The Mother's Tear.

Oh! who can speak the anguish That fills a Mother's heart, When from a loved and loving child Compelled awhile to part!

E'en though Hope sweetly whisper They soon will meet again; Uncertain are all things below, And Hope may hope in vain

But though on earth no meeting-They still may hope with Christ to meet In a bright Eternal Home

To sing the Saviour's praises Where earthly sorrows cease. Where pain and parting are unknown And all is joy and peace.

The Mother's soul must know It her beloved and cherished one In sinful paths should go Reject the precious Saviour,

His offered mercy scorn;

But Oh! the hopeless agony,

Be still unpardoned, unredeemed, When hope and life are gone. When the last faint word is spoken, And the death-damp on the brow

That the day of grace is ended And prayer is now in vain, That nought awaits her loved one but

Tells to that stricken Mother's heart

An eternity of pain, How gladly would she suffer To mitigate the woc. The ceaseless anguish which her child. For evermore must know

But ah ! no other ransom, Than Christ can e'er avail, And through eternity must rise That lost soul's dying wail.

Spare me this fearful woe Thou hast redeemed my soul from death Oh! save my children too.

Calchester, July 13th, 1257.

God's Providence.

Are not five sparrows sold for a farthing In the deep blue vault of heaven, Where the silent planets roll, Oh, what proofs of care are given Age on ages rolling onward, "Mid a space unmeasured still, Never clashing, moving forward

All unseen by mortal eye, Oh, what wond'rous perfect features, Neath the microcosm lie. To the lily bending lowly, Light, and air, and food are given Whisp'ring soft, in accents lowly, Trust the gracious God of heaven

Shall the mighty planets rolling, By the power of his hand; Which each insect is controlling In the air, or sea, or land? And shall not his love and power Much more guide immortal man, Through life's changing troubled hour With a sure unerring hand?

Shall be clothe the worthless sparrow, Which is for a farthing sold, And not guide each piercing arrow With a hand by love controlled Oft 'mid earthly feeble tapers, We forget the brilliant sun. Which behind the cloudy vapors Still in glory shineth on.

Which in Providence appears Mines unfathomed, till the hour When in beaven, they will be clear Like Ezekiel's wondrons vision Of a wheel within a wheel, Fitted with Divine precision, Moved by swift angelic zeal.

Covered o'er, with eyes all glist'ning, Wheels of Providence sublime, Silent move, while men are list'ning, For the voice that rules all-tim Let me rest, as they are moving, Tho' the clouds be dark above; From the throne, my Father loving Guides them by by a hand of love. - Episcopal Recorder.

A Working Christian.

A quarter of a century ago, there was a son calls " a passion for souls." Although a layman, (a book keeper,) he felt it alike his duty and his pleasure to lawor to bring impenitent sinners to Christ. Two things in particular characterized him. He was a man of prayer. He spent hours every day in his closet; and often when in the crowded street it was evident to them that knew him that he was even then and there wrestling for souls. The other trait was his selfdenial for others. He obtained from his employer the use of two half-days every week to himself, at a drawback from his salary of more than a hundred dollars. This time he used in visiting from house to house for religious conversation.

Of course such a man would leave thing at each communion season of the one to five applicants for admission, brought without there being any such seal of God's of earth that lies mouldering before him! blessing upon his labors, he was sadly dis-

Happy Conversions.

object of which was to get up special en- ed being who can never, never return to be tertainments for the young, and display their soothed by thy contrition. was formed with great hopes of its success so was their beautiful scheme of corrupting and demoralizing our youth, cut short by look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy an untimely death; scattered like chaff be-

ed to attend some religious meetings held in tear, more deep, more bitter, because unthat assembly—the power of the gospel had futile tributes of regret; but take warning humble Christian. been felt by many who were earnestly cry- by the bitterness of this thy contrite afflicone Sabbath morning in March last, was in the Sabbath School, and heard many of his leving.—Washington leving. former companions tell what Christ had done for their souls. His sins appeared to him in their blackest form. He was well nigh in despair. During all that service, he wept -went home with his heavy

tic works, scenery, etc, were all condemned them.

say, "Christianity is worn out! Eighteen bundred years have rendered it effete!"—
Worn out, indeed! "Tis as fresh and vigorous as when our Master proclaimed it to mistress, who was pleased to repeat the sim
He told one of the servant girls what had passed, and she related it to her young mistress, who was pleased to repeat the sim
He was true to his promise. He opened that believeth."

