

How lightly the little one sped to her mother, and how tearfully she fell upon her bosom, or how gladly the mother whispered sweet words of love and forgiveness, which were sealed with fond kisses, we shall not describe; but from that day forward, the mother, the child, and the faithful negro slave became closer and dearer friends than ever before.

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## HIGHER.

BY MRS. E. L. SKINNER.

Oh, I hear your voices chanting through the star-encircled spaces,  
And I see your white robes trailing in the glory-jaden air;  
And my heart leaps forth exulting, like the rider at the races,  
With the goal in view before him, and his triumph waiting there.

Oh, Jerusalem, the glorious! grand, eternal, higher city!  
Where earth's jarring discord melteth into harmony sublime;  
Oh, ye saints, white-robed and waiting, look adown on us with pity,  
Who linger still and groan beneath the scourging lash of Time.

Here our highest thoughts and holiest, are stained and sin-polluted;  
Our joys are quickly swallowed by a swift-pursuing pain;  
All our costliest sacrifices with self are still diluted,  
And we never walk so upright that we stumble not again.

We never see the sunlight flood the earth in Eden beauty,  
And happy flowers smile back again the glad thanksgiving ray,  
But shadows lurk like sentinels, who, eager to their duty,  
Sweep o'er the flowers, crush back the smile, and chase the beam away.

We never strike the psaltery with our praises and thanksgiving,  
But the crash of curses round us mingles with them on the strings;  
We never give the thirsty drink and smile at the reviving,  
But wails from lips we cannot reach prick all our smiles with stings.

Oh! for peace and rest eterna!; oh! for light undimmed, unfading;  
Oh! for harmony unbroken on my tortured ear to fall;  
Oh! for purity unblemished, free from earthly line and shading,  
And the love of God, like banners, waving softly over all.

Oh, ye saints, white-robed and waiting, look adown on us with pity,  
Pierce earth's shadows with your vision, as ye stand without the gate.  
Oh, Jerusalem, the glorious, grand, eternal, holy city!  
Oh, Lamb! the light, the joy thereof, I yearn, I call, I wait!