

SELECTIONS

LOOK UPWARDS.—A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked he kept his eye fixed steadily upon the ground, hoping to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a goodly number of coins, gold and silver. But all these years while he was looking for them, he knew not that the heavens were bright above him. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought his treasure ; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth as a dirty road to pick up money in as you walk along.

THE GREAT LOSS.—

The loss of *time* is much,
The loss of *truth* is more ;
The loss of *Christ* is such
No mortal can restore.

A CHILD'S REPROOF.—A colporteur says : " A little girl to whom I sold the Tract Primer, while talking to her mother about a little cousin that had died, said, 'Mother, did my little cousin go to heaven ?' 'I expect shedid', was the reply, 'for she was a good child, her mother taught her to be gentle, and not use bad words.' 'Well, mother, where do people go who use bad words ?' 'My child, the Bible says, that all who are unkind and use bad words must go to hell.' 'Well, mother, then there is where you and pa must go, for I heard you both swear.' The father stepped aside as if thunder-struck, and after a few moments reflection turned to the mother and said, 'She'll never have that to say of me again.' From that moment he earnestly sought God's forgiving mercy, and is now rejoicing in a Saviour's love.

A FACT FOR THE NATURAL HISTORIAN.—A HEN STORY.—It is given on the authority of a credible eye-witness, that not forty miles from the source of the East River, a hen, the property of a respected and wealthy farmer, over-hearing Josh Billings' estimate of the hen tribe (that "they are born fools") or for some other unknown cause, discarded her own race and the feathered family in general, and fraternized with the cat species. She is now if not the mother of three kittens, at least exercising a motherly care over them, "gathering them under her wings" and tenderly watching over their morals, sports and general upbringing.

Will some naturalist solve the problem ? Or may we assume that it is but an additional instance of the many extremely silly things that hens are daily found guilty of !

ORIGIN OF PROCRASTINATION.—A minister of the gospel determined on one occasion to preach on the text. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Whilst in his study, thinking, he fell asleep, and dreamed that he was carried into hell, and set down in the midst of a conclave of lost spirits. They were assembled to devise means whereby they might get at the souls of men. One rose and said, "I will go to the earth, and tell men that the Bible is all fable, that it is not divinely appointed of God." No, that would not do. Another said "Let me go, I will tell men there is no God, no Saviour, no heaven and no hell !" and at the last word they all looked pleased. "No that will not do, we cannot make men believe that." Suddenly one arose and with a wise look, like the serpent of old suggested, "No, I will journey to the world of men, and tell them that there is a God, a Saviour, a heaven and a hell, too, but I'll tell them *there is no hurry* ; TO-MORROW will do, it will be 'even as to-day.'" And they sent him.