

cloud, and many fell prostrate, like dead men, on the floor. Truly the place was sweet and awful on account of the Divine presence. In short, the dance was turned into a religious meeting, from which many dated their conviction and conversion, and the commencement

of a powerful revival. "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth!"

O, had we more faith and impetuosity, what good we might do? How glorious to attack and drive the devil from his own strong holds.

P O E T R Y.

CHILD'S PRAYER ON SABBATH MORNING.

Father I ask thy blessing now
On this thy holy day :
Help me to think of Thee and heaven,
And not of school or play.

Go with me, Holy Father,
To the blessed house of prayer,
And let no vain foolish thoughts
Disturb my worship there.

Oh ! when I read thy sacred Word,
Fill me with holy light,
That I may understand thy will,
And live as in thy sight.

May I learn something good to-day
To guide me all the week :
Dear Saviour, thou hast kindly said,
That they shall find who seek.

Go with me to the Sabbath-school,
Bless my kind teacher's care :
Make me attentive, gentle, meek,
To the instructions there.

And Father, when thou call'st thy child
From those dear scenes I love,
Oh, take me to thy glorious home
Of joy and peace above.

Youth's Penny Gazette.

HYMN FOR A CHILD.

My little eyes can never reach
Beyond the distant star,
But God my father's eye can stretch
A thousand times as far.
And more than that—through endless space

His mighty power is known ;
No mortal can, nor angels trace
The wonders of his throne.

But though he is so great and wise,
And I but weak and poor,
His kind compassion never dies—
His promise is secure.

And every morning, when the sun
Shall bid my slumber cease,
I'll bow the knee before his throne,
And ask his saving grace.

TO MY LITTLE CHILD.

Little boy, with laughing eye,
Bright and blue as yonder sky ;
Come, and I will teach you, love,
Who is it that lives above.

It is God who made the earth,
God who gave you, dearest, birth ;
God who sees each sparrow fall ;
God who reigns great King of all.

God who sends the pleasant breeze,
Blowing sweet through flowers and trees,
God who gives you every joy,
God who loves you, little boy.

He is beautiful and bright,
Living in eternal light ;
Would not you, my little love,
Like to live with him above ?

Ask Him, then, to show you how
You may please Him here below ;
Ask Him grace and help to send,
Ask, through Christ, your kindest friend.

You must learn to read and look.
Often in his holy book ;
There, my darling, you will find,
God is very good and kind.