

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
 Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
 Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
 The ways of God—
 Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
 From lonliest nook.
 Floral apostles! that, in dewy splendour,
 'Weep, without woe, and blush without a crime,'
 O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
 Your lore sublime!
 'Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
 Arrayed,' the lilies cry, 'in robes like ours;
 How vain your grandeur!—ah, how transitory
 Are *human flowers*!
 In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist,
 With which Thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,
 What a delightful lesson Thou impartest
 Of love to all!
 Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure,
 Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night;
 From every source your sanction bids me treasure
 Harmless delight!
 Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary,
 For such a world of thought, could furnish scope?
 Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
 Yet fount of hope!
 Posthumous glories! angel-like collection,
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
 And second birth!
 Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
 Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
 My soul would find, in flowers of Thy ordaining,
 Priests, sermons, shrines!

—H. SMITH.

Family Reading.

LITTLE ALICE.

Little children, I want to tell you a story. You will think it a sad one doubtless, but though I trust many bright eyes will read these words, yet, no one of you, little ones, has had a new year half so joyous as we trust our little Alice's has been.

It is long since I saw her, and she was neither pretty nor interesting then. I remember her as a pale, shy, timid child, occupying a low place in the lowest class of a school where I was teacher; often absent, often incorrect in recitation, always awkward, a child whom no one loved! "Poor little Alice!" I hear some among you exclaim; "she had no mother, then! I am neither pretty nor interesting, but my mother loves me." And another whispers: "I know how Alice felt. My mother is dead!" Dear little girl, whoever you are, there is still a heavier sorrow than to be motherless, and that is to have no dear and pleasant