

perfection. We would hold up this little sketch as an example to ministers of every kind, for were all ministers of religion as zealous in the promotion of useful projects, and as solicitous for the welfare of those under his care, as was this worthy man, they would have no time for the jangling and jarring displays which so often disgrace our land and church; and there would, therefore, be an end of that worst of all kind of warfare, the acrimonious wordy warfare of creeds and sectarians

LITERATURE.

THE VIRGIN AND THE CHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

Among green pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and the Child.

There oft in summer evenings,
A lovely boy would gove,
To play beside the image,
That sanctified the grove.

There sat the mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

And how from highest Heaven,
He does look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou dost,
And hears what thou dost say.

Thus spake the tender mother,
And on her evening balm,
Which the red-rouged sun descended,
Mid clouds of crimson light.

Again the boy was playing,
And earnestly said he,
O beautiful child Jesus, do
Come down and play with me.

I will give thee flowers the fairest,
I will weave for thee a crown,
I will give thee ripe red strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down.

O! Holy, Holy Mother,
Put him down from off thy knee;
For in these silent meadows,
There is none to play with me.

Thus spake the boy so gentle,
The while his mother heard,
And on his prayer she pondered,
But spoke to him no word.

The self-same night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy:
She dreamt she saw young Jesus
There playing with her boy.

And for the fruit and flowers,
Which thou hast given to me,

Rich blessings shall be given
A thousand times to thee.

Thus tenderly and kindly,
The fair child Jesus spoke;
And full of careful musings
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished,
In one short month and a day,
This lovely boy so gentle,
Upon his death-bed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying:
O! Mother dear, I see
The beautiful child Jesus
Coming down to me.

And in his hand he beareth
Sweetest flowers as white as snow,
And rich and juicy strawberries—
Dear mother, let me go!

He died; but that fond mother
Her sorrow did restrain,
For she knew he was with Jesus,
And she ask'd him not again.

SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS IN FOREIGN CHURCHES AND AMONG FOREIGN PEOPLE.

By F. Faber, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford.
Continued.

The traveller advances through various parts of France, and reaches the ancient city of Avignon, once the residence of the Popes during the troubles of Italy, and since much injured by time and the ruthless hand of man.

"We repaired to Laura's tomb. There was something in the mien of the priest who showed it to us very pleasing. He pointed out different shattered churches and convents, which had suffered, he said, in the Revolution. He spoke low and mournfully, and, though his feelings came through his words in a way not to be mistaken, he used no word of bitterness, no word of condemnation. He seemed to regard the sufferings of the Church of France as a providential humbling of her, and did not choose to dwell on the other side of the question, the sins of those who were God's instruments in so humbling her. He seemed penetrated by that truly Christian temper in a churchman, which it is difficult to realize."

A most interesting discussion soon ensues between the traveller and his friend, on the celibacy of the clergy. The clerical state, he it remarked, is not forced on any; and all should enter into it with fear and awe, and a pervading sense of the mighty responsibilities attached to it. Though none affirm it to be an article of faith that the minister of religion should remain unmarried; yet as a question of discipline, and exceeding