

it will be found that kindness will spring up on every side, displacing constitutional unsuitability and want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of a grey sea rock. Such a life is worthy to be lived—such a home well worthy of the name; and it is by no means beyond the reach of any who will earnestly and truly seek to attain it. Yet it comes only through loving watchfulness, not on the part of one alone of the family number, but through the kindly contribution of all; an interest of each in the other, and a determined purpose of all to secure the greatest degree of happiness by the exercise of patience, gentleness, and forbearance, with the consciousness that as all are imperfect, so all require the Christian virtue of humility and charity.”

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### PRAYER.

Prayer is a haven to the shipwrecked mariner, an anchor to them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of diseases, and guardian of health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the clouds of our calamities. O blessed prayer! thou art the unwearied conqueror of human woes, the firm foundation of human happiness, the source of ever-during joy, the mother of philosophy. The man who can pray truly, though languishing in extremest indigence, is richer than all besides: while the wretch who never bowed the knee, though proudly seated as monarch of nations, is of all men most destitute.  
*Chrysostom.*

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## Poetry.

### THE DYING CHILD.

Mother, I am so tired! will go to sleep!  
Do let me on thy bosom lay my head.  
But promise first thy child thou wilt not weep;  
*They burn my cheeks, those tears which thou dost shed.*

How cold it is! and out of doors it blows;  
While in my dreams all is so bright and gay;  
For when in sleep my weary eyes I close,  
I see the baby angels at their play.

Mother! an angel! if I see aright.  
Do hear! such pretty music, like a band.  
See his two wings, so beautifully white;  
God gave him them, I'm sure, with His own hand.

And now I see such colours in the sky;  
'Tis flowers the angel strews—green, gold, and red.  
Shall ever, mother, I have wings, and fly?  
Perhaps, dear mother, say when I am dead?

Mother, why press so hard my little hand?  
Why lay thy face to mine, dear mother mild?  
Thy cheeks are wet, and yet they glow like brands;  
Sure I will always be thine own good child.

And then thou must no longer sigh so deep;  
If thou dost cry, I too must cry with thee.  
I am so tired! Ah, let me go to sleep!  
Mother! see! now the angel kisses me.