



IS THERE AN UNBELIEVER?

Is there an unbeliever?
 One man who walks the earth,
 And madly doubts that Providence
 Watched o'er him at his birth!
 He robs mankind for ever
 Of hopes beyond the tomb;
 What gives he as a recompense?
 The brute's unhallow'd doom.

In manhood's loftiest hour,
 In health, and strength, and pride,
 Oh! lead his steps through alleys green,
 Where rills mid cowslips glide:
 Climb Nature's granite tower,
 Where man hath rarely trod;
 And will he then, in such a scene,
 Deny there is a God?

Yes—the proud heart will ever
 Prompt the false tongue's reply!
 An Omnipresent Providence
 Still madly he'll deny.
 But see the unbeliever
 Sinking in death's decay;
 And hear the cry of penitence!
 He never learnt to pray!

(ORIGINAL.)

RESIGNATION.

BY MRS. H. SILVESTER.

"I wonder, Mr. Easel," said his wife,—
 "It is indeed the strangest thing in life,
 How odd I never thought of it before!
 That you, who have been busy on a score
 Of paintings, where he'd come in well, ne'er thought,
 Of taking off our Ned—now do, you ought."

"The reason why I never took him off,"
 Said Easel, "was,—imagining you knew it—
 When the poor boy had got the whooping cough,
 I had some hopes that Heaven would please to
 do it!"
 Peterboro'.

TO A MIRROR.

Nor Phidias, nor Apelles, though, with grace,
 They fixed the forms of beauty rare,
 Could paint the motions of the face,
 And all the shifting colours there.
 Thou, mirror, thou, with truest view,
 Dost what no painter's skill can do.