

er tears, and became
ver saw. She never
afterward. I many
g consolation she felt.
errupted communion

n, she had been taken,
METHODIST SABBATH
only opportunity she
Bible, and where she
passages of Scripture
and the food of her
he used to speak of
ly taught her to read,
he things that belong
t would have become
ght the way of salva-
all outward means."

SCHOOL, and notice
of God's holy word,

How precious was
some pious teacher,
at time, that she was
vation to an immor-
ill have to bless God
Let not, then, our
ary in well doing, for
their reward.—*Meth.*
lders to reflect awhile
it is worth more than
ht would not be be-
esents to us, 1. The
dvantage of Sabbath
abundant encourage-
th-School teachers.]

al.

GYMEN.

g.

istrations, therefore,
d that department of
be mainly applied.
nish yourself to be-
you do, or leave un-
your usefulness as
e pulpit is to be your
minister's duty, which
may never be yielded
butes so much to his
He must visit the
bind up the broken-
g. He must lift the
n the land of silence
dead. He must, be-
cultivate those social
benignant influence
es and purifies, and
indeed sympathies of
he must remember
repare for the public
In no other ought he
need to be, so well
ere with his duty of
xt to actual immorali-
religion, there is no
eter as deficiency in
pon the minister who
body of his people,
ts of a single family,
ally unfaithful to his
hether it is the more
vely, appropriately,
to discourse instruc-

tively, appropriately, tenderly, with the assembled tribes of God's Israel? I would not have you depreciate pastoral visitation. God forbid! But I would have you appreciate the paramount duties of the sanctuary. A minister should never leave the place of study and prayer, except for the performance of duties which do not interfere with his preparations for the pulpit. I have known men who devoted five days in the week to pastoral visitation, and satisfied their consciences with a single day's preparation for the Sabbath. And I have heard their congregations exclaim, *My leanness! My leanness! Wo unto me!* And I have seen their once verdant and prolific field of labours becoming like the heath in the desert.

Literary.

THE MIND BEYOND THE GRAVE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WE cannot but feel that we are beings of a two-fold nature—that our journey to the tomb is short, and the existence beyond it immortal. Is there any attainment that we may reserve, when we lay down the body? We know that of the gold which perishes we may take none with us when dust returneth to dust. Of the treasures which the mind accumulates, may we carry aught with us to that bourne whence no traveller returns?

We may have been delighted with the studies of nature, and penetrated into those caverns where she perfects her chemistry in secret. Composing and decomposing—changing matter into nameless forms—pursuing the subtlest essences through the air, and resolving even that air into its original elements—what will be the gain when we pass from material to immaterial, and this great museum and laboratory, the time-worn earth, shall dissolve in its own central fires?

We may have become adepts in the physiology of man, scanning the mechanism of the eye, till light itself unfolded its invisible laws—of the ear, till its most hidden reticulations confessed their mysterious agency with sound—of the heart, till that citadel of life revealed its hermit policy; but will these researches be available, in a state of being which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived?"

Will he who fathoms the waters, and computes its pressure and power, have need of this skill, "where there is no more sea?" Will the mathematician exercise the lore by which he measured the heavens, or the astronomer the science which discovered the stars, when called to go beyond their lights?

Those who have penetrated most deeply into the intellectual structure of man, lifted the curtain from the birth-place of thought, traced the springs of action to their fountain, and thrown the veiled, shrinking motive into the crucible, perceive the object of their study taking a new form, enter disembodied an unknown state of existence, and receiving powers adapted to its laws and modes of intercourse.

We have no proof that the sciences, to which years of labour have been devoted, will survive the tomb. But the impressions they have made, the dispositions

they have nurtured, the good or evil they have helped to stamp upon the soul, will go with it into eternity. The adoring awe, the deep humility, inspired by the study of the planets and their laws, the love of truth, which he cherished who pursued the science that demonstrates it, will find a response among archangels. The praise that was learned amid the melodies of nature, or from the lyre of consecrated genius, may pour its perfected tones from a seraph's harp. The goodness taught in the whole frame of creation, by the flower lifting its honey-cup to the insect, and the leaf drawing its green curtain around the nursing chamber of the smallest bird, by the pure stream, refreshing both the grass and the flocks that feed on it, the tree, and the master of its fruits, the tender charity caught from the happiness of the humblest creature, will be at home in His presence who hath pronounced himself the "God of love."

The studies, therefore, which we pursue, as the means of intellectual delight, or the instruments of acquiring wealth and honour among men, are valuable at the close of life, only as they have promoted those dispositions which constitute the bliss of an unending existence. Tested by its tendencies beyond the grave, religion, in its bearing and results, transcends all other sciences. The knowledge which it imparts does not perish with the stroke which disunites the body from its ethereal companion. Whilst its precepts lead to the highest improvement of this state of probation, its spirit is congenial with the ineffable reward to which we aspire. It is the preparation for immortality which should be daily and hourly wrought out, amid all the mutations of time.

INFINITUDE.—Mr. Goodacre, in concluding his recent series of lectures on astronomy, at Sheffield, gave the following happy and original illustration of infinitude:—Let us, said he, compare the great solar system (of which this earth forms so inconsiderable a part) to the single habitation of a family in a thinly peopled district; the brightest of the stars, Lyra and Sirius, and others of the first magnitude, though distant from us millions of millions of miles, are our nearest neighbours; the less brilliant of the visible stars are similar scattered dwellings at somewhat greater distances; the small groups, such as Pleiades and the Dolphin, are the little hamlets of our vicinity; while the brighter and more crowded portions of the milky-way are the villages and towns dispersed throughout the country: yet those eight or ten millions of suns make but one region—one firmament. Aided by the telescope, in those lucid spots called nebulae, are brought to view thousands of such firmaments, each perhaps separated from our region of stars by spaces as much exceeding the distances of stars from us, as the mighty ocean exceeds the little brook that divides two hamlets; and some of these firmaments are so distant, that the combined radiance of millions of suns never reaches our vision; nay, it is only presented as a faint streak of light to the most powerful telescope. Yet is all this infinitude? Ah no! This assemblage of myriads of firmaments, each firmament composed of millions of suns, and each sun with its respective system, capable of sustaining millions upon millions of millions of created beings, forms but a mere speck, an all but nothing, midst the boundless regions of existence throughout which the Eternal reigns.