Love Which Survives the Tomb.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heel, every other affliction to forget, but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude.

closings of its portals—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of

—and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruin of family prayer is very much neglected by all we most loved is softened away into room. days of its loveliness, who would root such a hold, or when visitors are present. But the who sat by quite gravely, listening to us, sorrow from the heart? Though it may soldier's wife invited the young man, who was six. sometimes throw a passing cloud over the was a stranger to her, to remain while she bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper read God's word and offered up her evensadness over the hour of gloom, yet who ing prayers, and proved to be a messenger would exchange it, even for the song of of mercy to his soul. If you do not have pleasure or the burst of revelry?

No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter at once. Set up the family altar to-night, than song. There is a remembrance of the and let nothing prevent you leading your dead to which we turn from the charms of household to God at a throne of grace. Of course such a man would leave his mark. And he did. His Sunday School the living. O! the grave! the grave! it buries every error, covers every defect, exbopeful converts. And it was a regular thing at each communion season of the living at each communion season of the living. O! the grave! the grave! it buries every error, covers every defect, exburies every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thing at each communion season of the church to which he belonged to find from and tender recollections. Who can look thereby some have entertained angels unadown, even upon the grave of an enemy, wares." Neither the farmer nor the young down, even upon the grave of an enemy, man ever regretted their kindness to the should have warred with the poor handful soldiers wife, nor will they, for thus saith

place for meditation! There it is that we call water only he shall in no wise lose his re-Were there but one such a man now, in up, in long review, the whole history of virwere there but one such a man now, in each church of our city, what a blessed tue and gentleness, and the thousand encesult would follow? But why should there dearments lavished upon us, almost unheed-opportunities of usefulness? If so, they not be? Is not every believer bound to ed in the daily intercourse of intimacy; will daily occur, and when you least expect not be? Is not every believer bound to toil for the conversion of souls? Should there it is that we dwell upon the solemn toil every disciple, male or female, old or tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of tenderness of the parting scene.

By frequent visits to that school of vice, even from the threshold of existence! Ay, Cheltenham. the Theatre, a few young men became so in- go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. toxicated with the performances on the stage, There settle the account with thy conscience that they determined to spread its blasting for every past benefit unrequited, every influence by forming a dramatic society, the past endearment unregarded, of that depart-

subscribed their money liberally in purchas- art a husband, and has ever caused the been given, which greatly emboldened these friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowlt was accomplished on this wise: The
ing and repentant in the grave, and utter
"Well, then! let us put your wife to the ecretary of this society was earnestly press- the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing proof," said some of the company. had been affected; he came again, and on faithful and affectionate in the discharge of door.

The Soldier's Wife.

load, embraced his mother and begged her Chelmsford; it was a fine summer's even-some provisions in my house, and in a few dom. He is the truth; for if you believe to pray for him. She did so, and poured ing, when she saw a young man standing at minutes supper will be ready."

out her fervent cries into the ears of Jesus; a farm-yard gate. She asked him if his then said, "Now, John, I can do no more; master would allow her and her children to ved. The pious lady did the honors of the and dark to poor Eliza. You have not to you must cast yourself at the feet of Jesus sleep in his barn? He said he thought he and look to him alone for salvation."

sleep in his barn? He said he thought he bestowed upon her guests the most polite me," for Christ is your teacher, and it is all His mother left him. He did cast his gave his consent, and told the young man attention. ce of God, to and sitting down on the lift of the barn treat with so much kir

