

BISHOP BEVERIDGE.—When on his death-bed this pious prelate was quite unable to recognize any of his former friends. As one after another presented himself the same answer was returned, "I do not know you." Even his wife could obtain no token of recognition. At last one present said, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" The mention of that name revived him, and he exclaimed, "Jesus Christ! O yes, I have known him these forty years! precious Saviour, he is my only hope."

AN ASTRONOMER'S PRAYER.—These are the last words in Kepler's "Harmony of the World:" "Thou who, by the light of nature, hast kindled in us the longing after the light of thy grace, in order to raise us to the light of thy glory, thanks to thee, Creator and Lord, that thou lettest me rejoice in thy works. —Lo! I have done the work of my life with that power of intellect which thou hast given. I have recorded to man the glory of thy works, as far as my mind could comprehend their infinite majesty. My senses were awake to search, as far as I could, with purity and faithfulness. If I, a worm in thine eyes, and born in bonds of sin, have brought forth anything that is unworthy of thy counsels, inspire me with thy Spirit that I may correct it. If, by the wonderful beauty of thy works, I have been led into boldness; if I have sought my own honour among men as I advanced in the work which was destined to thine honour, pardon me in kindness and charity, and by thy grace grant that my teaching may be to thy glory and the welfare of all men. Praise ye the Lord, ye heavenly harmonies; and ye that understand the new harmonies praise the Lord. Praise God, O my soul, as long as I live. From him, through him, and in him, is all, the material as well as the spiritual; all that we know, and all that we know not yet, for there is much to do that is undone."

THE RELIGION WE WANT.—We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing. A religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stall, pebbles from the cotton-bags, clay from the paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, alum from bread, and water from the milk-cans. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all little ones at the bottom. It will not make one-half pair of shoes of good leather, and the other half of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash. It will not put Jouvin's stamp on Jenkin's kid gloves; or make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop; nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing-silk that vouches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half; nor all wool delanes and all linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton; nor coats made of old rags pressed together be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broad-cloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand into chimneys it contracts to build of seven dollar material; nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine; nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join; nor daub the ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered; nor make window-blinds with slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched. The religion that is going to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given is according to the gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief.—*The (Boston) Christian.*