

TO DIE IS GAIN.

"Then mourn not, oh mourn not for him to-day,
 Though from his couch ye must turn away;
 Would ye weep for the bird that hath found its nest,
 Would ye weep for the child on its mother's breast;
 Would ye weep for the flower from its calyx burst,
 For the fevered lip that hath quenched its thirst;
 For the mariner snatched from the stormy billow,
 And reposing in peace on his sweet home pillow.

Then weep not for him—like the bird's glad flight
 His spirit hath sped to its home of light;
 Like the babe that is lulled to its slumber soft,
 He is circled by arms that he yearned for oft;
 Like the petal that springs from its prisoning sheath,
 He is blooming a flower in Immanuel's wreath;
 Like the sailor who winds and water breasted,
 On a sheltered shore he hath calmly rested.

Behold him! he kneeleth before the throne,
 Wreathed with a diadem not his own,
 For he casteth it down at the Saviour's feet,
 And giveth the praise where the praise is meet;
 Behold him! for now he is gazing on earth,
 And he gently smiles on his stricken hearth;
 Not even the tears that his kindred shed
 Can moisten his eyelid or bow down his head.

Then hush, oh hush! to the prize press on,
 Follow the path where he hath gone;
 On to the river—though tempests rave,
 Strength shall be given to breast its wave;
 On! to the city with golden gate,
 Till "the door is shut" ye are not too late;
 On! to the throne where the crucified
 Hath a place for each at his pierced side;
 On where your loved one hath sped before,
 Where the arrow that severed shall strike no more."

ANON.

Family Reading.

MAXIMS FOR HOME.

III.—REMEMBER THE POWER OF LITTLES.—A star seems a little thing, yet it is perhaps a world. A word how quickly spoken—how soon forgotten! yet there may be life or death eternal in it. A blow of the hand—how like a flash it may be, yet may it lead to ignominy, to exile, or even a scaffold. Moses was little when he lay in the ark of bulrushes, yet he lived to be the plague of a king, and the means of delivering some millions of slaves. Napoleon Bonaparte was once little, yet what an Apollyon he became at last! There is, in truth, nothing little which can be connected with eternity and God. The decision of an hour may influence us for ever:—

"The summer breeze that fans the rose,
 Or eddies down some flowery path,
 Is but the infant gale that blows
 To-morrow with the whirlwind's wrath."

And though he was wise who said concerning man, "A little sheet will wind him, a little grain will hold him, a little worm will eat him." He was not less wise who wrote, "It is but the littleness of man that sees no greatness in a trifle." Life is made up of little incidents, not of brilliant achievements, and upon the little the eternal hangs.