be as zealous for Christ as he once was for Satan. Whilst under this anxious state of soul, some of his companions in sin inquiradi. "What will become of the Dramatic Society if you leave us?" He replied, "I leave the soldier's wife took from her parcel a New Society if you leave us?" He replied, "I leave the soldier's read with the soldier's wife took from her parcel a New Society if you leave us?" He replied, "I leave the soldier's wife took from her parcel a New Society if you leave us?" He replied, "I leave the soldier's wife took from her parcel a New Society if you leave us?" He replied, "I leave the soldier's wife took from her parcel a New Society if you leave us?" He replied, "I leave the soldier's wife took from her parcel a New Society if you leave us?" He replied, "I leave the soldier's wife took from her parcel a New Society if you leave us?" He replied, "I leave the soldier's wife took from her parcel a New Society if you leave us?" He replied, "I leave the soldier's wife took from her parcel a New Society if you leave us?" He replied, "I leave the soldier's wife took from her parcel a New Society if you leave us?" He replied, "I leave the soldier's wife took from her parcel a New Were married, my husband and myself, we both lived in dissipation. Since that time to conduct you cannot approve."

Testawith So much approve. "Gentlemen," she replied, "when we were married, my husband and myself, we both lived in dissipation. Since that time to conduct you cannot approve."

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I we were married, my husband and myself, we both lived in dissipation. Since that time to conduct you cannot approve."

rous as when our Master proclaimed it to mistress, who was pleased to repeat the simthe world! Effete is it? Look at its powple tale to the rest of the family. It led his heart to the Gospel, and became from er? 'Tis nothing more nor less than "the power of God unto salvation to every one for the verses read by the soldier's wife the and the best of husbands. previous night, sent for the young man to "Christian wives who have the misforhave the tale confirmed, who wept as he tune to be united to infidel husbands," adds

change in the whole of them.

Reader, do you ask a blessing on your Where is the mother who would willingly meals? There are many soldiers and solforget the infant that perished like a blos- diers' wives who do not. Reader, do you som from her arms, though every recollec- Can you receive God's temporal mercies

tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the her children on the hay in the barn until she "I don't live anywhere, sir," she said; If it has woes, it has likewise its delights sought his protection through the night, and mother." family prayer, make up your mind to begin

But the grave of those we love, what a unto one of these little ones a cup of cold

young, make this one especial, nay, promideath, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless timony, and go on your way. God will death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless timony, and go on your way. God will timony, and go on your way. God will attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities. The soldier's wife never heard the

ling! pressure of the hand! the faint, falter- to honor Jesus always and every where. - for she said in a low tone, almost to herself The Journal and Messenger of Cincinnation in gracents, struggling in death to give one contains the following highly interesting more assurance of affection! The last fond Do good to all for Christ's sake. Be kind "O no, Eliza, for God will be an

A Christian Woman.

A worldly man was with some friends in a coffee house. Wine had inflamed the heads and loosened the tongues of the guests. own skill in these exercises. The society If thou art a child, and hast ever added a Each sketched the character of his wife, and sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silver- enumerated her defects, as well as her good It soon numbered fourteen members, who ed brow, of an affectionate parent; if thou qualities. "As to mine," said our worldling, " All that I could say in her praise ing the works of Shakespeare and other fond bosom, that ventured its whole happi- would fall far below the truth. My wife dramatic writers, with quite a variety of ness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of unites all the virtues, all the amiable qual-scenery, etc. Some few entertainments had thy happiness or thy truth; if thou art a ities which I can desire. She would be perfect, if she were not a Methodist. But ardent young men. Preparation had been word, or deed, the spirit that generously her piety gives her no ill humour. Nothing made for giving many exhibitions this pre- confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and disturbs her equanimity; nothing irritates sent spring,—but lo! there was a worm at the root, and like Jonah's gourd, "which heart which now lies cold and still beneath with you, gentlemen, at midnight, and ask came up in a night, and perished in a night," thy feet; then be sure that every unkind her to get up and serve us with a supper, memory, and knock dolefully upon thy soul; with as much assiduity as if I had brought

A considerable bet was made. our city; as usual, he made all sorts of excuses, but after a few night's perauasion he chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of drinkers, forgetting all propriety, went in at length consented to go once. He came nature about the grave; console thy broken the middle of the night to invade with their was interested—the Spirit of God was in spirit if thou canst, with these tender, yet noisy mirth, the peaceful dwelling of the

"Where is my wife?" asked the master ing for mercy! Our young friend's heart tion over the dead, and henceforth be more of the house of the servant who opened the

