

Which flash'd and glisten'd in that Lamb supernal,  
Transfigured e'en as from the Throne eternal.

There bounded past me, then, a fair, sweet child;  
I gazed upon him, when, with look meek and mild,  
One said, "See twin-stars spill their drops of light"  
Glob'd o'er his crown, in golden hair as bright:

"That 'little one,' even in life's earliest years,  
Gave his young heart to Jesus, and with tears  
Sought oft and oft to win to Him his father,  
And ceas'd not till he won him, and his mother.

"And so he died—ascending here in whiteness,  
And now he lives 'mid heaven's grandest brightness:  
His glory, by his wee hand to have led  
Father and mother unto Him who bled."

My crown had no jewels; tho' I with awe  
Socket on socket for gem-setting saw:  
I sought the meaning, and, with heart-struck feeling,  
I found 'twas my own empty life revealing.

For, saved myself, alas! I had to own  
That I had never brought so much as one  
To Him my Lord; that I had never plied  
Love's wistful words to win souls wandering wide.

Therefore no jewels in my crown did glow,  
And vacant sockets darken'd o'er my brow.  
Alas, and 'twas too late!—Nay, 'twas a dream,  
And I awoke beneath Morn's rosy beam.

Thanks, O my Saviour, for this vision given!  
Now will I seek, by grace, to lead to heaven  
At least one other—nay, a jewell'd crown  
To lay before Thy feet, besides my own.

#### WILLIAM MAYNARD'S PRIZE.

"I SAY, what a row there'll be!" exclaimed James Laurie, with a scared face, coming up to a group of school-fellows, who were standing in the play-ground of Bridgeboro' Grammar School talking earnestly together. What-