

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night My friends would look upon my quiet face Before they laid it in its resting place, And deem that death had left it almost fair;

If I should die to-night My friends would call to mind, with loving thought, Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought, Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;

If I should die to-night Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me, Be-alling other days remorsefully, The eyes that chill me with averted glance Would look upon me as of yore, perchance, And soften in the old familiar way,

O friends! I pray to-night, Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow, The way is lonely; let me feel them now, Think gently of me; I am travel-worn; My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.

So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

—Newark Daily Advertiser.

BOSTON TABERNAACLE SERVICES.

SERMON BY D. L. MOODY, MARCH 6TH.

Mr. Moody took for his text Deuteronomy vi, 7 and v, 29, and said: I remember years ago, when I was Superintendent of a Sabbath-school in Chicago, I used to think if I was a preacher I would preach most of the time to parents.

I believe the most powerful sermon that can be preached in this world is a happy Christian home. If parents exert a right influence over their family, I cannot help but believe the children will grow up to honor and love God.

One reason why Christian children don't always turn out well is that they don't inherit grace. They have to be born of God as much as others. Another reason is because their parents make an empty profession, and the children are very quick to detect it.

Then again, if parents treat God's commands lightly, it is likely to turn out that the children will treat their commands lightly. Children are imitators.

I have travelled considerably, and met a great many praying fathers and mothers, and wherever I have found them with their heart set on this one thing,—my family must be blessed, my children must be saved,—the answer has come, and one after another of the family has been brought into the fold.

Bishop Simpson says he was converted before he was four years old. He can't remember being converted, it was so early. I believe we ought to commence right down at the cradle, and when they commence to lisp the name papa and mamma, let us teach them the name of Jesus.

Then there is another fault, I think with a great many parents. They go to Church, and if the minister says a hundred good things and one poor thing, the parents will go home and magnify the poor thing, and talk about it right before the children.

Then another mistake parents make They come to a meeting like this, and they see something that isn't just in accordance with their ideas, and they begin to criticize.

Let me say, dear parents, if you have a child that is out of Christ, encourage him to come to Christ. If he has ever been touched by the Spirit, don't stand in his way, don't do anything to hinder that

child from coming to Christ. If you do the day may come when you would give all the world to have him back. You may be taken away by death, or the child may be taken away by sin.

Mothers, if you have a child that is wild and reckless; fathers, if you have a son that has wandered from God, let us bring him to-night to God in prayer!

Mr. Moody read the following request for prayer, which had been sent him by a little girl only eight or ten years old: "Will you pray for my mamma, that she may come home?"

THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

Mr. Gough was in a church in a strange city once, and the sexton showed into the same pew another person whose looks impressed Mr. Gough unfavourably.

"Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me." I saw that the man knew the hymn, and said to myself, "He can't be so disagreeable after all."

At that moment it seemed to me that I never heard a Beethoven symphony in my life with as much music in it as in that hymn sung by that poor man, whom Christianity had made happy in his lot.

BLUE glass will cure a Spitz dog hydrophobia. Pound it up fine, and mix it with his food.

MRS. KEMBLE ON BYRON.

I now believe that there is a great deal of unreality in those sentiments to which the charm of his verses lent an appearance of truth and depth; in fact, his poetical feeling will sometimes stand the test of sober reflection quite as little as his grammar will that of a severe application of the rules of syntax.

A NEW USE FOR GLYCERIN.—Physicians and dentist who use small mirrors to explore the throat and teeth, astronomers employing large mirrors out of doors, all who have occasion to use spy glasses in foggy weather, and especially those near sighted persons who cannot shave themselves without bringing their noses almost in contact with the looking glass, are doubtless aware that the luster of Mirrors becomes soon dimmed by the breath, by dew, and generally by water in a vaporous state.

Two Scotch lads, who knew little of natural history, but were familiar with King James Bible, and with the winged heads that pass for cherubs in painting and sculpture, went out shooting together.

OBITUARY.

MRS. RACHEL MCKENNY.

At Deer Island, N. B., January 13, Mrs. Rachel McKenny, in the 89th year of her age, exchanged mortality for life. Few lives have commanded such a wide respect and affectionate admiration as the one just closed.

We note a few of the more prominent features which characterized this Christian woman and endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. Her religious life was marked by intense reality and unbroken consistency. In these qualities she became a much needed and beautiful example.

Her interest and constant activity in the cause of Christ were distinguishing features in her Christian career. Her supreme desire was the advancement of the interests of true religion in the community where she resided.

sence too was always welcomed by the congregations. When the community were unfavored with ministerial oversight this dear woman was ready to assume large responsibilities in order to sustain the social means of grace among the people.

Her attachment to the ministers of the Gospel of every denomination was constant and sincere. The brethren who have labored in this field cherish towards this now sainted woman, the most tender and affectionate remembrances. Constantly she spoke of the consolation and spiritual advantages which their labours had brought to her from time to time.

MRS. DUNCAN MCKENZIE.

Born A. D. 1831. Died A. D. 1877. Almost from her earliest childhood she appeared to have not only the fear but the love of God in her heart.

As far as can be learned, no one ever saw her in a passion. As a daughter she was truthful, docile and obedient. As a wife loving and confiding. As a mother tender and forbearing.

Although in her early youth she gave many proofs of genuine piety, she did not make a public profession of her faith until she was nearly twenty years of age.

For many years the desire of her heart was to see a house of God erected in the locality of her birth. Her prayers were answered and her wishes realized, when on Christmas eve last she was permitted with others to unite in the dedication of a neat and comfortable sanctuary.

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