

POETRY.



CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Mother, I've watched the closing day,
Till in the West it died away.
And when I could not see the sun,
The stars came peeping one by one,
Taught their gentle, twinkling lights
To guide poor travellers on by night.
The cows are milked and gone to rest
Upon the meadow's verdant breast:
And all around is calm and still,
Except the little rippling rill.
Mother, before I go to sleep,
I must ask God my soul to keep:
Pardon my sins for Jesus' sake,
And guard my body till I wake,
Dearest mother, then of you,
I must ask forgiveness too,
For every naughty word to-day.
You've heard your little darling say:
Forgive, dear mother; and believe,
I'll try no more your love to grieve.

ALL CAN DO SOMETHING.

A little boy, brim full of fun,
Running as hard as he could run,
Plunged in a pond, head over heels,
Among the fishes and silver eels.
His elder brother caught his hand,
And brought him safely back to land:
The second fish'd his floating cap;
His sister cried at his mishap:
And all directly homeward came,
Dreading to hear their father's blame.
His kindness laid their fears at rest,
They told the truth,—and truth is best.

He heard their talk: then, smiling, said,
(Patting the first upon the head,)

"Your courage saved your drowning brother,

Receive this book: and now another
I give the second for his aid.

But what for you, my little maid?

You nothing did—you only cried:

And yet, your right is not denied:

You little did, but that was good—

Your little was just what you could;

To you an equal gift is shared,

Your kind desire I now reward."

Thus, Christians, help poor dying souls

With all the means your power controls:

Stretch forth the hand, some burden bear,

Or raise your heart in fervent prayer:

The Lord of men, the God most high,

Approves you if you only cry.

Ragged School Magazine.

ANNA FELL.

Children, perhaps you never heard,
Of little Anna Fell,
Then listen to the simple tale
Which I'm about to tell.

Anna had once a happy home,
A father good and mild;
But he is gone, and she is left
The lonely widow's child.

They have no cottage by the rill,
With jessamine round the door,
And wild flowers scatter'd everywhere,
Like some whom we call poor.

But in the crowded city street
She and her mother dwell;
Their little room, so dark and damp,
It makes me sad to tell.

She sees the rich man's costly dome,
Where wealth and power abide,
And in the street his children pass
Her by with looks of pride.

Because her frock is old and worn,
Her bonnet faded too;
Alas! 'tis hard to suffer want
With plenty in our view.

But Anna is a happy child,
Far happier, it may be,
Than some who wear the jewell'd robe
'Mid scenes of revelry.

For in the Sabbath school she learns
That Jesus blest the poor,
And that, far more than glittering gold,
He loves the heart that's pure.

And so she shares her mother's toil
From early morn till even.
Cheerful and happy, for she knows
That she shall rest in heaven.

And when at night she lays her down,
Upon her little bed,
She thinks that Jesus had no home,
No place to lay his head.

Children, amid your happiness,
Where love and plenty dwell,
Come, learn to love your Saviour's name,
Like little Anna Fell.