

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

The dreamy night draws nigh;
Soft delicious airs breathe of mingled flowers,
And on the wings of slumber creep the hours,
The moon is high;
See yonder tiny cot,
The lattice decked with vines—a tremulous
ray
Steals out to where the silver moonbeams lay,
Yet pales them not!
Within, two holy eyes,
Two little hands clasped softly, and a brow
Where thought sits busy, weaving garlands
now

Of joys and sighs
For the swift-coming years.
Two rosy lips with innocent worship part;
List! Be thou saint or sceptic,— if thou art,
Thou must have ears:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Doth it not noiseless of
The very flood-gates of thy heart, and make
A better man of thee for her sweet sake,

Who with strong hope,
Her sweet task ne'er forgot
To whisper, "Now I lay me," o'er and o'er?
And then di'st kneel upon the sanded floor—
Forgot them not!

From many a festive hall
Where flashing light and flashing glances vie,
And robed in splendour, mirth makes revelry—
Soft voices call

On the light-hearted throngs
To sweep the harp-strings, and to join the
dance.

The careless girl starts lightly, as, perchance,
Amid the songs,

The merry laugh, the jest,
Come to her vision songs of long ago,
When by her snowy couch she murmured low
Before her rest,

That simple infant's prayer.
Once more at home she lays her jewels by,

Throws back the curls that shade her heavy,
eye,
And kneeling there,
With quivering lip and sigh,
Takes from her fingers white the sparkling
:ings,
The golden coronet from her brow, and flings
The baubles by;
Nor doth she thoughtless dare
To seek her rest, till she hath asked of
Heaven
That all her sins through Christ may be for-
given.

Then comes the prayer;
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The warrior on the field,
After the battle, pillowing his head
Perhaps upon a fallen comrade dead.
Scorns not to yield
To the sweet memories of his childhood's hour
When fame was bartered for a crimson
flower.

The statesman gray,
His massive brow all hung with laurel leaves,
Forgets his honors while his memory weaves
A picture of that home, 'mid woods and
streams,

Where hoary mountains caught the sun's
first beams,

A cabin rude—the wide fields glistening,
The cattle yoked, and mutely listening,
The farmer's toil, the farmer's fare, and best
Of earthly luxuries, the farmer's rest;

But hark! a soft voice steals upon his heart.
"Now say your prayer, my son, before we
part:"

And, clasping his great hands—a child once
more,

Upon his breast, forgetting life's long war—
Thus hear him pray:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

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A SELF-SUPPORTING DIOCESE.

THE Society has great pleasure in announcing the addition of the Diocese of ADELAIDE to the number of self-supporting churches. Already a few of our colonial dioceses, having been planted and nourished by the mother Church in days when poverty, hardship, and difficulty were the lot of the great majority of the immigrants, have developed in their members, along with an increase of wealth, a growing desire for the vigour and stability of their church Institutions, and a readier will to contribute of their substance to the maintenance of the entire parochial system, until at last they have ceased to look to their fellow Churchmen at home for anything more than their prayers, their sympathy, and their fellowship.