

Everyone thought, of course, that Squire Perch, as he was styled, would die happy. They all imagined that he would meet death as a Christian warrior. His friends and relations, rich and poor, repaired to see him, to console him, and perhaps to bid him farewell, and some to receive his blessing. What consternation thrilled their every vein—what horror was depicted on every countenance, when they heard him groan in agony of soul for his riches! His wife, his children, his Redeemer, his God, received none of his attention; but his only cry was, "*My gold! my gold! O God, my gold!*" And thus he died. YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON.

CON.

The Glorious Psalms.

SING me the Psalms! the glorious Psalms of old,
That sounded first upon Judea's plains;
All other music lifeless seems and cold,
Beside the melody of David's strains.

Sing me the Psalms that echoed from the hills,
Those favored hills, where Israel's sons had
birth.

Wake, wake each harmony the soul that fills
With rapture, more allied to heaven than earth!

Sing Psalms of praise, when victory is given
O'er outward foes, or over hosts unseen;
Jehovah Jah still reigns in earth and heaven,
As strong to save as He hath ever been.

Sing, when the earth is clad in softest green;
Join Psalms of gladness to the birds' sweet
song.

Praise Israel's Shepherd, when His hand is seen
Leading thy steps the quiet streams along.

Sing, when all nature wears a snowy shroud;
When ice-bound fountains into torrents rush;
When azure skies are veiled behind the cloud,
Let wondrous praises from thy Psalterly gush.

Sing me the Psalms, even when the burning tear
Tells of departure from the narrow way;
Oft David's song was sad when he was here;
O'erwhelmed with sin, he turned to weep and
pray.

Sing! though affliction swelleth like a tide,
When deep to deep calls, in thine hour of woe;
Thine anchor's safe within the Rock's cleft side;
Billows may toss, but cannot overflow.

Sing David's Psalms, when earthly light grows
dim,

And ev'ry conflict but the last is o'er;
Bid mourners join in the triumphant hymn,
That wings thy spirit to the heavenly shore!

—Selected.

A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.

What the Boys would be.

FOUR or five good little boys were talking one evening, as boys often do, of the future. One asked the tallest of the group:

"What are you going to be when you are a man, Willie?"

"A lawyer," answered Willie. "It is very important to have justice done in courts."

"Yes, but I guess lawyers don't always

look out for justice. I've heard that most of them will plead a case on either side, right or wrong, for the money," replied Charles.

"Well, that may be so; but that's not the kind of lawyer I'm going to be. I'll always take the right side, whether I get paid or not. I'll look out for all the widows and orphans, to see that nobody cheats them," said Willie. "What will you be, Charlie?"

"Oh, I'm going to be a doctor, so that I can ride day and night. I'll keep four horses and change them often, and always have a fresh one. I'll not go poking along with a worn-out horse, and a spattered gig, like Dr. Grey."

"At this, little Jimmy sprang up, and cried very earnestly, as if already in the business: "Please, brother Charlie, let me shoe all your horses, for I'm going to be a blacksmith."

His brothers laughed, and Willie said: "I shall never be ashamed of you Jimmie, if you're a good honest blacksmith, but you must always wash your face and hands before you come to my office."

"Yes I will, and put on my Sabbath clothes," replied the good-natured little fellow.

"Well, that is settled then, that father is to have a lawyer, a doctor, and a blacksmith in his family," said Willie.

Grandma sat all this time in her arm-chair, knitting away very fast on a striped stocking. At her feet sat the family pet, Harry, sticking pins into grandma's ball of yarn. Ah, it was for his tiny plump feet that the yarn was flying over the dear old lady's needles.

"Boys," said grandma, "here is one who has not told what he is going to be when a man."

"Oh, no," cried Willie, stooping down and taking dear Harry in his arms. "What are you going to be when you're a big man like papa?"

Harry put his little arms around Willie's neck, and said: "When I'm a great high man, I'll be—I'll be—kind to my mother."

"You darling boy," cried grandma, "that is a sweet little vision of your future. I would far rather have you an humble working man, with this same affectionate heart, than see you cold and selfish in the President's chair, or in the seat of a judge. Willie and Charlie might be great and wise men in their professions, and yet be no comfort to their parents in old age unless they were at the same time loving and kind."

Greatness alone makes no one happy; but goodness, like the sun, sheds light and joy everywhere. Whenever after this, dear boys, you're laying plans for coming life, always add to your plans and promises sweet Harry's words, "When I'm a man, I'll be kind to my mother."—*Child at Home.*

Schemes of the Church of Scotland.

The following is a general statement of