

All earth-born love must sleep in the grave,
 To its native dust return:
 What God hath kindled shall death out-beave,
 And in heaven itself shall burn.

Beyond and above the wedlock-tie,
 Our union to Christ we feel;
 Uniting bonds which are made on high,
 Shall hold us when earth shall reel.

Though He who chose us, all worlds before,
 Must reign in our hearts alone,
 We fondly believe that we shall adore
 Together before his throne.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE—"The minister's wife' of the olden time, where is *she*? The ubiquitous 'minister's wife,' who must make and mend and bake and brew and churn, and have children, and nurse and educate them, and receive calls at all hours, with a sweet smile on her face, and thank everybody for reminding her of what they consider her shortcomings; who must attend funerals, and weddings, and births and social prayer-meetings, and 'neighborhood-meetings,' and 'maternal meetings'; and contribute calico aprons for the Fejee Islanders, and sew flannel night-caps for the Choctaw infants, and cut and make her husband's trowsers; and call as often on Mrs. Deacon Smith, and stay as long to the minute, as she did on Mrs. Deacon Jones; and who must call a parish meeting to sit on her new bonnet, if so be that the old one was pronounced by all the Grundys unfit for further service. The minister's wife, who was hunted through the weeks, and months, and years, by a carping, stingy parish, till she looked like a worn-out old piece of fur; behold her now!"—*Funny Fern*.

WHAT BROUGHT THE BLESSING.—An American pastor saw his preaching extraordinarily blessed. For twelve years he had a revival in his church every year. He was himself surprised at such success, until one evening, in a prayer-meeting, one of the brethren stated that for some years he had been in the habit of praying every Saturday until midnight, that on the morrow the preaching of his pastor might find its way to people's hearts.

SOWING WILD OATS.—In all the range of accepted maxims there is none, take it for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than the one as to the sowing of wild oats. What a man—be he young, old, or middle-aged—sows, that, and nothing else, shall he reap. The only thing to do with wild oats is put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire and get them burned to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long, tough roots like the couch grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you, and nobody else, will have to reap them; and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you, if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again to your dying day.—*Dr. Arnold*.

LEAKY VESSELS.—Some hearers have bad memories. Their memories are leaky vessels: all the precious wine of holy doctrine that is poured in runs out presently. Ministers cannot study to find a path as fast as others lose it. If a truth delivered doth not stay in the memory, we can never be "nourished up to the word of truth." If thieves steal away people's money, they tell everyone, and make their complaints that they have been robbed; but there is a worse thief they are not aware of. How many sermons hath the devil stolen from them! How many truths have they been robbed of, which might have been so many death-bed cordials!—*Thomas Wilson*.—1660.