

Newspapers have more influence on the minds of the community than we are apt to imagine. These silent messengers may be made the vehicle of every form and species of error as well as of truth. If a paper treating on some particular subject go into a family it will often effect more in changing the opinions of its inmates, than the most powerful preaching on the same subject.— This shows the importance of disseminating such papers as tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue.

THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

There is no hour in the day, and no day in the year, wherein we may not meet with something that will do us good, if we only keep our eyes and our ears open. In the country the bright sun and the blue sky above our heads, the green fields and waving trees, the opening blossoms, and warbling birds around us, all proclaim the goodness of God. In the town or city something or other is constantly taking place of an interesting kind, so that if we go out and come in again without meeting with any thing worth notice, we may depend upon it the fault is our own.

The afternoon sun was throwing his bright beams on the gilt weathercock of the church, and now and then a sitting cloud overshadowed the skies, when the sound of distant music was heard. The shrill tones of the fife, and the hollow roll of the muffled drum, struck mournfully on the ear, for it was no merry tune that they were playing, but a solemn dirge. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and nearer and nearer came the throng from whom it proceeded: it was a soldier's funeral. As the procession advanced the coffin was plainly seen, with the cap of the dead soldier, his gloves and his sword placed on the lid. The drums rolled, and the fifes played a melancholy strain, and the soldiers slowly bore the body of their late companion towards the church-yard, every one with a bit of black crape tied round his arm.

*Slowly they march'd, nor utter'd a word;
Their faces with sorrow were clouded;
As they gazed on the cap, and the glove, and
the sword,
Where he in his coffin lay shrouded.*

As the procession entered the church-yard gates, it was met by the clergyman in his flowing white robe, who pronounced the cheering words, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." After the body had been taken into the church, it was brought into the church-yard, and slowly lowered into the ground. The funeral service was read, the earth rattled on the coffin, and three volleys were fired by the soldiers over the grave. There was little outward ap-

pearance of mourning among the soldiers as they left the burial-ground, though some few who were intimate with the deceased seemed sad.

Did you ever think seriously, solemnly, deeply on death? "Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" "Man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep."

When the soldiers had departed, and while the drums and the fifes were yet within hearing, playing a lively air, a group of people left in the church-yard began to speak of him who had been just laid in the grave.— Some of them had known him from the time when he first enlisted as a soldier, till the day he breathed his last. When young he was thoughtless, and cared not for divine things, but it pleased God in his latter days to instruct him in the things which belonged to his peace, so that he knew Him whom to know is life eternal, even Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners. He had fought many battles, received many wounds, and helped to gain many victories, and it was the intention of his friends to have the following epitaph placed over his grave.

*Though in rude war a soldier brave I stood,
And for my king and country shed my blood;
In later years my chief care was to be
Soldier to Him who shed his blood for me.*

One by one the group left the church-yard, the grave had been filled up by the sexton, the burial-ground was closed, and the body of the interred soldier was left to rest in the ground till the last trumpet shall summon the inhabitants of the tomb to appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.— The old and young, the grey-headed and the tender aged, have seen a soldier's funeral, even like that which has been described. What more shall we say about it?

A soldier in the prime of life has been committed to the dust. Truly, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

If all that could be said of this soldier was that he had fought at Waterloo, it would not be much; but he had also fought "the good fight," and stoutly struggled against sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil, not in his own strength, but in the strength of his Redeemer. It would be but little to say that he had obtained an earthly victory, but it is something more to add that he was more than a conqueror through Christ Jesus, his Commander and Leader, the great Captain of his salvation. It is true that he wore a medal at his breast as a proof of his bravery, and that his name was enrolled among those who deserved well of their country, but now he wears a heavenly crown, and his name is written in the Lamb's

book of life, as one of those who shall reign with the King of kings and Lord of lords for ever and ever.

Is there any thing in this which a child cannot understand? Any thing that an old man may not read with advantage? Are we not all, or ought we not all to be christian soldiers, fighting under the banner of the cross? Are we not all, or ought we not all to be looking for salvation?

When we see a soldier's burial, or the burial of any other human being, we should regard it as a warning voice, a gentle admonition, saying to the old, "Prepare to meet thy God, for there is but a step between thee and death;" and to the young, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

STORM-HEAD POINT.

A violent snow storm from the north west had been beating with ceaseless fury on the naked summit of Storm-head Point, the whole of a dark and gloomy day; and when the sun had gone down, and every distant object became obscured in the dusky shadows of the closing night, a dim light glimmered in the valley below the lofty precipices, where, sheltered in a great measure from the stormy tempest, a little cottage stood, hid away in that wild but quiet nook, from the unwelcome visitings of the winter blast. It was the abode, once, of a hardy woodsman, who perished a few winters ago, among the mountains in a cold dark night, while on a hunting expedition, and since had become the occasional residence of a lady and her daughter, who had emigrated to the place from one of the Atlantic cities for causes unknown in the country, and who now gained a precarious livelihood by affording refreshments and a shelter to such hunters as occasionally sought there a cover and repose.

Early on the morning of the day now brought to a close, a singular incident occurred. A young traveller, pale, sick and exhausted sat down in the snow by the path side at the foot of the storm-head; he had become so benumbed with cold as to be unable to proceed, and while gradually sinking in the fatal lethargy which comes in such circumstances the forerunner of death, was accidentally discovered by the poor widow's daughter, and borne senseless to the cottage.

Long the beautiful and affectionate girl sat over the slowly recovering youth with anxiety depicted on her countenance, ministering to his wants, and tending him with a sister's care, while her mother assisted to the utmost her little means allowed in making him comfortable. The stranger when able, thanked his kind benefactress, and assured them of his gratitude, promising to compensate their kindness by every return in his power.