

"I wish," said Isabella May,
 "A splendid coach and four
 Would every sunny morning
 Come driving to my door;
 That we might ride far, far away,
 By river, wood, and hill,
 And listen to the merry birds,
 And rippling of the rill."

"My wish is for a splendid house,"
 Said proud Augusta Lee,
 "With gardens, lawns, and parks outspread
 As far as eye can see.
 Money and servants at command,
 No trouble I should fear;
 But be as happy as a queen,
 All through the live-long year."

"I wish that every day this year,"
 Said giddy Fanny Green,
 "I could just have a sweet new dress
 Of silk or balzorine.
 New hat and flowers once every week,
 And shawls and scarfs so gay,
 And dress up, in my best, and go
 A shopping every day."

"I wish," said Clara Meredith,
 "That I could always do
 Just what I please, skip, hop, and jump,
 From now, this whole year through.
 I want to roam about the fields
 All the long summer-day,
 And gather flowers and berries bright,
 And never tire of play."

CONTRAST.

Sweet Amy Hubert gently sighed,
 The rose-tint flushed her cheek,
 Her voice was very low, but clear,
 Her look most mild and meek,
 "I wish," she said, "that God would love
 And bless me with his care,
 And fill my heart with holiness,
 And humble, grateful prayer;
 That a new heart, on this new year,
 He'd give his erring child,
 And clothe me with the righteousness
 Of Christ the undefiled."

Don't be Impatient, Christian.

The lion was caught in the toils of the hunter. The more he tugged, the more his feet got entangled: when a little mouse heard his roaring, and said that if his majesty would not hurt him, he thought he could release him. At first the king of beasts took no notice of such a contemptible ally, but at last, like other proud spirits in trouble, he allowed his tiny friend to do as he pleased. So one by one the mouse nibbled through the cords, till he had set free first one foot and then another, and then all the four, and, with a growl of hearty gratitude, the king of the forest acknowledged that the patient in spirit is sometimes stronger than the proud in spirit.

And it is beautiful to see how, when some sturdy nature is involved in perplexity, and by its violence and vociferation is only wasting its strength without forwarding its escape; there will come in some timely sympathizer, mild and gentle, and will suggest the simple extraction, or by soothing vehemence down into its own tranquility, will set him on the way to effect his self-deliverance. Even so all through the range of philanthropy, patience is power. It is not the water-spout, but the nightly dew that freshens vegetation. They are not the flashes of the lightning which mature our harvests, but the daily sunbeams, and that quiet electricity which thrills in atoms and which flashes in every ripening ear. Niagara, in all its thunder, fetches no fertility; but the Nile, coming without observation, with noiseless fatness overflows, and from under the retiring flood Egypt looks up again, the garner of golden corn. The world is better for its moral cataracts, and its spiritual thunderbolts; but the influences which do the world's great work, which freshen and fertilize it, and which are maturing its harvests for the garner of glory, are not the proud and potent spirit, but the patient and the persevering; they are not