

POETRY.

A CHILD AT PRAYER.

(By the Rev. Robert Turnbull.)

Rehold ! a scene of love,
 And holiness sublime,
 To lift the soul above
 This narrow earthly clime—
 A lovely little child at prayer,
 Her parents standing by,
 Gazing upon their infant fair,
 With deep delighted eye .
 A holy halo fills the place—
 A light divine, a heavenly grace.

Her face's heavenly glow,
 Her dark and pensive eye,
 Her alabaster brow,
 On which black ringlets lie,
 Her little hands up-turn'd to heaven,
 Her body gently bent,
 All mingling like the hues of even,
 With mellow sunbeams blent,
 Give to the scene a magic glow
 Which only happy spirits know.

This is a sight to wake,
 Of past delights the dreams,
 Like music on the lake,
 Or dying sunny gleams ;
 To raise the sigh for beauty flown,
 Which time can ne'er restore,
 To draw the tear for gladness gone,
 For music heard no more ;
 And conjure up a vision grand,
 Of beautiful, but vanished land.

This too should rouse our faith,
 And bear the soul away,
 Above the shadowy earth
 To climes of cloudless day—
 For this is heaven begun in time,
 A prelude of that bliss
 Which, matchless, endless and sublime,
 No tongue can e'er express ;
 A glory from the world above,
 A sunbeam of eternal love.

O well may angels gaze
 Upon the lovely sight,
 And well to heaven may raise
 The song of deep delight ;
 For richer incense ne'er arose
 From Eastern shrines to God,
 And lovelier scene did ne'er repose
 In India's bright abode,
 'This is a triumph of that love
 That shines afar from worlds above !

LORD BYRON'S LINES, FOUND IN HIS BIBLE.

Within this awful volume lies
 The mystery of mysteries.
 O happiest they of human race,
 To whom our God has given grace
 To hear, to read, to fear, to pray.
 To lift the latch, and force the way ;
 But better had they ne'er been born,
 Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

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ERRATUM.—In the account of the *gannet* in
 our last number, fifth line from the commence-
 ment, for "bill," read wing.