> "Sir, she is asleep long ago."
> "Go wake her, and tell her to prepare upper for me and my friends." A soldier's wife, with her three children, gers and received them in the most gracious grief that there was nebody to teach her. was passing through Essex, on her way to manner. "Fortunately," said she, "I have

soul there, and found what every sinner finds who goes there—Mercy! Mercy!— sleep on. The woman asked him where she could not help admiring such extraordinary Father." You learn of heaven, for how Now his joy knew no bounds; his happy spi- could get a little water. He went to fetch equanimity. One of them, (the soberest of often did he speak of that bright world rit was joyful beyond expression. Not more her some, and brought her a small can the company) spoke, when the dessert was where God's children shall dwell forever? glad was Christian when he escaped from of milk, for which she was very thankful. brought in, and said: "Madam, your polite- You learn the way to be saved, for Christ Giant Despair's clutches, than was our friend She then took some bread from her bundle, ness amazes us. Our sudden appearance in has promised that whosoever believes in when he lost his heavy burden, by looking but before she began to eat, she asked God your house at so unseasonable an hour, is him shall have eternal life. You learn on the crucified Jesus. Shortly after this, to bless what she and her children were to the joy of his parents and friends, he about to partake of, though it was only dry we do not complain. But tell us how it is words—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God to the joy of his parents and friends, he about to partake of, though it was only dry we do not complain. But tell us now it is with all thy heart, and soul, and strength; was welcomed into the church and baptized, bread and milk. The youth felt interested, possible that you, a pious person, should with all thy heart, and soul, and strength; The Bible is

don't know, nor I don't much care, but my fore retiring to rest, to thank God for the himself. My husband, on the contrary, hungry again. "This is the true bread that soul is worth more than all the world." By persuasion and entreaty, he prevailed on them to come to the meetings; the result reading the first ten verses of the 16th chaphas been, twelve out of the fourteen have been converted from the error of their blessing of the Lord to rest upon the farways, to the wisdom of the just. The somer, his family, his servants, and the young world to come, if he is not converted, I must ciety is now entirely broken up, the drama-man, for the kindness she had received from apply myself at least to render his present life as agreeable as possible.

to be burned (Acts xix: 18, 19) and after The simplicity of the prayer struck him, These words affected strongly the whole all debts were paid, the balance in the trea-sury was handed over to the C. Orphan the young man. He could not sleep. He the husband. "Dear wife," said he, "you rose early in the morning, and went to the are, anxious then about the fate that awaits Where the skeptic or infidel who dare barn, to ask the soldier's wife the way of salme in eternity. Thanks, a thousand thanks,

the young man became constant hearers of household; often the contrary; they irritate do better, for even now your cheek has a the gospel, and there was evidently a great and increase the evil. Be then full of meek- glow upon it-I am sure we will nurse you ness, patience, charity, and the Lord will well again; let me bring you something re-bless your efforts." "Do not deceive yourself. my

The Little Vagrant.

I was walking quietly along in a beautition is a pang? Where is the child that without thanksgiving? Can you enjoy you ful lane. A little way before me a large food, without asking God's blessing? How ment?

Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? If you have hitherto neglected this important duty, neglect it no longer, but deterthe remains of her he most loved—when he mourns are remained for the remains of her he most loved—when he mourns are remained for the remains of her he most loved—when he mourns are remained for the remains of her he most loved—when he mourns are remained for the most loved—when he mourns are remained for the most loved and delight."

A norse was reeding near. Two children were playing about on the grass. When I got up to them, the eldest, a little girl, came and delight."

Emilie obeyed, and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, sung the following stanzas: parents, though to remember be but to la- can you expect it to nourish your bodies, to A horse was feeding near. Two children the remains of her he most loved—when he mine never to partake of another meal until like to talk a little with her, and she seemed feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the you have sought God's blessing upon it. quite as willing to talk to me. Her name,

bad praised God for the mercies of the day, "we go about in this cart with father and all we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the is only a mistress at the head of the house-

> "O no, sir, nobody did ever teach me." And she looked up in my face so sorrow-fully that I quite pitied her, and said:

