

those around you—those who, it may be, will become the companions of the younger portion of those connected with your own family, and it may be, too, may exert an influence, either good or bad, upon the habits and pursuits of your own offspring.

'To do good and to distribute forget not,' is a divine command—and if in earthly things how much more in heavenly—if with regard to the body, which must soon cease to exist, how much more with regard to the soul, which will endure for ever; besides, imparting to others those things causeth no diminution of our own store—for there is that scattereth and yet increaseth. Rich, rich shall be the reward of him who, with faithfulness and zeal, endeavours to make known the Saviour's love. In the day when God shall gather his wheat into his garner, then he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together. It cannot be an unpleasant task to him who hath felt the love of Jesus Christ, to tell others of that love, and teach them his will: for if the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth.

Were we to receive a command from our sovereign, how should we deem ourselves honoured by it: but how much more should we be called to assist in a work in which he was himself personally engaged. And thus it is with our heavenly King; to accomplish the salvation of man he led a life of suffering and privation and died a death of ignominy and intense anguish—he gave his back to the smiters and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; he, that he might save mankind, hid not his face from shame and spitting. Shall we not, then, engage, heart and hand and hand, in a work so replete with mercy, honour and profit. Ah, methinks if the most exalted of the celestial beings who dwell in the immediate presence of the King of Glory were to receive the slightest intimation that it was his Creator's will that he should undertake the instruction of three or two, or even of but one, of the sons of Adam, how would he wend, with willing wing, his way to earth—how would he exert his all but unlimited faculties in clearing away from that mind the clouds of ignorance—in what vivid colours would he represent the unparalleled condescension of God, as displayed in the scheme of redemption—how would he deem himself honoured by the commission! Who, then, of

the sons of men shall be vain enough to suppose that it would be beneath him to enter into the employment. \* For we are labourers together with God.'

Take the subject, my dear friends, into consideration, and strive to be useful in your day and generation; and thus lay up for yourselves a treasure where moth and rust corrupteth not.

I am,

With most sincere affection,

A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

Montreal, April 6.

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## POETRY

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### THE LOVE OF GOD.

The following beautiful lines upon the Love of God are said to have been composed by a lunatic, and found written on the wall in his cell after his death.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,  
And were the skies of parchment made;  
Were every stalk on earth a quill,  
And every man a scribe by trade:

To write the love of God above,  
Would drain the ocean dry,  
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,  
If stretch'd from sky to sky.

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### TO MY MOTHER.

Sleep, mother, sleep! in slumber blest,  
It joys my heart to see thee rest.  
Unfelt, in sleep, thy load of sorrow,  
Breathe free and thoughtless of tomorrow;  
And long and light thy slumbers last,  
In happy dreams forget the past.  
Sleep, mother, sleep! in slumber blest,  
It joys my heart to see thee rest.

Many's the night she waked for me,  
To nurse my helpless infancy!  
While cradled on her patient arms,  
She bush'd me with the mother's charms.  
Sleep, mother, sleep! in slumber blest,  
It joys my heart to see thee rest.

And be it mine, to see thy age,  
With tender care thy grief assuage;  
This hope is left to poorest poor,  
And richest child can do no more.  
Sleep, mother, sleep! in slumber blest,  
It joys my heart to see thee rest.