Sie Family Circle.

WHITTEN FOR OUR COLUMNS.] SPRING AT PETERSBURG, 1866.

There's a golden tide of sunshine. Flooding all beneath my feet; And the air around is thrilling,
With a thousand murmurs sweet;
For the spring-time, like a mother,
Nurseth with a lullaby,
And a rippling, low-voiced laughter,
At her children, passing by.

All the fields are starred with daisies,

All the mounds are flushed with bloom,

And the winds that stir the branches

Waft a subtle, soft perfume.

All the furrowed earth is hearing,

Policies with awakened life. Pulsing with awakened life; Nature's kindly hand retrieving, What she lost in days of strife.

Ah! the Spring; when last she faltered, On the Appomattox shore, Hid her face, and stayed her footsteps, From the bruised and blackened floor, Scarred and crushed, and torn and trampled, By the iron foot of war; Till the sad earth mouned and shivered, Neath the weight of graves she bore!

Then, these silent meadows echoed Bugle call, and beat of drum;
And the distant cannons' thunder,
Where to day the wild bees hum;
All along the line, the rattle
Of the deadly Minie ball,
And the eddwing warms of here. And the eddying waves of battle, Surging round you low earth wall.

Here, where springs the scented clover, Stood the ranks of loyal blue; Each his country's fearless lover Hero hearted, brave and true! See, where these white bones are bleaching, 'Neath the sifted yellow clay; Patriot sons of patriot mothers Nobly gave their lives away!

It is over! Flag of freedom, With thy stars thine own once more; Hath thy red a rosier tinting For the brave baptism o'er? Hath the white a purer lustre, For the saints ascended high? Hath thy field of star-gemmed azure, Lovelier halo of the sky?

Croon, young mother, croon thy sweetest Lullabies o'er timid flowers; In thy balmy wind-rocked cradle Nurse the laughing April hours! Softly weave thy pall of beauty, O'er the soldier's nameless grave; Coax the frightened birds to duty! Seas of music, wave on wave.

Thanks for those, whom baby fingers, Wake to-day at reveille! Brave, broad-chested, sunburnt heroes, Glad once more at home to be! Glad that low good-nights and analy,
Beat for them the eve's tatto!
While our grateful hearts still utter,
"Blessings on the boys in blue!"
M.E. M.

THE CHILD OF THE HAMLET.

As Arthur pursued the path across the common, his eye was attracted by the picturesque effect of a little scarlet cloak, contrasting with the green of a clump of gorse and fern. The cloak, which on nearer approach was seen to be both soiled and tattered, was wrapped round a bare-headed child, whom Arthur judged by her size to be about six years of age, though she was probably older. He looked at the little slender creature, with her dark hair hanging in elf-locks over her shoulders, and her large, gazelle-like eyes fixed on the stranger with a shy, halfpoverty, and he intuitively, put his hand to his waistcoat pocket; but the little girl slunk away at his approach to a short distance from the path, where she stopped, watching him as he passed. Then, at the distance of about twenty yards, she timidly followed in his footsteps, holding close to her little bosom a covered basket which she carried. Arthur stopped, to give the child an opportunity of coming up with him; but seeing this, she stopped also: when he walked on, she followed, preserving still the same distance between them. Curious to see if the little girl's movements were really connected with his own, Arthur diverged to the right, still, however, going somewhat in the direction of the hamlet. He stopped and glanced back; the child, though with a look of uncertainty and hesitation, was following him still.

"This little fawn seems to be afraid to come near me, and yet to wish to keep me in sight," said Arthur to himself. The young man was fond of ragamuffins. Davy's mouth expanded children, and resolved to overcome the shyness of this lonely little peasant. He turned owards her, smiled, and beckoned to her to advance. She Arthur stooped and gathered from a it require to give back life to a single shut, her clothes drenched and torn, of all earthly fiends, the RUMSELLER, thing was neat. Sitting up in the bed, hung back with evident reluctance. bramble by the path a spray richly insect?" hung with blackberries, and held it out to the child. The timid girl slowly approached, like the wild fawn to which Arthur had likened her, keeping her black eyes fixed on the stranger. But there was that in Arthur's smile which no child could look on and fear. As the little one put out her brown has made to enjoy it," said Arthur. hand for the berries, she glanced up with more confidence through her long dark lashes at the tall form before her. not the speaker been "a tall, grand

"'Cause I was afeerd of the boys," said the child. "If you was by, they'd | wings of a struggling captive, and the not beat me, and take away my white insect made its escape, no one attempthen." The girl glanced down at her ing to catch it again. covered basket, and a little fluttering sound from within showed the nature of its contents.

maiden?" asked Arthur.

