

sketch, when completed, is hung up in the picture-gallery of the future. But years roll on, and then? Can this old man's face, so seared with disappointment and marked with the deep lines of grief and sorrow, be that same child's face; such a December after such a May lighted up by the beams of hope, the prospect before it gilded and illumined by such glorious and joyous expectation, and the heart all eagerness to rush into the dream-land of its promise? Yes! the more than romance has been realised, but not all through paths strewed with flowers and unruffled seas and fair gentle breezes.—*Parish Sermons.*

Poetry.

THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.

A little child!

A little meek-faced, quiet village child
Sat singing by her cottage door at eve,
A low, sweet, Sabbath song. No human ear
Caught the faint melody. No human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile
That played around her lips, the while they breathed
The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,
Praise God! praise God!

A Seraph by the throne

In the full glory stood, with eager hand
He smote the golden harp-strings, till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial air
Welled forth unceasing. Then with a great voice
He sang the "Holy, holy, evermore
Lord God Almighty," and the eternal courts
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies
Angel and wrapt Archangel, throbbed and burned
With vehement adoration. Higher yet
Rose the majestic anthem. Without pause,
Higher with rich magnificence of sound
To its full strength! and still the infinite Heaven
Rang with the "Holy, holy, evermore!"
Till trembling from excess of awe and love,
Each sceptred spirit sank beneath the throne;
With a mute hallelujah. But even then
While the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed
To float, float upward from some world afar—
A meek and childlike voice—faint, but how sweet!
That blended with the Seraph's rushing strain,
Even as a fountain's music with the roll
Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
At that new utterance—smiles of joy that grew
More joyous yet as ever and anon
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn,
"Praise God! praise God!" And when the Seraph's song
Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre
Silence hung brooding—when the eternal courts
Rang but with the echoes of his chant sublime;
Still through the abyssal space, that wandering voice
Came floating upward from its world afar;
Still sweetly choicing on the celestial air
"Praise God! praise God!"