

Paler than those pale flowers is thy calm brow,
And cold as mountain snow-wreath's frozen crest,
For in the shadowy vale thy spirit now
Doth rest, doth rest!

Sunday Magazine.

THE PRAIRIE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

'Tis built in the midst of the prairie ;
Of rude and quaint design,
The veriest box of a school-house,
But seventeen feet by nine.
Down by the leafy Arkansas,
In the glorious nights of June,
By hands that were weary but willing,
The cottonwood-beams were hewn.

They were raised in the moonlit midnight,
When the horses and ploughs were still ;
The workers had only their hearts to give,
But those they gave with a will !
I think that an echo is lingering
Of the songs that they sang at night,
As gladly they fastened the rafters
By the pale and quivering light ;

For still, when the Sabbath mornings
The jubilant footsteps bring,
And the children gather in classes,
I wish you could hear them sing !
Forth on the air of the prairie
The melody floats and soars,
Till the mothers who cannot join them
Smile glad from their cabin doors.

Once, when a blue-eyed darling
Drooped with the summer flowers,
Called by a love rare perfect
To a better home than ours—
When her speech and her sight were failing,
"Mother!" she softly said,
"Let the children come when they carry
Me hence to my graveyard bed.
Let them sing in their sweet young voices
Those hymns of the Saviour's love.
It will comfort your heart's deep yearning
Till the day when we meet above!"