

Drank in the glories of that beaming brow,
Her doubting heart glow'd with strong faith and
love,

And burning words, such as a mother's heart
Alone may prompt, flowed eager from her tongue.
With passionate tears, and agony intense,
She prayed him chase, with his all powerful hand,
The demon from her child, and give her back,
Freed from such fearful thralldom, to her arms,
That clasp'd in her, their all of earthly bliss.
Her words, her broken sobs, fell not in vain
Upon that pitying ear.

Slowly he turned,
The Saviour of the world, with serious look,
Yet full of tender love, and scan'd the form
Of the low suppliant, prostrate at his feet.
A moment's space, and the great Teacher's eye
Dwelt on that kneeling one, and as he mark'd
Her foreign garb, and heard her foreign speech,
He knew her for a stranger to the soil,
An alien to the faith his precepts taught;
He coldly answer'd, yet with a glowing heart,
Which heav'nly pity, and compassion warm'd,—
"Woman, 'tis right the children should be fed,
Ere we to others give. It were not meet
To take their dole of bread, and cast to dogs,
While they are left to starve."

Still closer clung
That wretched mother to the Master's feet,
Quaffing with eager ear, his low breath'd words,—
Her throbbing heart, by his majestic mien,
Hushed to deep awe, yet kindling as she gaz'd,
With a pure love; intenser, holier e'en,
Than nature own'd—till, with rapt look,
In tone subdued, but firm, she made reply—
"Yea, master, yet the crouching dogs that lie
Beneath the board, eat of the children's crumbs,
And are refresh'd,—e'en by the scattered fragments
Of a feast too rich for them to share."
A heavenly light beam'd from the Saviour's eyes,
As with majestic grace, he stooped to raise
That trusting, trembling mother from the earth.
"Well hast thou spoken, daughter,"—thus he said
In accents calm and gentle as his soul,—
"And, for thy words, so full of fervent faith,
Of holy love, and hur e hope, depart;
Thy prayer is granted; henceforth from the spell
Of evil demon, shall thy child be free,
And live to bless thee, with a daughter's love."
None e'er could know, with what ecstatic joy
Swell'd that glad mother's heart, at words like these,
From lips that knew not guile,—knew but to bless,
And purify mankind, with precepts high,
And wisdom from above.

She turned, she fled
Far from the city's hum, to a lone cot

Buried 'mid lofty screens of cedar tall,
And branching alnum, and the fragrant boughs,
Of that balm-dropping tree, known to the East,—
There, she had left, safe in that quiet nest,
Her heart's rich treasure, torn by madd'ning pain,
And toss'd, and tortur'd, by the vexing fiend.
She saw her now, in her pale loveliness,
Stretched on her couch, languid, yet full of joy,
Her azure eye, as glad it turned to hail
Her coming step, bright with the soul-lit flame,
Kindled at reason's re-illumin'd lamp.
And as the mother cast her clasping arms
Around her child, and strain'd her to her breast,
And heard those lips, which long had utter'd naught
Save the wild, fearful cry of the possess'd,—
Repeat in gentle tones, fond words of love,
And breathe her name, in accents soft and clear,—
She felt, in truth, that He who wrought this deed,
Was God's own Son,—and from that blessed hour,
Baptized into the faith He came to teach,
She lov'd, believ'd, ador'd,—and in his name,
Knew all her sins forgiven.

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I remember once being in company with Theodore Hook, and my saying to him that I believed there were many English singers at the Italian Opera, who had assumed foreign names, in order to be well received; that I had heard of a teacher of the guitar, who was so unfortunate as to have the name of Buggins. Now what romantic young lady would take lessons from him—the thing was impossible. He reflected awhile, when a bright thought occurred. He had cards printed, stating that "instructions on the guitar, lucidly illustrated, would be given by Signor Ruggin." Scholars immediately flocked in, and the man made a fortune. "I have no doubt of it," readily replied Theodore Hook, "depend upon it, that Tambourine's real name is Tom Brown."

A FEE-LEK.

A surgeon and lawyer had very little good feeling towards each other, and the following occurrence took place:—"If," asked the surgeon, "a neighbour's dog destroy my ducks, can I recover damages by law?" "Certainly," replied the lawyer, "you can recover. Pray what are the circumstances?" "Why, sir, your dog, last night, destroyed two of my ducks." Indeed! then you certainly can recover the damages; what is the amount? I'll instantly discharge it. "Four shillings and sixpence," chuckled the surgeon. "And my fee for attending and advising you is 6s. 8d." responded the attorney, "and unless you immediately pay the same, my conduct will be *suit-able*."—*The Honest Lawyer.*