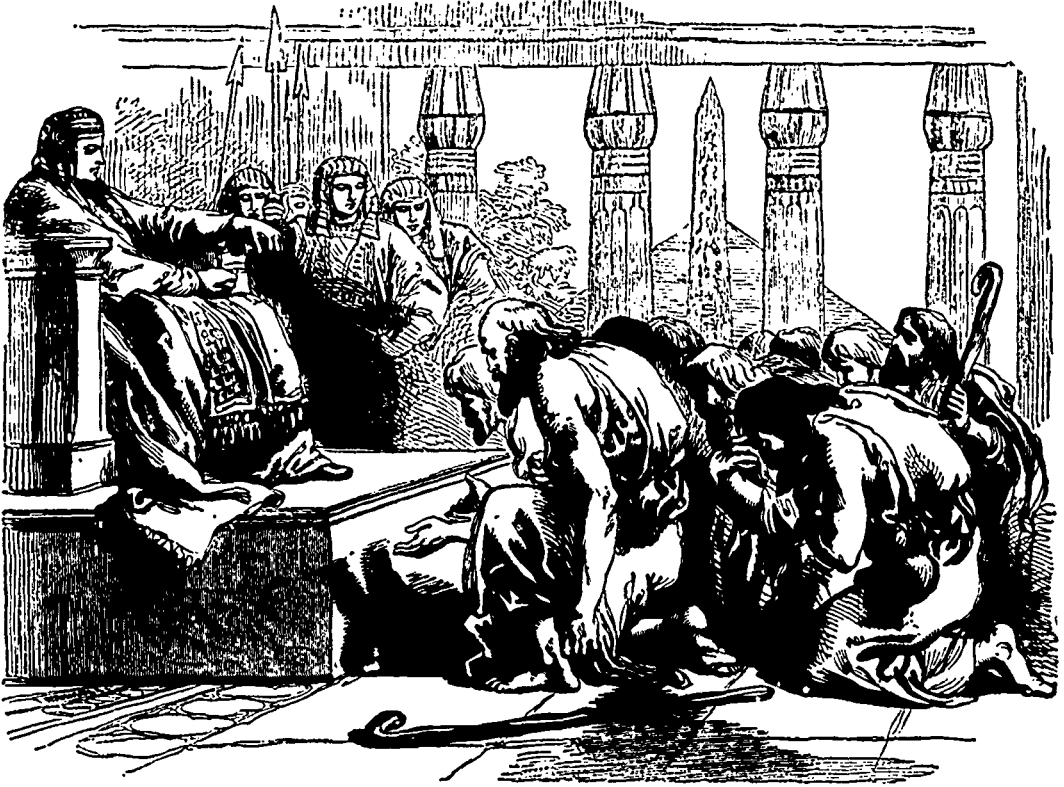




Joseph and his Brethren.

body will be given back to the earth to become food for the worms. Such is the fate which so soon awaits him who has been called the Great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and which is extending over the whole earth!"

In his last hours, his thoughts mingled with the battle strife: "Steingell, Dessaix, Masséna," he exclaimed, in the midst of his wanderings of mind, "victory is declaring itself. Run! hasten! press the charge! they are ours."

Soon afterwards he died. A narrow grave, overhung by a weeping willow, long marked the spot where the remains of the mighty conqueror reposed.



JOSEPH'S HISTORY.

H EAVEN'S favourite down a darksome pit they cast,

His rich-lined robe and lofty dreams deriding;
Then, from his tears their ruthless faces hiding,
Sell him to merchants who with spicery past.
The changeful years o'er that fair slave fleet fast:

Behold him now in glorious chariot riding,
Arrayed in shining vesture, and presiding
O'er Egypt's councils,—owned by Heaven at last.
In pit or palace, God's own hand was weaving

The "many-coloured" texture of his days,
The brightest tints till last in wisdom leaving.
So when in dismal paths our feet are sinking,

Let us be looking soon for lightsome rays,
For our wise Father "thoughts of peace is thinking."

Rev. E. Wilton.

LOOK UP!

L OOK up, James! Look up, I say; up, up!"

How earnestly, and with what intense emotion the father spoke these words to his son. James stood on the edge of the scaffold of the capacious barn, catching on his fork the hay which his father tossed up to him from the loaded cart on the floor. Mr. Holton was a strong man, and as he threw up the heavy masses, none but a dexterous hand could catch them and give them a second throw back "under the eaves."