## (ilu givalford gixpoter.



| E. O. GOODRICH, |
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| VOLUIE XXVII. |
| Selected gactry. |
| heistre. |
| ny sean txazow. |
| Grand is the leisure of the earth; |
| She give her happy myriads birth, And after harvest fears not death, |
| Sut goes to steep in snow-wre, Dread is the leisure up above, |
| The while He sits, whose name is Love, |
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| He wait for ws, while houseless things,We beat abont with bruised wisgs. |
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| Decreed from His eternity. |
| Where is our leisure? Give us rest! |
| We must have had it once-were blest |
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|  |
| L. $n$ ged for fordens left behind; |
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