

has a Bible, *all his own*. Does he read, and love, and prize it, as the writing which tells of his Father, his Saviour, and his heavenly home?—*Child's Paper*.



THE FATHER'S RETURN.

All the day long in the corn-field so weary,
 Father has toil'd in the heat of the sun,
 Now the great bell from the farm-yard rings cheery,
 Telling the time of his labour is done.

Far in the west, streaks of crimson are sbinig,
 Where the last sunbeam is just out of sight.
 Slowly and brightly I watch'd it deciining,
 Through the old elm-tree all golden with light.