

took fright in crossing a bridge, and the carriage was overturned. The remainder of the party escaped uninjured ; but the child was drowned in the river beneath. The Sunday previous he had learnt the accompanying lines to repeat to his mother :—

“ Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”—HEB. xiii. 14.

ONE sweetly solemn, earnest thought,  
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;  
I'm nearer to my home to-day  
Than I have been before.

I'm nearer to my Father's bouse,  
Where many mansions be ;  
I'm nearer to the great white throne,  
Nearer the jasper sea.

I'm nearer to the bound of life,  
Where I shall leave its care ;  
I'm nearer laying down my cross,  
Nearer my crown to wear.

But in the dreary space between,  
Slow winding thro' the night,  
Doth lie that dim and unknown stream,  
Which leads at last to light.

O, Father, make me trust Thee more :  
Strengthen my feeble faith ;  
And let me feel as if I trod  
This unknown shore of death.

For even now my feet may stand  
Upon the river's brink ;  
I may be nearer to my home,  
Much nearer than I think.

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### THE LOCK OF HAIR.

Do you see this lock of hair ?” said an old man to me.

“ Yes ; but what of it ? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God.”

“ It is not. It is a lock of my own hair ; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head.”

“ But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much ?”

“ It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep