

"Your love has given my life its charm,
 Throughout all my being flowing.
 But stronger tenderer is the arm,
 To whose kind care I'm going.
 To hear me over Jordan's tide,
 God sends his strong evangel."
 She ceased. Our home had lost its pride,
 But heaven had gained an angel.

An Angel in the House.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
 Or dying of the dreadful beautiful sight,
 An angel came to us, and we could bear
 To see him issue from the silent air
 At evening in our room, and bend on ours
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
 News of dear friends, and children who have never
 Been dead indeed! as we shall know for ever.
 Alas! we think not what we daily see
 About our hearths—angels that are to be,
 Or may be if they will, and we prepare
 Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
 A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
 In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.
Leigh Hunt.

A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.

The White Water Lily.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

At the bottom of a wild, dark, muddy lake, there lay a very small root. The mud covered it, the fish swam over it, the frogs hid under it, and once a great moose actually trod on it.

"O dear," said the little root, talking to itself, "how dark and lonesome it is down here! Hardly a ray of light comes to me. They tell me it is light and beautiful up above me—there is a lovely sky there; but the heavy waters lie on me, and press me down. Nobody ever thinks of me, or ever knows that I live. I am a poor useless thing. I can't communicate with any one! I might as well not be!"

The snow covered the earth and filled the forest, and the ice covered the lake, and there lay the little root coiled up in loneliness. But when the spring had returned, and the snows were gone, and the ice had melted, and the birds had come, and the forest had put on its mantle of green, the little root felt that the water was warmer, and she peeped up with one eye, and then she nestled and felt a strong desire to see the light. So she shot up a long, smooth, beautiful stem till it reached the top of the lake. But when she attempted to draw it back again, she found it would not come. But instead of that, a little bud grew on the end of the stem. She called, but the bud gave no answer; it only swelled and grew larger and larger, and the rains fell on it, and the sun and the moon seemed to smile on it, and cheer it, till at last it burst open, full of joy, and found itself the white, sweet pure water lily. Its leaves were of the purest white, while in its centre was a golden spot covered with down. It

lay upon the top of the water, and basked in the sun, a most beautiful object. The root felt it and felt that it was really herself, though in a new form. The humming bird paused over it, and thrust in its bill to suck its sweetness. The air all around was made sweet by its fragrance. Still it felt that it was of no use in the world, and wished it could do something to make others happy.

At length the splashing of oars was heard, and the lily turned round to see what it meant, Just then she heard the voice of a little boy in the boat, saying:

"O father, what a beautiful lily! Do let me get it!"

Then the boat turned slowly toward it, and the little boy put out his hand and seized it. The long stem broke off near the root, and the child held it in his hand. It seemed the fairest, sweetest thing he ever saw.

"Now what will you do with it?" asked the father.

"I'll look at it and smell of it."

"Is there nobody else that would like to see it and smell of it?"

"I don't know, sir. O, yes, now I think! Would not Jane Irving love to have it?"

"I think she would."

That afternoon poor Jane Irving, who lived in the cottage just under the maple trees, lay on her sick bed alone. She was a poor motherless child. She knew she had the consumption, and must die. She was thinking about the dark, cold grave, and wondering how Christ could ever open it and make her come out! A tear stood in each eye, just as the little boy came to her bedside with the white water lily.

"See here, Jane, I got that away out in the lake and brought it for you. I thought you would like it."

"Thank you, thank you! It is indeed very beautiful and very sweet. What a long stem! Where did it grow?"

"It grew out of the mud in the bottom of the lake, and this long stem, as long as a man, shows how far down it grew. It was all alone—not another one to be seen. I'm glad you like it, but I must go," and away ran the little boy.

Jane held the pure white flower in her hand, and the good spirit seemed to whisper in her heart, "Jane! Jane! don't you see what God can do? Don't you see that out of dark, foul mud, he can bring a thing more beautiful than the garments of a queen, and as pure as an angel's wing; and can't he also, from the dark grave, raise your body, pure and beautiful and glorious? Can you doubt it?" And then the voice seemed to say, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and the heart of the poor child was filled with faith, and the angel of Hope wiped away her tears, and the little lily preached of peace and mercy: when she withered she thanked God that nothing need be regarded as useless.