

produce on the character of his country; and all that he did for man, to have desired the reflection, not of his own glory, but of their happiness. The thoughtful moral spirit of Alfred did not make him sensible to the sympathies of men; but it was self-satisfied, and therefore sought them not; and accordingly, in our conception of his character, the love of glory makes no part, but would, I think, be felt at once to be inconsistent with its simple and sedate grandeur.—*Tickler in the Noctes Ambrosianæ.*

UNWRITTEN POETRY.

Far down in the depths of the human heart, there is a fountain of pure and hallowed feeling, from which, at times, swell up a tide of emotions which words are powerless to express—which the soul alone can appreciate. Full many hearts overflowing with sublime thoughts and holy imaginings, need but the "pen of fire" to hold enraptured thousands in its spell. The "thoughts that breathe" are there, but not the "words that burn." Nature's own inspiration fills the heart with emotions too deep for utterance, and, with the poetry of the heart, lies forever concealed in its own mysterious shrine.

Unwritten poetry! It is stamped upon the broad blue sky, it twinkles in every star. It mingles in the ocean's surge, and glitters in the dew-drop that gems the lily's bell. It glows in the gorgeous colours of the West at the decline of day, and rests in the blackened crest of the gathering storm-cloud. It is on the mountain's height, and in the cataract's roar—in the towering oak, and in the tiny flower. Where we can see the hand of God, there beauty finds her dwelling-place.

DEATH-BED TESTIMONIES.

We must turn elsewhere than to the books of the New Testament for death-bed scenes. One beautiful record of the first deacon of the church, who prayed for his countrymen, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," is all that we have of martyrology in the Bible. Its warriors fight the good fight. We know that in some battle or other they finish their course. Where, or how, or under what circumstances of humiliation or triumph, we are not told. If it pleased God that their lamps should shine out brightly at the last, that was well, for he was glorified in their strength. If it pleased him that the light should sink and go out in its socket, that was well too, for he was glorified in their weakness. Not by momentary flashes does God bid us judge of our fellow-creatures; for he who reads the heart, and sees the meaning and purpose of it, judges not of them by these. And never be it forgotten, that at the death which has redeemed all other deaths, and made them blessed, there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour, and that a cry came out of the darkness, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"—*F. D. Maurice.*

SALVATION NOT BY WORKS.

Time is precious, and you waste it in attempting to work out a righteousness of your own. In you I see a negro, black and tawny, seated by a running stream, a laughing-stock to some, an object of pity to others, who labours and toils to wash himself white, and remove the dark pigment of his skin. Rise up, throw soap and nitre into the stream, and, turning your back on these, go seek the blood that cleanseth from all sin. Are you engaged in the attempt to work out a righteousness of your own?

Leave that loom. Are the gossamer threads of your own vows and promises ever snapping in your hand, and breaking at every throw of the shuttle? The robe of righteousness, a raiment meet for thy soul, and approved of by God, was never woven there. It was wrought upon the cross; and of colour more enduring than Tyrian purple—it is dyed red in the blood of Calvary.—*Guthrie's Gospel in Ezekiel.*

CHRISTIANITY, A PANACEA.

Take up the cycle of history that preceded the advent of Christianity, and compare it with the present period; and is there not an entirely different expression on the face of things, so far as conceptions of humanity and influence of philanthropy are concerned? Contrast "a Roman holiday," its butchery and its blood, with a modern anniversary that clasps the round world in its jubilee, and see if humanity has not been helped by religion. Or look back upon Grecian art and refinement, and tell me what oration or poem, or pantheon of marble beauty, is half as glorious as the plain brick free-school; the asylum of industry; the home for the penitent, the disabled and the poor? Ah! my friends, these are such familiar things that we may not think them the great things they really are; and in gazing upon the colossal evils that tower up before us, they may seem slight achievements. But they are great: and when I see the poor druid return to a renovated home—the demoniac sitting clothed and in his right mind once more; when I see the dumb write, and hear the blind read, and little rescued children sing their thankful hymns; I think humanity has been helped a great deal since that Divine Teacher walked the earth, and took the lambs to his bosom, and made the foul leper clean, and partook with publicans and sinners, and bade the guilty go and sin no more. I think that currents of love and self-sacrifice, from that heart that was pierced for us upon the cross, have found their way through the channels of ages, through all the impediments of worldliness and selfishness, and inspired and blessed men far more than they know.—*Humanity in the City.*

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

One of the most memorable passages ever uttered by Mr. Webster, was in vindication of the authority of conscience and of Providence, on a trial for a dark and mysterious murder. He said:—"The guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or rather it feels an irresistible impulse to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed upon by a torment which it does not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses, soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirit of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed; it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession, but suicide; and suicide is confession."