

One of our opposite neighbours, almost a new comer, a poor washerwoman, who used the back-yard as a drying ground, when she entered said, "How beautiful! these flowers are! When I grow tired of my washing, I come out into the yard and look up at them, and I feel better!"

How glad we were that we had a window-garden! Time passed, and our flowers bloomed beautifully. The sun did not shine too brightly, neither did the rain come too soon, to spoil their blossoms; and before the summer was ended, in our room and the opposite one, we counted nine-and-thirty windows with each some little imitation of our window-garden. Rude wooden boxes, filled with nasturtiums or mignonette, solitary pots with a single plant, or in some cases, after a day's holiday in the country, a large jug full of flowers placed on the window-sill, fastened by a cord nailed on each side of the window.

After the flowers came the birds, and in a little time there was quite a chorus from our neighbour's birds; so that, as one woman said, "What with the flowers, and the birds singing, we could almost think we were in the country."

But now the summer is ended, and the winter is coming, and what shall be done with our box? If we can have it enclosed with glass we may yet have flowers in the winter; we must see. The handy man believes he can make a glass cover to it.

Three beautiful fuchsias, all in brilliant blossom, were sent by a kind friend for our Mission Window-Garden. "Too good," said one. "No," replied another, "our Lady think nothing too good for us."

We were glad to hear this; her words went to our heart. We felt the good woman to be right; nothing could be too good that in the least degree should tend to raise our fellow-creatures, and we thought of the great and exceeding love of Him which first found expression in giving to man "every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed," and afterwards rose to its highest manifestation when "He so loved us, that He gave Himself for us;" and we remembered the words that He spake, "Little children, a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

GREGORY NAZIANZEN TO HIMSELF.

Where are the wing'd words? Lost in the air.  
 Where the fresh flower of youth and glory?  
 Gone.  
 The strength of well-knit limbs? Brought low  
 by care.  
 Wealth? Plundered; none possess but God  
 alone.  
 Where those dear parents who my life first  
 gave.  
 And where that holy twain, brother and sis-  
 ter? In the grave.  
 My fatherland alone to me is left,  
 And heaving factions flood my country o'er;  
 Thus, with uncertain steps, of all bereft,  
 Exiled and homeless, childless, aged, poor,

No child mine age to soothe with service sweet,  
 I live from day to day with ever-wandering  
 feet.

What lies before me? Where shall set my day?  
 Where shall these weary limbs at length re-  
 pose?

What hospitable tomb receive my clay?  
 What hands at last my failing eyes shall  
 close?

What eyes will watch me? Eyes with pity  
 fraught?

Some friend of Christ? Or those who know  
 him not?

Or shall no tomb, as in a casket, lock  
 This frame, when laid a weight of breathless  
 clay?

Cast forth unburied on the desert rock,  
 Or thrown in scorn to birds and beasts of  
 prey;

Consumed and cast in handfuls on the air,  
 Left in some river-bed to perish there?

This as thou wilt, the day will all unite  
 Wherever scatter'd, when thy word is said:  
 Rivers of fire, abysses without light,

Thy great tribunal, these alone are dread.  
 And thou, O Christ, my King art fatherland to  
 me,

Strength, wealth, eternal rest, yea all I find in  
 thee!

*From the Greek.*

The greatness of the glory eternal consists not only in the eternity of its duration, but in its intention also, as being supreme, and without limits in its excellency. Such is the beauty of righteousness, such is the joy of that Eternal light, of that immutable Truth and Wisdom, that although we were not to continue in it above one day, yet for so short a time, a thousand years in this life, replenished with delight, and abundance of all goods temporal, were justly to be despised: *One day in Thy Courts is better than a thousand.* And if those joys of Heaven were short, and those of earth eternal, yet we ought to forsake these for those. What shall it be to possess them for an eternity, when the joy of each day shall be equivalent to many years?

A peregrination is this life; and what passenger is so besotted with the pleasures of the way, that he forgets the place whither he is to go? How comest thou to forget death, whither thou travellest with speed, and canst not, though thou desirest, rest one small minute by the way? for time, although against thy will, will draw thee along with it. The way of this life is not voluntary like that of travellers, but necessary, like that of condemned persons, from the prison unto the place of execution. To Death thou standest condemned, whither thou art now going. How canst thou laugh?

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Some people keep their magnifying glass ready and the minute a religious emotion puts out its head, they catch it and kill it, to look at it through their microscope, and see if it is of the right kind. Do you not know, my friends, that you cannot love and be examining your love at the same time? Some people, instead of getting evidence by *running* in the way of life, take a dark lantern, and get down on their knees,