

many have only enjoyed the missionary's influence a few days. But all is not lost. For example, a little girl had attended this school for some months when she had the misfortune to lose her father. She was then placed in a convent by her relatives. The child wept abundantly on leaving her beloved teacher. She was within the walls of the convent for two years. But as soon as she left it, she hastened to visit Madame Muraire, shedding tears of joy at seeing her again, and assuring her of her faith in Jesus Christ as her *only* Saviour, and her desire to possess the Gospel and to keep the things which are therein taught. Since that time she has always given evidence of her attachment to the truth, but she is under surveillance and cannot act freely. Let us pray then for this young disciple and for the prosperity of this school.

[For the CANADIAN INDEPENDENT.]

HOME.

The morning sun shone soft and bright,
The air was pure and clear ;
My steady step fell quick and light,
Nor knew my soul a fear ;
For though the way was long and cold,
The end, I knew not where,
Hope's vivid pictures made me hold
To wait, or do, or dare.

But ah ! the change when evening grey
Curtained a cloudy sky,
And, languid, I retraced the way
My feet could scarce descry.
By rugged care my heart was bruised,
Hope's rainbow tints were gone,
To this world's watch and wards unused,
I could but stumble on.

The rough wind's breath, the dark sky's frown,
Fell like the stroke of wrath,
When from the heaven a star looked down,
A light beamed on my path.
The light of home ! oh, blessed light !
To weary wanderers dear,
The light of Heaven ! oh ! glorious light !
To souls that stumble here.

What matters now the weary road ?
My toil shall soon be o'er !
And oh ! at last at home with God
Life's cares shall cark no more.
Be this my hope ! be this my aim !
Though rough the road may be,
Thy feet, bless'd Jesus ! trod the same,
And I would follow Thee.

SILENCE.

How eloquent is silence ! Acquiescence, contradiction, difference, disdain, embarrassment, and awe, may all be expressed by saying nothing. It may be necessary to illustrate this apparent paradox by a few examples. Do you seek an assurance of your lady-love's affection ? The fair one confirms her lover's fondest hopes by a compliant and assenting silence. Should you hear an assertion, which you may deem false, made by some one of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt, you denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent. Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior ? You mark your respect by an attentive silence. Are you compelled to listen to the frivolous conversation of a fop ? You signify your opinion of him by treating his loquacity with contemptuous silence. Are you in the course of any negotiation about to enter on a discussion painful to your own feelings, and to those who are concerned in it ? The subject is almost invariably prefaced by an awkward silence. Silence has also its utility and advantages. And first, what an invaluable portion of domestic strife might have been prevented, how often might the quarrel which, by mutual aggravation, has, perhaps terminated in bloodshed, have been checked at its commencement by a judicious silence ! Those persons only who have experienced them are aware of the beneficial effects of that forbearance, which to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputed culpability, shall never answer a word. Secondly there are not wanting instances where the reputation, fortune, the happiness, nay, the life of a fellow-creature, might be preserved by a charitable silence.