

THE BLESSING OF A PIOUS MOTHER.—A retrospective view of the mercies of the Lord, hallowed by the heart's grateful emotions, must ever be esteemed by the christian as a choice source of joy, causing him throughout his pilgrimage to sing,

"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

To trace with the natural eye the manifestations of infinite wisdom, power, and love, in our own planet, and in the bright and beautiful worlds around us, is indeed a high duty and privilege, for the earth and "the Heavens declare the glory of God." To trace the same hand of wisdom and love in all the guidance of the poor pilgrim from the city of destruction to the Mount Zion of eternal glory, is a duty and a privilege of a more excellent character, unfolding to the contemplative mind more varied kindness and multiplied adaptations of heavenly wisdom, love, and power, to the innumerable weaknesses, wants, and unworthiness of the vessels of mercy which our Father has "prepared unto glory." Among these blessed means of grace, the favour of a holy mother, next to the gifts of the Son and Spirit of God, is pre-eminent; the relation she sustains in the department of the earliest training of the intelligent and moral being forming, instrumentally, character for earth and Heaven, involves a responsibility and consequences which can be properly estimated only in the clear perception and vivid impressions of the awful realities of the eternal state. To the praise of eternal love, the writer of this imperfect article bears his feeble testimony to the inexpressible value of a pious mother. Whilst now she mingles her holier praises with those of the spirits of the just made perfect, he delights to raise his humble notes for the prayers, the tears, and the counsels of her, who in infancy, childhood, youth, and in manhood, too, watched over him with a solicitude peculiar to a mother's love. Often when his heart has been cheered amid life's woes with the hope of eternal rest, has he traced that hope to the divine mercy flowing in the instructions, the rebukes, and the pleadings of parental love.—Often has the touching of this chord inspired his cold heart with ardent gratitude and joy, calling forth contrition for past delinquencies, and animating him to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Delightful, indeed, is the calm retrospective view of this valuable favour. To think of the hour when, lying at the fountain of infant nourishment, the maternal prayer ascended on his behalf; of the hour when the folly of childhood was

checked by faithful correction, and the perversity of youth rebuked by holy counsel; and especially of the hour, thrice blessed, when the efficiency of divine grace secured to them means the result of holy penitence and faith—these are reminiscences more precious to the soul than the gold of Ophir. In the contemplation of them he still loves to linger. As the daughter of the Egyptian monarch said to the mother of Moses, so God saith to every mother—"Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." How imperative the command! How solemn the charge! How encouraging the promise! Who can estimate the thrilling joy of that mother, who, by divine favour, shall stand accepted at the last tribunal, saying, "Here am I and the children that thou hast given me!" Who can adequately imagine the emotions of that wretched mother, who, on that awful day, must hear, in unison with that dreadful shout "depart," the curses of her own children for educating them for earth and hell instead of Heaven!

THE FATE OF WAR.

I SAW him go, with a swelling heart,
From the home of his early years,
As he proudly grasped his father's sword,
Yet wet with a mother's tears.

A sad smile played o'er his youthful face,
As he turned from his home at last;
And the hamlet poured its gazers forth,
To bid him adieu as he passed.

I saw him again, on the battle field,
At the head of a chosen band;
But other drops now stained the blade
He bore in his ardent hand.

That fair face, once a mother's pride,
Was marked with the foeman's gore;
And his war-horse pawed the bloody plain
As if proud of the load he bore.

I saw him again, when the field was won,
And where was the soldier then?
He slept with the brave, that sleep from which
He ne'er shall awake again.

Long, long, may the childless mother weep
And the hamlet long may deplore;
But, alas! to the home of his early years,
That warrior returns no more.

[Montreal Gariand.]

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.