

crease, for it is watered by the dew of Heaven, and the rays which beam around the throne of God shine upon it! How can we say that the mother may not from her glorified sphere be allowed to raise the veil, and, gazing on this lower world, see with joy, even to a heavenly bosom, that the seed early planted in the hearts of her beloved ones, has sprung up, spreading again its influence through the homes of Earth!

Home! there, in its pristine purity is seen the holy interchange of Love. Strangers intermeddle not with the deep joy or sorrow of the family circle.—Storms divides not; sunshine allures not the loving hearts from each other. But the circle must be scattered. Far distant may be their future homes. These loving arms may never again enfold each other; but, however, widely separated, they will retain in their hearts one spot sacred to the past.

Will not the dim twilight ever recall the home of their childhood, that source of the heart's deepest springs,—the green tree under whose boughs they played so merrily through the long summer day,—and the grave?

“ They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

And parted thus, they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled, as they prayed
Around one Parent knee.”

Rice Lake, Dec. 14, 1852.

C. HAYWARD.

(To be continued.)



ANGEL VISITANTS.

When Earth is hushed in slumber deep—
When moon and stars are shining—
Where Labour lays him down to sleep,
Where Infancy's reclining,
Where Pain forgets his ceaseless smart,
And Grief her weary sighing,
Or where some loving, breaking heart
Keeps watch beside the dying;
We come—a pure and pitying band,
Upon the clouds of even,
And on the sleeping Earth we stand,
The sentinels of Heaven.