

And were I far, these years ago,  
 I never could forget her,  
 Beamed up her brown eyes steadily,  
 To greet the master's query;  
 "I'm Rachel," quoth she readily;  
 Quoth he, "I love thee, dearie."  
 Austere old Quaker, harsh and grim—  
 The little maid had conquered him!

When spring adorned the verdant hills  
 With blossoms bright and charming,  
 Or summer banked the valley rills  
 With gems and spangles swarming,  
 No fairer flower graced the day  
 Than she to us who knew her;  
 The birds sang sweetest on her way,  
 The blossoms nodded to her.  
 All nature seemed to love the maid,  
 And all its love she well repaid.

We see her in her own home-nest,  
 In motherhood presiding,  
 With gracious spouse and children blessed,  
 And naught but joy abiding.  
 We see her cup of gladness filled,  
 Anon her cup of sorrow;  
 To-day God's fullest bounty willed,  
 Bereavement sore to-morrow.  
 Resigned to Heaven, its promise won,  
 This was her prayer, "God's will be done."

God's will be done; yet sad to feel  
 That this must be the summing—  
 A long life, filled with woe and weal,  
 All to this measure coming,—  
 A narrow bed for death's long night,  
 Yet for it resignation;  
 The star of hope her guiding light,  
 And faith her consolation.  
 So pray we, till our race is run,  
 God's will be done! God's will be done!  
 —Farm Journal.

## HIRAM POWERS AND YOUNG LEIGHTON.

It was on the advice of the American sculptor. Hiram Powers, that as a lad Frederick Leighton was allowed to follow his predilection for an art career. The question was settled in Florence about 1845, when he was about 15 years old. His father showed a portfolio of sketches to Powers and asked if he would recommend him to bring him up as an artist. The sculptor asked for a week to think the matter over. At the end of that time he said, "Mr. Leighton, your son may be as eminent as he

pleases." "Shall I make him an artist, then?" asked Mr. Leighton. "That is out of your own power," was the reply. "Nature has done it for you." So it was agreed that young Frederick should study to become a painter, but only on condition that he should not neglect any other part of his education in consequence.—*Art Amateur.*

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.—*Pythagoras.*

God never gave man a thing to do concerning which it were irreverent to ponder how the Son of God would have done it.—*George McDonald.*

A minister surprised his congregation by saying, "I have forgotten my notes, and shall have to trust to Providence; but next time I will come better prepared."

All the glory and beauty of Christ are manifested within, and there he delights to dwell; his visits there are frequent, his condescension amazing, his conversations sweet, his comforts refreshing; and the peace that he brings passeth all understanding.—*Thomas A Kempis.*

Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill;  
 We may be independent if we will.

—Churchill.

True, conscious honor, is to feel no sin,  
 He's armed without that's innocent within.  
 —Pope.

The drying up a single tear has more  
 Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.  
 —Byron.

A relic of the Maine has found its way to Ireland in the shape of a gold watch and massive chain which was the property of C. O. White, son of Mr. White, of Youghal, County Cork. White was chief master-at-arms on board the ill-fated American man-of-war. The case of the watch was somewhat dented, and the interior injured by lying in the water for some days, but otherwise it was not much damaged.