

jump about in a strange unnatural manner, with clothes upon you that you did not know how to wear; and to have scanty meals of food to which you had not been accustomed; and to be beaten if you refused to do any of the foolish tricks they taught you; and to be teased by any one who chose to make brutal sport of your sufferings?" "Oh no, no, no! mamma," said Lucy, "but I did not think of any of these things!" "Then try to think a little more before you speak, my daughter, and you will find that it will prevent you from saying many foolish things for which you might afterward be sorry.

They went on, and much was said by the sprightly children, on the many gay and pretty things that met their eyes; and notwithstanding what they had been taught about vain wishes, and what their mother had just said of foolish speeches, many of both were made as they passed the shining windows of the stores. At length they turned down toward the river, and began to see the water, with the boats passing swiftly on its surface. They hurried on their way and soon arrived at the dock, where many steam boats were fastened and among others the one in which they were to go. The children were lifted in, mamma followed, and, in a few minutes they were all engaged in making rapid observations on a scene so new to them. A fog had lain on the stream, which quite hid the other side. It was now beginning to break away, and the little ones were quite delighted to watch its scattering and to catch a glimpse of the houses on the other side, as they began to peep above it. "Mamma," said Lucy, "what is fog made of?" "It is the same as the clouds," was the answer. This caused great wonder in Lucy and Emily, who could hardly think that the clouds were only fog. "They did not think that could be," because the clouds were sometimes so pretty; but Amelia put them in mind, that the bubbles which she had often blown for them were made only of breath and soapsuds, and yet appeared full of the most beautiful colors, when the light shined on them; and this convinced Lucy that when the fog rose up high enough for the sun to shine beneath it, it might appear to us as beautiful as we sometimes see the clouds.

But I have no room to tell you any more about this little party at present. How they were much grieved at a sad sight, and how they were pleased with their excursion, and what charming views they saw, I must leave for another number of the Magazine.

One lesson, however, I wish my little readers to learn before we part. It is, to consider, before they make foolish wishes, or speak foolish, perhaps naughty, words. If my young friends would only think, that "for every idle word, we shall be brought to judgment," I am almost sure that they would try, as the Bible says, "to set a watch upon the doors of their lips," that their own words may not rise up to condemn them.

May God's own wisdom guide my tongue,  
And teach me how to speak;  
And when I feel I've acted wrong,  
May I with prayer his pardon seek.

Oh! may no proud, vain wishes rise,  
When tempting trifles meet my view!

Still may I look with watchful eyes,  
And God will safely help me through.

#### THE PROTESTANT'S 'KYRIE ELEISON.'

I.  
God! whose throne of living light  
Burns beyond the starry sky,  
Where the hosts of Serapis bright  
Avert the dazzled eye;  
By a Father's tender name,  
By thine own unchanging Word;  
By the Saviour's holiest claim—  
HAVE MERCY ON US, LORD.

II.  
Thou in equal Majesty,  
Seated on the Father's Throne,  
Far withdrawn from human eye,  
Yet still the Incarnate Son;

By the scourge, the shame, the scorn—  
By the blood of ransom poured,  
By the curse for sinners borne—  
HAVE MERCY ON US, LORD.

#### III.

Thou, who shar'st the Father's throne,  
Spirit holy, pure, divine!  
Thou, who with th' Incarnate Son,  
Once dwelt in mortal shrine!—  
By the strength to sinners given!  
By the Book, thy victor-sword!  
By the penalty of heaven—  
HAVE MERCY ON US, LORD.

#### IV.

Holy, holy, holy—Three!  
Pure and undivided One!  
God in perfect Trinity,  
We pray to Thee alone!  
Saviour! by the Father given!  
Father, by the Son testified!  
Spirit! guide from earth to Heaven!  
HAVE MERCY ON US, LORD.

(From the Iris.)

### ORIGINAL.

HYMN.—1 Cor. xiii.

O Charity, enchanting sound!  
On earth, alas! too rarely found;  
May thy soft sway, thy gentle power,  
Attend us through life's fleeting hour!

Had I a Saint's or Angel's tongue,  
Or sweeter words than Seraph sung,  
Devoid of Thee I ne'er can stand  
On the fair borders of that land.

Where sup're'er sets, nor planets wane,  
Nor night and light alternate reign,  
But where one long, eternal day  
Dives far the shades of night away.

Tho' faith, and knowledge too were mine  
Of things below and things divine;  
Yea, though I suffer at the stake  
And groan and die for Jesus' sake.

Yet, Charity, devoid of Thee  
The realms of bliss I ne'er can see;  
No, ne'er can taste redeeming grace,  
Nor view my Saviour face to face.

G. S.

#### OBITUARY.

DIED, on or about the 22nd December last, at Burford, London District U. C., ELIZA ANN, wife of Lewis Burwell, brother to the Editor of this paper, after a most severe illness of about six months, which she bore with exemplary patience and Christian resignation; exhibiting a practical proof of the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." She left four children to the care of her afflicted husband.

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