

CHRIST THE JOY OF HIS PEOPLE.

The covenant engagements of Jesus, his very name, his incarnation, his blood, his promises, his work, and intercession, all seem to say to us, "Rejoice evermore."

race-grounds and gaming-tables, would be sacred places, if feeling was religion; and I may add, idolaters and infidels would be just as good Christians as any others; our Gubernatorial and Presidential elections would be the most efficient means of grace.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

An affecting incident, lately told in a company where I was present, has dwelt on my thoughts ever since. It is highly characteristic of the place, the people, and of the times that belonged to it.

Private intelligence having been received, that in a certain wild district, inhabited by the poorer class of peasants in Ireland, arms were collected and concealed, for unlawful purposes, a party of military were despatched to make a sudden search in the suspected houses.

The fact needs no elucidation—every body knows that for a poor Irishman to possess the word of God is high treason against the church of Rome; and that any offence given to the priesthood of that church, in a popish district, is speedily punished with the loss of the little all of the helpless victim.

EXCITEMENT.

Excitement does not constitute the Christian. Christianity is not mere excitement. In my humble opinion it is no less dangerous to resolve it into a peculiar feeling, than it is to make it a mere speculation, a cold abstraction.

Such Christians are not like the evergreen, or the tree planted by the river of water which bringeth forth fruit in due season, and its leaves never wither; but are plants which only grow in the "hot bed," mere summer sprouts, withered by the vertical beams of the sun, or nipped by the first autumnal frost.

I SHAN'T BE DROVE.

This is an expression that the minister of Christ often meets with in his attempts to get the church to live up to its duty. If while preaching, he urges upon Christians the claims of the gospel, and the duties they are to perform in order to enjoy the presence of God, he will from some meet the cold reply, 'I shan't be drove.'

THE ACTRESS.

In one of the English provincial or country towns, was one day passing through the streets of the town in which she then resided, when her attention was attracted by the sound of voices, which she heard in a poor cottage before her.

"Depth of mercy! can thee be Mercy still reserved for me?" &c.

The tune was simple and sweet, but she heeded it not. The words had riveted her attention, and she stood motionless, until she was invited to enter by the woman of the house, who had observed her standing at the door.

PLURALITY OF WIVES.

In the South Sea Islands, the missionaries being called on to assist in framing a code of civil laws, were sorely tried with the polygamy of the natives. The Rev. Mr. Williams, in his work, writes: There were two most delicate and perplexing subjects which required adjustment, prior to the final establishment of the laws.

It was almost needless to add, that the performance was suddenly ended; many ridiculed, though some were induced from that memorable night to "consider their ways;" and to reflect on the wonderful power of that religion, which could so influence the heart, and change the life of one heathen so vain, and so evidently pursued, the road which leadeth to destruction.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

Some love to roam Where the glasses foam, And the poison circles free: But a chosen land, In a rescued land, And a temperance life for me.

PRACTICAL SELF-DENIAL.

Says Mr. Wade, 'Our preachers and schools are blessed in the conversion of souls; and must we give them up? If we only had the superfluities of the church, without touching one of their comforts, all could be carried off, and even multiplied. We are all trying to economise.'

SOULT AND WELLINGTON.

FROM THE LONDON TIMES. 1813 AND 1842.

"None of Mr. Guineo's soldiers displayed more spirit at the close of the debate than the old Marshal, (Soul), and we scarcely know of a more singular parallel in parliamentary history than that which the respective positions of the two oldest and greatest soldiers in Europe at the present moment—both occupying the foremost line of defence against a petulant opposition—both contending for the maintenance of amicable relations between the two countries, whose respective armies each has led, and which again lead, to the field—and both devoting the unextinguishable energies of their brave and honorable lives to the preservation of peace throughout the world."

Two heroes stood on the battle plain, Engaged in mighty shock That thrilled through the Gallic despot's reign, From the broad Ganges to the winding Seine, And burst the bonds of delivered Spain On the Pyrenean rick.

The one retreated with lion glare, Still keeping his foes at bay; The other stooped down from his mountain hair, With steady and valiant streaming hair, Like the eagle that sweeps through the realms of air, On his scathed and panting prey.

The handkerchief of war have ceased; and Time Hath waft it in his circling zone The scenes of blood and the deeds of crime Which polluted each city, and soil, and clime, From the Pharoah's key throne.

Where are these warriors now? No more Opposed in the battle strife, Their voices are heard like the voice of yore, Which roared the storm on G. Napoleon's shore, And brook the winds and water's roar Inhaled the Apostle's life.

These heroes twain of the olden war— Now bid the destroyer cease: Unyoke the steeds of his iron car, And look to regions beyond the jar Of furious factions, above the star Of universal Peace. H. T. E.

THE UNKIND CHILDREN.

A TRUE STORY.

"Took it in the air," said one; "Horrah! there it goes!"—"Catch it, Tom, and lobst it up again," said a well-dressed boy, with a smart new cap.

A little boy ran after the cap and tried to get it from the others. His head was bare, therefore I concluded it was his—"Oh! Charles," said he, "give me my cap—it will be all dirty." But the reckless Charles answered by kicking it up in the air again, crying out, "Horrah! for the Dutchman's cap!" This stroke of wit, as they all appeared to think it, caused a laugh, and he said, "He bought it from some Dutchman; who did you buy it of, eh?"

The little mortified owner of the cap was at last with difficulty kept from tears, and the young gentlemen having had enough of sport, allowed him to pick it up from the dirt, and left him to walk home with it, brushing it as well as he could, and trying to get it in shape again, the tears starting in his eyes, and his face colouring at the recollection of the insulting, unkind treatment he had experienced from his school-fellows.

When this little boy came home, I heard him say to his mother—"I cannot wear this cap again." "Why not?" said his mother. "Why, the other boys have new caps, and they call mine the Dutchman's cap."

This little boy's mother was obliged to be very economical or saving in his clothing, that she might be enabled to give him a good education, and she said, "I cannot afford to get you a new cap like the other boys—you know we are not rich, as many of them are." "But the boys all laugh at me as I go along the street, and knock my cap off in the dirt, and that makes me feel so, I don't know what to do—Oh! mother, get me a new cap."

"I would if I could," said his mother, "but you know I am poor." She looked sorrowfully at him and said, "Your school fellows must be very unkind and thoughtless children. But though their behaviour discovers ignorance and very foolish pride, you must endeavor to bear it with patience and firmness; and show them by your conduct, that a boy's character is not determined by the shape or quality of his clothes. You need not be ashamed to own that your parents have not much money, and are unable to purchase for you smart and fashionable clothes. Be ashamed of bad behaviour and pray to the Lord to give you a new, clean heart; and if you get his favor, the laugh and insult of the world will not give you much uneasiness."

One word to children who behave to their school fellows as these boys did. A noble, well-bred, and especially a Christian child, will know that dress does not make a gentleman or lady; that as far as this is concerned, they are most respectable who are not merely ashamed to dress according to their circumstances. A wicked heart and a mean disposition are often found under fashionable clothes. Our Lord Jesus Christ was very poor in outward things, and did not take his rank among the gay and fashionable of the earth, but this did not take from his real dignity. And were I not that any child who would be like him, could not be guilty of the meanness and unkind behaviour of these children.—W. S. S. Newinger.