

VIII. *And lead us not into temptation.*

Lead us not in temptation! The earth's best
Find, but in flight, their safety; and the wise
Shun, with considerate steps, its Basilisk
eyes.

Save us from Pleasure, with the heaving breast
And unbound zone; from Flattery's honeyed
tongue;

Avarice, with golden palm and icy heart;
Ambition's marble smile and earthly art;
The rosy cup where aspic death is hung!
Better the meal of pulse and bed of stone,
And the calm safety of the Anchorite,
Than aught that life can give of wild and
bright.

Be thou my joy, my hope, my strength alone!
Save from the tempter! Should he woo to ill,
Be thou my rock, my shield, my safety still!

IX. *But deliver us from evil.*

Deliver us from evil! Hapless race!
Our life a shadow and our walk a dream;
Our gloom a fate, our joy a fitful gleam;
Where is our hope but Thee! Oh give us grace
To win thy favor! Save from loud-voiced
Wrong,

And creeping Craft! Save from the hate of
foes;

The treachery of friends; the many woes,
Which, to the clash of man with man, belong;
Save those I love from want, from sickness,
pain!

And—spared that pang of pangs—oh let me
die

Before, for them, a tear-drop fills my eye;
And dying, let me hope to meet again!
Oh, save me from myself! Make me and
mine,
In life and spirit, ever, only, Thine!

X. *For Thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, forever, Amen.*

Thine is the kingdom, power and glory! Thine
A kingdom, based on past eternity,
So vast, the pond'rous thought—could such
thought be—
Would crush the mind: a power that wills
should shine
A million worlds; they shine—should die—
they die:

A glory to which the sun is dim;
And from whose radiance e'en the seraphim,
Heaven-born, must veil the brow and shade
the eye!
And these are Thine, forever! Fearful word,
To us, the beings of a world of graves

And minutes! Yet Thy cov'nant promise
saves;

Our trust is in Thee, Father, Saviour, Lord!
Holy, thrice holy, Thou! Forever, then,
Be kingdom, power and glory Thine! Amen.



THE DAUGHTERS OF LA ROCHE.

Who that has attended the death-bed of the
loved and cherished, can ever forget its touch-
ing and painful scenes? The sands of life pas-
sing rapidly away—the pulse becoming feebler
and fainter—the voice lower and weaker—the
light fading from the glassy and spiritual eyes
—the mingled expression of love, hope and
agony resting upon the thin, pale features.—
And, when at last the lamp goes out, the hands
fall cold upon the motionless bosom—the
limbs become rigid, and the spirit wings its
flight to another world, who can forget the
heart-screams of the doating mourners—the
grief long suppressed, but now bursting forth
as a torrent—the tears, the cries and the ex-
clamations, half in love and half in madness!

I once was present at the death-bed of a
mother—a true and martyr-like woman—who
had hurried herself to a premature grave, in an
effort to provide for the comforts of two young
and lovely daughters; and were I to live a
thousand years, the memory of that hour
would still linger vividly in my mind. She
died, too, in the full faith of a blessed hereafter
—conscious of the purity of her life, and cher-
ishing, as the jewels of the soul, the sublime
truths of the Christian religion. But her
daughters—her young and unprotected daugh-
ters! She left them to the tender mercies of
a hollow world, and thus, with the undying
fondness of a mother's heart, fixed her strain-
ing eyes upon their sad but beautiful features,
even as the soul parted from the body, and the
faith of a blessed religion brightened the path-
way to a clime of bliss.

Sobs and tears and loud lamentations came
from these lovely orphans. They were now
indeed alone in the world; and though they
had been taught in some measure to prepare
themselves for so frightful a bereavement, they
could not realize all its gloom and desolation.
They had never known a father's care, for he
had been taken from them in their early child-
hood, before they were capable of appreciating
his value. Their mother had been the whole
world to them—she had watched them in their
hours of illness—had prayed for them, and
with them—had pointed out the paths of dan-
ger in the ways of life—had indulged them be-