

hair was whitened with the frosts of winter, and on her cheek was many a furrow; but meekness sat on her brow, and heaven beamed in her dim eye glistening with a tear and I thought I saw in that tear the moving of a mother's heart, while she reverted to days gone by, when this Boanerges was first dawning into life, hanging on her lips, listening to the voice of instruction and inquiring in child-like simplicity, the way to be good; and I said—This is the rich harvest of a mother's toil; these are the goodly sheaves of that precious seed which probably was sown in weeping; and your grey hairs shall not be "brought down with sorrow to the grave," but in the bower of rest you shall look down on him who "will rise and call you blessed," and finally greet you where hope is swallowed up in fruition, and prayer in praise.

#### LOSSES BY RELIGION.

Near London there dwelt an old couple. In early life they had been poor; but the husband became a christian, and God blessed their industry, and they were living in a comfortable retirement, when one day a stranger called on them to ask their subscription to a charity. The old lady had less religion than her husband, and still bankered after some of the sabbath earnings and easy shillings which Thomas had forfeited from regard to the law of God. So, when the visitor asked their contributions, she interposed and said, "Why sir, we have lost a deal by religion since we first began, my husband knows that very well, have we not Thomas? After a solemn pause, Thomas answered "Yes Mary we have; before I got religion Mary, I had an old slouched hat, a tattered coat, and mended shoes and stockings, but I have *lost* them long ago. And, Mary, you know that poor as I was, I had a habit of getting drunk and quarrelling with you; and that you know I have lost. And then I had a burdened conscience and a wicked heart, and ten thousand guilty fears; but all are lost, completely lost, and like a mill-stone cast into the deepest sea. And, Mary, you have been a loser too, though not so great a loser as myself. Before we got religion, Mary, you had a washing tray, in which you washed for hire, but since then you have lost your washing tray, and you had a gown and bonnet much the worse for wear, but you have lost them long ago. And you have had many an aching heart concerning me at times, but these you have happily lost. And I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost; for what we lose for religion will be an everlasting gain." The inventory of losses by religion run thus:—A bad character, a guilty conscience, a troublesome temper, sundry evil habits, and a set of wicked companions. The inventory of blessings gained by religion, includes all that is worth having in time and eternity.—*Hamilton.*

#### A BARGAIN MAKER.

"There go two words to make a bargain." How many falsehoods do there go to make one? and how many oaths? To conceal, to equivocate, to make a bad pass for a good, and to utter asseverations or 'great swelling words of vanity,' constitute among a portion of the community the grand art of making a bargain. Many an expert bargain-maker, when he wishes to achieve the purpose of getting a penny more for an article than its value, coolly offers a solemn imprecation. Any person, even such a man, can hardly read of Esau having "sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage," without feeling contempt for his character. "What a miserable bargain-maker," he exclaims, "was Esau!" But what would he think to read of a man who should sell his moral character, his self-respect, and all pretensions to decency of speech—for a penny? Yet his style of bargain-making whispers to him, "Thou art the man."

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#### DEATH AND THE CHRISTIAN.—AN ALLEGORY.

It happened one day that Death met a good man, "Welcome thou messenger of immortality!" said the good man. "What!" said Death, "dost thou not fear me?" "No," said the Christian; "he that is not afraid of himself, needs not be afraid of thee!" "Dost thou not fear the diseases that go before me, and the cold sweats that drop from my finger ends?" "No," said the good man, "for diseases and cold sweats announce nothing but thee." In an instant Death breathed upon him, and Death and he disappeared together; a grave had opened beneath their feet, and in it lay *something*.

I wept, but suddenly heavenly voices drew my eyes on high. I saw the Christian in the clouds. He was still smiling, and when Death left him, Angels had welcomed his approach, he shone as one of them.

I looked in the grave, and saw what it was that lay there; nothing was there but *the garment the Christian had laid aside.*—*Lavater.*