

THE STARLESS CROWN.

(Daniel xii. 3.)

WEARIED and worn with early cares, I yielded to repose
 And soon before my raptured sight, a glorious vision
 rose ;
 I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch, in midnight's
 solemn gloom,
 I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.
 A gentle touch awakened me ; a gentle whisper said,
 " Arise, O sleeper, follow me," and through the air we fled,
 We left the earth, so far away, that like a speck it seemed,
 And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway
 streamed ;
 Still on we went, my soul was wrapt in silent ecstasy—
 I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet
 my eye ;
 I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of
 light,
 When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in
 white.
 We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold ;
 We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of
 purest gold ;
 It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night,
 The glory of the Lord was there : the Lamb Himself its light—
 Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled
 the air,
 And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every
 clime were there,
 And some that I had loved on earth, stood with them round
 the throne,
 " All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, " the glory His alone." But
 fairer than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face,
 And as I gazed He smiled on me, with wondrous love and grace.
 Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
 Had gained the object of my hopes—that earth at length was
 past ;
 And then in solemn tones He said, " Where is the diadem
 That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned with many a
 gem,
 I know thou hast believed on Me, and life through Me is
 thine,
 But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should
 shine ?
 Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow ;
 For every soul they led to Me, they wear a jewel now !
 And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy
 deed
 If thou hadst sought some wand'ring feet in paths of peace to
 lead ;
 I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone,
 But that the clear and shining light which round thy foot-
 steps shone
 Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
 And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been
 blest."
 The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
 A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I feared to
 break ;
 And when at last I gazed around, in morning's glimmering
 light,
 My spirit fell o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.
 I rose and wept with cherish'd joy, that yet I dwelt below,
 That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to show ;
 That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesu's dying love,
 And help to lead some soul to seek a home above.
 And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
 " To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me !"
 And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth Divine,
 " They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall
 shine."

It does not belong to us to judge for good Christians who
 feel that it is harmless and safe to put the sparkling glass to
 their lips at the joyous feast, but may we not claim for those
 of another principle the right to be respected ? We know a
 young girl, worn with overwork, declining the refreshing
 draught on account of a stranger who sat opposite, while all
 were joining in " a health" to the principal personage pre-
 sent. The stranger, a youth of fine parts, had a few nights
 before been carried to his house insensible from drunkenness.

"DON'T TELL FATHER."

THERE is many a good mother who plans the ruin of the
 child she dearly loves—teaching it the first lesson of
 wrong doing, by simply saying, "Now don't tell your father."
 Surely mothers do it thoughtlessly, ignorantly, not consider-
 ing it is a first lesson in deception.

I heard a kind, well-meaning mother say to the puny baby
 in her arms, "Well, birdie shall have its good candy every
 day ; bad papa shan't know it ; see how it loves it !" I
 thought it was no wonder, if children were taught even in
 babyhood, that papa was bad, and ugly, and unkind, that in
 youth they should call him a "snob" and the "old man ;"
 and no wonder if the mother, who had no stability of charac-
 ter, and was capable of deception, should be called the "old
 woman."

I shudder when I hear the frequent words drop from young
 lips, "O, I must not let father know that !" The father may
 be a stern man, rigid in his way of bringing up his children,
 but he has a heart somewhere, and surely truthful, honest,
 loving words from his own child will find that warm place.
 So it is best never to deceive him in anything, but keep his
 confidence whole and unshaken, and the whiteness of the soul
 unstained by that loathsome sin, deception.

"Father don't allow me to read novels," said a young lady
 to me lately, "but mother does ; and so we two read all we
 can get, and he never knows it ;" and she giggled as though
 they were very cunning and worthy of praise, for so completely
 deceiving poor, good father.

My soul sickened at the idea of a wife daring to teach her
 children to disobey their father, of the daughter, vain and
 unprincipled, with such a mother to teach and guide her.
 Better for the world had she never been born.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

MUSICAL RELIGION.

OUR friends, Ira D. Sankey and Phillip Phillips, have
 effected a very great change in the attitude of the
 popular mind towards congregational singing. Time was
 when you could only hear a good hymn or chant in some of
 our great churches, but nowadays Nonconformist can hold
 their own in singing as in other matters. Yet there is great
 room for improvement, and that more especially in our
 Sunday-schools.

Our Sunday-school music is not a matter of entertainment.
 It is a part of the worship of the living God. To execute it
 rightly is worth the highest skill we can bestow upon it. To
 make proper selections of what we shall sing, demands our
 most thoughtful attention.

Considering the hold which a hymn or song takes on the
 mind of the child who sings it, we ought to spare no pains to
 find such words as are scriptural, devotional, and full of sound
 common sense. Let us use the best poetry we can find.
 There is no lack of material to select from. Some of the most
 valued Scripture truths are mellifluously expressed, in many
 poems which are furnished for our choice. Sound truth and
 good sense need not be sacrificed to pleasant rhyme ; nor
 need we, on the other hand, neglect that which is tasteful
 and poetical in order to find the truth.

In many of our schools there is no opportunity for meeting
 together, except on the Lord's day, and we must teach new
 hymns and tunes then, if ever. In other cases, it is convenient
 to meet on some week-day evening. When that is prac-
 ticable, it is, perhaps, well to do most of the teaching of
 singing at these outside meetings.

The leader or teacher should be a genial Christian, with a
 fair knowledge of music and the art of teaching it. A good
 man with a clear voice and pleasant ways, can bring a large
 concourse of children to the harmonious singing of a new
 hymn and tune in a few minutes, where a disagreeable pedant
 would irritate the children, and postpone the half-completed
 learning of the new piece till the next Sunday.

Every word, properly sung, is an act of worship. Let the
 children remember this, and impress it frequently, yet
 pleasantly, on their minds.

Suppose we are to sing a hymn and tune which are entirely
 new to the whole school. At the very outset, we want
 hymn and tune before the eyes of all the children. Let each
 child who can read have a printed copy of what is to be sung.