

SPENCE'S SELECT READINGS.

'Tis sacred ground ;
A peace profound
Comes o'er my soul. I hear no sound,
Save at my feet
The ceaseless beat
Of waters murmuring low and sweet.
—W. W. E.

LIKE A CHILD.

Playing there in the sun,
Chasing the butterflies,
Catching his golden toy,
Holding it fast till it dies ;
Singing to match the birds,
Calling the robins at will,
Glancing here and there,
Never a moment still—
Like a child.

Going to school and back,
Learning to read and write,
Puzzled over his slate,
Busy from morn till night,
Striving to win a prize,
Careless when it is won,
Finding his joy in the strife,
Not in the thing that's done,
Like a child.

Busy in eager trade,
Buying and selling again,
Chasing a golden prize,
Glad of a transient gain ;
Always beginning anew,
Never the long task o'er,
Just as it used to be—
The butterfly before.
Like a child.

Seeking a woman's heart,
Winning it for his own,
Then, too busy for love,
Letting it turn to stone.