

own Son for you? Has he not been giving, and giving to you ever since? Do you not hope he will keep giving? Do you not every day ask him to keep giving, until at last he shall give you heaven with all its joys?

Tired of giving? and you a Christian too! Why, my brother, I am tired of not giving. With Christ the Great Giver before me, with the thought of all he has given and is giving me, with his testimony—and who more competent than he to testify on the subject of giving!—that "it is more blessed to give than receive," with the thought of what good I may do by giving, and what joy I may gain by it when I see the fruit of all in heaven, I am more than ever resolved to give, and give, and give, till I die!—*Jour. of Miss.*

THE CROWN JEWEL, OR, THE MISER.

The jewel gleamed bright in its rare setting, and the Miser exulted in his precious treasure. Little cared he that the king was collecting rare gems for his crown. "It is mine," he said, "and I will keep it bright, and it shall not tarnish. I shall not part with my precious jewel. I shall gloat over my bright gold, and exult in my sparkling gem for ever."

So said the Miser. But hark! there is a knocking without; and the gem is clasped convulsively. Who dares to intrude upon the Miser's joy? It is one with haggard cheek and tottering limb; and the Miser cries, "who art thou, and what dost thou want?"

"My name is Sickness. I am sent with graving tools from the king, to prepare a jewel for his crown."

"How should I have a jewel fit for the Royal Diadem? Nay, friend, thou must go further on. Stop not here. Go to the next city, or the next street, or to my near neighbour; but stop not here."

"The commission has gone forth, and I see a gem sparkling in thy bosom."

"Take that one, or that one, but not this, Oh! terrible one."

"Nay; but 'tis this one I must have."

"I will give thee mine own life, but I cannot give thee this."

"Nay, but I may not spare, nor stop to ask thee leave."

And Sickness unpacked his graving tools; and the hammer knocked off the little angles, and the chisel smoothed the faces of the stone, and it shone out brighter and brighter, and the rare setting looked dimmer and more dim, as the stone omitted little flashes of brilliancy; and the Miser's eyes were suffused with tears for the beautiful gold; and he hoesed not that the stone sparkled over brighter in the fading setting; and ever and anon he cried bitterly, "spare, spare my jewel;" and he listened not to the voice of the stranger which said continually, "I am polishing the gem for the Royal crown." But every stroke of the hammer, and every scrape of the chisel, struck and grated on the Miser's heart; and truly it was more than an echo in that heart, for another of the king's messengers, whose name was Affliction, was even then at work with that jewel also.

Soon Sickness said, "I have finished. My mission is fulfilled, and the gem is ready to be taken away. The messenger is else so at hand."

As he spoke, the air grew cold, and darkness spread around. The Miser wrapped closer around him his rags of wretchedness, as he felt his idol slipping from his grasp; and he was chilled to the heart, when the messenger laid his cold hand on the jewel. But he spake out fiercely, and said, "who and what art thou, terrible stranger, and why dost thou come hither?"

"My name is Death. I am the king's messenger, and my pale horse waits without. I am come for the jewel." And the Miser started to his feet to wrestle with Death. "Nay, Death," said he, "take not my jewel from me. Take any jewel but mine."

"Thy jewel," sayest thou? "It is the king's, and he hath need of it. 'Tis now too precious for thy keeping."

"I will go with thee, Oh Death! but spare the jewel—the jewel! I cannot part with that. Thou must spare the jewel."

"I spare not. Wouldest thou rebel against the king, and rob him of his own?" Death was stronger than the Miser, and wrenched the jewel from his grasp; and there remained nothing to him but the rifled setting. And the Miser wrapped himself up in his cloak of sorrow, while Death sped away on his pale horse with the inestimable jewel purchased at so costly a price, that the sons of the morning wondered with an exceeding great and everlasting wonder.

Little heeded the Miser that the daylight streamed in. His eyes were covered with his cloak; and he sat and moaned, till an echo in his heart (it might be from the voice of Death as he passed out) whispered, "I will come for thee too, when thou art polished; but not yet.—Thou art not yet fit to be placed beside the Royal gem thou art bereft of." And hark! there is another voice sweet and gentle, yet withal so penetrating as to reach his ear and thrill his heart, even through the many folds in which the Miser sat shrouded: "But assuredly thou shalt again place thy jewel in thy bosom: for what is His is yours; for all things are yours, whether life or death. Look up, and see! the gem sparkles in the Redeemer's crown. And yet thou shalt see it sparkle in its golden setting, when that shall have been purified from all its dross—when the most fine gold shall never become dim any more for ever—when this mortal shall have put on immortality."

