

“Why, you have always yet pleased me; but I hear you have been paying visits lately at the public-house yonder; now, John, you have a happy home and good wife, don't throw those blessings away, and let this be the last time I hear of this.

The advice was magical, and John and his Mary looked happy as ever, and many a silent prayer did she breathe for him who had stood between her and sorrow.

In this quiet way, many a house owed its home happiness to his kind and judicious interference.

It was a treat to see him throwing off all his cares (with so many interests at stake, how great they must have been) and giving himself up with true zeal and delight, to the innocent recreations of country life. He had a vast collection of pets—dogs, horses, birds, &c.; and he enjoyed finding bird's nests, not to take, but to watch over and protect them from being taken. Every creature that came within his reach, felt the power of his benevolent heart. The mantle of the father, has indeed descended on the son, and his presence in Canada will be hailed with sincere and heartfelt pleasure.

C. H., Rice Lake.

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

All wept and sorrow'd o'er the early bier
Of Jairus' daughter, when the Lord drew near,
And moved with a divine compassion said,
“Mourn not in hopeless anguish for the maid,
She doth but slumber.” Then the faithless crowd
Expressed their scorn and unbelief aloud—
Pointed the marbled brow and ravless eyes,
And cried, “Shall yon unconscious clay arise
At thy behest? And shall unconquered Death
Resign his spoil, and bow thy power beneath?”
So spoke the scoffers, but the maiden's hand
The Saviour took, and at his high command
And thrilling touch, the spirit lately fled
Returns once more, and she the newly dead
In whose cold breast each pulse had ceased to beat,
Where neither breath remained nor vital heat,
Feels the immediate presence and the might
Of the all powerful source of life and light;
At whose creative word existence flowed,
Who now restores the being he bestowed
And death's pale captive, wakening at his word,
Burst the grim tyrant's chain, to glorify the Lord.