



POETRY.

LIKE JESUS.

I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For he one cross and angry word
Was never heard to speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
Obedient when a child;
He kept his parents' words, and lived
So holy and so mild.

I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer:
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met his Father there
I want to be like Jesus,
For I never never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good;
So that it might be said of me
That I've done what I could.
Alas! I'm not like Jesus;
But I will pray to be.
Kind Saviour, take my sinful heart,
And make me more like thee!

A MORNING HYMN.

BY REV. ROBERT NEWSTEAD.

Again, O Lord, I rise to see
The glories of the day;
Let my first thoughts ascend to thee,
And teach my heart to pray.

I laid me down and slept in peace,
For thou wert near me still;
Let me this day my Saviour please,
And do his holy will.

Beneath thine eye I still am found,
The same by night or day;
O let thy goodness guard me round,
And guide me in thy way.

Assist me, Lord, this day to live
Obedient to thy word;
Nor let me thy good Spirit grieve,
Nor sin against the Lord.

I would, O Lord, devote my days,
With all my powers, to thee;

And do what Christ my Saviour says,
Who gave himself for me.

Let me with every day I live,
Be more prepared for heaven;
Thy grace improve as I receive,
And live and die forgiven.

From the Sunday School Advocate.

MY LITTLE SISTER.

I had a dear twin-sister,
Her eyes were black and fair;
And lovely in the sunshine
Were the ringlets of her hair.

How oft among the blossoms
We laugh'd the hours away,
And with our rocking Pony
We'd spend each cloudy day.

The winter brought no sadness
To our exulting hearts;
Her face was always cheerful,
For we did never part.

Three summers pass'd thus happy
In our little talks and play;
And in the Sabbath school we'd sing
Of the land that's far away.

But now I am so lonely,
For my father came and said,
When all was dark around me:
"Your little sister's dead."

Yet I think of sister Martha,
And ask, "Why don't she come?"
But mother says she's happy
In her bright angelic home.

Well, little sister Martha,
How glad I am to know,
That thou art happy in the skies,
Beyond the reach of woe.

Then wait a little longer,
And I will come to thee,
And there we'll be together,
Through all eternity. WILLIE.

Morristown, N.J., Dec. 7, 1853.