

Life's choicest treasure, after all,
The memory of a few bright days!

"But wait awhile, the night departs;
The pain and grief will soon be o'er:
Learn but to fix your faithful hearts
Upon the bright eternal shore;
And when the day-star rises,—O
The smiles, the bliss in store for you;
Where joys abound, undream'd below,
And pleasures are for ever new!

I sigh'd—I started—I awoke;
The sunshine and the school were gone
The voice was hush'd which lately spoke,
And I was in the dark, alone,
O but it seemed a heavier spite
To know the bliss of such a boon,
Than never to have seen the light,
Which was to pass away so soon.

With early dawn I went on deck;
The wind had lull'd,—the sky was fair;
And what was yesterday a speck
Which gemm'd the waters here and there,
Had grown into a wondrous sight!
Hills, grandly purpling into day;
And woods, which girded with delight
The waters of a tranquil bay!

The gale, that wafted faint perfume,—
The mist, that from the mountain curled—
The bird, that soared on gorgeous plume,—
All told me of a new-found world!
I call'd to mind my last night's dream;
And pleasure, at the glad surprise
So filled my cup, I felt the stream
Gush over at my grateful eyes.

C. BURTON.

EARNESTNESS IN CHRIST'S WORK.

The account which follows relates to a clergyman in England, lately deceased, and is taken from a letter recently addressed by his widow to the Lord Bishop of Montreal:—

"He had always quoted that line, "Content to live but not afraid to die;" as his idea of what all Christians should feel, and how truly did he prove that it was *his own*. His life from boyhood had been one of singular purity and *love of God*, and this perhaps gave him that great power he had of always *enjoying* life so thoroughly. I know no one to whom this world seemed to give greater pleasure and who could so innocently enjoy life. This made his perfect *willingness* to leave it more remarkable to many, for it was more than resignation, and no presumptuous longing to be gone. He had always so lowly an opinion of *himself* and so shrank from dictating to others in any way, that none knew *but me* the *great depth* of his faith and love. He had often *frightened me*