

this, that he thought himself half killed.

His father examined him, and took him to a brook, where he washed off the blood and dirt.

Then he said, "James I think you have learned a good lesson by this accident ; and I hope you will remember, from this, that *your pa-*

*rents know best* what is proper for you to do."

This lesson James did learn, and he has never forgotten it.

Now, my young friends, will you not be wise and learn the same lesson from this incident, and not wait to learn it from your own painful experience ?

## POETRY.



### THE INFANT'S PRAYER.

The west had shut its gates of gold  
Upon the parted sun,  
And through each window's curtained fold,  
Lamps glittered one by one ;  
And many a babe had sunk to rest,  
And many a mother's yearning breast  
Still lulled its idol care,  
When in a nursery's peaceful bound,  
By pure affection circled round,  
I heard an infant's prayer.

Yes, there it knelt ; its cherub face  
Upraised with anxious care ;  
And well devotion's heaven-born grace  
Became a brow so fair ;  
But seldom at our Father's throne  
Such blest and happy child is known  
So painfully to strive ;  
For long with trembling ardour fraught,  
That supplicating lip besought,  
"Please God, let Lily live !"

And still the imploring voice did flow  
That little couch beside,  
As if for poor sick Lily's woe  
It could not be denied ;  
E'en when the spell of slumber stole  
With soothing influence on the soul,  
Like moonlight o'er the stream,  
The murmuring life, the sobbing strife.  
The broken plea for Lily's life,  
Blent with the infant's dream.

So Lily lived, but not where time  
Is measured out of woes ;  
Not where cold winter chills the clime  
Or canker eats the rose ;  
And she who for her infant friend,  
In agonizing love did bend,  
To pour the tearful prayer,  
Safe from the pang, the groan, the dart  
That pierced the mourning parent's heart,  
Lives with her Lily there !

From the Model American Courier.

### WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

BY MISS V. R. FOWLER.

I'm standing by the window sill,  
Where we have stood of yore ;  
The buttonwood is waving still  
Its branches o'er the door ;  
And near me creeps the wild-rose vine  
On which our wreaths were hung ;  
Still round the porch its tendrils twine,  
As when we both were young.

The little path that used to lead  
Down by the river shore,  
Is over-grown with briar and weed—  
Not level as before—  
But there's no change upon the hill  
From whence our voices rung ;  
The violets deck its summit still,  
As when we both were young.

And yonder is the old oak tree,  
Beneath whose spreading shade,  
When our young hearts were light and free,  
In innocence we played—  
And there, beyond the meadow gate,  
On which our playmates swung—  
Still standing in its rustic state,  
As when we both were young.

I see the little moss-grown spot,  
Beneath the yew-tree's shade,  
Where early friends—perchance forgot—  
In earth's embrace are laid :  
The early friends of hope and trust,  
'Round whom our beings clung,  
All slumber in the "silent dust,"  
Since you and I were young.

But, oh ! there is a pleasing sense,  
That hovers o'er the scene ;  
No matter where our wanderings hence,  
Or distant far between,  
Sweet mem'ry brings us back to rove  
The pleasant haunts among—  
The pleasing scenes of early love,  
When you and I were young !

Washington City, 1859.