

And he, our loved-one ! wherefore was he born,
 Thus lone to leave us,
 Like to the flowers of some Sabbath morn,
 Which children weave us ;
 All die and wither, and return to dust,
 In whom we trust !

He was a *flower* methought should never fade,
 Or chill by even :—
 He was a *light* by hand of Mercy made
 To guide to Heaven,
 But cold night came, and darkness o'er him crept,
 And sound he slept.

No stone is there to mark his place of rest—
 No storied urn,
 To water, as with tears, his infant breast,—
 At dewy morn,
 The green grass waves—the sod all fresh appears
 With nature's tears.

And there are tears—big burning tear-drops shed
 By the rest hearted ;—
 A Father fond, who watch'd around his bed
 Till life departed :
 A Mother young, whose inward bosom's swell
 Grief may not tell.

But dry the tear, and let our griefs no more
 Flow like a river !
 For he hath cross'd life's boundary o'er,
 From earth for ever ;
 We go to him, but he from death's dark bourn
 Shall ne'er return.

J. N.

HAMILTON.

We understand that the United Secession Church in Hamilton have resolved to erect a Meeting House of stone. We are glad to learn that the subscriptions for it have been liberal, and that part of them is already in the hands of the Treasurer. The materials are now being laid down, and the building will be commenced as soon as the weather will permit, in the spring.