

The flames shall not hurt thee; His only design  
Is thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

Fear not; He is with thee! O be not dismayed!  
He—He is thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
to stand,  
Uphold by His righteous, omnipotent hand.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
He will not—He says it—give up to its foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to  
shake,

He'll never—no never—no, never forsake.

### DYING CHILD'S DREAM.



CRADLE me on your knee, mamma,  
And sing me the holy strain  
That soothed me last, as you fondly  
pressed  
My glowing cheek to your soft  
warm breast.  
For I saw a sight as you sung me  
to rest  
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,  
And weep as you then did weep,  
Then fix on me your glazing eye  
And gaze, and gaze till the tear be dry,  
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh  
Till you bid me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,  
While slumbering on your knee,  
And I lived in a land where forms divine  
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,  
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,  
Still again that land to see.

I saw, as we roamed through a wood, mamma,  
And rested us under a bough,  
That by us a butterfly fluttered in pride,  
And I chased it away through the forest wide,  
And the night came on and I lost my guide,  
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,  
And I loudly wept for thee;  
But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,  
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,  
And she kissed me softly, ere I was aware,  
Saying: "Come, pretty baby, with me."

My tears and fears she beguiled, mamma,  
And she led me far away;  
We entered the door of a dark, dark tomb,  
We passed through a long, lone vault of gloom;  
Then opened our eyes on a land of bloom  
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,  
And lovely cherubs bright;  
They smiled as they saw me, but I was amazed,  
And, wondering, around me I gazed and gazed;  
And songs I heard, and sunny-beams blazed  
All glorious in my sight.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,  
Of white-winged babies to me;  
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips  
smiled,  
So delighted to meet with an earth-born child,

And they gloried that I from earth was exiled,  
Saying: "Here, love, thou blest shall be."

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, mamma,  
With cherub and seraphim fair,  
And saw, as I roamed thro' the regions of peace,  
The spirits which come from this world of dis-  
tress;  
And theirs was the joy no tongue can express,  
For they knew not sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,  
Lay dead a short time ago?  
How you gazed on the sad and lovely wreck  
With a full flood of woe you could not check,  
And your heart was sore, you wished it would  
break;  
But you loved, and you aye sobbed so?

But ah! had you been with me, mamma,  
In the realms of unknown care,  
To see what I saw, you'd ne'er have cried,  
Though you laid pretty Jane in the grave as  
she died;  
For brought with the blest, and adorned like a  
bride,  
Sweet sister Jane was there.

Do you mind that poor old man, mamma,  
Who came so late to our door?  
And the night was dark and the tempest loud,  
And his heart was weak, but his soul was proud,  
And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud,  
Ere the midnight watch was o'er.

And think what a night of woe, mamma,  
Made heavy each long-drawn sigh,  
As the good man sat in papa's old chair,  
While the rain dropped down from his thin  
gray hair,  
And fast the big tears of speechless care  
Ran down from his glazing eye.

Well, he was in glory, too, mamma,  
As happy as the blest can be;  
He needed no alms in the mansions of light,  
For he sat with the patriarchs, clothed in white,  
And not a seraph had a crown more bright,  
Or a costlier robe than he.

Now sing for I fain would sleep, mamma,  
And dream as I dreamed before;  
For sound was my slumber and sweet was my  
rest,  
While my soul in the regions of light was a guest,  
And my heart was so glad in the climes of the  
blest  
I can love this world no more!

### JOSEPH COOK ON IRELAND.



QUESTIONS.—1. Ought the Protestant  
portion of Ireland to be subject to  
the Catholic portion? 2. Could  
Ireland be advantageously divided  
into two states, each with its own  
legislature, and each sending re-  
presentatives to parliament?

To these Joseph Cook answers:—

"The Protestants of Ulster greatly fear that