

line and greater liberty for noisy demonstrations of spiritual emotions.

When the minister reached his garden gate he heard her lustily bawling a singular doggerel about "the Gospel-train," which—

"At any station on the line,  
Will stop, poor soul, and take you in!  
The Bible is the engineer  
To point the way to heaven so clear," etc.

"She means well, if her taste in hymns is

(To be continued.)

questionable," thought her employer, going into the kitchen, which had been put in good order since he went out.

"How are you, Hummel? We are glad to have you back?"

She merely nodded, putting her gospel-train through in even faster time. Hummel was a straggled, light-haired creature, dressed in a light cotton gown, without so much as one superfluous fold or button.



## POESY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Oh! we who hold a charge sacred as e'en  
The smallest measure is of that rare gift  
(From heaven sent down to denizens of earth),  
The gift of rhythmic utterance, the setting  
Of thought to language in mellifluous words  
That sway the minds of men as music sways them:—  
See we that we a noble power profane not  
By use ignoble; but from heart made pure  
And consecrated brain speak only that  
Which may uplift humanity; may serve  
To cheer despondent souls, soothe those who suffer,  
Strengthen the weak and stimulate the strong  
To strenuous effort for God and the right.  
Dare we no hopeless strain, no faithless breathing;  
None but shall shew the love that lives for all!  
Faith, hope and love; be these our dominants,  
Our watchwords these!—and prisoners forth shall fare  
E'en from the dungeons dread of dark despair.

Toronto.