

taken a great step towards the reunion of Christendom. The delicate and difficult questions involved in the adaptation of the "Historic Episcopate" might be removed by friendly conference in the spirit of Jesus Christ.

POETIC GEMS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our weary souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

O, long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

I GIVE MYSELF TO JESUS.

Thine for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy Throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever! oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Saviour, keep
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

GOOD MORNING TO GOD.

By Mrs. Hamlin of Constantinople.

"O I am so happy!" the little girl said
As she sprang like a lark from the low trundle-bed.

"'Tis morning, bright morning! Good morning,
Papa,

O give me one kiss for good morning, Mamma!
Only just look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet notes, 'Good morning to
Mary!'

The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes—
Good morning to you, Mr. Sun: for you rise
So early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be!"

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
(And the mother stroked softly a clustering
curl)—

"Happy as can be; but think of the One
Who awakened this morning both you and the
sun."

The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod:
"Mamma, may I say, then, 'Good morning' to
God?"

"Yes, little darling one, surely you may,
As you kneel by your bed every morning to
pray."

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies,
And two little hands that were folded together
Softly she laid in the lap of her mother.
"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she
said:

"I thank Thee for watching my snug little bed;
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light!
O keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray!"

THE BRIDE'S DELAY.

Sweet sister, leave me, let me muse
A short space in our girlhood's bower—
Out of the past I fain would choose
The sweetest, brightest, happiest hour,
To seal upon my heart of hearts,
As balm for future times of woe—
If there be such—how my heart starts,
Now slow, now fast—now fast, now slow.

What was the gladdest hour of all?
Down the long rank and file I move,
All bear a look of sweet content,
All bear the finger touch of love,
But which is perfectest of all—
I fain would find one seeming best—
That I in tenderness might call
It forth forever from the rest?

Was it that hour, clear, calm, and cold,
Our mother robed us all in white,
And at the chancel, white and gold,
We knelt for confirmation rite?
'Mongst all the row of white-robed girls,
None knelt with purer joy than I;
I thrilled when on my bowed head's curls
There fell the blessing's mystery.

Or later, was it when we met,
My love and I, and through my soul
There flashed a something unknown yet,
So strange, so sweet, beyond control?
Or was it when he told me all
Of his great love for me, and I
Felt all my pulses rise and fall
As to a happy melody?

What was the sweetest? Hark! the chime
Of bells doth rouse the slumb'rous air,
My wedding bells—ah! sweetest time!
Ah! music beyond all compare!
Before the altar now he stands,
I must away my love to greet,
Oh soon to be united hands—
Did bells e'er peal so clear and sweet?

Farewell, dear shelter of the past,
Where all my girlish dreams were spun—
All hours are fair—but this, the last—
It is my life's supremest one.
Yes, sister—have I paused too long?
Hand me the book—lead on the way—
The air seems full of light and song—
Oh happy hour! Oh happy day!