

To Clara

(An Acrostic)

Coming days be bright before thee,
Sending earth a glorious charm;
And bright angels e'er attend thee,
Ready stand to shield from harm.
And may all that's pure and lovely,
Over cluster, ne'er depart;
Making all both pure and heavenly,
In thy inmost, secret, heart
Love the pure, the good, the holy,
Yield not to the tempter's power;
Joy & love, thy crown and glory,
Unfading, in every hour.
Ne'er forget the Lord thy Savior,
Keeping ever near his side;
In all trials, seek his favor,
Never leave him, he will guide.
Oh! will thrill thy heart with pleasure,
Heavens glories to behold;

over

Round the throne of God, in measure
E'er to sing with harps of gold:
May the world be made the better,
E'er because thou livest in it;
May no malice thy heart fetter,
Be thy soul with glory lit.
Every day shall bring thee nearer,
Round the great white throne to stand;
Memory weave a garland dearest,
E'er thou reachest that sunny land.

From
Cyrus H. Walker

Forest Grove Oregon
January 7th 1873