

the noisy and startling phenomena, but the steady and silent operations. They are the Sunday Schools which line upon line repeat the gospel lessons, and keep alive in our youthful millions some fear of God. They are the good and loving mothers who begin with dear cradle hymns, and who try to make the sweet story of Jesus as dear and as memorable as their own kind voices. They are the weekly Sabbaths which softly overflow the land, and which when they ebb again, leave everywhere the freshness and the fertilizing elements conveyed in their heaven-descended tide. Patience is power. In a thirsty land, one farmer digs a pit, and as no water fills it he opens another; and as that also continues like the well in Dothan, dry, he commences a third in a spot more promising: and a fourth, and many more till he has tried all his territory without success; and then, chafed and chagrined, he abandons all effort in despair. His neighbor chooses a spot, and begins. No water flows, but he is not discouraged. The spade and the mattock he exchanges for the drill and the auger: and after hammering through the flinty rock for days and weeks, at last the long sought fountain gushes, and at his threshold he secures a perennial spring, which neither feels the summer drought nor dreads the winter's cold. And so, on behalf of some right object, one man is anxious to enlist the good feeling of humanity; and he brings his project before one influential mind after another, and he is mortified to find how drily it is received by this celebrated philanthropist and how many difficulties are started by another, till he is ready to declare that benevolence is all a sham and every patriot a hypocrite. But strong in faith and patience, another takes the Artesian auger. He knows that deep under our hard humanity there are tender feelings and kind sympathies. Or, if it be the church on which he seeks to ope-

rate, he knows that under all its calousness and formalism there circulates a conscience; there flows a fresh current of principle and love fed from the crystal river, and he is resolved to reach it. He takes the artesian auger. "One thing I do." Preserving his temper amid all rebuffs, and persevering amidst all impediments, he keeps urging this one object; and at last the vein is struck, the fountain flows.—Charles sees the Bible Society organized, and Carey is sent to India.—Raikes sets his Sabbath Schools agoing, and Naysmith the city mission. Sadler sees infant emancipation become a popular movement, and Agnew finds the church at last roused to the claims of the Sabbath Day.—*Dr. J Hamilton.*

My Mother's Bible.

This book is all that's left me now;
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press thee to my heart,
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose name these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill?
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here they are living still.

My father read this holy book
To sisters, brothers dear;
How calm was my dear mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet?
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried,—
When all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live
It taught me how to die.