THE GARLAND.

Vol. I.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation?"

Beautiful thing! with thine eye of light, And thy brow of cloudless beauty bright, Gazing for aye on the sapphire throne Of Him who dwelleth in light, slone, Art thou hasting now, on that golden wing, Wish the burning seraph chair to sing! Or stooping to earth, in thy gentleness, Our darkling path to cheer and bless?

Beautiful thing! then art come in love,
With gentle gale from that world above:
Breathing of pureness, breathing of bliss,
Bearing our spirits away from this
To the better thoughts, to the brighter skies,
Where Heaven's unclouded aunshine lies,
Winning our hearts, by a blessed guile,
With that infant look, and angel smile.

Beautiful thing 1 thou art come in juy,
With the look, with the voice of our darling boy,
Illm that was torn from the bleeding heart
He had twined about with his infant art,
To dwell, from sin and from sorrow far,
In the golden orb of his little star—
There he rejoiceth, while we, oh! we
Long to be happy and safe as he.

Long to be happy and one as he.

Benutiful thing! thou art come in peace,
Bidding our doubts and our fears to cease,
Wiping the tears that, unbidden, start
From their fountain deep, in the broken heart,
Cheering us still, on our weary way,
Lest our hearts should faint, or our feet should stray,
Till, crowned for the conquest, at last we shall be,
Benutiful thing! with our boy and thee!

Remember Me, 1899.

DEAN SIR—I am in some little disorder by reason
of the death of a little child of mine, a Boy that lately
made us very glad; but now he rejoices in his little
orb, while we think, and sigh, and long to be as safe
JEREMY TAYLOR, 1656.

ON AN HOUR GLASS. ON AN HOUR GLASS.
Mark the golden grains that pess,
Brightly, through this channeled glass;
Menauring; by their ceaseless fail.
Henven's thost precious gift to all!
Pauseless—till its sand be done—
See the shining current run;
Till, its inward treasure shed,
(Lo! another hour has fled!)
Its task-performed—its travail past—
Like mortal man, it rests at last! Yet, let some hand invert its frame, And all its powers return the same; For all the golden grains remain, To work their little hour again!

But who shall turn the glass for man,
From which the golden current ran;
Collect again the precious annd,
Which time has scattered with his hand;
Bring back life's streng, with vital power,
And hid it run another hour?—
—A thousand years of toll were vain,
To gather up a single grain.

[Friendship's Offering.

SAINT JOHN, TURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1829.

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SAINT JOHN, TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1829.

THE SISTERS.
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