> Would you like to learn?" "O yes sir, that I should!" and I could see the tears come into her bright eyes. I gave her a little book : you would have been glad to see how pleased she was! She thought, perhaps, that she could coax her father to teach her-for he was able : mother could not read herself. "Have you ever heard, my dear, about

> the great God?" "O yes, sir, many a time." She waved her hand round slowly, looked very solemnly in my face, and said, "All

"Does God see you?"
"Please, sir I don't know!" " Not know, my dear! You may be sure that, as he is here, he sees you always, knows all you do, and hears every word you

"O no, Eliza, for God will be angry Eliza looked at me now without speak ing, full of fear and wonder, but as if she did not quite understand what I said; so

asked her

" No, sir." " Nor yet of heaven?"

" No, sir." "And were you never told of Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners?"

" No, sir." "Would you not like to hear all about

And now the tears quite ran down her cheeks. I never saw any one look more anxious and unhappy. For a little while I talked to her, and told her as much as she who died for sinners, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" about God, our gracious Father, who will listen to a poor child's prayer; and about the heaven where all who love him shall meet at last in joy. I was soon obliged to bid her good bye; and as I walked on, and prayed in my heart that God would teach and love her, I thought of you, my dear children, and gave thanks to our heavenly Father that you are

the way to be happy forever. Are you sorry for little Eliza? I have told you her story that you may understand how sad it is to have a starving, hungry soul. She was starving for she did not know those things which would have made her truly The wife obedient to the will of her husband, quickly made her toilet, met the stran-anxious to get this knowledge, and full of Jesus feeds the soul. To know him is wisand understand what he has taught, you know all those things which were so strange made plain. You learn of God, for Jesus I thought, what sorrow can be greater than the gates of the city. full of his teachings: it tells us of all we

The Dving Mozart.

Wolfgang Mozart, the great German ight footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke

"Come hither," said he, "my Emiliefreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father, "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid, in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshments, my Emilie—take these my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother -let me once more hear those tones which

Spirit! thy labor is o'er!
Thy term of probation is run a
thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore
And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife, Or the pleasures of earth with regret— Pause not on the threshold of limitless life, To mourn for the day that is set. Spirit no fetters can bind— No wicked have power to molest. There the weary like thee—the wretched— A haven, a mansion of rest

As she concluded she dwelt for a upon the low melancholy notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, look ed in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still passionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit left-with the seal of death upon those features.

"I Mark only the Hours that

The above, if we rightly remember, is the to forget the blessing God is giving us. Life, it is true, is not all bright and beautishades, and it is neither wise nor graceful to dwell too much upon the darker portions of the property of the ful. But still it has its light as well as its the picture. He who looks upon the bright a child may be cheerful. side of life, and makes the best of everything, will, we think, other things being equal, be a better, happier man, than those who, as Franklin says, ' are always looking at the

The last testimonies of inspiring love! the result of her prayer in the barn; but she feeble, fluttering, thrilling, O! how thrilmay yet, for the day shall declare it. Aim was afraid God would be angry with her; If any of our readers can read the follows. From the follows.

for departed loved ones, it must be because taken the following description of emotions of their good fortune in never having been natural to a first sight of the Holy City: called to part from dear relations. But he After a few steps forward, our worn-out who has a treasure beneath the clods of the horses stumbling rather than galloping over vailey, may have to brush aside an unbidden the rocky path, and crowned with a mosque tear as he makes this description of a "home and minaret, was before us in the distance.

without a father" his own case. have realized, from the very depths of my majesty, I beheld, magnificent in the light soul, that home without a father is lonely, of the setting sun, the walls of Jesusalem. gloomy and mournful, beyond description. I had thought of that moment for years,

heard but the wailings of our mournful ed with Godfrey and with Richard. But mother, or the prattle of our sweet little sis- I did neither.

to release his spirit from its house of clay, tants-and all alike gazed with overflowing and take it to its eternal home. The last eyes on that spot, toward which the longing enemy, which is death, came with his scythe hearts of so many millions of the human the strongest, and in a few short hours those thought swept over all our souls. own Forest Home. As I stood by the grave, my face the folds of my confea, I sprang and heard the frozen clods fall on his coffin, into the saidle, and led the advance towar this! Now he sleeps on the cold hill-top, where the January wind howls and shrieks stands near by, as if to proctet that sacred came up above the Mount of Olives, I was spot from the wild freaks of the too rough standing on the Eastern side of the city, winter's blast. "Home is home, be it ever without the walls, on the brow of the valley so homely." But oh! how sad to know we of Jehoshaphat, looking down into its gloomy have a home without a father!

