

in other respects and on other occasions. You will be laying solidly the foundations of that mansion which shall be yours eternally in heaven.

A. M. BILLIAU, C. SS. R.



A Treefold Offering.

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MOTHER of grace and mercy,
Behold how burdens three
Weigh down my weary spirit,
And drive me here — to thee.
Three gifts I place forever
Before thy shrine ;
The threefold offering of my love,
Mary, to thine !

The Past : with all its memories
Of pain, that sting me yet ;
Of sin, that brought repentance ;
Of joy, that brought regret.
That which has been ; — forever
So bitter-sweet —
I lay in humblest offering
Before thy feet.

The Present : that dark shadow
Through which we toil to-day ;
The slow drops of the chalice
That must not pass away.
Mother ! I dare not struggle,
Still less despair ;
I place my Present in thy hands,
And leave it there.

The Future : holding all things
Which I can hope or fear,
Brings sin and pain, it may be,
Nearer and yet more near.
Mother ! this doubt and shrinking
Will not depart,
Unless I trust my future
To thy dear Heart.

Making the Past my lesson,
Guiding the Present right,
Ruling the misty Future, —
Bless them and me to-night.
What may be, and what must be,
And what has been,
In thy dear care forever
I leave, my Queen !

— *Adelaide A. Procter.*