

Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home-
Be patient with the living !
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow
Then patience-e'en when keenest edge
May what a nameless sorrow
Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamour,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me
Ere love [is?] past forgiving
To take the tender lesson to be-
Be patient with the living!

THE MEDICINE OF SUNSHINE – The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities, in its theology. For ten thousands of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women we commend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine; it stimulates better than champagne; it is the best plaster for a wound. The Good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveller's gash more of this than of wine, and oil. Florence Nightingale used it on Crimean battle fields. Take it into all, the alleys, on board all the ships, by all the sick-beds, -not a phial full but a soul full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for falling fortunes, for melancholy. We suspect that heaven itself is only more sunshine.