

there," and "they shall praise Him for ever." Where there shall be no sick rooms, no heavy breathing, no aching fevered brows, no curse, and no more death.

"O, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

"O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hand,
To meet one another again."

J. J. WHITE.

Heart Pictures.

MRS. J. C. YULE.

TWO pictures strangely beautiful I hold
In memory's chambers, stored with loving care
Among the precious things I prized of old,
And hid away with tender tear and prayer.
The first, an aged woman's placid face,
Full of the saintly calm of well-spent years,
Yet bearing in its pensive lines the trace
Of weariness and care, and many tears.

We sat together in our Sabbath place
Through the hushed hours of many a blessed day;
And sweet it was to mark the gentle grace
Of that bowed head with those who knelt to pray,
Or lifted face when swelled the sacred psalm,
And the rich promise of God's word was shed
Upon our waiting hearts like heavenly balm,
While all our souls with angels' meat were fed.

There came a day when missing was that face;
The head so often bowed in prayer was gone;
The lifted eyes were dim, with praise
Beyond the stars in saintly beauty shone—