



## POETRY.

### ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BY J. E.

Father of all, whose blest abode  
In heaven's high throne, thou reignest  
Lord  
Throughout eternity the same,  
All hallowed be thy glorious name.  
Oh, may thy peaceful kingdom come !  
Let the last wanderer be brought home ;  
Thy will be done, thou God of love,  
In earth, as 'tis in heaven above ;  
This day our daily bread supply,  
Our real wants do not deny ;  
Forgive our sins, as we do those,  
Who would our path to heaven oppose ;  
May we have strength from thee each hour  
To guard against temptation's power ;  
And may we from all evil be  
Delivered and preserved by thee ;  
For power and majesty are thine,  
And glory, too, thou King divine !

*Simcoe, Jan. 25, 1851.*

### SPARE THE INSECT.

O, turn that little foot aside,  
Nor crush beneath its tread  
The smallest insect of the earth,  
That looks to God for bread.

If he, who made the universe,  
Looks down in kindest love,  
To shape an humble thing like this,  
From his high throne above—

Why shouldst thou then, in wantonness,  
That creature's life destroy ;  
Or give a pang to any thing  
That he has made for joy ?

My child, begin in little things  
To act the gentle part,  
For God will turn his love away  
From every cruel heart.

### ANAGRAM.

If you transpose what ladies wear—*VEIL*.  
'Twill plainly show what bad folks are—*VILE*.

Again, if you transpose the same,  
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name—*LEVI*.  
Change it again, and it will show  
What all on earth desire to do—*LIVE*.  
Transpose the letters yet once more,  
What bad men do you'll then explore—*EVIL*.

### HYMN.

*TUNE—Fondly thine own.*

Rise—rise—free from thy mourning,  
Light—light—breaks from the sky,  
See—see—bright the day dawning,  
Jesus is risen on high.

Rise—rise—rise—rise—Jesus is risen, &c

Come—come—sing to the Saviour,  
Love—love—beams from his eye,  
Haste—haste—share in his favour,  
Worship the Saviour on high.

Come—come—come—come—Worship.  
&c.

Praise—praise—yield him with gladness,  
Earth—earth—banish thy gloom ;  
Where—death—where is thy sadness ?  
Jesus returns from the 'omb.

Praise—praise—praise—praise—Jesus,  
&c.

Hail—hail—children adore thee,  
Here—here—anthems we give.  
There—there—dwelling in glory,  
Love in thy life we'll receive.  
Hail—hail—all hail—Love in, &c.

### MARCH.

BY HORACE SMITH.

The bud is in the bough,  
And the leaf is in the bud,  
And earth's beginning now  
In her veins to feel the blood,  
Which, warm'd by summer's sun  
In th' alembic of the vine,  
From her founts shall overrun  
In a ruddy gush of wine.  
The juices that shall feed  
Trees, vegetables, fruits,  
Unerringly proceed  
To their pre-appointed roots ;  
And if this azure arch  
Fills the poet's song with glee,  
O thou genial month of March,  
Be it dedicate to thee !

“Men's books with heaps of chaff are  
stored ;  
“God's Book doth golden grains afford ;  
“Then leave the chaff, and spend thy pains  
“In gathering up the golden grains.