

be dear to me for his sake. The rose has its root in the earth; but its beautiful flower and its rich odour are always aspiring towards heaven; so my Saviour; the "truth sprung out of the earth," Ps. lxxxv. 11; and, ascending to glory, diffused the fragrance of his merits through heaven and earth. The rose of Sharon—the flower of the garden—wherever it grew, betokened cultivation and fertility. Wherever Christ comes and abides, "the wilderness and the solitary place is glad; the desert rejoiceth and blossoms as the rose. It blossoms abundantly, and rejoices even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon is given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God," Isa. xxxv. 1-2.

If I wear a rose in my bosom, it scents my whole person. Has the Saviour a place in my breast,—he communicates the fragrance of his merits to my soul, and his spirit fills the atmosphere through which I move, as it were, with the breath of heaven. Even in death, the rose is sweet—passing sweet, and sweeter every place where it lies. Thus, the Rose of Sharon has given the fragrance of life to the very chambers of death and the grave,—to that wardrobe of the saints, where the material garments are to be laid up, until the morning of the resurrection, then to be brought forth beautiful and fresh, fit for the court of heaven.

Hadst thou not in the lone wood's shade,
Oft seen a lovely flower,
Pale, weak, and bending low its head,
Drenched by the thunder-shower?

Transplanted thence, and trained to grow—
The sunny garden's pride,
How sweetly did its odours flow,
Diffused on every side!

Fair Sharon's Rose thus lonely grew
In scorned Galilee,
And fainted 'neath the gory dew
Of dark Gethsemane.

Now, by the Lord's right hand removed
To his own Paradise,
By all admired, adored, beloved,
Its fragrance fills the skies.

—My Saviour.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

Two little children, blithe and gay,
Pressed to their mother's side one day;
Looked in her face with eyes of blue,
Begging "a story neat and true."
Fondly she stroked the golden hair,
Kissing each forehead smooth and fair;
And this is the true, sweet tale she told,
Of a spotless lamb in the Saviour's fold.

Allison Miller was mild and fair,
A lovely tint had her wavy hair;
Her eyes were of softest brown—and bright;

They beamed and flashed with the sun's sweet light;
The bloom on her cheek would come and go—
At the cry of joy, or the wail of woe;
Light was her step as the graceful fawn's—
Playfully bounding o'er dewy lawns;
And her gentle voice with its music clear,
Like rain in summer refreshed the ear—
And Allison Miller possessed a mind
Well stored with knowledge of varied kind,
For books were to her a world of light;
Wherein she would wander from morn to night,
Plucking the flowrets fresh and rare,
That bloomed in the fields of learning fair.
So, Allison Miller seemed formed to live
In all sweet pleasure this world can give;
Endowed with talent and winning grace
To love and be loved Life's longest space,
Stealing all hearts with the magic sweet,
That charmed where kindness and beauty meet—
But Allison Miller was called to die,
Oh, it seemed hard—and none knew why!
None but the Sovereign Lord; who still
Descends to the garden of earth at will,
Tending His flowers with gentlest care—
Gathering blossoms here and there—
Leaving sometimes the fall-blown rose—
For the bursting bud from its stem that grows—
In Allison's bosom was fluttering fair,
And tossing, and trembling, as Death drew near;
But billows must fall and tempests cease,
And winds may not whisper when Christ speaks—
peace;

For she opened her heart to her Lord who died,
And prayed Him to enter, and none beside!
And He came with His matchless love and might,
Putting all terror and doubt to flight—
Whispering sweetly of sin forgiven,
Filling her soul with Himself and heaven—
Then from those fading lips so young,
Joyfully; Hallelujahs rung!
Washed in the Saviour's precious blood,
Fearless she soared from the fearful flood,
To the shining ranks of the saved above—
To the light of His presence, whose name is Love—
So Allison sleeps 'neath the soft green sward,
One of the blessed who "die in the Lord!"

Children, if ever you go to weep—
O'er loved ones on Highgate's steep—
Search among countless tombs unknown—
For a little grave with a fair white stone—
There you may read this couplet sweet,
Truly for spot so holy meet—
"Not gone from memory, not gone from love,
But gone to her Father's house above!"
—Children's Friend.

"Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate."—Romans xiii. 16.

When Sir William Jones returned the salute of a negro who had bowed to him, he was reminded that he had done what was very unfashionable. "Perhaps so," said Sir William; "but I would not be outdone in good manners by a negro."