Who are these boys that you fear?" "The big bad boys as hunt Gideon," replied the child, glancing timidly round, as if afraid that some one might be within hearing,

he were a hare. "Does Gideon always carried off a poor child." run away, does he never turn round and face them?"

"He has the fits, you know," said! the little girl sadly; "the boys hunt —it do!"

"It would make any one feel savage," observed Arthur; "these boys must be a sad, lawless set."

"They catched me the first time I beneath.

name?"

"Lottie Stone, sir," answered the child, her little face brightening as she trotted on in full confidence under the protection of the tall stranger, whose rich-toned voice and gentle courtesy had a winning charm for one accustomed to witness only the brutal manners of some of the most lawless men

"Do you ever go to church, Lottie

ever you come across one." changed it. "Where does your father

said the child, sadly; "he goes there on other days-every day-but on Sunday he's there all day long, and when he comes home he beats mother, and sometimes beats Gideon and me."

"Poor little Red Ridinghood!" one as hurt her!"-" Rescued from he inquired.

"No; mother don't teach me nothing," naively answered the child.
"What—not to speak the truth, and

"And do you often see Mrs Holdich?"

"I goes there pretty often," prattled the child; "I likes to go there, for she gives me milk, and bread, and shows me a deal, and she gave me this pretty. hen. I'd be there every day, only I don't like a-going 'cross the common, 'cause of the bad boys, yer know."

"And what does kind Mrs. Holdich teach you?"

"Big A, and O, and B; and she tells me pretty stories out of the Bible ashamed. Not at all. frightened expression, and wished that | -I loves Mrs. 'Oldit, I does. She was he had brought his sketch-book with him. Arthur expected that the child would ask alms for her dress denoted to the sketch book with a laugh. And the three saundard sketch book with a laugh. And the three saundard carelessly on. Which is the with a shuddering glance.

"How came he so, then?" you ask before even the picture of the Saviour. Running back into the house, Mary brute, thought I—this great, strong I will tell you. When a child, he said it warn't no use, they'd be torn

> Arthur was interrupted by Lottie's drawing closer to him in evident fear, and murmuring, "There's some of 'em!
> —big Davy, and Jack Thomson, and

"Don't mind them, you've nothing to be afraid of," said Arthur, encouraging his little companion.

"They may kill my hen, as they killed our poor kitten!" faltered Lottie as they approached the spot where three dirty ragged boys, stretched on the turf, were amusing themselves in the kitchen, and, expecting to come the pledge, and they were married. lect in the garden, and she and her tearing off the legs and wings of some back directly, she left Maggie at her For awhile he was happy. But the mother went out for a walk together. wretched butterflies that they had

The authoritative tone, and the commanding presence of the speaker, arrested the attention of the young that his coat was dripping with water, in a broad grin as he answered, "Bushels of 'em if we could get 'em.'

"Yes, one child could take the life of thousands of butterflies," said Arthur, "but how many men would

so strange and unexpected; then Thomson muttered, "There's no one

one should wantonly take it away from her. Rover stood by, anxiously watchone of the beautiful creatures that He

This was evidently a very new doctrine to the ragged audience. Had of joy. Then, as if he could not keep "Why did you follow me, my little gentleman," he would probably have not be disturbed, he rushed out into neighbors had seen poor "drunken comfort to her to hear these blessed words." Her mother then led Mary asked Arthur. as it was, Davy relaxed his hold on the were crazy with delight.

> "It always appears to me to be a cowardly think to hurt anything just God, she owed her darling's life. Such because it is feeble and weak, and tears and caresses as were lavished an object in speaking beyond that of dinner as he got that day! They will wretch that died by his own hand, saving butterflies. It is the office of never cease to love and cherish that the man who sold him the poison? the strong to protect the weak, of the dear, good, faithful dog. Next morn-

"He was a bold chap, he was,"

worm. He was not afraid to ride up to was a comin' from Mrs. 'Oldit, and the enemy's cannon; but as for torturtook away the cake she gave me, and ing an insect or frightening a girl, he ate it, and tore the pretty picture book | would have blushed to do such a cowinto bits, and laughed, and when I ardly thing."

cried they beat me!" The little girl Whether Arthur had convinced the completed the list of her wrongs by reason of the boys may be doubted, drawing up her ragged sleeve, and but he had certainly gained their atten-showing the mark of a black bruise tion; he felt his advantage and went on. "Now I should be sorry to think "Here's a case of Red Ridinghood that there was not a fine brave fellow

boys, one after the other.

