

let us require of ourselves always and everywhere no less. While we interfere with no other's right of private judgment, let us recognize as publicly as possible, the supremacy of God's love and power, and the relations between Him and man. Let us *find* His presence in the worlds of Nature and Art, and demand it in those of Custom and Law. Only so, may we truly serve our sex, our nation, our age. Only so, can we lay our foundations beyond the power of rains that fall, or waves that beat! Only so, shall we be able to confer on humanity, a single privilege worthy of immortal beings!

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

BY H. WARE, JUN., D.D.

To prayer, to prayer! for the morning breaks,
 And earth in her Maker's smile awakes:
 His light is on all below and above,
 The light of gladness, and light, and love:
 O then, on the breath of this early air,
 Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer! for the glorious sun is gone,
 And the gathering darkness of night comes on:
 Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
 To shade the couch where his children repose:
 Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
 And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer! for the day that God has blessed
 Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest:
 It speaks of creation's early bloom;
 It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb:
 Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
 And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.