

Down past unnumbered orbs
 A mighty angel flies,—
 One thought his pulsing soul absorbs,
 While on and on he hies.

At length he slacks his pace,
 At length his wings are shut,
 And veiling well his glorious face,
 He enters a mean hut.

No whispering nurses move
 On tip-toe round the bed ;
 No friend is there, no woman's love,
 No cheering word is said ;

No fire glows in the grate ;
 No Jeech is drawing nigh ;
 Abandoned to his wretched fate,
 A poor man there doth lie.

All, all is dark and lone,
 It is the midnight drear ;
 The breathing of the dying one, ¶
 Alone falls on the ear.

Hark ! 'tis the passing bell,
 Startling the morning light,
 And this the message it doth tell,
 " A pauper died last night !"

Up in a rapid flight,
 Up through the hymning spheres,
 A happy spirit went last night,
 From all its cares and fears.

For then the mandate came,
 Spoke was the welcome word ;
 From Life's great Book another name
 The waiting angel heard.

Blest are the righteous dead,
 The pious poor are rich ;
 But as to dusts, in death's dark bed,
 We know not which is which.—*Christian Times.*

BOOK NOTICES.

UNITED CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND FRENCH MISSION RECORD.—
 We are much pleased to learn from the perusal of this Report that the
 Church of England and Ireland French Mission is progressing most