

O! look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make him whole.	But I would ask some share of hours which you on clubs bestow,
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,	Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not something know?
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our child?	Subtract from meetings amongst men, each eve, an hour for me,
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,	Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be;
And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.	If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think when you're away;
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,	Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of your stay.
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong;	A meet companion soon I'll be, e'en of your studious hours,
I ask for not less frugal fare, if such as I have got	And teachers of those little ones you call our cottage flowers;
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not;	And if we be not rich and great, may we be wise and good!

BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

I was standing in the broad, crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain; and although the sun was then shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the frozen ground. There was a clear, bright look, and a cold bracing feeling in the air, and a keen north-west wind, which quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along—a *poor*, ill-clad child: her clothes were scant and thread-bare; she had no cloak, and no shawl; and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I, even I, who could do nothing else, pitied her. As she passed me, her foot slipped upon the ice, and she fell, with a cry of pain: but she held the bundle tightly in her hand, and jumping up, although she limped sadly, endeavored to run on as before.

"Stop, little girl, stop," said a soft sweet voice; and a beautiful woman, wrapped in a large shawl, and with furs all around her, came out of a jeweler's store close by. "Poor little child," she said, "are you hurt? Sit down on this step and tell me." How I loved her, and how beautiful she looked!

"Oh, I can not," said the child, "I can not wait—I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoe-maker's, and mother must finish this work to-night, or she will never get any more work to bind."

"To-night?" said the beautiful woman—"to-night?"

"Yes," said the child—for the stranger's kind manner had made her bold—"yes; for the great ball to-night; and these satin slippers must be spangled, and—"

The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's hand, and unrolled it. You do not know why her face flushed, and then turned pale; but I, yes I looked into the bundle, and on the inside of the slipper I saw a name—a lady's name—