

RELIGIOUS.

(FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.)

Sir,—In looking over an old manuscript, I found the following article—which, with several others, are at your service.

J. A.

PIOUS CONTENTMENT

As a poor, pious man was sitting by his little fire one cold evening, with his wife—and children, he said to them, “I have been thinking a great deal to day about that part of Scripture, ‘The son of man hath not where to lay his head.’ How wonderful it is that we, who are so sinful, unworthy and helpless, should be more favoured than He was.

“It is wonderful indeed, father,” said the eldest girl, “for though our house is small, and our victuals scanty, compared with the houses and way of living of many persons, yet it seems that Jesus Christ was not so well provided for as we are.” “I am glad to hear you speak in that way, Sarah,” said the wife; how happy we are all in our little dwelling this cold night, and, as soon as we wish, we have beds to rest ourselves upon; there, sharp and piercing as the frost is, and bleak and stormy as the wind blows, we shall be comfortable and warm; and yet, the Son of man, as your father has just told us, “had not where to lay his head.” O that this thought may make us thankful for our many mercies. “Thomas” said the father, “reach that hymn which our minister gave you last Sabbath at the Sabbath School, and let us all join in singing it.” The whole company, father, mother, and children, then, with a glow of sacred love and pleasure, sung the hymn entitled, “The Son of man hath not where to lay his head.”

What happiness in this poor contented and pious family. They approach their God with praises on their lips, for having given them a place where they can lay their head. How much more, then, ought those persons who live in stately dwellings, sing praises to their

Creator for having bestowed on them so many blessings.

THE BEAUTY OF RELIGION.

We are too apt to forget the responsibilities and commands of our holy religion. The world holds out to the erring foot, to the cheating eye, to the eager hand, many a bright lure, the real nature of which the mind does not pause to balance and consider, and which leads us onward and still onward over many a quaking bog and treacherous morass, and finally leaves us to wander in darkness and hopeless misery. How much of evil and distress should we escape if we always carefully kept in view the great truths and obligations of our religion! What pangs of a remorseful spirit, what reproaches of an uneasy conscience, what tortures of an anguished mind, should we escape if we always walked in the path prescribed by religion, and always observed the restraints which it has so clearly and forcibly prescribed to us! Regard them as we choose, whether we receive or reject, seek or avoid, assent or deny, the realities of heaven remain unalterable. Virtue in this life has its own reward, and crime is visited with its proper punishment; and, reasoning from analogy, and believing in the Scriptures, the beauty of virtue will be hereafter crowned with reward, and the deformity of vice will be punished with disgrace and infamy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SKETCH

A mother was kneeling in deep hush of evening at the couch of two infants whose rosy arms were twined in a mutual embrace. A slumber, soft as the moonlight that fell through the lattice over them like a silvery veil, lay on their delicate lips—the soft bright curls that clustered on their pillow, were slightly stirred by their gentle and healthful breathings, and that smile, which beams from the pure depths of the fresh glad spirit, yet rested on their red lips. The mother looked upon their exceeding beauty with a momentary pride, and then