

their hearts ; and they send them forth to prey upon the land, and to become its curse and its destruction. But, on the other hand, there is a blessing to the religious home, which no tongue can speak, no language can describe. The home, where, in early years, the heart is trained to a love of God, and to take pleasure in his worship and service, interweaves with the existence of man's holy affections, which die not with the circumstances that gave them birth ; which last long, even though they may for a season be forgotten and neglected ; and which exercise at least some check upon the evil of the human heart ; and often, nay, commonly, recall it to hear again the voice of God, and to return to the paths of holiness and peace. How great, how unspeakable is the happiness of a land where homes like this are common !—*Rose's Hulsean Lectures.*

ONE WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

There is a Divinity that stirs within you. God has implanted in each of your bosoms a sense of honour. Never violate it. Stand up with the firmness of a granite pillar—of a promontory which through unknown ages has withstood the fury of the elements—against the charms and fascinating pleasures of a sinful world. They dazzle but to bewilder—they smile but to deceive. Do this and you will be prosperous. You will have peace, honour, and dignity ; you will be classed with the wise and good. You may be poor, but you will possess what is worth more than gold, true nobility of mind and character ; you will tread the upward path of virtue—you will win an immortal prize. O, young man, follow your higher nature, and you will fashion for yourself a diadem more beautiful and precious than was ever wrought to adorn the brow of an earthly potentate. He alone is wise who practically remembers that the wages of sin in this life is only death—death most deep, bitter and overwhelming.

“BURY ME IN THE GARDEN.”

There was sorrow there, and tears were in every eye, and there were low, half-suppressed sobbings heard from every corner of the room ; but the little sufferer was still ; its young spirit was just on the verge of departure. The mother was bending over it in all the speechless yearnings of maternal love, with one arm under its pillow, and with the other unconsciously drawing the little dying girl closer and closer to her bosom. Poor thing ! in the bright and dewy morning it had followed out behind its father into the field ; and while he was there engaged in his labour, it had patted round among the meadow flowers, and had stuck its bosom full, all its burnished tresses, with carmine and lily-tinted things ; and returning tired to its father's side,