

caroth for you; visit the sick, seek out the captives, receive strangers, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, set at naught soothsayers and magicians, let your weights and measures be fair, your balance just, your bushel fair; nor claim back more than you gave, nor exact from any man usury lent.

"Consider, as saith St. John, it is the last hour; therefore love not the world, for it soon passeth away, and all the lust thereof. Think of that day when the just shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. What, think you, will then be the splendor of souls when the light of bodies shall have the brightness of the sun? There shall no evil arise, no hunger, no thirst, no cold, heat, or faintness, or fasting, or temptation of the enemy; no wish or power to sing, only fullness of joy, and exultation among the angels of God. Let us think, then, of ourselves as pilgrims in this world, that we may hasten the more cheerfully towards heaven." These be good and wise words, reader, let us not fling them aside as coming from the dark ages.

Many such words were uttered and heard then.

Many such men as the poor goldsmith lived, laboured, and died, unheard of and unknown.

Haply in this our age of knowledge and refinement and skill, we are reaping the reward of much that was painfully hoped for, prayed for, striven for, then.

Haply, we are gathering flowers of light, springing, in God's own time, from that soil of a thousand years old; which surely these things prove was not all darkness.

At least, let our light be a true and holy one, shining for the good of others, that men may see it, and that He who made men may have all the glory.—"PENNY POST."

COLERIDGE ON RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.—The answer of Coleridge to Therwall upon this matter is very illustrative. Therwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. "I show him," says Coleridge, "my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden." "How so?" said he, "for it is covered with weeds." "Oh," I replied, "that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds you see have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."

## Æneidy.

[From the New Brunswicker, St. Johns.

### Going Out and Coming In.

In that home were joy and sorrow,  
Where an infant first drew breath,  
While an aged sire was drawing  
Near unto the gate of death.  
His feeble pulse was failing,  
And his eye was growing dim;  
He was standing on the threshold  
When they brought the babe to him.

While to murmur forth a blessing  
On the little one he tried,  
In his trembling arms he raised it,  
Pressed it to his lips, and died.  
An awful darkness resteth  
On the path they both begin,  
Who thus meet on the threshold,  
Going out, and coming in.

Going out unto the triumph,  
Coming in unto the fight—  
Coming in unto the darkness,  
Going out unto the light,  
Although the shadow deepened  
In the moment of eclipse,  
When he passed through the dread portal,  
With the blessing on his lips.

And to him who bravely conquers  
As he conquered in the strife,  
Life is but the way of dying—  
Death is but the gate of life;  
Yet awful darkness resteth  
On the path we all begin,  
Where we meet upon the threshold  
Going out, and coming in.

### The Battle Field.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd;  
And fiery hearts and armed hands  
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget  
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—  
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,  
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;  
Alone the chirp of fitting bird  
And talk of children on the hill,  
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by,  
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;  
Men start not at the battle cry—  
Oh! be it never heard again!

Soon rested these who fought;—but thou  
Who minglest in the harder strife  
For truths which men receive not now,  
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long  
Through weary day and weary year:  
A wild and many-weaponed throng  
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet, nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
And blench not at thy chosen lot;  
The timid good may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.