"There, you hear them," said

Arthur to Lottie, scarcely able to keep

you have three protectors to choose

from whenever you chance to want one,

should. Good day to you, my lads,"

Arthur strode rapidly on to hide

his mirth, followed by the wondering

Lottie, who could not comprehend how

the gentleman had suddenly turned her

"I say, he's a fine, tall chap,"

observed Davy; "I daresay he's been

"He's a-stoopin' and talkin' to Lottie

Stone!" observed Tommy with

surprise; "he'd be a whacking any

THE TWO DOGS.

walking in front of me. As they

spoke, a poor white dog ran panting

some stones and aimed them with

cruel care at the friendless creature,

who ran this way and that to escape

his persecutors. How silent and pa-

tient he was in his distress! No use-

was heard, as stone after stone fell

moan, but went limping painfully off

the boys, now they will be sorry and

boy, who is not ashamed to abuse a

helpless animal, or the brave and pa-

tient dog, who bears the torture with-

out complaint? I think I know which

Perhaps this common occurrence

because I was on my way home from Mrs. Reynolds', where I had been

their dear old Rover. The day before

Mrs. R. had been sitting in her sunny

porch, with little Maggie playing on

the grass plat at her feet. Some house-

for she thought of the little pond.

Perhaps Maggie had gone there! She

flew down the steps after him, and in

little Maggie, perfectly still, her eyes

In a few hours, as Maggie grew

to think of Rover, to whom, under

pleases God best just now.

on three legs.

"O, there he is, there's the cur!"

Elgypt." T. Nelson & Sons, N. Y.

tormentors into her champions.

and killed a lion himself."

and the wolf," thought Arthur; "I amongst you. Here's a little girl who here, Miss Wilmot," explained Maggie. should like to give these young ruffians is afraid to cross the common alone; a taste of my switch! Well, my little would not one of you go with her, friend," he said aloud, "keep close and take care of her, and if any big beside me, and we'll go together to blustering coward tried to frighten or your home, and none of the boys shall hurt her, knock down the bully at touch you. Tell me what is your once?" "Yes, I would—I would," cried the

in the country.

Stone? The girl looked as if she did not understand the question, so Arthur

go to on Sundays?" he asked.
"He goes to the 'Jolly Gardener,"

murmured Arthur to himself, "the wolf is at home as well as abroad. Does your mother teach you to read?"

The girl fumbled with her blackberries, and Arthur at first thought that she had either not heard or not understood his question; but she presently out of a yard near by, pursued by a raised her head and replied, "It's party of children. The boys seized raised her head and replied, "It's Mrs. 'Oldit as teach me that."

again directly."

"And does she ever tell you-' Tommy Higgs.

"I say, my lads," cried Arthur Madden, "how many butterflies could the smallest of you kill in five minutes?"

The boys all started at a question pulled her out of the pond. Her mocould do it."

" No, life is God's gift alone, and no

still, and yet knew that Maggie must

muttered Davy.

"Did the lion kill him?" asked Tom. | see him lay his black head upon the to meet; many battles for the right | sat in the bed. "She should think of "No, he killed the lion," said pillow beside the child's fair face, and to fight. Many victories shall crown little Mary," she said, "every time she him, and fright him, and then he falls Arthur, "and I've seen the head stuffed, to watch her white little hand stroking your endeavors. But remember, the looked upon it." down, and it makes mother so savage and the great white fangs that could his shaggy coat with a loving touch. "He's my own dear dog, Miss Wilhave torn a horse in pieces. Now, mot," said she. "I should have been that officer was a true-hearted, brave Englishman; he dared attack a lion. drowned to death if it wasn't for him." but he would not have trodden on a

"How did you fall in, dear?" said I. "Well, I was frowing little stones nto the water for Rover to catch, the same as papa does, and I runned a little mite, so as to frow it a great long ways, and I fell right in.'