Up, then, thou sorrowful one! and bury thy dead out of thy sight; and look no longer downwards to the grave, but upwards to the living.

He is not here, whom thou seekest; he is risen to his Father, and thy Father. His Father's image shone clear and bright in his purified soul; and heaven alone was fit for his dwelling place.

And the Miser found that with Death which had broken, came Consolation too, to bind up and staunch the bleeding at his heart, and to say, "peace, be still," to his rebellious thoughts; and he whispered feebly from beneath his cloak, "it is well: even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight. Thy will be done.—Thou gavest, and thou hast taken away: blessed be thy holy name." He knew his treasure was safe, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and where thieves cannot break through to steal. He was a Miser no longer, but a cheerful giver; and he stretched out his hands that he might be led as a little child.

THE GODLY MOTHER.

In a class prayer-meeting, in one of the prominent Theological Seminaries of our land, the members related to each other the history of their conversion, and the steps by which they were led to prepare for the ministry.

In these statements, the remark, "I owe all, under God, to a pious mother," so often occurred, that the writer was induced to make more particular inquiry, which led to some very interesting results.

All but ten had pious mothers, and most of them pious fathers. All were converted when young; some at the age of ten, none over twenty. All attended Sabbath-school. All remember with gratitude the instructions of their parents, and many spoke with touching interest of the happy influence which the teachings and prayers of their mothers exerted upon them. Some of these mothers "are fallen asleep," but others "remain to this present," and rejoice in this result of their efforts.

These facts furnish matters for reflection. Suppose these parents had not consecrated their sons to God, where would have been this class of young men, now in the active ministry? And if other classes, and other seminaries, furnish similar statistics, where would have been the theological students of the land? Our seminaries would be empty, many of our pulpits empty, and the "harvest" would perish for want of "laborers."

Christian mothers, these facts show how much the world's salvation, under God, depends on you. Will you realize it, and act accordingly. You may not, through the agency of the press, leave a name and an influence like Hannah More, or Charlotte Elizabeth; but you may transmit a fragrant remembrance, you may exert an undying influence, through that little boy now by your side, and now under your instruction and control. In daily prayer and faith, dedicate him to God. Store his mind with useful knowledge. Aim to fire his soul with zeal for the Saviour's cause. Mothers, do this, and though your sons come not to eminence, and it be not written of you, "Mother's of the wise," yet it will be recorded in heaven of you, "Mothers of the good."

Sir Benjamin West attributed his eminence to the sweet kiss of encouragement his mother gave him when he showed her his first rude attempt at drawing; and it is said that John Quincy Adams, through his long and eventful life, never omitted that beautiful little evening prayer his Mother taught him when a child:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

What an influence God has intrusted to you. But little of it will find a record on the page of history. Eternity alone will reveal it. Sons and daughters "afar" will call you "blessed."

Have you a refractory son, for whom you have offered fervent prayer, and wept away sleepless nights? Know that he may yet preach the gospel. Follow him, as did the mother of Augustine her dissolute son, with prayers and counsels, and God will hear you. Let not your faith waver. Adopt in this, as in other things, the beautiful motto of Charlotte Elizabeth:

"Victorious faith the promise sees,
And looks to god alone:
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says IT SHALL BE DONE."

WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE WITH TENANTS THAT REFUSE TO PAY THEIR RENT, AND WILL NOT EVEN BRING THANK-OFFERINGS?—How lamentable it is to see constantly before our eyes; we must observe it—how lamentable it is to see how many act and talk as though the land they occupy were their own? forgetting that, though they may hold a writing conveying it to them from government or from some person,—yet forgetting that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; forgetting that they are God's tenants, and never bringing him the rent of their ground; not paying him the tithes; not even giving him a thank-offering; not honoring the Lord with their substance, and with the first-fruits of all their increase.

How heart-sickening it is to find so many in the Church, calling themselves the children of God, ranking themselves amongst those who are redeemed, not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious, priceless blood of the Son of God—how lamentable, how heart-sickening to see so many of these grasping after and clutching every thing that God places in their way; greedy to lay it up for themselves and for