are in themselves, they are not sufficient to Pose my mind sufficiently to take the rest i constitute a great preacher in the true accep- actually required. tation of the term. He alone is great in the pulpit who carries with him the strength that I strolled down to the gates of St. Stehe has acquired in the closet; one who is phen (so called now, though formerly known accustomed, in his secret wrestlings with as the gate of the Lady Mary, because of its touching in the circumstances of his death.

His sweetest song was the last he sung—the
"Requiem." He had been employed upon

Requiem." He had been employed upon be, unless my commission has thy signature, lem graves that cover the hill of Moriah, this exquisite piece for several weeks—his soul filled with inspirations of the richest melody, and already claiming kindred with goes before the people, not to entertain them immortality. After giving it its last touch, with a sermon, or to elicit their applause and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all which is to be made effectual by God's time, as his "cygnean strain," he fell into a a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the and the deliverance of the captives. Thus the great ends of his ministry are accomplished, God is glorified, and souls are saved. He who can regard with complacency his nave the tale confirmed, who wept as ne told the simple story, and closed by saying, "Salvation has come to my heart if it has not to this house, for I feel as I have never done before. The tarmer, his family, and the very well founded, do not restore peace to a the very well founded, do not restore peace to a the very well as the tears stood in her eyes. "You must have now your sheek here to the satisfaction which he then so heart for awar now your sheek here."

"Come inter, sau ne, "my remine—my task is done—the Requiem—my Resoults and not peace to a day coming when such an object will appear lighter than vanity, and when he shall be compelled painfully to revert to the satisfaction which he then so in this cold world." sinfully indulged. We have known such to tiful light like a halo, above the holy mounoutlive their fame, with little to please in tain. Right there-away lay Bethany, and I the retrospect, and much to cloud their prospects of the future. Men may have on Martha's brother. But the flush became called them great preachers, but they were a gleam, a glow, an opening heaven of deep, not such in the sight of God. Learning strong light that did not dazzle nor bewild and eloquence in the ministry are not to be er. I looked into it and was lost in it, as are they to be set on a par with deep piety. eyes of the woman he worships. It seemed

> It throws a flood of light on Methodism in be kissed to opening by those rays! New-York during the Revolutionary war. historian, and especially to the lovers of into the blue, and then the Methodism. A new work, entitled 'The Cradle of American Methodism,' is in preparation, the old book furnishing the beside battlements of Jerusalem. Methodism. A new work, entitled 'The paration, the old book furnishing the basis of the work."

full, a very full share of his time.—Presh.

cast down by trifles. Make up your minds tween man and man, between one intelligent inscription upon a sun dial in Italy. It incast down by trifles. Make up your minds culcates a beautiful lesson, which many are prone to disregard. It would teach us if troubles comes upon you; keep up your to remember the bright days of life, and not spirits, though the day be a dark one. "Troubles never stop for ever, The darkest day will pass away."

"Never despair when fog's in the air,
"Never despair when fog's in the air, A sunshiny morning comes without warning.

A sunshiny morning comes without warning.

Ed. Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or fire-works that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is "Something sterling that will stay, When gold and silver fly away."

If any of our readers can read the follow- From the new publication, Tent-Life in

ng touching article without deep emotion Holy Land, by W. C. Prime, Esq., are which my heart knew by instinct was the What is home without a father? Sad, mountain of the Ascension. I raised mydreary and cheerless! I have sung in days self in my stirrups, and turning to Miriam, gone by, days when I was merry and lighthearted, "What is home without a mother?" ed my hand toward it—and then, as I lookthough I did not realize its meaning. But ed again, before me, in all their glory and