"What did you think, Maggie, when you felt the water?"

"O, I was so scared? I cried mamma! but I knew she could not hear, so I just fought, 'O, Lord Jesus, do catch me.' You know He's always "Yes, my darling, and no doubt He heard you.

"O, yes, ma'am, I s'pose He showed Rover how to get me out."

Rover looked at me with his great gentle eyes, exactly as if he knew what we were saying. He walked towards me and laid his big paw gravely on my lap, as much as to say that he would like to shake hands over his countenance as he spoke; "there it. Then he went back to his post beside the little one whose life he had saved. He understood it as well as I who will protect you as brave boys did.

he continued, turning courteously to me, on my way home from this morn-the three boys, "may you grow up to ing call, to see a dog abused? I am Does any boy wonder that it grieved be as gallant fellows as my friend the sure it was a sin against God's law of officer, and kill your lion, as he did, if love.— Congregationalist.

STARVED TO DEATH.

The boy was starved-yes, starved to death! 'Where?-who?" you earnestly

ask. Listen. Do you see that little brown,

low-roofed cottage close under the hill? It is all alone. How sad everything around it looks! The once beautiful garden now full of noxious weeds; the gate hangs by one hinge; the blinds shake and shake, this way and that, in the wind; the windows are stuffed with rags and old torn hats; while the wind is moaning drearily through the pine trees, sobbing weird shouted three great boys who were and ghostly.

We approach the door-then enter. Ah! you shrink back from that beastly, besotted wretch, but half covshivering in a mass of straw; for there is no fire. There is no warm bed, no comfortable chairs—there is nothing but that horrid object on the floor. No wonder that you shrink back.

less howl of complaint, no angry bark Youth, with fair, soft hair, bright eyes, ruddy cheeks, red lips, elastic, around him. Even when they hit buoyant step, and free, pure hearts, him a severe blow he uttered not a are hardly fit companions to yonder scowling wretch.

And yet he was once like you! Now, said I to myself, looking and He?

Yes. He was as fair, as well fed and clothed as free-hearted as you are "Wretched cur!" cried one of them new.

country. His parents were as kind place them before the picture.

and loving as yours. As he grew up, every one said, "What a noble man he will make! At the age of twenty he went from made me more indignant than usual, home to learn a trade in town. He got among vile companions. But he knew it not. He thought them good

hearing about the noble behavior of and pure as they at first seemed. They drank wine; he drank with them. His appetite for drink grew upon him. that she would not be afraid. His course was downward! hold matter suddenly called her into pure, noble young woman. He signed a bouquet of flowers as she could colplay. An accident detained her a appetite was not dead, it only slept. little while, and when she returned In a moment of temptation he broke there was no Maggie to be seen. She his pledge. From that time hope died the talk she had with her in the mornhad scarcely time to call Maggie! out of him. The earnest appeal of his ing, but she hardly knew how to speak

Maggie! when she heard Rover bark- wife—the pale, supplicating face of his of it again. ing furiously, and in another moment | babe—the entreaties of friends were he came running up the garden path. of no avail. Down -down - DOWN! Her heart sank within her as she saw O, how fast did the demon hurry him! -the demon that destroys both soul and body—Intemperance. His wife died broken-hearted. But

he paused not. Long ago friends had low, and could not remain with them another minute he had guided her to ceased to trust him, and to satisfy his a great while." the pond. There on the bank lay burning thirst he had sold everything even his wife's Bible! That worst and the water streaming from her took his all greedily, forgetting the

sunny curls. Evidently Rover had reckoning time. And vesterday he had told his boy cellar, with a fiendish laugh.

There lay the poor wretch with his hot, white hand of the sick young wobetter, and the doctor said she would throat cut-dead. Hurried from this man. She leaned over and kissed the soon get over it, Mrs. Reynolds began world by his own hand! "Dreadful!" you exclaim.

And in the cellar, cold and lifeless, her side, with the air of one who has angel mother resting in heaven.

bitterest, most deadly foe of all, will be the DEMON INTEMPERANCE, whose allies sre strong and mighty. The rumsellers are their officers.

In the fear of the Lord go forth to meet them, remembering that the "race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong."—Little Corporal,

"WHAT WE SHALL BE."

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeess." "When He shall appear, we shall be like Him."

