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GOD AND MY RIGHT.

"Blessed are they that do His commandments that they may have right to the Tree of Life and may enter in through the gates into the city."

God and my Right!—Sovereign to Thee, I bow,
 I kneel before Thee now,
 I swear to Thee my fealty—hear my vow!
 Swear to obey Thee in each high behest,
 To aid thy quest,
 Set Thou thy sign and seal upon my breast!
 I rise, thy Red Cross Knight,
 To battle for the right.
 To lead or follow in thy holy war,
 To heed nor wound nor scar,
 To stand for Thee
 Come life, come death, as Thou hast stood for me!

God and my Right! my right to guard the opprest,
 To succor the distress;
 To lift the shadow and to right the wrong
 To cheer the world with song.
 Therefore my armor shall be always bright
 As fits a loyal knight,
 And faith's own weapons shall make good my right.
 Therefore, my life, without reproach or fear,
 Shall, year by year,
 Reflect the glory of a higher sphere:
 And always, everywhere, on land and sea,
 Through all crusade shall be
 Displayed the banner which Thou gavest me:
 Till He shall come again
 Whose right it is to reign.

S. E. SMITH.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

JUDGE ELDON'S handsome carriage and pair, rolled rapidly away with its two occupants, one a beautifully dressed woman, and the other a sweet, delicate looking child. On the door-step, gazing wistfully after them, was a little girl, but poorly clad, in some cotton garment, which hardly kept out

the wind of the bleak, December day. Her poor little unshod feet were blue with cold, and through the ragged shawl, she wore, could be seen her curly, unkempt hair.

"O, dear! what shall I do?" she cried, "I have been out ever since early morning, and no one has given me a penny. My! but them folks is terrible proud," she reflected, turning her eyes again in the direction of the retreating carriage, for something else had arrested her attention for a few moments, further down the street. "When I nodded and smiled to em and was about to go forwards and speak, that lady, she just drew her silk skirts round her, and hurried the little girl out into that carriage, just as quick as shot, and—"

"Be off with you, you little beggar," exclaimed the merchant, on the step of whose store she stood.

"Please, sir;" she faltered, "Mayn't I stay here a wee bit longer?" but before this, Mr. Miller had turned back into his store, leaving the poor child to face the bitter wind of that cold night, for it was now quite dark. After crossing two or three brightly lighted streets Mamie Walton turned into a little dark alley, and at the far end of it she paused on the threshold of her home, if such it could be called—a low, dark room, which had once served the purpose of a cellar, or underground kitchen, with one broken window through which the sun scarcely ever shone. It had hardly any furniture in it, in fact nothing that could come under that heading, except a large armchair and a small round table; even these were battered and dingy, and it was easy to see they had been through several generations. To-night a tiny, wax candle burned on the little table, affording a dim light to a woman, who sat sewing, with weary eyes, on a white shirt. A pile of them, already