



(An Acrostic)

May the flowers e'er bloom in thy pathway,
And about thee, the stars e'er be bright;
Round thee hover, the bright-holy angels,
Quelling thee glory, and light.
Attend thee, and keep thee, from straying;
Guard, guide, and keep thee, from harm;
Never leave thee, to sorrow, or grieving,
Ever make thee, a joy, and a charm.
Sadness ever to thee, be a stranger;
Care, never be known, to thy heart;
Resting always in Jesus thy Saviour,
Every sorrow, will quietly depart.
Stand firm, in the world's battle-field;
Watch well, while still, the day lasts,
Every victory, will make thee the stronger;
Send to thee strength, for life's coming blasts.

Love all that is good, pure, and holy;
Fling faraway, all that is bad;
Obtrust in a power than can only
Return thee, and make thy heart glad.
Grow in grace, every day thou mayst live here;
Over praying, that strength may be given;
Trying always, to follow thy Savior,
More trust him, if bright hopes are given.
Over seek for the Lord's loving favor,
Nev' falter, way down to life's even;
Oh! then Jesus will send the good angels,
To waft you away, up to heaven.

From

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of
Grand Grove Oregon

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