

a little distance from the house, I heard some one as in fervent prayer; and as I could discover it was the voice of a child, I made towards it, and found in a little secluded spot amongst the weeds, my

little patient who was earnestly pouring out her soul to the God of her mercy where she thought no eye saw or heard her but God.

P O E T R Y.

JUDAS RETURNING THE THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M. A.

(From "The Iris.")

STILL echo'd the dark divan
The shouts that hail'd the doom of
blood;

When, lo, a pale and haggard man
Before the stern tribunal stood!
He strove to speak,—awhile his breath
Came fitful as the gasp of death;
Nor aught those hollow sounds express,
Save guilt and utter wretchedness!

Yet in his wildly glaring eye
Such fierce unnatural brightness shone,
They deem'd some outcast maniac high,
Some victim of the Evil One:
Even the High-Priest, in mute amaze,
Fix'd on that form a shuddering gaze;
As if a spectre near him stood
That chain'd his eye, and chill'd his
blood!

An instant,—and the stern old man
Grew cold and reckless as before,—
A moment flush'd his aspect wan;
It past as in a moment o'er.
He knew the form that trembled there,—
Knew whence that madness and despair;
And the brief awe his brow had worn
Changed to a smile of withering scorn.

There, on his knees, the Traitor fell,—
There dash'd to earth the price of
blood,—

And twice essay'd his tale to tell,
And twice the o'er-mastering Fate
withstood.

Faltering, at length, his accent came,
Words, more than anguish, worse than
shame,—

"O I have sinned! I have sold
The guiltless blood for guilty gold!"

Then curl'd that proud Priest's lip
scorn,—

Hate flash'd from his indignant eye,
And, "Go," he cried, "thou wre-
forsworn,—

Accursed live; unpardon'd die!
The deed is done, the price is paid
For Him thy coward soul betray'd;
His blood may sate the wrath divine,
But who, foul traitor, recks of *thine*!

He heard, and with a frantic yell
Of agony and wild despair,—
With guilt, that not a Cain could tell;
Remorse, that not a Cain could bear
He rush'd,—O whither?—Human eye
Saw not the doom'd apostate die?
He fell, unpitied, unforgiven,—
Outcast alike of earth and Heaven!

THE GRAVE OF BISHOP KEN.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

ON yonder heap of earth forlorn,
Where KEN his place of burial chose,
Peacefully shine, O Sabbath morn!
And eve, with gentlest hush repose.

To him is reared no marble tomb
Within the dim Cathedral fane;
But some faint flowers of summer bloom,
And silent falls the winters rain

No village monumental stone
Records a verse, a date, a name:
What boots it? When thy task is done,
Christian, how vain the sound of fame

O far more grateful to thy God
The voices of poor children rise,
Who hasten o'er the dewy sod,
"To pay their morning sacrifice."

And can we listen to their hymn,
Heard, happy, when the evening knell
Sounds, where the village tower is dim,
As if to bid the world farewell,

Without a thought, that from the dust
The morn shall wake the sleeping clod
And bid the faithful and the just
Upspring to heaven's eternal day.