

With features haggard and pale,
 With breathing heavy and long,
 A toper sat o'er his mug of ale,
 Telling to youth a warning tale.
 And sang this desperate song.
 Quaff—quaff—quaff—
 In misery, madness and woe,
 'Mid frozen roar and treacherous laugh,
 And his reason's fading glow,

THE GREATNESS OF CREATION AND THE GOODNESS OF THE CREATOR.—“Imagine a railway from here to the sun. How many miles is the sun from us? Why if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy, the boy would grow to be a man, the man would grow old and die without seeing the sun; for it is distant more than a hundred years from us. But what is this compared to Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started by our railway to go from Neptune to the sun, at the rate of 50 miles an hour, they would not have got there yet; for Neptune is more than six hundred years from the centre of our system.” By reading the above you can form some idea of the vastness in which we live, and which God made. The sun, the moon, and all the stars that shine so beautiful above us, by day or by night, are all the workmanship of God, who requires us all, both old and young, to love him. Why do you love your father? You answer:—“Because he is good to me.” Why do you love your mother? “Because she loves me and takes care of me,” must be your answer. Why do you love your friends? “Because they are kind to me,” is the reason given. Now, think of God who is good to you, because he has given you life, health, and enjoyment—who loves you, or he would not have surrounded you with all the beautiful things that man's eye has ever seen—who is kind to you, or he would not have given you the light of the sun by day, or that of the moon and stars by night. Little children should think of the greatness and kindness of their Heavenly Father, that they may in early life learn to obey and serve him. He who learns in early life will not be apt to forget it in old age. And he who truly serves and loves God from childhood to old age, is the happiest man in the world. Such a man is not only blessed by his God, but he is loved, honoured and respected by his fellow-men.—*Christian News*.

THE HOME MOTHER.—Some one, writing for the *Masonic Mirror*, has drawn a charming picture of a home loving, child-loving mother! “We must draw a line, aye, a broad line, between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion who flits from ball to opera and party, decked in robes, and followed by a train as hollow and heartless as herself—she who, forgetful of the holy task assigned, neglects those who have been given in her charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings, while she pursues her giddy round of amusements. “Not so, our home mother! Blessings be on her head. The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties. How patiently she sits, day after day, shaping or sowing some article for the use or adornment of her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness! How the little face dimples with pleasure and the bright eyes grow still brighter, as mamma decks them with her own hands in the new dress she has made! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel, if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one

but her can warm the mitts and overshoes, or tie the comforters round the neck! There is a peculiar charm about all she does—the precious mother. They could not sleep, nay, for that matter she could not if she failed to visit their chamber, and with her soft hands arrange them comfortably before she slept! Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator, as she looks on those sweet blooming faces; and when their prayers are done, she imprints a good night kiss on each rosy little mouth. It may be, too, a tear will start for one little nestling, laid in its chill narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sleet and snow descend, and the wild winter winds howl above its head. It needs no longer her tender care! A mightier arm enfolds it! It is at rest! She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the hand that sped the shaft, and turns with a warmer love, if it be possible, to those little ones who are left her to love. How tenderly she guards them from every danger, and with what a strong, unflinching love she watches by their bedside when they are ill! Blessings be on the gentle, loving home-mother. Angels must look with love upon her acts. Her children shall rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds shall enfold her as a garment.”

The Voice of the Grass.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Here I come creeping, creep: ~ everywhere:

By the dusty roadside,
 On the sunny hill side,
 Close by the noisy brook,
 In every shady nook,
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere:
 All round the open door,
 Where sit the aged poor,
 Here where the children play
 In the bright and merry May,
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
 In the noisy city street,
 My pleasant face you'll meet,
 Cheering the sick at heart,
 Toiling his busy part,
 Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
 You cannot see me coming,
 Nor hear my low sweet humming;
 For in the starry night,
 And the glad morning light,
 I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
 More welcome than the flowers,
 In summer's pleasant hours;
 The gentle cow is glad,
 And the merry bird not sad
 To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
 When you're numbered with the dead,
 In your still and narrow bed,
 In the happy spring I'll come,
 And deck your silent home,
 Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
 My humble song of praise
 Most gratefully I raise
 To Him at whose command
 I beautify the land,
 Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.