

Christianity says to us, *Nolite timere*--'Do not fear.'

The tomb is the cradle of immortality. Lift up your head, and behold! your friends, your children, your father, your mother, have left here below only their remains, their worn-out garments; they had their faith in Christ, and Christ is THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE . . . Admirable, infinitely admirable, is the religion which thus consoles! Be thou, therefore, blessed by all men, O holy Catholic Faith! Thou alone canst cry over the tombs--

"O Death! where is thy victory?
"O Death! where is thy sting?"

It is thou that givest our affections and our friendships a duration which extends beyond life; it is thou that renewest the chains which years and sickness would break; it is thou who givest power to children to redeem from purgatory the souls of their fathers and their mothers, and enables parents to give life to their children a second time:

Whilst the poor beggar has lived his miserable days, whilst he has suffered and mourned, who has best relieved his miseries and consoled his sorrows? Oh, Religion! we all know it was thou.

Well: when the beggar will have spent his days of misery, when his corpse shall be extended on straw, without a coffin or a shroud, who will come to watch over it, as if it were the body of a king?

It is Religion again; for observe:

'Amongst the ancients, the remains of the poor man or the slave were abandoned almost without honour; with us, the minister of the altars is obliged to watch over the coffin of the villager as well as the catafalque of the monarch. The pauper of the Gospel, in breathing out his last sigh, becomes on a sudden an august and sacred being. . . . Scarcely has this beggar, who pined at our gates an object of our disgust and contempt, departed this life, when religion makes us bow down before him. It summons us to a terrible equality, or rather it commands us to respect one of the just, redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, and who, from an obscure and miserable condition on earth, has mounted a throne in heaven.

It is thus the grand title of Christian places all on a level in death; and the pride of the most powerful potentate cannot extract from religion any other prayer than that which she offers for the lowest clown in the city."*

* Chateaubriand.

Concluded in our next.

LITERATURE.

LABOUR.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ.
HEART of the People! Working men,
Marrow and nerve of human powers;
Who on your sturdy backs sustain;

Through streaming thro' this world of ours.
Hold by that title--which proclaims
That ye are undismayed and strong;
Accomplishing whatever aims
May to the sons of earth belong.

Yet not on ye alone depend
These offices, or burthens fall;
Labour for some or other end
Is lost and master of us all.
The high-born youth from downy bed
Must meet the morn with horse and hound
While Industry for daily bread
Pursues afresh his wonted round.

With all his pomp of pleasure, he
Is but your working comrade now;
And shouts and winds his horn, as ye
Might whistle by the loom or plough.
In vain for him has wealth the use
Of warm repose or careless joy;
When, as ye labour to produce,
He strives as active to destroy.

But who is this with wasted frame,
Sad sign of vigour over-wrought?
What toil can this new victim claim?
Pleasure, for pleasure's sake besought,
How men would mock her flaunting shows,
Her golden promise, if they knew
What weary work she is to those
Who have no other work to do!

And he who still and silent sits
In closed room or shady nook,
And seems to nurse his idle wits
With folded arms or open book;
To things now working to that mind,
Your children's children well may owe--
Blessings that hope has ne'er defin'd,
Till from his busy thoughts they flow.

Thus all must work--with head or hand,
For self or others, good or ill;
Life is ordained to bear, like land,
Some fruit, be fallow as it will.
Evil has force itself to sow
Where we deny the healthy seed,
And all our choise is this to grow
Pasture and grain or noisome weed.

Then in content possess your hearts,
Unenvious of each others lot--
For those which seems the easiest parts
Have travail which ye reckon not.
And he is bravest, happiest, best,
Who from his task within his span
Earns for himself his evening rest
And an increase of good for man.

Modern philosophy rends the brilliant veil of hope, that it may wrap us up in the darkness of annihilation.

He who gives to the poor, is laying up his money in heaven.