

Poetry.

THE REST OF HEAVEN.

Who are the happy? Dwell they here,
Where earthly sorrows grow?
No! in yon bright, celestial sphere,
They 'scape from change and woe.
The unfading garden of the soul
'Tis their delight to dress,
While from the eternal fountains roll
Full tides of happiness.

On them no baleful sun shall cast
A fervid, fatal ray,—
Nor tempests rise with whelming blast
To sweep their hopes away;
No rose with piercing thorn shall wound,
No bitter streamlet flow,—
No serpent coiled 'mid flowers be found
To dart the sting of woe.

How came they to that glorious place?
Rise! when the dawn is dim,
And kneel before your Maker's face,
And humbly ask of Him.
Go, seek the grace of Him who died
On Calvary's purple breast,
Your weak and wayward steps to guide
To heaven's unbroken rest.

Christian Union.

The Family.

LOST LEAVES.

This is a pleasing story. We fear many who will read it, like Mr. Williams, have Bibles with missing leaves:

"As I was coming to breakfast," said Mr. Green to his employer, "I saw a piece of Hall's fence down. As soon as the cows are turned into the pasture, they will make their way into his corn-field."

"A man must see to his fences, if he wishes to preserve his crops," said Mr. Williams.

After breakfast Green and Watson, who was also in Williams' employ, set out for the meadow, in which they were constructing a drain. When they had gone a little way, Green stopped, and turning to Mr. W., who was within hearing, said, "Hadn't I better step aside and put up the fence? that drove of cows will make a lot of work with the corn."

"Hall must attend to his own business, as I do to mine," said Mr. Williams.

Green and his companions went on their way. When they came in sight of the exposed corn-field; Green remarked, "If I were a Christian, I should go and put up that fence; and as it is, I should go and do it, if I were not at work for Mr. Williams; my time belongs to him."

Hall has not treated Williams very well," said Watson. "I do not wonder that he is disposed to let him manage his own concerns."

"It is human to be sure, and yet one ought to be neighborly. I suspect Williams has lost some leaves out of his Bible."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he acts as he does. He professes to square his life with the Bible. Now the Bible, at least the Bible that my father used to own, had some such rules as these: *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Do good to them that hate you.* I can't say how much Mr. Williams loves himself, but if he does not love himself better than he does Hall, he can't be on as good terms with himself as most persons are. I can't say but he does good to Hall; but if he does, he sticks very closely to the rule not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth. Judging from what I see of this conduct, I conclude he must have lost out of his Bible the leaves containing the passages I just now quoted, and some others like them."

"If we reason in that way we must conclude that there are a great many leaves wanting in some folks' Bibles. But the fault is not in the Bible. None are perfect. Some have one failing some another: we must be charitable."

"That is just what the drunken man said, when he wanted to be taken into the church; but the minister would not take him. We ought to be charitable; but if a man steals my pork, I do not think charity requires me to believe him to be an honest man and to treat him accordingly. And so if a man violates a fundamental Bible rule, charity does not require me to believe that he is a Christian."

"Don't you believe that Williams is a Christian?"

"It does not become me to say who is, and who is not a Christian. I am a great way from being one myself. There are a great many good things about Williams. He is an honest man—perfectly so. I do not believe that he

ever wronged a man out of a penny in the world. He is liberal to the poor, is strict in keeping the Sabbath. Some of his apple trees once blew down on Saturday night. I offered to right them up on Sunday but he would not let me, and so he lost them all. He seems to want to do good sometimes. I don't know but he always does. The only thing I find it difficult to get along with, is his stubbornness. If he gets set against a man, there is no turning him. Now here is Hall. Williams won't do anything to injure him to be sure, but he won't do anything to benefit him. Hall has been greatly to blame: but still there are the words of the Book. *Do good to them that hate you: But if ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.* I do not see any getting away from these words."

"There must be some way; for there is a good deal of hard feeling in the world among Christians."

"I don't see how they can be forgiven; and a Christian with his sins unforgiven can't be a thousand times better off than a sinner. But here we are, and must go to work."

After they had wrought for some time in silence, Watson looked up and said, "I say Green, what is the reason, seeing you know so much about the Bible, that you are not a Christian?"

"There are a great many reasons—more than I can stop and tell you now."

"You must have studied the Bible a good deal?"

"I can't claim any merit on that score.—What I know of the Bible I learned when I was young. When I was a boy, my father kept me at home on the Sabbath, that is out of meeting and made me read the Bible. Children were not allowed in those days, to range the fields, and orchards, on the Sabbath as they do now. Parents looked after their children more than they do now—may be because there were no Sunday schools then—if so, it was all the better for them."

"It seems that your father didn't make a good man of you after all."

"I am a better man than I should have been, if he hadn't taught me to keep the Sabbath and read the Bible. I tell you Watson, I have passed through some pretty hard times, and I should have been an enemy to religion, if I had not known enough to distinguish between genuine religion, and its counterfeit. But I must not spend time in talking that belongs to the man who hires me."

When Williams parted with his men in the morning he went to his pastor to consult with him respecting some affairs which were required for the meeting house. When the topic had been sufficiently discussed, the pastor called the attention of his visitor to the spiritual edifice, and soon produced a deep conviction in his mind that some effort in relation to it was necessary.

Williams went home and retired to his closet, and made the matter a subject of prayer. Almost the first thing he thought of after he left the closet, was the exposed condition of his neighbour's corn-field. There was apparently, very little connection between the corn-field and efforts for the conversion of men.—After a few moments reflection, he went to the cornfield, drove out the cattle, which were just commencing their depredations, and put up the fence. He then returned to the house, and felt strongly inclined to repair to his closet again and to make Mr. Hall a subject of special supplication. He did so. His next reflections were respecting the wisest way of approaching Mr. Hall, and of exhorting him to attend to the things belonging to his peace.

Only one Brick on Another.

Edwin was looking at a large building which they were putting up, just opposite his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day, as they carried up the bricks and mortar, and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him, "my son, you seem to be very much taken up with the brick-layers; pray what might you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No sir," said Edwin, smiling; "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by only laying one brick on another."

"Very true my son. Never forget it.—Just so it is in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the globe, it would only be putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up

of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean."

Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discouraged by great labor. The greatest labor becomes easy, if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step after step takes you up to the other side. Do not fear therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember, that the whole of yonder lofty edifice is only one brick on another."—*Youth's Gazette.*

Idleness.

"Idleness," said the distinguished Chatham to his son, "I would have inscribed on the curtain of your bed, and the walls of your chamber. If you do not rise early, you can never make any progress in anything. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself, or any one else, to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands, unprofitable, and frivolous, and really unenjoyed by yourself. Idleness is the parent of vice, and the rust that consumes our most precious moments." It is an old adage, "Idleness is the parent of many vices;" and if parents do not employ their children, and mothers their little ones, let it be remembered the great adversary will. That hymn of Dr. Watts, for little children, is truly beautiful, and is just as true as it is beautiful:

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.

"How pleasant is my Father's will,
How easy to obey,
With eager steps I'll follow still
Where He directs my way."

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