

nature let us watch our children, learn how to emphasize the important words of a sentence, and how to accompany it with expressive gestures, and how to let the eye and face go along with the thought. We can all be ourselves if we will, and woe be to us if we try to be anybody else.

THE MEETING-PLACE.

BY DR. H. DONAH, OF KELSO.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isaiah xxxv. 10.

Where the faded flower shall freshen,—
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,—
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the sun-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill:
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong;
Where the day-light dies in fragrance,
'Mid the burst of holy song;—
Brother, we shall meet and rest,
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shallow shall bewilder,
Where life's vain parade is o'er,
Where the sleep of sin is broken
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never sever'd,—
Partings, clasping, sob and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noon-tide—all are done;
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gathered,
That were scattered on the wild;
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed,
Where the blighted life re-blossoms,
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
In an ever spring-bright clime;
Where we find the joy of loving
As we ever loved before—
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once, and evermore;—
Brother, we shall meet and rest,
Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten,
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendor here;
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom
Putting on her robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been;
Where a King in kingly glory,
Such as earth hath never known,
Shall assume the righteous cepter,
Claim and wear the holy crown;—
Brother, we shall meet and rest,
Mid the holy and the blest

HONESTY IN LITTLE THINGS.—The following curious account of a practical sermon is copied from the Vermont 'Chronicle':—A brother in the ministry took occasion to preach on the passage in Luke xvi. 10: "He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." The theme was "that men who take advantage in small things of others, have the very element of character to wrong the community and individuals in great things, where the prospect of escaping detection or censure is as little to be dreaded." The preacher exposed the various ways by which people wrong others; such as by borrowing; by mistakes in making change; by errors in accounts; by escaping taxes and custom-house duties; by managing to escape postage; by finding articles and never seeking owners; and by injuring articles borrowed, and never making the fact known to the owner when returned. One lady met her pastor the next day and said, "I have been up to Mr.——, to rectify an error he made in giving me change a few weeks ago, for I felt bitterly your reproof yesterday. Another individual went to Boston to pay for an article not in her bill, which she noticed was not charged when she paid it. A man going home from meeting, said to his companion, "I do not believe there was a man in the meeting-house to-day who did not feel condemned." After applying the sermon to a score or more of his acquaintances he continued, "Did not the pastor utter something about finding a pair of wheels? I believe not neighbour A. He spoke of keeping little things which had been found." "Well I thought two or three times he said something about finding a pair of wheels, and really supposed he meant me. I found a pair down on my lot a while ago." "Do you know," said his companion, who they belong to? Mr. B——lost them a short time ago." The owner was soon in possession of his wheels.

A FORMIDABLE UNDERTAKING.—A cotemporary puts the tobacco question in the following shape: "Suppose a tobacco chewer is addicted to the habit of chewing tobacco fifty years of his life, and that each day of that time he consumes two inches of solid plug, it amounts to six thousand four hundred and seventy-five feet, making nearly one mile and a quarter in length of solid tobacco, half an inch thick, and two inches broad. Now, what would the young beginner think, if he had the whole amount stretched out before him, and were told that to chew it would be one of the exercises of his life, and also that it would tax his income to the amount of two thousand and ninety four dollars!

There are some truths, the force and validity of which we readily admit, in all cases except our own; and there are other truths so self-evident that we dare not deny them, but so dreadful that we dare not believe them.

"I never saw a thing except what I know to be true." That's right my friend! It is a good principle and rule of life, and one which if more generally followed among men, would save many a character, and vast sums of money.