

gathered the flowers on its mossy banks.

Our childhood's home!—What recollections do these words recall;—associated as they are with all that our memory holds dear,—with the remembrance of a father's watchful care and a mother's affection. Almost insensibly we forget the years which have rolled away since we viewed these scenes as happy thoughtless children. But the delusion soon vanishes, and the stern realities of life again resume their sway.

C. M. A.

THE RIVER OF FREEDOM.

BY J. C. HAGEN.



AIL, Mighty St. Lawrence!

The pride of the North!

As pure as the streams That from Eden gushed forth;

With islands of beauty

Where angels may dwell,

And man might mistake

For his home e'er he fell.

Oh! many the rivers

Thy beauty may share,

With waters as sparkling

And islands as fair!

While on their broad bosoms

Exultingly ride

The rich-freighted navies,

Of Nations the pride.

Yet 't is not thy islands,
So fraught with delight;
It is not thy waters,
So sparkling and bright;
For higher and holier
Thy glory shall be—
The slave that once touches
Thy bosom is free.

Yes, glorious river!
The chain of the slave
Dissolves at the magical
Touch of thy wave;
And his ruthless pursuer
Can reach him no more,
For the hand of Oppression
Falls dead on thy shore.

Blessed river of freedom!

Oh! long may thy wave
Be the dread of the tyrant,
The hope of the slave;
And Afric's crushed children
Still hail with delight,
The moment thy waters
First gleam on their sight!

And, oh! that some power
From heaven would fill,
With virtues like thine,
Every fountain and rill,
Till not a broad river
A country shall lave,
Where harbors a tyrant,
Where trembles a slave.

—Christian Inquirer.

THE SNOW FLAKE.

“**W**HERE art thou going, thou little snow-flake,
Quivering, quivering, down the sky?”

What would'st be doing, thou little snow-flake,

Leaving thy home in the regions on high?

Earth is no place for a fair thing like thee,

Fragile as beautiful, graceful as white,—

Meet for an angel to place on his brow,

When he stands by the throne of the Father of light.”

“I am but one of a sisterhood fair;

We have a work to perform upon earth;

So we come quivering down through the air,

Leaving the fleecy clouds where we have birth,

We are commission'd to shelter and shield,

From the sharp frost and the keen nipping wind,

The roots and the seeds in the garden and fields,

That fruits in due season may grow for mankind.”

But dost thou know, O! thou little snow-flake,

Leaving thy home in the regions of air,

That when brought low, O! then little snow-flake,

Dark will thy lot be, and sad will thou fare?

Dashed into pieces, and whirl'd to and fro,

Trod on, defiled, and soon lost in the mire;

Ne'er again to thy home shalt thou go,

Never see the clouds with their edges on fire.”

“Light hearted questioner, we have no fear,

We have no care for what'e'er may betide;

God hath commanded, our duty is clear,

What shall befall us 'tis He must decide,