

thought is absurd. Funerals, church-yards, cemeteries, cholera returns, that funeral letter on your table asking you to accompany to the grave the remains of a friend with whom, seemingly strong as a giant, you had no later than last Monday a laughing chat at the corner of the street—the spectacles of your mother, which you have religiously preserved since you kissed her clay-cold lips—all these, and a thousand more proofs, tell you that it is most egregiously absurd. Be a man then. Is it manly to be laughed out of heaven by a few foolish, weak companions, who will drink your last shilling; or will drink with you their last shilling, and in selfish brutal debauchery leave wife and children to cold and wretchedness? Is it manly not to do what is right for eternity, because others round you have no heaven but earth, no God but their belly? Is it manly to give up a richer inheritance than emperor ever owned, to gratify the wishes and to shun the snares of those who offer you nothing in exchange but a gnawing conscience and a death-bed of horror? What think you of this plan? Your associates would have you forsake God's House, violate God's Day, join in their wild debauch, or in laughing at holiness. Put the matter to them thus:—I know that I must die. These things you mention will do me no good, but evil after death. The Great God has offered to save me from all the inconceivable horrors of hell, and to bestow on me inconceivable glories of heaven. I think it imperative to accept of this offer. It is an offer infinitely gracious and generous; I would be a madman to reject it. You wish me to reject it. I will not. Death is a real thing. I have seen him, and I know he is coming in any way sooner or later. You will never persuade me that there is no death. And, that being the case, I cannot consent to barter my hopes as a man—a creature capable of immortal happiness and holiness, for the pleasures of the body which belong to beasts, or for the laughter which one touch of cholera cramp could convert into a dismal burst of anguish. I have chosen Heaven for my portion—God for my Master—Christ for my Guide—the Holy Spirit for my Teacher. Take your own way, or better far, come you with me and I will try to show you what is truly good!

Do you not think this true manliness? try it, and see how it will do. But do not delay. I read the other day of a poor girl, a lady's maid, who had lingered and lingered at a railway station, where the train had stopped for some time. Her mistress was in her place; the train moved on. The unhappy girl grasped at the carriage—it moved on. She made a leap for the guard's truck. He grasped at her in pity and in terror, in vain. She fell beneath the wheels, and remorselessly they crushed her, for she was too late.—*Trop tard!—too late!*—was the cry that re-echoed through the walls of the Assembly of France, when, not long ago, the friends of monarchy there wished to place on the throne a son of Louis Philippe. Oh, beware of being too late for Heaven! Next year—next week—next hour next moment may be too late. A minute sooner, and that poor girl would have been seated smilingly her onward journey. An hour sooner, and the Count of Paris might have been king in Paris. But *Too late! Too late!* was the cry. Dreadful thought! You are well now, vigorous, capable of thinking of helping father or mother, husband, wife or sister. To-morrow, to-day, thinking of no repentance, no confession, no Saviour, nor forgiveness, may be heard from heaven—when you are struck down in your sins, and mourning friends are groaning around you, and vain prayers are offered on your behalf—the fearful cry, “*Too late! too late!*” He would not hear God's reproof; and now He laughs at his calamity, and mocks when his fear cometh.” I would obey the Apostles' injunction to exhort one another while it is day, and pray God that the heart of whosoever reads these lines, may be turned by His grace to seek mercy in Christ while it may be found in *this*, the day of His merciful visitation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WONDERS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome arching toward the heavens, of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision, ‘a sea of glass like unto crystal.’ So massive is it that, when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snow-flakes to destruction before it; and yet it is so mobile that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-ball sails through it with impunity, and the thinnest insect waves it aside with its wings. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back colour to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blast braces into new vigour, and hardens the children of our rugged climate.

