

Another crowned one swelling Heaven's high train,
 Another loved one missed at our low shrine,
Hers, the deep calm of Heaven's eternal gain,
 A tearful trust, a tender memory, *mine*.

The other picture is a gentle child—
 A lovely boy, with curls of clustered gold,
 And calm dark eyes that seldom more than smiled,
 As though his life had grown too grave, and old,—
 Too full of weighty thought and lofty quest,
 And earnest searchings after things unseen;
 And yet the quiet child seemed strangely blest,
 As one who inly feels Heaven's peace serene.

So close beside me in his Sabbath place
 He sat or stood, my hand I might have laid
 Upon his sunny curls, or dropped a kiss
 Upon his fair white temples, while he prayed.
 Frail, beauteous child! upon his little feet—
 Though all unheard by love's quick ear attent—
 E'er then, death's chilling waters darkly beat,
 And with his childish hymns their murmurs blent.

One Sabbath day there was an empty seat—
 I could not see for blinding tears that hour—
 But by-and-by, where living waters meet
 In God's fair Paradise, I marked my flower,
 And ceased to weep. Henceforth, with loving care
 These precious pictures in my heart I shrine,
 Food for sweet thought, incentive to sweet prayer,
 My own, until I reach their home and mine.

Peace at any Price.

NO one will deny that war has a glory; a glory, too,
 which has special attractions for thousands. It is very
 natural to resent an injury; yet only the mean-spirited
 can feel a pleasure in resentment. But let an individual or
 national struggle, waged in behalf of right and liberty, oc-