

SWEETS OF LIFE.

Sweet is the breath of early morn,
When birds awake and sing;
And sweet the dew upon the thorn
That wets the linnet's wing.
Sweet is the shade of spreading trees
At noonday's sultry hour;
And sweetly steals the evening's breeze
Across the beans in flow'r.

'Tis sweet to wander by the side
Of softly-flowing rills;
And sweet to tread the common wide,
Or climb the verdant hills.
'Tis sweet to rest when labour's done
Within your own arm-chair;
And sweet to call a home your own,
And feel your heart is there.

'Tis sweet to sit on winter's night

When fast the snow descends,
Beside the fire burning bright,
With books and welcome friends.

'Tis sweet to think where'er we rove

We still to some are dear ;
And sweet to dream of those we love—
To wake, and find them near.

'Tis sweet through flow'ry vales to hear

The sound of merry bells ;
And sweetly falls upon the ear
The music of the dells.

Sweet is the distant shepherd's song,

And sweet the wild bees' hum ;
And sweet the ringdove's notes along
The silent valleys come.

When troubles come, oh! then 'tis sweet,

When Faith and Hope decline,
To find a heart whose pulses beat
In unison with mine.

'Tis sweet in sorrow's heavy hour
Thus near a friend to be;
And sweet, oh! sweet, thy balmy pow'r,
Thou heav'n-born sympathy.

'Tis sweet to bind the broken heart—
To dry the tearful eye—
To bid the canker care depart,
And check the rising sigh—
To take the fallen by the hand—
The wand'rer to reclaim—
To hide a fault, and never brand
A weaker neighbour's name.

'Tis sweet to bid the mourner hope—
Look for a brighter day;
To lift the weak and helpless up,
And help them on their way;
Some kind and cheering aid to lend
To him who stands alone,

Who but for some kind valu'd friend
Had liv'd and died unknown.

'Tis sweet to feel, though low my name,
And poor my lot beside,
For I have neither wealth nor fame
Among the sons of pride;
Yet I have friends who on me smile,
From whom I much receive—
Friends who would not my hopes beguile,
Nor flatter to deceive.

'Tis sweet to come before my God,
And bend in humble pray'r;
'Tis sweet to read his written word,
And find this promise there—
He will not turn away his face
When I for mercy plead;
He will not quench the smoking flax,
Nor break a bruised reed.