The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of midday, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its ‘triumphant arch,’ and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens; the cold either would not show feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers; the kindly rain would never fall, nor hail storms nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and without warning plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheath of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers, so that the shadows of evening are gathered by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest and to nestle to repose. In the morning the garish sun would at once bound forth from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by-and-by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goeth forth again to her labour till the evening.—*Edin. Quar. Review.*

TRUE SUBLIMITY.—The eloquent and thrilling response of Kossuth to the Sultan's demand, that he should renounce his religion and embrace Mahomedanism, is worthy of a Luther, and of being regarded among those memorable sayings that in times of trial have been uttered by those who have been encouraged and sustained by the unfaltering trust inspired by the Christian faith. “*My answer does not admit of hesitation. Between death and shame the choice can neither be dubious nor difficult.*” Governor of Hungary, and elected to that high place by the confidence of fifteen millions of my countrymen, I know well what I owe to my country even in exile. Even as a private individual I have an honourable path to pursue. Once governor of a generous country—I leave no heritage to my children—they shall, at least, bear an unsullied name. *God's will be done. I am prepared to die.*”

GOLD FROM VIOLETS.—Mr R. Hunt, at the Royal Institution, London, states that a friend of his succeeded in obtaining a minute, though weighable, portion of gold from a quantity of the petals of the blue violet.

SUPERSTITIONS IN BERLIN.—The Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* writes:—“We have new religions about once a month. There were almost riots last year round the house of a wonderful child who wrought miracles. Herb doctors advertise that the moon is in the favourable quarter for swallowing their compounds. Dream books sell well. Old women are frequently being taken up for fortune-telling with cards. The papers described, only a few days since, a man who has made a handsome fortune as a consulting conjuror without once falling into the hands of the police; which speaks volumes for his tact, but he saw none but “respectable and educated” people! If details could be gone into, some strange facts of this kind could be catalogued against the City of Intelligence.”

We understand there were some further disturbances at the Protestant Chapel, St. Roch's, on Sunday evening by five or six young Canadian lads, who, it appears, entered the Chapel at the time the congregation were assembled for Divine Service, and became troublesome by speaking loud. After being admonished by the Preacher, they went out, and immediately afterwards threw stones and broke the windows, then ran away, but were pursued, and one of the party captured and taken before a magistrate; and, the names of the others being ascertained, a warrant was issued for their arrest. They were brought before the sitting Magistrate, R. Symes, Esq., and tried for the offence in a summary manner. The case was clearly proved against all four by the names of Miller, Lebbé, Dubé, and Chartrey; they were all lads of about 16 or 17 years of age. The Magistrate gave them a lecture, speaking to them in a most feeling manner; pointing out to them the impropriety of their conduct. The parents of the boys being present expressed their regret at the circumstance; and, much to the credit of Mr. Charbonnel, the prosecutor, he addressed the Magistrates on their behalf in mitigation of punishment. Under these circumstances the Magistrate dealt very leniently with the prisoners, and inflicted but a small fine, which, with the costs of prosecution, were paid, and the boys discharged;—and it is to be hoped that after this exposure of a trial and conviction, before a crowded Court no further molestation will occur. The fine upon conviction for the offence in question is to the extent of £5 or one month's imprisonment.—*Quebec Mercury.*

POETRY.

THE DYING BOY.

SPEAK to me, Mother! The fading day
Is ebbing fast, with my strength, away:
My heart oft faints—oh, I know not why!
And all seems dim to my glazing eye;
And my brow is damp with the dew of Death;
And I feel his hand on my shortening breath.
—Then speak to me, Mother, and quell thy woe:
Tell me, oh, where will my spirit go?
Tell me of Life ere my course be o'er,
For my soul floats on to the spirit shore!

Speak to me, Mother; but not of earth;
It hath passed for me—with its grief or mirth;
Nor of childhood's life—with its holy joy;
It hath sped—with the summer—from me, thy boy;
Nor yet of my home—with its twining spell,
Nor thy heart of love, where I still will dwell,
Nor the woodland paths in their waning bloom,
Nor the lone graveyard, nor the dreary tomb:
—It is not of these that I now would know,
But the clime where my deathless soul will go!

Tell me of Heaven! For thou know'st 'tis fair;
Sickness and woe never enter there;
Death is not there—with his withering blight;
And its skies are clothed in a cloudless light;
Its vistas of radiance, undimmed by shade,
Are peopled with beauty that will not fade;
And their faces are glad, and they weep no more,
And their hymns give thanks for the grief that's
o'er: