

But ah ! its roots had fastened  
 Their tendrils round our heart ;  
 Else why was it such sadness,  
 Such bitter pain to part ?

We watched it go with weeping,  
 This darling opening bud ;  
 Though it went to bloom in heaven,  
 Plucked by the hand of God.

And surely that were better,  
 Than lingering in this land,  
 Where clouds and gloom and blighting,  
 Tarry on every hand.

Lighten the gloom, Dear Saviour !  
 Open our eyes to see ;  
 'Mid the flowers of thy heavenly garden,  
 Our Lily safe with Thee.

KATE PULLAR.

Hamilton, Nov. 28th, 1870.

## Gleanings.

The best memory is that which forgets nothing but injuries. Write injuries in the dust, and kindness on marble.

There is no greater grace or possession, than to believe that God speaks to us. If we believed that we should be already blessed. Christ was offered once for all, now he requires nothing but that we should give him thanks forever.—*Luther.*

Believing is neither more nor less than heart-looking. Whosoever looked at the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness was made well, however feeble his look. Just so, whosoever looks at Jesus by faith is pardoned, however great his sins may have been, and however feeble his faith.

WHO PLUCKED THE FLOWER ?—The following inscription in an old English churchyard appears on one page : “ Who plucked that flower ? ” cried the gardener as he walked through the garden. His fellow-servant answered : “ The Master ! ” And the gardener held his peace.

If we work upon marble it will perish ; if we work upon brass, time will efface it ; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust ; but if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and of our fellow-men—we engrave on these tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.

The least you can do for the working-classes who work for you is to provide them with the means of grace. In old times people spoke very differently of working people from what they do now. Abraham had a number of servants in his employment, and what do you suppose he called them ? Why, he called them souls—the souls he had gotten in Aram. Now, the gentlemen in Liverpool and Manchester, what do they call their workpeople ? Hands. That's all !”—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon at Liverpool.*