

hour, he was still more so at his business.

With an exclamation of horror, cried the clerk of the crown, 'The reprieve is locked up in my desk.' It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the post office for the trustiest and fleetest express, and the reprieve reached York the next morning, at the moment the unhappy people were ascending the cart.

WHERE PROPERTY IS SAFE.—The following anecdote was related at the meeting of the Massachusetts Baptist State Convention, by Mr. Badger:—He said he wished he could feel as did a Christian merchant of his acquaintance, with whom he met in New York, on the morning after the great fire had consigned 17,000,000 dollars of property to destruction. This merchant had been wealthy, and had contributed much to the cause of Home Missions. Mr. B. commiserated with him upon his loss; and the reply was, "Yes, I am now a poor man; but when I think upon the destruction of my property, it is a consolation for me to remember that the money which I gave in support of Home Missions is safe." He hoped that all present would make a portion of their property safe by casting it into the treasury of the Lord.

Poetry.

THE COMPASS.

The storm was loud—before the blast
Our gallant bark was driven;
Their foaming crests the billows reared,
And not one friendly star appeared
Through all the vault of heaven.

Yet dauntless still the steersman stood,
And gazed without a sigh,
Where, poised on needle bright and slim,
And lighted by a lantern dim,
The compass met his eye.

Thence taught his darksome course to steer,
He breathed no wish for day;
But braved the whirlwind's headlong might,
Nor once throughout that dismal night
To fear or doubt gave way.

And what is oft the Christian's life
But storm as dark and drear,
Through which, without one blithesome ray
Of worldly bliss to cheer his way,
He must his vessel steer?

Yet let him ne'er to sorrow yield,
For in the sacred page
A compass shines divinely true,
And self-illumined greets his view,
Amidst the tempest's rage.

Then firmly let him grasp the helm,
Though loud the billows roar;
And soon, his toils and troubles past,
His anchor he shall safely cast
On Canaan's happy shore!

—*Evangelical Magazine.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S BOAST.

GALATIANS vi. 14.

God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ the crucified,
Or should blush to tell the story,
How for sinners, Jesus died.

Let the rich display their treasures,
Let them boast how bright they shine;
I will never seek their pleasures,
While the dear Redeemer's mine.

Though from kings I had descended,
And could boast of noblest birth;
Though my brilliant fame extended
Far and wide o'er all the earth;
Though the utmost stores of learning
All were treasured in my mind;
From the whole with gladness turning,
All my joy in Christ I'd find.

What is all the wealth of nations?
What their glitt'ring pomp and power?
What the most exalted stations,
In the sinner's dying hour?
When the world is fast retreating,
Greatest gains appear but loss;
When the parting breath is fleeting,
Nought can cheer but Calvary's cross.

Let me hear my Saviour saying,
"I'll be with thee to the end;
I will answer thee when praying,
I will prove thy faithful friend;"
Then, though all the world forsake me,
I'll rejoice in Christ my Lord;
Soon, from suffering freed, he'll take me
To enjoy a full reward.

When at last from earth I'm shrinking,
When my pulses feebly beat,
When in death's cold arms I'm sinking,
Then with joy I'll still repeat—
God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Christ the crucified;
Still in death I'll tell the story,
How for sinners Jesus died.

EDWIN.