

are of importance, my lord, I would have attended to them earlier, but at nine be it.' And at nine her Majesty was seated, ready, to receive the nobleman, who had been taught a lesson on the duties of the Sabbath, it is hoped, he will not quickly forget.'

## A Page for Young Folks at Home.

### When we are Dead.

1. There will be some honest sorrow. A few will be really sad, as we are robed for the grave. Fewer, probably, than we now suppose. We are vain enough to think our departure will produce considerable sensation. But we over-estimate it. Out of a small circle, how soon shall we be forgotten! A single leaf in a boundless forest has fallen! That is all.

The gay will laugh,  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will share  
His favorite phantom.

2. The world will go on without us. We may have thought a very important wheel in the great machinery will be ungearing when we are gone. But the world goes clattering on as if nothing had happened. If we filled important stations in society; if we have wondered what would, or could be done, if we were removed; yet how soon others will fill our stations! The world can be a bustling active world without us. It was so before we entered it. It will be when we are gone.

3. When we are dead, affection may erect a monument. But the hand that sets it up will soon be as powerless as ours, and for the same cause. How soon they that wept over us will follow us! The monument itself will crumble, and its dust will fall on the dust that covers us. If the marble or the granite long endures, yet the eyes of affection will not endure to read the graven letters. Men will give a hasty glance at the name of one they never knew, and pass on, with not a thought of the slumberer below.

On my grassy grave  
The men of future time will careless tread,  
And read my name upon the sculptured stone;  
Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,  
Recall my vanished memory.

4. When we are dead, our influence will not be dead also. We leave epitaphs upon indestructible materials. Our manner of life has been writing them. We have stirred up thought, and awakened emotion. The wonderful machinery of mind has felt our presence. We have pressed the stamp of our character into the warm wax of our moral sensibilities around us. Footsteps toward immortality have been well guided or misdirected by us. Our places of business, our social resort, may know us no more; but living accountable beings, feel the influence that survives our personal departure.

5. When we are dead, the kingdom of God will not die. It did not depend on us for existence. And onward will it go, when we have ceased to live. Happy, indeed, if it had been the honour and joy of our labors to have promoted it. Blessed is it to be remembered as having loved Zion, as taking pleasure in her stones, and favoring the dust thereof.

Sacred, consoling thought! The kingdom of Christ moves on, when we drop our earthly relations to it. Other servants

of God will rise to fill our places. A brighter star may rise for one that has fallen. Stronger hands than ours may come into the ranks.

6. When we are dead, some will think of us. Perhaps not a large circle. And what will they think? Our present course of life is furnishing them with themes of thought. Coldness and indifference to the kingdom and glory of God—of that will our survivors think, if it marked our characters. And in sadness will those that truly love us ponder it. And thoughts, how many, and how comforting, will rise amid the pangs of real sorrow over our departure, if we had shown forth the praises of him who called us to glory and virtue. O reader, think, into which of these channels am I likely to turn the thoughts of men?—*Puritan Recorder.*

### The Penitent Scholar.

School is out. The last lesson has been recited, and the evening hymn sung; and now the shouts of merry voices are heard on the green. Their spirits overflow like long pent up waters.—But one of their number is still imprisoned. All is quiet now in the school-room. There sits the teacher at her desk, with a sad and troubled look. At one of the desks before her sits a boy, whose flushed countenance and flashing eye tell of a struggle within.—His arms are proudly folded, as in defiance, and his lips are compressed. He will never say, "I am sorry; will you forgive?" No! not he! His breath comes thick and fast, and the angry flush upon his cheek grows a deep crimson. The door stands invitingly open. A few quick steps, and he can be beyond the reach of his teacher. Involuntarily his hand snatches up his cap, as she says, "George, come to me." A moment more, and he has darted out, and is away down the lane. The teacher's face grows more sad; her head sinks upon the desk, and the tears will come, as she thinks of the return he is making for all her love and care for him.

The clock strikes five, and slowly putting on her bonnet and shawl, she prepares to go, when, looking out at the door, she sees the boy coming towards the school-house, now taking rapid steps forward, as though fearful his resolutions would fail him; then, pausing as if ashamed to be coming back. What has thus changed his purpose?

Breathless with haste, he has thrown himself down upon the green grass by the side of the brook, cooling his cheeks in the pure sweet water; and as gradually the flush faded away, so in his heart died away the anger he felt towards his teacher.

The soft south wind, as it stole by, lifting the hair from his brow, seemed to whisper in his ear, "This way, little boy, this way;" and voices within him murmured, "Go back, go back." He started to his feet. Should he heed those kind words—should he go back? Could he go? Ah! and here was the struggle. Could he be man enough to conquer his pride and anger, and in true humility retrace his steps, and say "forgive?" Could he go back? As he repeated the words he said to himself, "I will go back;" and the victory was won. Soon, with downcast eye and throbbing heart, he stood before his teacher, acknowledging in broken accents his fault, and asking forgiveness. The sunbeams streamed in through the open window, filling the room with golden light; but the sunlight in those hearts was brighter yet. And, children, if you would always have the sunlight in your hearts, never let the clouds of anger dim your sky.

He was a hero. He conquered himself; and says,—"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that ruleth a city." At first he cowardly ran away; but his courage came again; he rallied his forces, and took the city. Brave is the boy who has courage to do right, when his proud heart says I will not.—*N. Y. Observer.*