

Poetry.

I am far frae my hame, and I'm weary often-
whiles
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's
welcome smiles:
I'll ne'er be wi' content, until my een do see
The golden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countrie.
The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony tinted, fresh,
an' gay:
The birds warble blithely, for my Father made
them see;
But these sights an' these sun's will as naething
be to me,
When I hear the songs of triumph in my ain
countrie.
I've His gude word of promise, that some gladsome
day the King
To His ain royal palace His pilgrims hame will
bring;
Wi' en an' wi' hearts running ower we shall see
"The King in His beauty," an' our ain countrie.
My sins have been mony, an' my sorrows have been
sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered
mair;
His bluid has made me white, His hand shall dry
mine ee,
When He brings me hame at last to my ain
countrie.
Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo unto my Saviour's
breast;
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless
lambs like me,
And carries them Himself to His ain countrie.
He's faithfu' that has promised, He'll surely come
again;
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna
ken,
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at any moment to my ain countrie.
So I am watching aye an' singin' o' my hame as I
wait,
For the sounin' o' His footfa' this side the gow-
den gate.
God gie His grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we may a' gang in gladness to our ain coun-
trie. — Exchange

(From the New York Observer.)

"It was a cold, starless night in the middle of December. The snow lay thick on the hill-tops and river banks, while up the valley the wind swept like a great blustering tornado, and drove every-thing before it in triumph. It held away, too, over the frozen river, where it swept the snow to right and left, leaving a path which made one think of that where the Israelites of old passed over dry-shod to the other side.

"There'll be fine skating for them boys to-morrow," quoth old farmer Beach, as he walked home at dusk with the cutting north wind in his face.

Jim Lawrence was thinking the very same thing, as he flung aside his school-books and peered through the windows at the gathering darkness.

"I say, Daisy," he said to his little sister who still sat by her lessons over the glowing fire.

"Daisy, to-morrow's Saturday, and there'll be a jolly cruise of ice over the river, when this old Boreas has blown the snow up to Norocote."

Now little Daisy was a sylph on her skates, and she liked nothing better than to whisk about the old river until her face was in aglow, and her heart beating with delight. She raised her bright blue eyes eagerly at her brother's words.

"Oh!" she said, with a long-drawn breath, "I'mother 'll only let me."

"Let you! of course she will," cried Jim, who was very fond of his little sister. "Can't I take care of you, I like to know? That's a pretty yarn."

"But you know," said Daisy, hesitating a little, "the ice was very thin down by Johnson's bridge a little while ago, and father said he didn't think it was safe for little girls to venture out on the river."

"Pooh!" laughed Jim; "that's a good one. That was days ago, and there's a stiff frost to-night. The ice was very thin last mid summer, too, I suppose. Why, Daisy, 'll take you away up to Norocote, to-morrow—see if I don't."

Daisy's eyes sparkled.

"The only thing is," said Jim—and his brow grew dark as he said it—"that horrid Sam Badger is sure to be around, and I feel like kicking him Jericho every time I see him."

"You're like King Ahah," said Daisy, laughing softly; and coming over to the window, she held her dainty, little hand on his arm; "he couldn't have any good times, poor man! while that Sam both the Jerzelite was having them too."

"Now, Daisy, don't be a pig," said her brother, "you know you hate him just as bad as the rest of us."

"I don't like him a bit," said Daisy, unceasingly drumming on the window-pane. "I don't like him a bit, Jim. He tries to trip us girls when we're skating, and only yesterday he tried a tin can. Gips' tail!" he calls me Miss Buttercup, too, and laughs at me new hat. But, Jim, I don't think I *hate* him. Jesus says we must love our enemies, and I'm trying awful hard to get this verse fligh-ty in my heart."

"Pshaw!" said Jim; "he's a bully and a coward, and bullies ought to be put down."

"But Jesus would want us to forgive him, Jim," said Daisy; "let's do it for Jesus' sake!"

Jim frowned, and was about to speak when Lawrence came in, bringing with him a great load of cold wind, and put an end to the little cushion.

At the same time the odor of hot muffins came from the kitchen, restored Jim's good humor to wonderful degree.

Next morning was clear and beautiful. The north wind had blown away the clouds of the night before, and not content with that, was still blowing the snow about in little eddies and whirls, merry, rollicking way, and the passers-by could hardly keep on their feet for the force of it.

But do you think such a wind as this could daunt the skaters in any way?

Almost before sunrise, a few straggling figures were skimming about over the frozen river, and at the time the icicles on the trees had begun to there was such a clamor and confusion, such a swarming of little people to the centre of attraction that one could hardly see the ice between the feet.

Sam Badger was one of the first on the busyly racking his brains for some new trick to play off on his friends and school-fellows. A ungainly looking boy was Sam, with a crooked little, reddish hair, and a rather large nose. His eyes were bright and merry, and he made people think that his mischief arose rather

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