

that little boat resembles the bier, upon which men in black apparel shall at some time carry us forth. But when that hour strikes, then we, myself, your mother, or you, must leave this world. So fear not. Death is for pious men who have loved God, and have done his will, nothing else but a voyage to the better land."

"Expectant of eternal peace,
The Christian feels Death's terrors cease;
And, led by God's paternal hand,
Mounts upward to the better land."

A Decisive Moment.

A few years since while traveling in an adjacent state, along the banks of a majestic river, a friend pointed to the flashing current, and related the following incident:

Not long before, when the spring rains filled the broad channel with a surging flood, a lumberman ventured out in a boat on the bay, to save timber which was breaking from its fastenings, and would soon be swept down the stream unless secured. In his absorbing interest to prevent the loss, he went too far in the rushing tide. His little bark was caught by the current, and amid wild shrieks for help he was borne away—arrow-like before the tumultuous waters.

The alarm spread and a neighbor recollecting there was a bridge several miles below, mounted a horse and hastened to that only place of rescue. Onward in helpless calmness, the imperiled boatman sped; and on the shore his deliverer rode with the fleetness of a courier towards the bridge. Reaching the structure which trembled to the violence of the flood, he called for a rope, and throwing it over the arch, waited the approach of the pale and anxious man. He saw the swaying cord, and as he swept beneath it, grasped it with the energy of a last hope—the thread of life. In another moment he was in the embrace of his friends. And I have thought when I have seen men unconcerned for their souls' salvation, and on the current of depravity, sweeping them away, there must come

a decisive crisis—a last offer of mercy; and who will say when the friendly hand of a Redeemer will be withdrawn forever, "I might have been saved," will be the keenest pang in the agonies of the second death, while the vision rests on the moment, which decided the entrance upon the infinite deep of retributive waste.—*New York Observer.*

A Candid Mind.

There is nothing sheds so fine a light upon the human character as candour. It was called *whiteness* by the ancients, for its purity and beauty; and it has always won the esteem due to the most admirable of the virtues. However little sought for or practised, all do it the homage of their praise, and all feel the power and charm of its influence. This man whose opinions make the deepest mark upon his fellows; whose influence is the most lasting and efficient; whose friendship is instinctively sought, where all others have proved faithless, is not the man of brilliant parts, or flattering tongue, or splendid genius, or commanding power; but he whose lucid candour and ingenuous truth transmit the heart's real feelings pure and without refraction. There are other qualities which are more showy, and other traits that have a higher place in the world's code of honour; but none wear better, or gather less tarnish by use, or claim a deeper homage in that silent reverence which the mind must pay to virtue.

As it is the most beautiful, so it is the safest of moral qualities. None fall into so few mistakes—none darken and deform themselves with so little falsehood and wrong—none so free from the pain of doing wrong, as those who walk amidst the pitfalls and miasmas, passions and errors, of our tainted life, clothed habitually with candour. The rare and comely union of prudence and of principle, of firmness and forbearance, of truth and zeal, of earnestness of feeling and discrimination of views, is to be found only in minds pervaded and enlarged by candour. To love and to