

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY JENNY MARSH.

She had hid the rose mid her golden
curls,

And bound the violet there ;
And a gleam of joy lit the crimson cheek,
'That knew no shade of care.

For the skies were blue, and the flowers
bright,

The birdling's song was love ;
And a charm was thrown around her
gentle heart,

Like beamings from above.

She thought of the home in the better
land,

Where all is wreathed in light ;
"My Father," said she "bless the flowers
here,

And keep them ever bright.
Let the sunshine fall on their pretty
heads,

And bid the rose-buds bloom ;
Nor to the wild storm and the tempest's
wrath,

These gentle blossoms doom."

And the Father smiled on the little one,
For He loved the rose-buds too ;
And He knew what years, with their
bitter strife,

On that spotless heart would do.
He feared that storms of life's foaming
tide

Would robe that flower in night ;
So He bore it hence, where the angels
dwell,

To keep it forever bright !

ENGLAND'S BRIDE

BY J. W. THIRWALL.

In her beauty and youth like the morn
o'er the sea,

Comes the daughter of Denmark to
England the free,

And sounds of rejoicing awake through
the land,

For beauty and worth every bosom
command ;

The harps and the voices of the minstrels
resound

Through England's rich valleys and
uplands around,

From the bleak hills of Wales, and from
Erin's bright shore,

Come, welcome and blessing from rich

and from poor,
So come, Maid of Denmark, like morn o'er
the sea,
To thy new island-dwelling, Britannia
the free !

No bosom so dark or so narrow we find,
One feather of discord to cast on the wind ;
What matter our clan, our opinion, or
caste,

The proudest that puffs is but man at
the last ;

At least, for the time let all differences
sleep ;

Should they ne'er wake again, a full
harvest we reap ;

Of peace and good will, what a world were
it then,

To find such feeling the rule among men.
So come, Maid of Denmark, like morn
o'er the sea,

To thy home and thy dwelling, Britannia
the free ;

The hills of Auld Scotland re-echo our
song,

Where the wild torrents leap, or the
burn runs along

The shepherd rejoices alone on the moor,
Tho' the dark storm is looming, the
herald winds roar,

From the Chieftain's proud walls, hark ;
the pipe's thrilling tone,

In that shieling so lowly, like welcome
is shown ;

The heart of the Nation beats high with
delight,

At this Bridal Auspicious, the promise so
bright.

So come Maid of Denmark, like morn
o'er the sea,

To thy home and thy dwelling, Britannia
the free !

The more quiet and peaceably we get
on, the better—the better for ourselves, the
better for our neighbors. In nine cases
out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man
cheats you, to cease dealing with him ;
if he is abusive quit his company ; if he
slanders you take care to live so that no-
body will believe him.

Louis IV, who was a slave to his phy-
sician, asked his friend Moliere what he
did with his doctor. "Oh, sire," said he,
"when I am ill I send for him. He comes ;
we have a chat, and enjoy ourselves ; he
prescribes—I don't take his medicine—
and am cured."