

THE ALMIGHTY LOVE.

The night wind murmurs in the poplar tree ;
 The white moon sails in deeps of cloudless sky ;
 The nightingale is singing, all for thee,
 Her lovely lullaby.

The bright, light birds that in the sunshine sing,
 Are sleeping now, as thou, my bird, should'st be ;
 The spell of night lies soft on everything—
 On all the flowers and thee.

The lawn is grey with dew, the river flows
 With ceaseless murmur by the willows gray ;
 Soft sleeping now, the lily and the rose
 Wait patiently for day.

The daisy buds are sleeping—softly curled—
 Soft sleeps my flower at last upon my knee ;
 And the Almighty love holds all the world,
 As mother love holds thee.

—*British Weekly.*

For all true words that have been spoken,
 For all brave deeds that have been done,
 For every loaf in kindness broken,
 For every race in valor run,
 For martyr lips which have not failed
 To give God praise and smile to rest,
 For knightly souls which have not quailed
 At stubborn strife or lonesome quest ;
 Lord, unto whom we stand in thrall,
 We give Thee thanks, for all, for all.

For each fair field where golden stubble
 Hath followed wealth of waving grain ;
 For every passing wind of trouble
 Which bends Thy grass that lifts again ;
 For gold in store that men must seek,
 For work which bows the sullen knee ;
 For strength, swift sent to aid the weak,
 For love by which we climb to Thee ;
 Thy freemen, Lord, yet each Thy thrall,
 We give Thee praise for all, for all.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *in the Young Women's Gazette.*

A CANDYDAIT.—“We invite attention,” writes a Georgia editor, “to the announcement of a candidate from the F. rks for school commissioner, and we will say this much in his behalf: If ever a man needed an office with a school attachment, he is that man. Read his announcement: ‘To the ediTor i am A candydait to the Office of skule KommiSsioner an Ask My frens to Cast a Voat in My Beehalve, I am a r Arm man, beein cut oph in a saw Mill, an nead the Office.’”