

with idle tales, but also a disinfectant of those crimes and advertising impurities which are in papers generally respectable, the reading of which produces a contagious familiarity with vice. Your family will read *some* papers: which kind do you choose? Alexander Knox, in writing to Bishop Jebb, says, "whatever you save do not save in *Reviews*. The receiving of these has something exhilarating. They bring in news to me from the mental and moral world. I see in them what is going on, and from three different classes of monthlies some satisfactory inference may be made of the stations which minds are keeping or the changes they are undergoing." Said Daniel Webster, "If religious *books* are not widely circulated among the masses in this country, and people do not become religious, I do not know what is to become of us as a nation."—*Legion, or Feigned Excuses*.

"Not to be sorry as men without hope for them that sleep in Him"

—BURIAL SERVICE.

Why should the sight of Death be sad,
And the youthful heart that was gay and glad,
Sink in despondency unknown before?
Why should the life that cannot die
Be crush'd by mortal misery,
When soon the hour of its trial will be o'er?

"To live is Christ, to die is gain."
This thought should prove a balm for pain,
Or faithless woe will stem the fount of joy.
Let Peace, tho' in a world of strife,
Be ours, in earnest of that Life
Of endless Rest no sadness can destroy.

In God's own garden here is sown
Seed of a flower His love will own.
Soon as, the icy chill of winter past,
Sweet Spring shall burst the verdant soil,
Fresh bloom will brighten. His the toil
Making death but sleep that cannot last.

Our God who wept with human heart
Is here to bear His blessed part
In sorrow, and then grant His rich relief.
In Christ our Life "all heart-joys meet;"—
The bitter Cup here burns so sweet—
That buried *Man* came back to bury grief.

Our widow'd Mother's loss has been
A longer parting since, I ween,
Yet living Faith vouchsafes Her strength to sing,
And join the chorus of Earth's love
With Angels and with Saints above
Him "who liveth" still her glorious Lord and King.

H. M. B.