Two weeks from to-day he sat by the fire, in waking and in sleeping dreams. I had and we were all happy then. But now he asked myself a hundred times, "What will sleeps the sleep that knows no waking." you do when your weary eyes rest on these At twilight's softand pensive hour," we holy walls?" Sometimes I thought I should gather around the old stone hearth, and list-en to the crackling of the glaring fire; but and sometimes that I should kneel down on t has ceased to be cheerful. No sound is the road as did the valiant men who march-

ter, asking, in childish accents, "if papa is My horse stopped in the road, as if he gone to live with God." The family circle knew that all our haste had been for this, broken, and our dear father has been and I murmured to myself, "Deus vult," borne to that land from which no traveler re- and my eyes filled with tears, and through turns. Now that he is gone, how every lit- them I gazed at the battlements and the tle kind act, every approving smile, and towers and minarets of the city. One by every word of kindness, is remembered with one the party rode up, and each in succes-

sion passed. We remember too, how happy his laugh would ring out, as scated around the supper a Latin monk who had joined us a little table he would relate some amusing anecdote. But it pleased our Father who is in heaven cortege, beside ourselves, who were Protesin his hand, and hard and heart-rending was race turn daily with devout affection. We the struggle between them. But death was spoke no word aloud. One rushing wave of

sparkling eyes, that ever looked on us with I stood in the road, my hand on my delight, were closed forever; those hands, horse's neck, and with my dim eyes sought which had ever clasped our own with such to trace the outlines of the holy places which warmth and affection, were cold and stiff; I had long before fixed in my mind, but the and that heart that had loved us so fondly fast flowing tears forbade my succeeding.from our earliest infancy, was pulseless and The more I gazed, the more I could not stilled in death. We buried him near our see; and at length, gathering close around

The first morning in Jerusalem was a time depths and up to the hill that was hallowed by the last footsteps of Christ.

I could not sleep. It was vain to think A great man may possess great learning slumber, dreamy and restless at the best, and eloquence, and yet not be a great but mostly broad awake thoughts, fancies, feelings, and memories occupied the entire night. Weary and exhausted as I was by the previous day's travel, I could not com-

It was but a little after the break of day composer, died at Vienna, in the year 1791. God, to say, "How can I go unless thou go leading to the Virgin's tomb), and finding there is something strikingly beautiful and with me? Of what avail will my embassy it open already, passed out among the Mos-

Winter mornings,

I had seen the morning come up over the prairies of Minnesota, calm and majestic, golden glory on the sea, in soft splendor in Italy, in rich effulgence over the Libvan de

could think it the radiance of the bursting one is lost that gazes into the deep loving The study is to be associated with the closest and it is of deep moment to the minister of the gospel that the latter should have a Strong cords of desire seemed drawing me as if I had but to wish and I should be away thither. I even rose to my feet and leaned forward over the carved turban on a Mus-A METHODIST RELIC.-Rev. Mr. Wake- sulman's tomb. I breathed strong, full inlev writes to the California Advocate that spirations as if I could breathe in that glory. an old book has been discovered that will All this while, deep in the gloom of the throw much light on early Methodism in valley between me and the Mount of Ascenthis city. It contains the earliest records of sion lay the Hebrew dead of all the centuries, Methodism in this country. In it is the quiet, calm, solemn in their slumber. The original subscription for John-street preach- glory did not reach down to their low graves; ing-house, with the names of every subscri- yet I thought almost aloud, that if that radiber and the amount of their subscriptions, ance could but once touch those stones, It is headed by Capt. Thomas Webb, who heavy as they were, the dead would spring gave the first and largest subscription, namely, thirty pounds. His own handwriting is valley of tombs.

in the book, so is Philip Embury's. There | Alas for the dead whose grave the mornare several receipts of his for work done to the preaching-house. The book contains an account of the church from 1768 to 1769. for the sealed lips of earth that will never

Then came the round sun ; it seemed but It is interesting to the antiquarian, to the an instant after the morning star had sunk

THE GRAND DISTINCTION ..- I pray you Counsels for the Young.—Never be never forget that the grand distinction bebeing and another, lies in the heart, not in hell, between Gabriel who adores and loves, If the sun is going down look up to the and Satan who gnashes his taeth in eternal

for our friends, our own is likely to be form-

Has one served thee? Tell it to many. Hast thou served many? Tell it not.

Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wing whereby we fly to heaven.