In A Colonial Churchyard.

By M. E. Buhler.

To God the glory! We, who lie
Humbly beneath the quiet sky,
Have drawn the water, hewn the wood,
And made the best of life we could,
Winning the sweetness born of strength
And, through much striving, peace at length.

Great were the perils in our way,
And hard the labors of that day;
But over all the blue sky bent,
And winding through the meadows went
The wide "Great River" to sea,
Catching the sunlight gloriously!

Still on the blue horizon sleep
The curving hill lines; and there sweep
Cloud shadows over vale and hill,
Now chased by sunlight, and now still;
The locusts chant amid the trees;
Above the clover hum the bees;
And crickets chirping in the grass
Make sweet the long days as they pass.

To God the glory! We, who dwelt
Long in these quiet vales, have felt
All that there is in life to feel—
Its depths of wo, its heights of weal;
And to our children's children leave
Inheritance to joy and grieve,
And fight triumphantly as we!
To God the glory still shall be!

THE BELLMAN.