When life's long pilgrimage shall cease, When days of sin and toil have set, Our souls shall gain their blest release; But shall they know their perfect peace? Not yet! dear Lord, not yet!

Asleep in Thee, no harms molest, In calm repose we wait Thy word; But Heaven's complete eternal rest Comes to the armies of the blest Not yet! not yet, dear Lord!

In peaceful bliss, to earth unknown, Life's weary cares we shall forget;
But palm and harp and glorious crown
From Heaven's treasury we take down
Not yet! dear Lord, not yet! The saints pass on in endless stream

Their souls catch Heaven's dawning beam, But bathe on its refulgent beam Not yet! not yet, dear Lord! By those who long have gone before,
The coming saints with joy are met;
But entering through th' Eternal door,
They range the boundless golden shore
Not yet! dear Lord, not yet!

Across mysterious Jordan's ford;

At rest from pain, from harm secure,
The warrior sheathes his well-worn sword From every stain forever pure;
But reaps his full-ripe harvest sure
Not yet! not yet, dear Lord!

There comes the day! When all the throng Of thy redeemed have paid the debt Of fallen Nature—Lord, now long? And shall we wait to hear that song? Not yet! dear Lord, not yet!

There comes the day!—when we shall wake To thy blest likeness all restored;
When "clothed upon," our palms we take—
When shall that blessed morning break?
Not yet! not yet, dear Lord!

It comes !- when fully satisfied, Our crowns upon our brows are set, And round thy Throne the living tide Of Christ-like saints shall circle wide. Dear Lord! why tarry yet? Epis. Recorder.

1 GIFT TO JESUS.

A little girl standing in the doorway of a house in the city of Montreal, in ered with filthy rags, cowering and the early days of summer, when the gardens were all in blossom, saw another about her own age, passing by on the sidewalk, with a bouquet of flowers in her hand. As the little girl lingered a moment by the door, little Mary, as we will call her, asked her

where she was carrying her flowers?" "To place them before the picture of the Virgin and her Son," she quickly answered.

Mary knew that she meant by this, that she would place them in the church before a painting of the infant Jesus and his mother Mary. It seemed a pleasant thing to her to place flowers

lived in a large, pleasant house in the asked if she might gather flowers and

Mary's mother asked her which she would rather do, place flowers before a picture of Jesus, or place them in his hand give them directly to him.

"I should rather give them to him, if I could see him, and was not afraid to do it," little Mary answered. The mother told Mary she would

show her how to do it, and assured her In the afternoon, as her mother di-But he became acquainted with a rected her, Mary gathered as beautiful

> Mary wondered where her mother was going, and was thinking about

They walked some distance, and finally her mother stopped before an humble-looking house. An old lady answered the knock, and whispered in return to her mother's question about her daughter, that "Jane was very

The room into which the entered was very plainly furnished, but every supported by pillows, was a young woman looking very pale and feeble. A pleasant smile lit up her face as ther snatched her up with a cry of to steal for him, that he might gratify | Mary's mother drew near her bed and terror, and hurried back to the house, his insatiable thirst. The pale faced, took her thin hand. Then she sat where everything was done to restore | wan boy of nine years remembered his down and talked with her about her mother's teaching and the lessons from sickness, and about the heavenly land ing their efforts, and they said that the sacrificed Bible, and refused. Cru- where the inhabitants are never sick. when, by and by, she opened her eyes, elly did his father beat him, and then and the weary are at rest. Tears fell he jumped up into the air with a bark | thrust him into the cold, dark, damp | down the cheeks of the sufferer; not from pain or grief, but tears of love Many days had passed since the and joy; and she said, "it was a great one day they entered the dismal abode. up and placed her little hand in the little girl, and told her it did her good to see her bright young face. The Ay, terrible! But who of the two mother said nothing, but she was you," answered the soda.

