

THE WORLD.

Whilst, lost in universal dream
The giddy crowd is hurled
Along the gaily-eddy stream
Of this deceitful world:

But, in secret, still to thee
I point my holier way—
From each gay chain be free,
A Saviour's way:

Parent wing
Peace remain:
The world can bring
All in vain.

To heaven above,
En, aspire;
And love
Desire.

IN A STORM.

I fall;
The floods
The heart's sail.

The winds
The complaint?
The help!

Up and onward! toward the East
Streams that rise from higher sources
Than the pools thou leavest behind.

Life has import more inspiring
Than the fancies of thy youth;
It has hope, such as heaven—
It has truth;

It has peace, such as heaven—
It has truth;

It has love, such as heaven—
It has truth;

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Selected for Friends' Review.
THE WASTED FOUNTAIN.

BY ANNA C. LYNCH.

And their nobles have sent their little ones to the waters; they
came to the pits, and found no water; they returned with their
vessels empty.—Jer. xiv. 7.

When the youthful fever of the soul
Is awakened in thee first,
And thou goest like Judah's children forth
To slake the burning thirst;

And when dry and wasted like the springs
Sought by that little band,
Before thee to their emptiness
Life's broken cisterns stand;

When the passions that tempted,
That on the taste,
And thy passions fade and pass
Like the dews of the waste;

When the sun darkens and hopes vanish
In the shade of coming years,
And the heart's bearest is empty,
Or overflowing with thy tears;

Though the transient springs have failed thee,
Though the fountains of youth are dried,
Wilt thou sit among the mouldering stones
In weariness abide?

Wilt thou sit among the ruins,
With all words of cheer unspoken,
Till the golden bowl is broken?

Up and onward! toward the East
Green oases shalt thou find,—
Streams that rise from higher sources
Than the pools thou leavest behind.

Life has import more inspiring
Than the fancies of thy youth;
It has hope, such as heaven—
It has truth;

It has love, such as heaven—
It has truth;

It has peace, such as heaven—
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The following lines were addressed to Doctor Adam
Clark, while he was engaged in the Shetland Islands,
on a missionary visit, in 1826, by a poetess of one of
those islands.

TO DR. ADAM CLARK.

Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare His praise
in the islands.

And hast thou, generous stranger, come
From blooming scenes where nature smiles,
And left thine own delightful home,
To visit Thule's barren isles?

What tempted thee to come so far,
A wanderer from the land of bliss?
To brave the elemental war
Of such a stormy shore as this?

'Twas not the insatiate thirst of gold,
Nor proud ambition's loftier aim;
Nor brighter regions to behold,
Nor undiscovered lands to claim.

No; it was still a loftier aim—
'Twas Christian zeal and Christian love;
A bright and never-dying flame,
Pure, holy, harmless, from above.

Blest is the man whose holy breast
Enshrines this spark of life Divine;
Blest is his home—his family blest:
Such bliss belongs to thee and thine.

Such bliss on earth thy portion be,
And everlasting bliss above;
When Death shall set thy spirit free,
To live with God in realms of love.

Larwick, 1826.

the little child!
sure to gain;
accents soft and mild;
not long remain.

the young, for they
will have enough to bear—
Pass through life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know,
They may have toiled in vain;
Purchase unkindness made them so;
Oh win them back again!

Speak gently! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce with strife,
Said to them, "Peace be still."

Speak gently—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

"MY LINES ON THY
Fate, I know that all my life
Is tossed out for me,
And the changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with cheerful smile
And to wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know—
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where to go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of holy love to do,
For the Lord, on whom I wait.

I ask thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
So thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessings be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With gratitude to thee;
More careful than to serve thee much,
To please thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care
There is a crook in every lot,
And a need for earnest prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on thee,
Is happy every where.

In a service that thy love appoints
There are some bonds for me,
For my secret heart is taught the truth,
That makes thy children free,
And a life of self-renouncing love,
Is a life of liberty.

The hen is proverbially a nurse, a faithful
nurse—whatever she hatches she nurses, be it
turkey, goslin, duck—or even the crow; and for
this peculiar quality she was so highly honoured
by Christ, when he uttered his memorable lamentation
over that noted city—"O Jerusalem, Jeru-
salem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest
them which are sent unto thee; how often would
I have gathered thy children together, even as a
hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and
ye would not."