

those we loved under the paternal roof! How vividly flash upon the mind the departure of a pious mother whose loss our heart almost crushed! Or, the last moments of a christian father who may have gone before, pouring out his soul in the following strain:—

“My day is dippin’ in the West, it’s gloamin’ wi’ me noo;
I hear the sough o’ Jordan’s waves, that I maun travel through;
Yet ’tis na Jordan’s waves I fear, nor tremble at the strife,
But oh! this sunderin’ o’ hearts, this leavin’ weans an’ wife.

What tho’ we ken o’ better things—a fairer waurld abune,
Whaur lost frien’s are awaitin’ us, an’ a’ maun travel sune;
This sunderin’ o’ the siller things, that tethers heart tae heart,
Oh! it tries puir human nature sair, an’ maks us laith tae pairt.

Gae rax me oure the Bible, wife, while yet I’m fit tae see;
Ere death creep o’er my cauldrie back, an’ slap my fallin’ e’e;
An’ let us sing a’e partin’ sang, before we sundered be,
For ye canna ha’e me lang noo—I ha’na lang tae dee.

There—pit the pillow tae my back, an’ ease me up a wee;
An’ bring them a’ tae my bedside, tae see their faither dee.
Noo raise the Bible up a thocht, it’s owre laigh on my knee,
An’ shift the licht a honnet back, it’s owre strong for my e’e.’

He wal’d the sang, the partin’ sang, his voice was firm an’ clear,
An’ read the fourteenth o’ St. John, nor did he shed a tear.
Sae is it wi’ the man o’ God when life’s day’s daung is dune,
Nae future fears disturb his mind, nae ruefu’ looks behin’.

‘Oh! but it gi’es me great relief, the singin’ o’ that sang;
My clay is crumblin’ fast awa’, my spirit noo grows strang;
My wife, my weans, we a’ maun pairt, sae dinna sab sae sair,
But dight the tears frae aff yer face an’ let us join in prayer.

An’ let us join in prayer tae Him that’s wantin’ me awa’,
That he may be a faithfu’ frien’ an’ faither tae ye a’.—’
He turned his glazin’ e’e tae heaven, an’ raised his withered han’;
Noo safly gone o’er Jordan’s wave, he’s reacht the better lan’.”

Although the lowly cottage where we were born may have been reduced to ruins, and a stately edifice raised on the spot and now occupied by strangers; although those who once grew in beauty side by side, filling one home with glee, may have been “scattered far and wide, by mountain, stream and sea;” and although the dear friends of our youth may have died, and their bones have been laid in the old church-yard, yet the memories of Home will often be awakened within our bosoms, chequered with the joys and sorrows of life, and we will desire to murmur:—

“Give me my old seat, mother, with my head upon thy knee;
I’ve passed through many a changing scene since thus I sat by thee;
O let me look into thine eyes; their meek, self-loving light
Falls like a gleam of holiness upon my heart to-night.”

What tribute could be paid to the memory of a christian mother greater than this! Such aspirations should encourage those who undertake the duties of a household, to see that their homes are built on correct principles and sure foundations, which alone can constitute a *true home*. Every parent, but especially a wife and mother, must, as life draws to a close, recall many instances of failure—many times when she could have been more affectionate, less exacting and patient, and when firmness and decision, combined with loving words and gentleness, would have secured the desired results far better than sternness or irritability. Many