

and forgiving spirit. He then thought over the unfavourable circumstances in which Josiah had been placed—the son of a drunken father and a vicious mother—he thought of his present condition and his future prospects till he began to pity him. Then he thought of his own sins against light and knowledge, and he need he had of forgiveness. He next thought of the expression “for Christ’s sake,” and he felt that as he prayed for mercies for Christ’s sake, so he ought to forgive injuries for Christ’s sake. At length he kneeled down and repeated the whole of the Lord’s prayer, giving heed to every petition. The burthen that was upon his conscience was removed.—*New York Observer.*

Who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity ; who aims at mediocrity will fall far short of it.

HAPPY LIFE.—Great efforts from great principles.

GOODNESS.—Perhaps *goodness* never yet possessed the human mind in any degree, without being attended by a large portion of tenderness.—*Fielding.*

PRAYER.—Prayer is a key which unlocks the blessings of the day, and locks out the dangers of the night.

Love them that hate you, and you will be happier than they are.



POETRY.

I HAVE NO FATHER THERE.
I saw a wide and well-spread board,
And children young and fair
Came, one by one,—the eldest first,—
And took their station there.

All neatly clad and beautiful,
And with familiar tread,
They gathered round with joy to feast
On meats and snow-white bread.

Beside the board the father sat ;
A smile his features wore,
As on the little group he gazed,
And told their portions o'er.

A meagre form, arrayed in rags,
Before the threshold stood ;
A half-starved child had wandered there,
To beg a little food.

Said one, “Why standest here, my dear?
See, there’s a vacant seat
Amid the children, and enough
For them and thee to eat.”

“Alas for me !” the child replied,
In tones of deep despair,
“No right have I amid your group ;
I have no father there.”

Oh, hour of fate, when from the skies,
With notes of deepest dread,
The far-resounding trump of God
Shall summon forth the dead.

What countless hosts shall stand with you
The heavenly threshold fair,
And, gazing on the blest, exclaim,
“I have no father there !”