

altar. It made home better, and children better, and servants better, and although sometimes the children appeared noisy and restless, yet they felt the power of prayer, and I would conclude with the poet :

"Be it ever so simple, there is nothing like prayer."

The Child's Last Sleep.

Thou sleepest, but when wilt thou wake, fair child,
When the fawn awakes 'midst the forest wild,
When the lark's wing mounts with the breeze of morn,
When the first rich breath of the rose is born.
Lovely thou sleepest, yet something lies
Too deep and still on thy soft sealed eyes;
Mournful though sweet is thy rest to see—
When wilt the hour of thy rising be.

Not when the fawn wakes, not when the lark,
On the crimson cloud of the morn floats dark—
Grief with vain passionate tears, hath wet
The hair shedding gleams from thy pale brow yet ;
Love with sad kisses unfelt hath prest,
Thy meek dropt eyelids and quiet breast,
And the glad spring, calling out bird and bee,
Shall color all blossoms, fair child, but thee.

Thou'rt gone from us, bright one, that thou should'st die,
And life be left to the butterfly;
Thou'rt gone, as a dew-drop is swept from the bough,
Oh, for the world where thy home is now ;
How may we love but in doubt and fear,
How may we anchor our fond hearts here,
How should e'en joy but a trembler be,
Beautiful dust, when we look on thee.

Christ our Salvation.

Remember, it is not *thy* hold of Christ that saves thee ; it is Christ : it is not *thy* faith in Christ, though that is the instrument ; it is Christ's blood and merit. Therefore, look not so much to thy hand, with which thou art grasping Christ, as to Christ ; look not to thy hope, but to Jesus, the source of thy hope ; look not to thy faith, but to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of thy faith. We shall never find happiness by looking at our prayers, our doings or our feelings : it is what *Jesus* is, not what *we* are, that gives rest to our souls.