



An Epitaph at Chichester, England.

Here lies an old soldier, whom all must applaud,
Who fought many battles at home and abroad ;
But the hottest engagement he ever was in,
Was the conquest of *self* in the battle of *sin*.

THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

The happy days of childhood,
Oh ! could they come again—
When round the garden walks we play'd
A rosy, gleesome train !
When oft our sires, with smiling looks,
Forsook their grave employ,
To gaze upon our infant sports
And mingle in our joy !

The merry laugh of childhood,
How cheerily it rung,
As to unfro the shuttlecock
With battledore we flung !
Or, haply caught at "hide and seek"
Gave forth that joyous scream
Which oft comes back in manhood's hour,
And startles in our dream !

The simple prayer of Childhood—
How rev'rently it rose,
As by our mother's lap we knelt,
Before we sought repose !
Where, with her hand upon our head,
We raised our hearts to heaven,
To seek our God and Saviour there,
And have our sins forgiven.

The pleasant home of childhood,
Alas ! no longer ours !
New feet trip o'er its gravelled paths—
New fingers crop its flowers !
We envy not their gaiety,
Which once was all our own—
But only wish their youthful glee
May have as blithe a tone.

The much-loved friends of childhood,
How are they scatter'd now !
Some sleep beneath the church-yard sod,
And some the ocean plough,
Some pass us in the crowded street,
With hearts and looks estranged,
And few, too few, remain to us
Unchangeable, unchanged !

Dear, lovely scenes of childhood !
How oft, at close of day,
You fit before my mental eye,
In fancy's bright array:

And as you gently glide along,
With mingled joy and praise,
I say Adieu, sweet happy days,
You cannot come again !

From the Christian Intelligencer.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE INFANT SON
OF REV DR. ABEEL.

My beloved is gone down in his garden to gather
lilies.—*sol. sod.*

Death came into our garden
To cull a little flower ;
A few brief days he tarried,
And roamed about the bower ;
He paused before our Lily,
And deemed it no sacrifice
To have the blossom grafted
In the trees of Paradise.

He told us how the angels
The earth in triumph trod,
To gather up a garland
To crowd the Lamb of God :
So there came a fairy legion,
A bright embassy down,
And pleaded for our fair one,
To deck that radiant crown.

There were valley lilies gathered
From every clime and land,
From every tribe and kindred,
Among that shining band ;
They sought in every nation,
And the chaplet that they wove
Was unfading and enduring
As everlasting love.

And as our sweet one faded,
And his patient eyes grew dim,
They sang a song of triumph,
And thus they welcomed him :
"Come little meek sojourner
In a land of sin and strife,
Come, and bloom beside the waters
Of everlasting life."

"No fierce north blast can wither
In this fair Jerusalem ;
No ruthless hand can sever
The floweret from the stem.
Then come, we are impatient
To bear thee to our bower,
While a ransom'd throng await thee,
Thou little humble flower."

And the fair round cheek waxed paler
And shorter grew the breath,
Till each little hand was folded
In the cold embrace of death.
We will say, though sorely stricken,
"We know that it is right ;
Even so, our heavenly Father,
For it seemed good in thy sight."

Newark, N. J.

ANNIE B.