

THE CONVALESCENT.

Thou hast quitted the feverish couch of pain,
Thou art breathing the fresh free air again,
Thou hast bent thy way, thro' the primrose glade,
To the wildwood's deep and leafy shade,
Where, beneath thy slow and lingering tread,
The clustering cool green moss is spread;
Where the song-birds pour their tuneful lay,
And the silvery fountains softly play.

Dost thou not joy to exchange the gloom
Of the shaded blinds, and the curtain'd room,
For the gladd'ning breezes, the sun's bright beams,
The waving blossoms, and glittering streams?
Dost thou not joy, in reviving health,
To gaze upon nature's lavish wealth,
The rushing waters, and fo'ery land,
Deck'd for thy sake by thy Maker's hand?

And does not thy heart at this moment thrill
With thoughts more tender, more grateful still?
Dost thou not yet on the chamber dwell,
Where awhile Death's darkening shadows fell.
When thy manly strength was quell'd and fled,
And friends stood mournfully round thy bed,
Wailing that thou in thy youthful bloom,
Must be gathered so soon to the dreary tomb?

Then did not a secret voice within
Tel thee to weep o'er each former sin?
And didst thou not wish thy days renewed,
To walk henceforth with the wise and good?
O! now while within thy languid veins
Some trace of the suffering past remains,
Think of the world, and its pomp and power,
As thou didst in that sad and trying hour.

The woods and the fields that meet thy gaze,
Thou deemest more bright than in former days;
So may earth's course appear to thee
More fair than it seemed in thy frolic glee;
Shun its broad highways—in peace pursue
The narrow path that is sought by few,
And give to the Lord, in faith and prayer,
The life that he graciously deigned to spare.

—London Metropolitan.

LEADING CHILDREN TO GOD.

Parents can never be too deeply impressed with the importance of early leading their children to God, and fixing in their infant minds a sense of his presence, and of their dependence. If the following shall induce one parent to make more prayerful efforts to train up his children for God and heaven, our labour will not be in vain:

A mother, sitting at work in her parlour, overheard her child, whom an older sister was dressing in an adjoining bedroom, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister, 'No, I don't want to say my prayers.'

'How many church members, in good standing,' thought the mother to herself, 'often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal even from themselves, the feeling.'

'Mother,' said the child, appearing in a minute or two at the parlour door; the tone and look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

'Good morning, my child.'

'I am going out to get my breakfast.'

'Stop a minute; I want you to come here, and see me first.'

The mother laid down her work in the next chair, as the boy ran towards her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backwards and forwards.

'Are you pretty well this morning?' said she in a kind and gentle tone.

'Yes, mother; I am very well.'

'I am glad you are well. I am very well, too; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me.'

'Did you?' said the boy, in a low tone—half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at work.

'Did you ever feel my pulse?' asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

'No, but I have felt mine.'

'Well, don't you feel mine now?—how it goes, beating.'

'Y-es!' said the child.

'If it should stop beating I should die.'

'Should you?'

'Yes, and I can't keep it beating.'

'Who can?'

'God.'

A silent pause.

'You have a pulse too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?'

'I don't know,' said the child, with a look of anxiety; and another pause ensued.

'So when I waked up this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me. I hope he will take care of me, and all of us.'

'Did you ask him to take care of me?'

'I thought you would ask him yourself, God likes to have us all ask for ourselves.'

A long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful and almost anxious expression of countenance, showed that the heart was reached.

'Don't you think you had better ask him for yourself?'

'Yes,' said the boy readily.

He knelt again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his own simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection and blessing of heaven.

Suppose another case. Another mother overhearing the same words, calls her child into the room. The boy comes,

'Did not I hear you say you did not want to say your prayers?'

The boy is silent.

'Yes, he did,' says his sister behind him.

'Well, that is very naughty. You ought always to say your prayers. Go right back now, and say them like a good boy, and never let me hear of your refusing again.'

The boy goes back, pouting, and utters the words of prayer, while his heart is full of mortified pride, vexation and ill-will.

—Evangelist.

THE FOOD OF MAN.—The *Genesee Farmer* gives this brief summary of the native countries of our most familiar plants:—"The potatoe is a native of South America, and is still found wild in Chili, Peru, and Monte Video. In its native state the roots are small and bitter. The first mention of it by European writers is in 1588. It is now spread over the world. Wheat and rye originated in Tartary and Siberia, where they are still indigenous. The only country where the oat is found wild is in Abyssinia, and thence may be considered a native. Maize or Indian corn is a native of Mexico, and was unknown in Europe until after the discoveries of Columbus. The bread fruit tree is a native of the South Sea Islands, particularly Otaheite. Tea is found a native nowhere except in China and Japan, from which country the world is supplied. The cocoa nut is a native of most equinoctial countries, and is one of the most valuable trees, as food, clothing, and shelter, are afforded by it. Coffee is a native of Arabia Felix, but is now spread to both the East and West Indies. The best coffee is brought from Mocha, in Arabia, whence about fourteen millions of pounds are annually exported. St. Domingo furnishes from sixty to seventy millions of pounds yearly. All the varieties of the apple are derived from the crab apple, which is found native in most parts of the world. The peach is derived from Persia, where it still grows in a native state, small, bitter, and with poisonous qualities. Tobacco is a native of Mexico and South America, and lately, one species has been found in Holland. Tobacco was first introduced into England from North Carolina, in 1586, by Sir Walter Raleigh. Asparagus was brought from Asia; cabbage and lettuce from Holland; horse radish from China; rice from Ethiopia; beans from the East Indies; onions and garlics are natives of various places both in Asia and Africa. The sugar cane is a native of China, and from thence is derived the art of making sugar from it.

HORRIBLE.—A Southern paper contains the following advertisement, signed 'Micajah Ricks':—"Ran away, a negro woman and two children. A few days before she went off, I burnt her with a hot iron on the left side of her face—I TRIED to make the letter M."