

*THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.*

Dr. Chalmers is said to be the author of the following touching and beautiful poem, written on the occasion of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved. It cannot fail to find a place in the heart of every bereaved parent:

I am all alone in my chamber now,  
 And the midnight hour is near,  
 And the faggot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,  
 Are the only sounds I hear;  
 And over my soul in its solitude,  
 Sweet feelings of sadness glide,  
 For my heart and my eyes are full when I think  
 Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my Father's house—  
 Went home to the dear ones all—  
 And softly I opened the garden gate,  
 And softly the door of the hall.  
 My mother came out to meet her son—  
 She kissed me, and then she sighed,  
 And her head fell on my neck, as she wept  
 For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,  
 In the garden where he played;  
 I shall miss him more by the fireside,  
 When the flowers have all decayed.  
 I shall see his toys and his empty chair,  
 And the horse he used to ride:  
 And they will speak with a silent speech,  
 Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—  
 To our Father's house in the skies,  
 Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,  
 Nor love no broken ties.  
 We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,  
 And bathe in its blissful tide;  
 And one of the joys of our heaven shall be  
 The little boy that died.

**SWEARERS WORK CHEAPLY.**—"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" said a gentleman to one whom he heard using profane language. "He doesn't pay me anything," was the reply. "Well, you work cheaply. To lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people, and to injure your own soul, and all for nothing; you do work cheaply—very cheaply indeed!"