

agements even of the most lowly might afford some leisure for cheerful relaxation; and that religion did not require a course of intense exertion and unbending gravity. The worthy clergyman furnished Martha the means of realizing a plan which her own judgment had devised.

Martha expended the good pastor's friendly loan in procuring the restoration of their furniture; but she did not as yet bring it home. Her husband had one evening returned without intoxication, and in a temper which promised the succeeding day would be one of industry. She exerted herself to accomplish her plan at this favourable moment. Before the next evening arrived her cottage was once more neat and comfortable; and the flute, which she had also redeemed, lay upon the table. Harry came in dejected, but his dejection became astonishment as Martha threw her arms around him and pointed to the indications of their future happiness. She confessed the error which had been the original cause of their misery. He felt her generosity, and with bitter tears made a vow of amendment.

He was too much affected to take up his flute that evening; but on the next, his wife pressed it upon him. She listened to his performances; she strove to fancy that she had a taste for music; she praised him. By this effort of kindness on one part, mutual kindness took the place of mutual discomfort. The hour of flute-playing was succeeded by the hour of serious meditation on the divine commands, and of humble prayer before the Throne of Grace. Their tastes and their pursuits gradually became assimilated. A timely concession saved Martha from hopeless misery, and a timely reformation saved Harry from the wretched life and the miserable death of a vagabond and a drunkard.—*Ib.*

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

BY JOHN BYRON, M. A.

A hermit there was, and he lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy, they said he had got,
As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell,
And when I came there, the old hermit said,
"Well,

Young man, by your looks, you want something, I see;
Now tell me the business that brings you to me?"

"The way to be happy, they say you have got,
And as I want to learn it, I've come to your grot,
Now I beg and entreat, if you have such a plan,
That you'll write it me down, as plain as you can,"

Upon which the old hermit went to his pen,
And brought me this note when he came back again,

"'Tis *being*, and *doing* and *having*, that make
All the pleasures and pains of which beings partake,
To be what God pleases,—to *do* a man's best,
And to *have* a good heart—*is the way to be best.*

RELIGION.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures vanish fast;
They melt in time's destroying tide,
And cold are while they last:—
But joys that from religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amid the darkest gloom of woe,
Shine forth with sweetest light.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure—
But o'er the Christian's soul
It sheds a radiance calm and pure,
Though tempests round him roll;
His heart may break 'neath sorrows stroke;
But to its latest thrill,
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,
That ray will light it still.



AN ACROSTIC.

VIRTUE, be thou to every bosom known;
In every breast do thou erect thy throne,
Reign, reign triumphant with resistless sway,
Teach us thy God-like counsels to obey,
Undaunted then may we each vice defy,
Ever defended, virtue being nigh.