Life has only death in store—  
Joy for those, and triumph high,  
Blessed dead, who early die!

—  
SPIRITUAL IMPRESSIONS.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

WE toil for earth, its shadowy veil  
Envelops soul and thought,  
And hides that discipline and life,  
Within our being wrought.  
We chain the thought, we shroud the soul,  
And backward turn our glance,  
When onward should its vision be,  
And upward its advance.

And never may the spirit turn  
From that effulgent ray,  
It lives forever in the glare  
Of an eternal day;

Lives in that penetrating light,  
A kindred glow to raise,  
Or every withering sin to trace  
Within its searching blaze.

Few, few the shapely temple rear,  
For God's abiding place—  
That mystic temple, where no sound  
Within the hallowed space  
Reveals the skill of builder's hand ;  
Yet with a silent care  
That holy temple riseth up,  
And God is dwelling there.

Then weep not when the infant lies  
In its small grave to rest,  
With scented flowers springing forth  
From out its quiet breast ;  
A pure, pure soul to earth was given,  
Yet may not thus remain ;  
Rejoice that it is rendered back,  
Without a single stain.

Bright cherubs bear the babe away  
With many a fond embrace,  
And beauty, all unknown to earth,  
Upon its features trace.  
They teach it knowledge from the fount,  
And holy truth and love ;  
The songs of praise the infant learns,  
As angels sing above.