VOL XXI

I'M PRAYING FOR YOU.

have a Saviour—he's pleading in glory— So precious, the earthly enjoyments be few. and now he is watching in tenderness o'es

For you I am praying-I'm praying for

A hope for eternity, precious and true;
And soon will my spirit be with him But, oh! that he'd let me bring

have a harp in those regions all-glorious, Away, far away in that ocean of blue; and there it shall breathe out its music

have a crown—and I'll wear it for ever— Encircled with jewels of heavenly hue For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

I have a robe—'tis resplendent in whiteness, Awaiting in glory my wondering view; Oh! when I receive it, all shining in bright-For you I am praying, I'm praying for you

I have a rest, and the earnest is given, Tho' now for a time 'tis concealed : my view;
"Tis life everlasting—'tis Jesus—'tis heaven

there, too.
For you I am praying, I'm praying for you. I have a peace, and it's calm as a river,
A peace that the friend of the world never A peace that the friend of the world never knew;
y Saviour alone is its author and giver, But, oh! could I know it were given to

For you I am praying—for you I am praying.
For you I am praying—for you, yes, for you;
And soon I shall hear you rejoicing and

Your dear loving Saviour is my Saviour too. For you I am praying, I'm praying for you. And when he has found you, tell others the noticed as unusual. How Jesus extended his mercy to you, and point them away to the regions of glory, And pray that your Saviour may bring

them there too.

For prayer will be answered—twas answered for you. Oh speak of that Saviour, that Father

And prayer will be answered, 'TWAS

THISTLEDOWN.

(AN ENGLISH RURAL CUSTOM.) Long ago,—a little girl,
Smooth of cheek and dark of curl,
Like my daughter's nearly,—
I gather'd for my bridal bed
Many a hoary thistle-head
Before the flying tufts were shed,
And saved them up so dearly.

Oh, the happy days and dreams!
Endless Present—lit with gleams
Of a wondrous Future!
Day, and week, and month, and year,
Glide,—and what know you, my dear?
And what know I? Oh, little sphere

Laie has pleasure, life has pain,
Passing, not to come again,
Blackest hours and brightest.
Time takes all things, all must go;
Bygones vanish—is it so?
Gone and lost forever?—No!
Not the least and lightest.

In Age we laugh at dreams of Youth.

Are Age's dreams more like the truth?

And what is life but feeling?

The world is something none can double to one finds its secret out,

To childhood, and to souls devout,

Comes the best revealing.

Gay at heart are you, my child, Gathering downy thistles wild; Cares nor fears oppress thee; Gathering up, for joy, for moan,
When all these autumns, too, are fi
The bed that you must lie upon,
God protect and bless thee!

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

"It's a shame?" said Mrs Fogg, e hurried away after the funeral of Mrs. Grant, escaping from the poor desolate room, where two children almost

desolate room, where two children almost babies, were sleeping, unconscious that they were motherless. "It's a shame that nobody'll take them."

"Yes—a bitter shame!" replied a neighbor, who was also getting off as fast as she could, so as to shift the responsibility on to some other shoulders.

"There's Mrs. Grove; she might take them as well as not. But they'll go to the poor-house for all she cares."

"Well, somebody'll have to answer for it," said Mrs. Fogg. "As for me, I've young ones enough of my own."

"We left Mrs. Cole in the room. She has only one child; and her husband is

has only one child, and her husband is well-to-do. I can't believe she'll have the heart to turn away from them."
"She's got the heart for anything. But

At last all were gone, all but an old man nemed Wheaton, and a poor woman not able to take care of herself. What's to become of these children?

"Don't know. Poor house, I spose,

"Poor house, I spose,"
"Poor house 1"
"Yes. Nobody want's 'em, and there's
o place for 'em."

ma, mamma !" cried a plaintiv

is in comoniberance of him; such a man to quell to excitement that existed women, lay along the track for a distance fedfunctor placement of the end a half. The enquires to let you pass through.