shall fare the worst on that Great Day pleased when she saw Mary hand to cannot resist," said Arthur, who had upon him, and such a Thanksgiving when the Book shall be opened—the the sick girl her bouquet of flowers. wretch that died by his own hand, or What a beautiful smile they brought upon that pale face! "It has been so long," she said, "since she had seen the strong to protect the weak, or the dear, good, labelled dog. I went into the chamber they took up the form of little Willie, the flowers growing; it was like a bold to take care of the timid. I knew ing, when I went into the chamber they took up the form of little Willie, the flowers growing; it was like a bold to take care of the timid. I knew ing, when I went into the chamber and laid it by the side of his mother in walk in the garden to have this beaulard, while his pure tiful have this beau-"Hunt Gideon!" repeated Arthur, a man, an officer, who when in India where Miggie was lying on the lounge, and they went on fizzing, till the green churchyard; while his pure tiful bouquet." After she had breathed there was nothing of either of them amused to hear a boy spoken of as if went hunting on foot a lion that had quite comfortable, though pale and the green churchyard; while his pure tiful bouquet." After she had breathed there was nothing of either of them weak, there sat Rover on the floor by spirit, free from pain, was with the its fragrance a few moments, she asked left, and only a nauseous puddle her mother to place it in water and let showed where the fight had been.ner side, with the air of one who has been children, many foes have ye it stand where she could see it as she Fables

This made Mary feel as she never felt before. She could hardly help crying, and yet she was certain she

never felt so happy before.

As they walked home she told her mother that she was glad they had carried the flowers to the sick woman, but she timidly added, that she had not seen Jesus.

When they reached the house, the mother took the Bible, and, drawing her little girl to her lap, she read, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, * * * ye have done it unto me." Then little Mary saw, that in placing her flowers in the hand of this sick disciple of Jesus, she had really given them to himself; and that whenever her heart was warm towards the dear Saviour that loved her and died for her, and she desired to bestow some gift upon him, expressing her love to him, she could do so by offering it to any one that was suffering around her. No act of gentleness or kindness; no kind word to a suffering or unfortunate person; no gift to send the Bible to those that have it not, is unnoticed. It is like placing the bouquet before him. He loves to breathe its fragrance, and his blessing always follows it, making the heart happy.

In this way Mary's mother taught her how she could offer her gifts to Jesus; and then they sang together the beautiful hymn of Montgomery, of which this is one of the verses:-

Then, in a moment to my view The Stranger started from disguise— The tokens in his hands I knew; My Saviour stood before my eyes! He spake, and my poor name he named, "Of me thou hast not been ashamed; These deeds shall thy memorials be; Fear not; thou didst it unto me."

A LITTLE AT A TIME.

Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Grand occasions of life seldom come, are soon gone, and when present, it is only one among thousands who is adequate to the great actions they demand. But there are opportunities at our doors every day, in which the "small, sweet charities of life" may occupy us fully. What account can we give of these as they pass by and on to eternity, to lay their record before the great throne? He who flatters himself with air-castles, constructed out of magnificent schemes he would accomplish, were he endowed with great wealth or exalted to high stations, will soon find them dissolving into thin air, whenever he calls his heart to an honest account for the right use of that which God has already entrusted to his care. "He that is unfaithful in that which is least, is also unfaithful in much."

Human life is made up of a succession of little things, or such as are commonly, though mistakenly, so considered. They mould our character Running back into the house, Mary and give complexion to our eternity; can they be insignificant? How slow are we in learning to do "whatsoever our hand findeth," and to leave the results, great or small, at the disposal of Him who has declared-"whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose

his reward." Then, Christian disciple. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters." Look around in your neighborhood. in your Church, and you can be at no loss for important work to do. Be content to attend to duties as they arise; take them as they are sent by providence. Every moment brings its own responsibilities, and man's wisdom in this world of sin, of sorrow, and of death, consists in cheerfully using present comforts, and diligently attending to present duties. Let the crumbs, the fragments of time, be gathered up, that nothing be lost. Forget not that, all the world over, great things are made up of a vast multitude of those which are little. Eternity is composed of moments of time, never ceasing. Nothing will more certainly find the slothful at last, or bring them to a dreadful reckoning, than wasted

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers, Lest these lost years should haunt thee in the

night,
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours,
To take their swift and everlasting flight; Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve the quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine ad-

dressed Do something-do it soon-do it with all thy

An angel's wing would droop, if long at rest, And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest." -Central Presbyterian.

THE END OF A QUARREL! "We could soon finish you up," said some lemons to a bottle of carbonate of soda.

"I could soon take the taste out of "Let us try our strength," said the lemons.

"With all my heart," said the soda; and to work they went, trying with all their might to extinguish each other; fizz-went the lemons; fizz-went the soda; and they went on fizzing, till