

397. Chas. Sayyea,—

The Sabbath School's a place of prayer,
I love to meet my teacher there,
They teach me there that every one
May find in heaven a happy home. —Wm. Bradbury.

398. Walter S. Smart,—

Good, the more Communicated more abundant grows.
—Milton.

399. Bessie A. Stacey,—

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above.
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's food astray
From realms of love —Longfellow.

400. Hobart Shipman,—

The Death of the Just.

How calm is the summer sea's wave !
How softly is swelling its breast !
The bank it just reaches to lave,
Then sinks on its bosom to rest.

No dashing, no foaming, nor roar,
But mild as a zephyr its play ;
It drops scarcely heard on the shore,
And passes in silence away.

So calm is the action of death
On the halcyon mind of the just,
As gently he rifles their breath
As gently dissolves them to dust.

Not a groan, nor a pain, nor a tear,
Nor a grief, nor a wish, nor a sigh.
Nor a cloud, nor a doubt, nor a fear,
But calm as in slumber they lie. —Edmeston.

401. Maretta Sykes,—

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is a good
action, done, as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking
at the bottom of it. —Stern.