

star is shining down upon it—the star of God's love.

Remembering this, strength comes again, and hope is brighter than the morning, to all who trust in God's dear love, and those whom He hath given.

My Native Land.

"Before all lands in East or West,
I love my native land the best,
With God's best gifts are teeming."

To the mind of the aged and weary traveller, "My native land," are words ever calling up the tenderest reminiscences. His mind delights to wander far back into the past, reviewing the scenes of his early days, recollections of which sweep o'er his heart with such irresistible force, that, seeking no longer to restrain nature's course, he weeps—his bosom throbs with irrepressible emotions, and the longing desire to behold once more his "native land" pervades, and fills with anticipated joy his soul. Where'er the country that claims his birth be situated, in the scorching tropic or freezing Arctic, in the sunny South or chilling North, his affections still cluster around it as their centre.

To the wandering Italian no zephyrs are wifed so balmy as those which fan his far-off cloudless land. The Scotsman boasts the romantic and imperishable grandeur of his highland home. The son of Erin ne'er sees place so fair or spot so green as his own Emerald Isle. Nor ever hears the honest Switzer music more thrilling, entrancing, and soul-subduing than those simple strains, every note of which is endured by vivid associations and pleasing memories, of his picturesque and beautiful country.—Huge icebergs, extensive glaciers, eternal snows, unbroken solitudes are the Scelander's pride.

Dwells there a man on the face of the earth whose soul has never been drawn by invisible yet powerful ties to his native land—the place of his nativity—his earliest home, where tend-

ed by a father's care and a mother's love, he has been nurtured, educated and prepared to take his part in the ever-rolling battle of life. The state of such an one is vividly portrayed in the following lines of Sir Walter Scott:—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own—my native land!
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there be, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

Little Ellen.

Some years since while residing in the city of Philadelphia, I went out one morning to visit some sick persons in a part of the city which was almost entirely inhabited by people of the lowest and poorest class.

I had completed my business and was turning my steps towards home, when a woman miserably clad, and bearing the marks of great poverty, approached me and asked if I would visit her little girl who lay sick in a house near at hand. I consented to do so, and followed her into the cellar of an old dirty looking house, groping my way in almost utter darkness through one room into another back of it, where no ray of light was apparent, and where I was compelled to pause while my conductor lighted a bit of tallow candle, and discovered to my view a little girl some six or seven years of age lying on a bed of rags and straw in a corner of the room. She was a pretty child, but her flushed countenance and parched lips, showed plainly that disease was busy with her young frame; while her emaciated form as surely indicated that unless she was soon relieved, the hours of her earthly existence would be speedily numbered.