

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.

In one of his Epistles Paul tells us that, when he was a child, he spake as a child, he understood as a child, he thought as a child. This is natural, and yet we know that some children have views of heaven, and heavenly things, beyond their tender years. We give our young readers in the present number of our *Star*, a piece of poetry which we copy from *Good Words*. It is very touching and truly beautiful; a little girl has lost her father, he has gone to heaven, and here she is represented as lamenting *his absence*; but every verse has a tongue, and you will hear the sound of her voice as you read. The title is

"THE LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT."

Is heaven a long way off, Mother?

I watch through all the day,
To see my Father coming back,
And meet him on the way.

And when the night comes on, I stand
Where once I used to wait,
To see him coming from the fields,
And meet him at the gate;

Then I used to put my hand in his,
And cared not more to play;
But I never meet him coming now,
However long I stay.

And you tell me he's in Heaven, and far,
Far happier than we;
And loves us still the same—but how,
Dear Mother, can that be?

For he never left us for a day
To market or to fair,
But the best of all that father saw,
He brought for us to share.

He cared for nothing then but us—
I have heard father say,
That coming back made worth his while
Sometimes to go away;

He used to say he liked our house
Far better than the hall;
He would not change it for the best
The grandest place of all: