







20 Op Famig.

The Child on the Judgment-seat

Where has been tolling all day, sweet heart, That thy brow is burdened and sad?

Was the garden girded with the midnight frost, Or scorched with the mid-day glare?

No pleasant garden tolls were mine, I have sat on the judgment-seat,

How earnest thou on the judgment seat, Sweet heart, who art thou there?

I climbed on the judgment seat myself, I have sat there alone all day,

They wasted the Master's precious seed, They wasted the roses, nor gathered the fruits,

And what didst thou on the judgment seat, Sweet heart, what didst thou there?

Nay, that didst me more: I called and I cried, But they left me there forlorn;

Al! the judgment seat was not for thee, And the eyes which sought the blame,

The voice that shall sound there at eve, sweet heart, Will not cry to thee to be heard;

Should I see the Master's treasures lost, The gift that should feed the poor,

Wait till the evening fall, sweet heart, Wait till the evening fall,

But how fared thy garden plot, sweet heart, Whilst thou sat'st on the judgment-seat?

Nay! that is saddest of all to me, That is saddest of all!

Go back to thy garden plot, sweet heart, Go back to the evening fall,

Go! I thank thy garden fair as thou art, Thou wastest roses, and trained thy vines,

Then shall thy joy be full, sweet heart, In the garden so fair to see,

In the Master's words of praise to all, In a look of his own for thee!

The Magic Book

When you see a man with his coat off, his shirt sleeves turned up,

It was John Sturdy whom I saw this in his garden planting some young fruit trees,

If you were to call, and step into his cottage in the middle of the day,

There is a magic something which they are possessed of which makes them happy,

Perhaps you have heard of the four-leaved shamrock, which the poor people in Ireland love,

John Sturdy is neither rich nor mighty; but he is, as I said before, happy,

John is not a learned man, or, as he would say, "I am no scholar,"

Let us walk through this pretty wood," said Floxy to her governess,

Little Floxy, on getting up that morning had, after reading her Bible,

"Oh! thought she, that I might be of some use in the world,"

"Dear Sir," she said, "make me Thy own child, and help me to please Thee,"

And now was her prayer to be answered, in that morning walk.

They approached the wood, and reached the cottage.

"Well, you may as well go, and I shall stay outside," said her governess.

"That I am, dear," answered the woman.

"What can I do for you? Have you any thing to eat?" said the child.

And looking so bright as to make you think that the family never use it.

Speak Gently to Each Other

"Please to help me a minute, sister," said "Oh! I don't disturb me,"

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?"

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said emphatically, and his little brother

He was a bright boy of ten years, and his only brother. He had been visiting a young friend,

I thought of all this in the fifteen minutes after he left, and my book gave me no pleasure,

It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother, and was generally kind to him;

In half an hour he came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up, just see how it goes!"

His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance;

sure enough, on that happy wood-walk, he fastened a miniature windmill, and the arms were whirling round fast enough to suit any boy.

A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling.

The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room, and anxious faces surrounded him.

"Nay! that is saddest of all to me, That is saddest of all!"

My eyes were trailing, my roses were parched, My lips drooped and fell."

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How I repented as I kissed little Frank's forehead, that I had ever spoken unkindly to him!

He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but his little windmill, the work of his busy hands,

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