

have been hardened by a long exhortation. As an illustration of this I remember a striking anecdote of the well-known and excellent Felix Neff. Neff was walking one day along the principal street of one of the villages in his care, when he discerned a person before him whom he took for one of his flock. Walking up to him at a brisk rate, Neff laid his hand upon his shoulder, exclaiming, "Well, friend, how is it with your soul to-day?" The person proved to be a total stranger, and Neff politely apologized and went on his way. Years after, he was met by the same person, who running up to him said, "Oh, sir, how much I have to thank you for that one word. You asked me of my soul once, mistaking me for your friend; that question led me to think that I had an immortal soul, and to seek its salvation."—*American Paper.*

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## POETRY.

### HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;  
And she that doth most sweetly sing,  
Sings in the shade when all things rest;  
In lark and nightingale we see  
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose "the better part,"  
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;  
And Lydia's gently-open'd heart  
Was made for God's own temple meet;  
Fairest and best adorn'd is she,  
Whose cloathing is humility.

The saint that wears heav'n's brightest crown,  
In deepest adoration bends;  
The weight of glory bows him down,  
Then most, when most his soul ascends;  
Nearest the throne itself must be  
The footstool of humility.

MONTGOMERY.

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H—W—, WHO DIED, MARCH, 1812, AGED 20  
MONTHS.

### TO HIS BEREAVED PARENTS.

Weep not for your child, though the heart's swelling  
grief

Finds in tears and in sighs, the required relief;  
This nature demands, yet would I remove  
The anguish you feel for the son of your love.

Assuag'd be the anguish, let joy take its place,  
Let your bosoms all gladness exult in the grace  
That pitied your child and took him away,  
From that world of darkness, to this region of day

My memory, now strong, reverts to the hour—  
When sudden I droop'd and decay'd as the flower;  
You wept when you saw life's bloom fade and die,  
When you heard—scarcely heard life's last parting  
sigh.

Just then a bright seraph came swift from above,  
Still swifter return'd with the son of your love;  
Nor stay'd, till we reach'd this fair mansion of rest,  
The home of earth's pilgrims, the abode of the blest.

I gazed all around, I gazed on the throne,  
And saw—O how glorious!—the Crucified One;  
Benignant he smiled, then beckon'd me near,  
I approach'd him with awe, but I felt not a fear.

On my head He now planted a glorious crown,  
The glory reflected first beam'd from His Own,  
The palm-branch of triumph he plac'd in my hand,  
Then waved his bright sceptre—the sign of command.

All heaven saw the signal, then burst forth the song  
From angels and saints who encircled the throne,

Blessed be thy name for ever,  
King of grace, for ever blest!  
Who shall e'er from thee dis sever  
Those who share this glorious rest?

Welcome, infant pilgrim, here!  
Welcome to this blest abode!  
No suffering now, no danger fear,  
Behold thy Saviour and thy God!

J. J. C.

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