

## POETRY.



## PRAYER.

Wake, little child, the morn is gay,  
The air is fresh and cool ;  
But pause awhile, and kneel to pray,  
Before you go to merry play,  
Before you go to school.

Kneel down and speak the holy words ;  
God loves your simple prayer  
Above the sweet songs of the birds,  
The bleating of the gentle herds,  
The flowers that scent the air.

And when the quiet evenings come,  
And dew-drops wet the sod ;  
When bats and owls begin to roam,  
And flocks and herds are driven home,  
Then kneel again to God.  
Because you need Him day and night,  
To shield you with His arm ;  
To help you always to do right,  
To feed your soul and give it light,  
And keep you safe from harm.

## THE CHILD AND THE SKEPTIC.

A little girl was sitting beside a cottage door,  
And with the Bible on her knee, she conn'd its  
pages o'er,  
When by there pass'd a traveller, that sultry sum-  
mer day,  
And begg'd some water and a seat, to cheer him  
on his way.

"Come in, sir, pray, and rest awhile," the little  
maiden cried,  
"To house a weary traveller is mother's joy and  
pride."  
And while he drank the welcome draught and  
chatter'd merrily,  
She sought again the cottage door, the Bible on  
her knee.

At length refresh'd, the traveller—a skeptic he—  
uprose :

"What! reading still the Bible, child?—your  
lesson, I suppose?"  
"No lesson, sir," the child replied ; "I have no  
task to learn ;  
But often to these stories here with joy and love I  
turn."

"And wherefore do you love that book, my little  
maid, I pray,

And turn its pages o'er and o'er the livelong sum-  
mer day?"

"Why love the Bible, did you ask?—how angry,  
sir, you look!

I thought that everybody loved this holy, precious  
book."

The skeptic smiled, made no reply, and pondering  
travelled on,

But in his mind her answer still rose ever and anon:  
"I thought all loved the holy book,"—it was a  
strange reply ;

"Why do not I, then, love it too?" he whispered  
with a sigh.

He mused, resolved, examined, pray'd ; he looked  
within, above ;

He read, acknowledged it, the truth, and wor-  
shipp'd Him, the love.

A nobler life, from that same hour, the skeptic's  
proud began,

And lived and labour'd many a year, a Bible-  
loving man.

*London Christian Times.*

## WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR ?

Thy neighbour?—it is he whom thou  
Hast power to aid and ble-s ;  
Whose aching heart or burning brow  
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the fainting poor,  
Whose eye with want is dim ;  
Whom hunger sends from door to door :  
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour?—'tis that weary man,  
Whose years are at their brim,  
But low with sickness, cares, and pain :  
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the heart bereft  
Of every earthly gem ;  
Widow and orphan, helpless left :  
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour?—yonder toiling slave,  
Fetter'd in thought and limb ;  
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave :  
Go thou and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form  
Less favour'd than thy own,  
Remember 'tis thy neighbour's worm,  
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by,  
Perhaps thou can'st redeem  
The breathing heart from misery :  
Go where thy lot with him.