

der similar emotions the poet exclaims :—

"Come let us ascend, My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above ;
If thy heart be as mine.—If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

Who in Jesus confide, We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath ;
With the prophet we soar, To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

And how forcibly do such instances remind us of that deeply interesting scene in the Saviour's life, when "they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that

brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.' And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

WM. HAW.

Smithville, Feb. 25th, 1854.



POETRY.

DO THEY MISS ME ?

[The following lines were written in California by a young man, and addressed to a sister :—]

Do they miss me at home ? Do they miss me ?

"I would be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some loved one
Were saying, "I wish he were here !"

To feel that the grouch at the fireside

Were thinking of me as I roam !

Oh yes ! 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season

That ever is sacred to song,

Does some one repeat my name over,

And sigh that I tarry so long ?

And is there a chord in the music,

That's miss'd when my voice is away ?

And a chord in each heart that awaketh

Regret at my wearisome stay ?

Do they set me a chair near the table,

When evening's home pleasure's are nigh,

When the candles are lit in the parlour,

And the stars in the calm azure sky ?

And when the " Good nights " are repeated,

And all lay them down to their sleep,

Do they think of the absent, and waft me

A whisper'd " Good night, while they weep ?

Do they miss me at home ? Do they miss me

At morning, at noon, or at night ?

And lingers one gloomy shade 'round them,

That orly my presence can light !

Are joys less invitingly welcome,

Are pleasure less hailed than before,

Because one is missed from the circle ?

Because I am with them no more ?

THE SISTER'S REPLY.

We miss thee at home. Yes ! we miss

Since the hour we bade thee adieu,

And prayers have encircled thy pathway

From anxious hearts loving and true,

That the Saviour would guide and protect thee

As far from the loved ones you roam,

And whisper, when e'er thou wert saddened,

'They miss thee—all miss thee at home.

When morning awakens from slumber,

We catch from her lips the first kiss,

And fold in a wandering zephyr

To be wafted to him whom we miss ;

And when we have joined the home circle

And replaced the still vacant chair,

In each eye rise the gathering tear-drops

For him we were wont to see there.

The shadows of evening are falling,

O, where is the wanderer now ?

The breeze that floats lightly around us,

Perchance may soon visit his brow ;

O bear on thy bosom a message,

We are watching—Oh, why wilt thou roam ?

The heart has grown sad and dejected,

For we miss thee—all miss thee at home !