

For the Monthly Record.

Midnight Thoughts.

ALONE! all alone! with the brilliant stars,
That glow in the western sky;
Alone! with the glorious works of God,
That deck the bowers on high.

Bright, beautiful gems, ye beam on me now,
With your gentle, loving light;
And eyes, that have pass'd to the spirit land,
Look down in the silent night.

They seem to gaze, with a pitying glance,
On this world of care and pain;
And a voice breathes forth on the midnight air,
That Earth's fairest hopes are vain.

Then why buildest Thou, oh, child of clay,
On things that must fade and die?
Knowest thou not that those visions fair,
Will fade from thy tear-dimm'd eye?

That those golden dreams will be but dreams,
And thy youth will pass away?
But knowest thou of those regions fair,
Where fades not the light of day?

I know! I know! of that far-off land.
Where sorrow and sin comes not;
And death's dark brow ne'er enters there,
And earth's trials are all forgot.

And I'll gaze once more on the deep blue sky,
In this hour so still and lone;
And trust, beyond its starry light,
To find an eternal home. H.

Better than Gold.

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please:
A heart that can feel for a neighbour's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere,
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust or cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought,
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals, or nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil, when their labours close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep:
Bringing sleeping draughts to the downy bed
Where luxury pillows his aching head;
His simpler opiate labour deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore,
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away,
The world's great drama will thus unfold,
And yield a treasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home.
Where all the fireside charities come;
The shrine of love and the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,

However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

Better than gold on a dying bed
Is the hand that pillows a sinking head.
When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate sufferer need not be told
That trust in Heaven is better than gold.

A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.**RAB.**

Margaret Gray was a widow with three young children. Her cottage was not far from the castle of an amiable young nobleman in Scotland; and she maintained herself and her children comfortably by keeping a cow, and selling the produce of her dairy, garden, orchard, and hen roost. Besides her cow she had a little shaggy Highland pony on which she took her butter, and eggs and fruits to market. This pony went by the curious name of Rab, and was a great favorite with Effie and Jamie, for it would let them do what they pleased with it. But one morning poor Rab, who had seemed feeble and weary the night before when he came back from market, was found dead in the orchard. Effie and Jamie had gone to look at him with sorrowful hearts. Then these little Scotch children began to talk in this way:

"Ah, Jamie!" said Effie, "dinna you wish the Lord was her now? You ken mither told us how he cured sick folk, and how he once made a man alive again that had been dead four days. He could make our Rab alive wi' a touch of his finger, and he would try, Jamie."

Wee Jamie was a simple-hearted child, scarcely four summers old—his little brain was puzzled. For him there was but one lord—the good and generous young nobleman at the castle. Of his power and goodness Jamie could believe anything, and though he opened his eyes wide at his sister's story, his face grew radiant with joy, as just at that moment he caught sight of his lordship coming slowly down the lane on his beautiful bay mare. In a moment he was in the road, in the very path of the rider, crying out—"Stop, lord! our Rab is dead—ye maun make him alive again!"

His lordship checked his horse, and looked down on the little petitioner in silent astonishment, while Mrs. Gray ran out of the cottage, with baby in her arms, and catching hold of Jamie strove to lift him out of the way. But the little fellow resisted sturdily, crying still—

"Let him make Rab alive! He maun make him alive!"

"But, my little fellow," said his lordship smiling, "if Rab is really dead—and I am very sorry to hear it—I cannot make him