

judiced minds, we will find a measure of it everywhere; though for restful quiet worship we believe *that* is enjoyed most fully in the home meetings, and in attending to its welfare. But we are to "Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in Heaven." HOPEFUL BAND.

Select Recitations for Literary Circles.

THE FIRESIDE.

Dear Cloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be chosen our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbor enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast the jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
This world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut our home.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And they our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown
Or by the world forgot;
Monarchs! we envy not your state,

We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But, then, how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies
To want no more than may suffice
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our powers;
For if our stock be very small;
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given;
Dear Cloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go,
Its chequered paths of joy or woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

THE FOUR CALLS.

The spirit came in childhood,
And pleaded "Let me in;"
But, ah! the door was bolted,
By thoughtlessness in sin.
The child said, "I'm too young yet,
There's time enough to-day,
I cannot open." Sadly
The spirit went his way.

Again he came and pleaded,
In youth's bright, happy hours,
He called, but heard no answer,
For, lured by Satan's power,
The youth lay dreaming idly,
And saying, "Not to-day,
Not till I've tried earth's pleasures,"
Again he turned away.

Again he came in mercy,
In manhood's vigorous prime;
But still he found no welcome,
The merchant had no time.
No time for true repentance,
No time to think and pray,
And so, repulsed and saddened
The spirit turned away.