

The air was thick with pleading—
 He bowed—he did not dare
 To scoff or sneer : for in his soul
 He felt that *God was there!*

Strong fear took hold upon him,
 And an exceeding dread.
 Perchance he felt as those who see
 The grave give up its dead!
 Confronted by the Master—
 The God he had denied,
 Whose promises he'd scorned—and now
 He'd not a hope beside!

He bowed—above the tempest,
 Above the surging roll
 Of the mighty waves of anguish
 That 'whelmed his sinking soul,
 A cry went up, and never wretch
 Cast on the ocean broad
 Sent up a sharper wail than he
 Who cried—"My mother's God!"

O! what a tide of memories
 Came rushing o'er him then!
 The present time was nothing,
 He lived the past again;
 And a pale sweet face that weary years
 Had lain beneath the sod,
 Rose up, and then in anguish
 He cried, "My mother's God!"

"God of my mother!" Lowly
 The strong man bowed him then;
 His wondrous stores of knowledge
 To help or save were vain.
 God of my mother! Wonder not
 If blinding tears gushed forth,
 To him that mother's love had been
 The truest thing of earth.

—*St Louis Presbyterian.*

THE SCARECROW.

There he stood 'mong the graceful corn,
 With his tattered arms stretch'd out,
 While the fresh sweet air played softly round,
 Waving the rags about.