

the *Star* each month. We trust that our friends throughout the country will, without delay, respond to this call for help, and cheer the hearts of those who are working in the Lord's vineyard.

ALEX. GENMEL, *Treasurer*.

D. D. ROBERTSON.

HENRY MELVILLE.

JAMES ROBERTSON.

ROBERT CAMPBELL.

DONALD McLEOD.

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

Sweet is the morning's balmy dew,
As new born day grows into view,
With sparkling drops and shining ray,
Heralding the approach of day.
But sweeter is Life's early morn,
When innocence and youth are born :
Sweet little cherubs from on high
Dropt in our bosom from the sky,
Whose little hands, and feet, and face,
Remind us of a seraph race.
Their helpless look of melting love
Descended with them from above,
With pure, sweet innocence and mirth,
Telling of holy, heavenly birth.
Their every prattle, smile and move,
Is beaming with their Maker's love ;
From every look, from every kiss,
Enjoy a thrill of purest bliss.
As idols, round our hearts they cling,
While soothing lullabys we sing.
Soul-music tinkles all around,
The nursery floor is holy ground.
These dear, sweet gifts in loan are given,
To be returned again to Heaven.
The sweetest picture man can see
Is children round a mother's knee.
Planting the seeds of every truth
In plastic hearts, in early youth,
With food for babes at first she feeds,
To higher truths then slowly leads.
With holy faith and living truth
She fills their minds in early youth ;
She leads them gently, day by day,
To walk the pure and heavenly way :
Sings often of a Saviour's love,