

Cleanings.

THE BABY'S DRAWER.

There's a little drawer in my chamber
 Guarded with tenderest care,
 Where the dainty clothes are lying,
 That my darling shall never wear.
 And there, while the hours are waning,
 Till the house is all at rest,
 I sit and fancy a baby
 Close to my aching breast.

My darling's pretty, white garments !
 I wrought them, sitting apart,
 While his mystic life was throbbing
 Under my throbbing heart.
 And often my happy dreaming
 Breaks in a little song,
 Like the murmur of birds at brooding,
 When the days are warm and long.

I finished the dainty wardrobe,
 And the drawer was almost full
 With robes of the finest muslin
 And robes of the whitest wool.
 I folded them all together,
 With a rose for every pair,
 Smiling, and saying, "Gem fragrant,
 Fit for my prince to wear."

Ah ! the radiant summer morning,
 So full of a mother's joy !
 "Thank God he is fair and perfect,
 My beautiful, new-born boy."
 Let him wear the pretty, white garments
 I wrought while sitting apart ;
 Lay him, so sweet and so helpless,
 Here, close to my throbbing heart.

Many and many an evening
 I sit, since my baby came,
 Saying, "What do the angels call him ?"
 For he died without a name ;
 Sit while the hours are waning,
 And the house is all at rest,
 And fancy a baby nestling
 Close to my aching breast.

—Putnam's Magazine.

WHERE TO LOOK.—Never look down into your own heart without immediately afterwards *looking up to Christ*, trusting His atoning sacrifice and its cleansing power. This is a simple rule ; but it has wondrous efficacy in turning the sadness of self-condemnation into the unspeakable joy of grateful love.—*Godfrey Massy.*

Small acts of kindness, how pleasant and desirable do they make life ! Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad, and despondency sits at the entrance to the soul, a trifling kindness drives away despair, and makes the path cheerful and pleasant.