

P O E T R Y.



CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

'Tis time to go to bed,
And shut my weary eyes :
But first I'll thank, for daily bread,
My father in the skies.

I fear that I this day
Have not obeyed my God ;
Blest Saviour, pardon me, I pray,
And wash me in thy blood.

I now am very young ;
But as I older grow,
I hope to praise thee with my tongue,
And more of thee to know.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill—a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind ;
And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan,
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface ;
How can it pleasure human pride,
To prove humanity but base !
No, let us reach a higher mood—
A nobler estimate for man ;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be,
To others' failings as your own ;
If ye're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day—
No lips may tell how brief its span—
Then, oh, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can !

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to tell a God is here :
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.
What power, but his who arched the skies
And poured the day spring's purple flood
Wond'rous alike in all its dyes,
Could rear the daisy's curious bud ;
Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spun,
And cut the gold embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within :
And fling it with a hand so free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see—
In every step, the stamp of God !

BAPTISM.

Behold the hallowed emblem flowing,
Pure water o'er the infant brow ;
Behold the little wonderer glowing,
As the strange gift bedews it now.

The sign and seal of purifying
Tells me of washing in Christ's blood,
Tells of the virtue of his dying
Tells of the Spirit's cleansing flood.

These drops my brow was once receiving ;
Thus was I offered by the love
Of gentlest parents, when believing
They gave their child to God above.

Then am I his, by faith's devotion,
Never to wander from my God,
Never to yield to Satan's motion,
Never to quake at Satan's rod.

Keep me O Father, let me never
Forget how closely I am thine ;
O may it be my soul's endeavour,
Living and dying to be thine.

Yet 'tis not sign or seal can merit
Bliss so divine as that I crave ;
Lord, let a sinful child inherit
Favour, through him who died to save !

Catch then, O catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies ;
Life's a short summer—man a flower,
He dies—alas ! how soon he dies !