

And there beneath its splendor  
 The Armies of the Blest,  
 In peace and joy most tender,  
 Shall own a sacred rest.

## VI.

Oh ! life henceforth be holy,  
 Be glorified to me,  
 My views of self most lowly,  
 And those of God most free ;—  
 Then shall my path be upward,  
 Tho' often fac'd with thorns,  
 And onward, ever onward,  
 Above life's darkling storms.

E. H. L.

Montreal, March, 1854.



## THE DEFORMED BOY.

It was one of those soft, golden days of autumn, which seem like returns of Eden, that a party of young persons assembled in an open field for the purpose of hop-gathering. Nothing could make a prettier rural picture than this grouping of bright-eyed girls and gay young beaux beneath the large arbor they had formed of the graceful and luxuriant vines. There was scarce a girl among them that had not some green sprig or purple aster, or crimson cardinal-flower twisted among her silken locks ; scarce a boy that wore not in his straw hat a drooping cluster of hops, or a bright plume of golden-rod.

Protected from the sun by their canopy of vines, and fanned by the breeze that rustled through it from the neighboring woodland, nothing could be pleasanter than their rustic employment. So many diversions, too, were contrived to lessen its monotony ! One told the tale of Cinderella, a hundred times heard before, yet ever interesting and ever new ; another sang one of Burns' little songs, so appropriate for a scene of rural labor and festivity ; the pitcher of cool root beer was brought, and handed about ; old jokes were revived, and laughed at as heartily as though now for the first time invented ; a sly kiss was stolen by some roguish boy from the strawberry lips of the maiden at his side ; and then, to check the uproarious merriment, a ghost story, such as Tam O'Shanter reduced to prose, or the old ballad of "Margaret's Ghost," was related