

WATCH TOWER.

Watchman, on the lonely tower,
'Mid the desert's arid sands,
Tell us of the dawning hour,
Tell us of the moving bands.

Seek they now the shelt'ring palm,
Where the cooling springs await?
Cheered, refreshed, now press they on,
Toward the destined City's gates?

When the fierce simoons is near;
Watchman! give the warning cry;
Raise soul-stirring notes of cheer,
As the journey's end draws nigh!

J. L. F
Montrose, Pa.