

Oh, weary hearts, hope on—hope on!  
 Dream still of the days of childhood gone  
 And cherish the words of God the Son—  
 In Israel breath'd of yore!—  
 "If ye the gift of life would win,  
 And triumph over death and sin,  
 And the gates of glory enter in,  
 Come be a child once more!"\*

Faint-hearted ones, why tremble then,  
 Amid the wrong—the strife of men  
 And weight of human care—  
 The heart that weeps o'er childhood's hour,  
 Shall find its heavenly Father's power  
 In the gift of earnest PRAYER.

J. McK.

APOLOGY FOR PROVINCIAL POETS.

Impromptu thought! oft tempted by a pen!  
 Seeks the blank sheet. 'Tis sullied oft—and then  
 The lone position of a leading line  
 Calls for one more—its darkness to define.  
 Thus the poor scribbler is induced to write,  
 Tho' often failing to elicit light!  
 But thought on thought produce the Poet's dream  
 'Till presently he thinks he has a Theme,  
 And if the line offend a glimpse of reason,  
 He fondly thinks 'twill not be counted treason;  
 And would to sourest critic make it known,  
 Poets can write, or let the thing alone!  
 Still thought on thought press on to find a birth,  
 And Poets have o'erspread the 'babbling Earth.'  
 Each one has thought his own embellished rhyme,  
 If not ridiculous—might be sublime!  
 Pardon, ye Minstrels! if I sing amiss,  
 I only mean Provincialists in this,  
 For admiration and profound regard  
 We must preserve for many a foreign Bard!  
 And higher meed has to the race been given,  
 For 'tis allowed—that they may soar—to Heaven!

C. M. M.

\* Except ye be converted and become as little children.—Whosoever receiveth not the Kingdom of Heaven as a child, &c.—EVANGELIST.