

I know not where he may be now. I know not whether, in a distant land, he yet stands up in his Master's name, and proclaims, "Come, whosoever will;" or whether, "having fought the good fight and finished his course," he has entered his everlasting rest; but I am sure that, when the trumpet shall sound, and sea and land give up their dead, one who might have risen to shame and contempt shall awake to glory and everlasting life. I know not what became of little Mary, whether she is struggling in poverty and loneliness, or is surrounded by riches and honors, or whether she has already fallen asleep; but I am sure that in the last day, when the crown of life is placed upon her brow, one gem, surpassing all earth's brightest jewels, shall shine in it for ever and ever.

Would you not like to win such a gem for the crown which the Judge shall give you?

LITTLE CHILDREN.

God bless little children!
Day by day,
With pure and simple wiles,
And winning words and smiles,
They creep into the heart;
And who would wish to say them nay?

They look up in our faces,
And their eyes
Are tender and are fair,
As if still lingered there
The Saviour's kindly smile!
So very meek they look, and wise.

We live again our play-time
In their play;
Their soft hands lead us back,
Along a weary track,—
The pathway of our years,—
Unto the time when life was May.

Oh! when my days have ended,
I would rest
Where little children keep
Their slumber long and deep:
My grave be near the little mounds
I know that God hath blest!

—George Cooper, in the Round Table.

"HOW HAPPY I'LL BE."

A little one played among the flowers,
In the blush and bloom of summer hours
She twined the buds in a garland fair,
And bound them up in her shining hair;
"Ah me!" said she, "how happy I'll be,
When ten years more have grown over me,

And I am a maiden, with youth's bright glow
Flushing my cheek, and lighting my brow!"

A maiden mused in a pleasant room,
Where the air was filled with a soft perfume;
Vases were near, of antique mould,
Beautiful pictures rare and old,
And she of all the loveliest there,
Was by far the loveliest and most fair;
"Ah me!" said she, "how happy I'll be,
When my heart's true love comes home to me!
Light of my life, my spirit's pride,
I count the days till thou reach my side."

A mother bent over the cradle nest,
Where she soothed her babe to his smiling
rest;
"Sleep well," she murmured, soft and low,
As she pressed her kisses on his brow;
"Oh! child, sweet child, how happy I'll be,
If the good God let thee stay with me,
Till later on, in life's evening hour,
Thy strength shall be my strength and tower!"

An aged one sat by the glowing hearth,
Almost ready to leave the earth;
Feeble and frail, the race she had run,
Had borne her along to the setting sun,
"Ah me!" she breathed, in an under-tone,
"How happy I'll be when life is done!
When the world fades out with its weary strife,
And I soar away to a better life!"

'Tis thus we journey, from youth to age,
Longing to turn to another page,
Striving to hasten the years away,
Lighting our hearts with the future's ray;
Hoping on earth till its visions fade,
Wishing and waiting, through sun and shade;
Turning, when earth's last tie is riven,
To the beautiful rest that remains in heaven.

REAL POWER.—Wealth, we are told, is power; talent is power, and knowledge is power. But there is a mightier force in this world than either of these; a power which wealth is not rich enough to purchase, or genius subtle enough to refute, nor knowledge wise enough to overreach, nor authority imposing enough to silence. They all tremble in its presence. It is truth! the really most potent element of social or individual life. Though tossed upon the billows of popular commotion, or cast into the seven-fold furnace of persecution, or trampled into the dust by the iron heel of power, truth is the one indestructible thing in this world that loses in no conflict, suffers from no misusage and abuse, and maintains its vitality and completeness after every assault.