

quirements of God: the only life that has peace and self-approbation in its progress, and joy in its end; the only life that is worthy of a rational and immortal being; the only life that will bear the test of the final judgment, and prepare for endless blessedness in heaven.

*"All else is nothing."*

Live for *fame*, and even if you gain its plaudits, they are not sure for a moment. The "*Hosanna*" of to-day may be the "*crucify him*" of to-morrow.

Live for pleasure, and though it may gratify for a season, you will find it like poisoned food, satisfying a present hunger, but leaving death behind.

Live for *wealth*, and in the very aim you will "fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition," and be in danger of "erring from the faith, and piercing yourself through with many sorrows." And even if you are successful, and gain the riches you desire, you can hold them but a little while, and cannot bear them with you to eternity; and if misimproved, "your gold and silver will be cankered, and the rust of them will be a swift witness against you, to eat your flesh as it were fire."

Live for *the world in any form*, and what shall it profit you though you gain it all, if you lose your soul?

*Live then the life of Jesus, for all else is nothing.—British Messenger.*

#### THE GREAT DIAMOND-OWNER.

The greatest diamond-amateur in the world is said to be the Duke of Brunswick, who has published a catalogue of 268 quarto pages, giving a detail of their previous stories, together with sundry particulars. It describes how one adorned a Turkish sabre, another a royal diadem, the other an imperial collar, and this black diamond was an idol's eye. Some were worn on the waistcoat as buttons by the Emperor Don Pedro; a diamond ring, with the Stuart coat of arms and the cypher "M. S.," belonged to Mary Queen of Scots; and that pair of earrings hung once on Marie Antoinette. The Duke is in treaty for the purchase of two diamonds—one is stated to be worth fifty thousand pounds, and the other one hundred and forty thousand pounds!

The total value of this diamond-miser's precious stones must be almost fabulous. Surely such a man must be happy? Not so. His diamonds keep him chained to his palace. He dare not sleep from it a single night, and the place is constructed not so much for safety as for security, being surrounded by a high wall and burglar-proof. The wall itself is surmounted by a lofty iron railing defended by innumerable sharp spear-heads, which are so contrived that if any person touches any one of them a chime of bells begin instantly to ring an alarm; this iron railing cost him three thousand pounds. He keeps his diamonds in a case, built in a thick wall; his bed is placed against it, that no burglar may break into it without killing, or at least waking him, and that he may amuse himself with them without leaving his bed. This safe is lined with granite and with iron; the locks have a secret which must be known before they can be opened; if they are opened by violence, a discharge of firearms takes place, which will inevitably kill the burglar, and at the same time a chime of bells in every room in his house are set ringing. He has but one window in his bedroom; the sash is of the stoutest iron, the shutters are of thick sheet-iron. The ceiling of his room is plated with iron several inches thick, and so is the floor. The door opening into it is of solid sheet iron, and cannot be entered unless one be master of the secret combinations of the lock. A case of a dozen six-barrelled revolvers, loaded and capped, lies open upon the table, within reach of his bed.

What a picture is here presented of this Royal Duke! Who will envy him? Surely the lot of the poorest peasant who walks abroad amidst the beauties of nature, not having a rood of ground to call his own, much less a brilliant diamond with which to adorn his person, is infinitely to be preferred to that of this celebrated diamond-owner.—*British Ensign.*