

(ORIGINAL.)

THE BEREAVED PARENTS.

ADDRESSED TO —.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

St. Mark, v. 9.

Yes! we were blessed, as few are blessed below,
In the rich gift of one most darling child;
And how we loved her, none save God can know,
So pious was she, dutiful and mild.

From infancy that precious one would raise
Her little hands, in fervent, heartfelt prayer,
And sing, in accents sweet, Immanuel's praise,
While angels listened to the hallowed air.

And she was lovely! on that gentle face
How oft we gazed in fond and tender care,
And marked, as years rolled by, in every grace,
That more of Heaven seemed brightly imaged there.

God spared her to us for a few brief years;
Alas! they fled—she passed away from earth,
Too pure to linger in this vale of tears,
Her spirit soared to Him who gave it birth.

And there, with saints redeemed, in robes of white,
Our darling child now dwells forever blest,
Where darkness can no more obscure her sight,
Or pain or grief disturb her heavenly rest.

Oh, comfort to a parent's sorrowing mind,
The thought it comes with healing on its wing,
To check our tears, to bid us be resigned,
To rob the grave of all its bitter sting.

She is not gone! we see her in each star;
Her voice is heard in every passing wind;
We turn with pious faith our eyes afar,
And in that brighter world our Anna find.

E. M. M.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE LAMENT OF MRS. — FOR A FAVOURITE DOG.

Farewell, my faithful friend of happier years!
No more with me shall thy fond footsteps stray
Ah, who will chide me for these bitter tears,
The softest tribute memory can pay?

Linked as thou wert with joys forever flown,
Companion of those hours so full of glee;
Beloved by one, alas! forever gone,
My poor old dog, how dear you were to me!

The chain is rent, and thoughts come crowding on,
Like darkening shadows o'er the solemn night:
Thoughts of the past, so mingled with that one,
In scenes of bliss, ere hope was put to flight.

When thou would'st join in childhood's happy play,
And sport in mirthful mood upon the plain,
And voices sweet were heard, so blithe and gay,
Voices we may never hear again.

They all are hushed, and thou, the last fond tie,
Art numbered with the things that once have been;

Of mortal mould, thou wert but born to die,
And close thine eyes upon this earthly scene.

And here we leave thee, truest of thy kind,
The sharer of our joys and heavy woe;
Who, when we wept, with more than instinct pined,
And seemed the cause of all that grief to know.

Ah! yes, we leave thee, never more to rise,
While faith recalls our wandering thoughts above,
And bids us view our child beyond the skies,
Now happy with the Saviour of her love.

E. M. M.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

A CLERGYMAN was presented to a living in the vicinity of Glasgow who had a protuberance between his shoulders, arising from diseased spine and a corresponding protrusion of the chest. The parishoners were opposed to a person of such an ungainly appearance occupying their pulpit. The presentee heard of the dissatisfaction, and being a personage of some humour and tact, convened a meeting of the malcontents, in order to ascertain their objections. 'I have heard,' said he, 'that my settlement amongst you is not likely to be agreeable; now, as I am not aware of any objection to my opinions or practice—my slender abilities for such a charge I admit—I should just like, as we are all friends and brethren, and have only one object to serve, that you would state your objections.' One glanced to another, which was as significantly returned almost round the vetoists, and silence prevailed for some time. 'Speak out,' said the presentee, 'don't be afraid; I am not ready to take offence,' when one stammered out 'Sir, you see—we—you see—Sir—sin' I maun speak for my brethren here—dinna like your bodily appearance.' 'Neither do I,' was the reply, 'and if ye can get it repaired, I'll be at half the expense mysel.'

PHRENOLOGY.

As a phrenologist and his friend were indulging in a cheering cup, the latter said to the former, 'Did it never occur to you, to rap on the head those who come to submit their skulls to your examination, by way of trying if they were empty?' "No," said the other, rather oblivious from the fumes of the flask, "No; it was not necessary, as if they had anything in their heads they would never have come to me!"