

could not find expression for so much grief; all tongues were silent, all hands dropped with stupefaction and wished to quit work; only here and there was heard "poor Charley, poor Charley." This universal regret for so many admirable qualities showed itself practically by one of the grandest funerals ever witnessed in Kingston. He was a subscriber to "THE VOICE," and we ask prayers for his soul. R. I. P.

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

(Written for THE VOICE.)

Mary, help of Christians,
I raise my heart to thee,
Gentle Queen of Heaven,
A mother be to me.

When the road grows weary,
And dry and parch'd the streams,
When life's storms heat o'er me,
And sad my spirit seems,

Then, O! Gracious Lady,
Protect me from the storm,
Spread thy mantle o'er me,
And save me from all harm.

Watch me while I slumber,
That 'neath thy gentle pow'r,
I'll not fear the dangers
That wraps the midnight hour.

Linger by my death bed,
Receive my dying sigh,
Wait then, dearest mother,
To claim me when I die.

JULIA FARLEY.