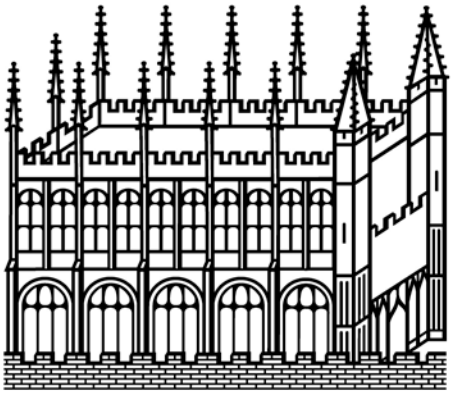

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

SUNDAY READINGS

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

BY

J. E. CARPENTER:

LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE & Cº
BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

SUNDAY READINGS

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PROSE AND VERSE.

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER,

EDITOR OF "PENNY READINGS," "SONGS: SACRED AND DEVOTIONAL."

LONDON:

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SUNDAY READINGS.

LESSONS OF CREATION.

JOHN RUSKIN.

IT has always appeared to me that there was, even in healthy mountain districts, a certain degree of inevitable melancholy; nor could I ever escape from the feeling that here, where chiefly the beauty of God's working was manifested to men, warning was also given, and that to the full, of the enduring of His indignation against sin.

It seems one of the most cunning and frequent of self-deceptions to turn the heart away from this warning, and refuse to acknowledge anything in the fair scenes of the natural creation but beneficence. Men in general lean towards the light, so far as they contemplate such things at all, most of them passing "by on the other side," either in mere plodding pursuit of their own work, irrespective of what good or evil is around them, or else in selfish gloom, or selfish delight, resulting from their own circumstances at the moment. Of those who give themselves to any true contemplation, the plurality, being humble, gentle, and kindly-hearted, look only in nature for what is lovely and kind; partly, also, God gives the disposition to every healthy human mind in some degree to pass over or even harden itself against evil things, else the suffering would be too great to be borne; and humble people, with a quiet trust that everything is for the best, do

not fairly represent the facts to themselves, thinking them none of their business. So, what between hard-hearted people, thoughtless people, busy people, humble people, and cheerfully-minded people—giddiness of youth, and preoccupations of age—philosophies of faith, and cruelties of folly—priest and Levite, masquer and merchantman, all agreeing to keep their own side of the way—the evil that God sends to warn us gets to be forgotten, and the evil that he sends to be mended by us gets left unmended. And then, because people shut their eyes to the dark indisputableness of the facts in front of them, their faith, such as it is, is shaken or uprooted by every darkness in what is revealed to them. In the present day it is not easy to find a well-meaning man among our more earnest thinkers, who will not take upon himself to dispute the whole system of redemption, because he cannot unravel the mystery of the punishment of sin. But can he unravel the mystery of the punishment of NO sin? Can he entirely account for all that happens to a cab-horse? Has he ever looked fairly at the fate of one of those beasts as it is dying—measured the work it has done, and the reward it has got, put his hand upon the bloody wounds through which its bones are piercing, and so looked up to Heaven with an entire understanding of Heaven's ways about the horse? Yet the horse is a fact—no dream—no revelation among the myrtle-trees by night; and the dust it dies upon, and the dogs that eat it, are facts—and yonder happy person, whose the horse was, till its knees were broken over the hurdles, who had an immortal soul to begin with, and wealth and peace to help forward his immortality; who has also devoted the powers of his soul, and body, and wealth, and peace, to the spoiling of horses, the corruption of the innocent, and the oppression of the poor; and has, at this actual moment of his prosperous life, as many curses waiting round about him in calm shadow, with their death-eyes fixed upon him, biding their time, as ever the poor cab-horse had launched at him in meaningless

blasphemies, when his failing feet stumbled at the stones—this happy person shall have no stripes—shall have only the horse's fate of annihilation; or, if other things are indeed reserved for him, Heaven's kindness or omnipotence is to be doubted therefore.

We cannot reason of these things. But this I know—and this may by all men be known—that no good or lovely thing exists in this world without its corresponding darkness; and that the universe presents itself continually to mankind under the stern aspect of warning, or of choice, the good and the evil set on the right hand and the left, and in this mountain gloom, which weighs so strongly upon the human heart that in all time hitherto, as we have seen, the hill defiles have been either avoided in terror or inhabited in penance, there is but the fulfilment of the universal law, that where the beauty and wisdom of the Divine working are most manifested, there also are manifested most clearly the terror of God's wrath, and inevitableness of His power. Nor is this gloom less wonderful so far as it bears witness to the error of human choice, even when the nature of good and evil is most definitely set before it. The trees of Paradise were fair; but our first parents hid themselves from God "*in medio ligni Paradisi*," in the midst of the trees of the garden. The hills were ordained for the help of man; but, instead of raising his eyes to the hills, from whence cometh his help, he does his idol sacrifice "upon every high hill and under every green tree." The mountain of the Lord's house is established above the hills; but Nadad and Abihu shall see under His feet the body of heaven in his clearness, yet go down to kindle the censer against their own souls. And so to the end of time it will be; to the end, that cry will still be heard along the Alpine winds, "Hear, O ye mountains, the Lord's controversy!" Still their gulfs of thawless ice, and unretarded roar of tormented waves, and deathful falls of fruitless waste, and unredeemed decay, must be the image of the souls of those who have chosen the darkness, and whose cry

shall be to the mountains to fall on them, and to the hills to cover them; and still, to the end of time, the clear waters of the unfailing springs, and the white pasture-lilies in their clothed multitude, and the abiding of the burning peaks in their nearness to the opened heaven, shall be the types, and the blessings, of those who have chosen light, and of whom it is written, "The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, righteousness."

(*From "Modern Painters." By permission of Messrs. Smith and Elder.*)

SUNDAY.

ANONYMOUS.

[The following beautiful lines were found in MS. among the papers of a lady, lately deceased. The author is not known.]

AFTER long days of storm and showers,
Of sighing winds and dripping bowers,
How sweet at morn to ope our eyes,
On newly swept and garnished skies:

To miss the clouds and driving rain,
And see that all is bright again,—
So bright we cannot choose but say,
Is this the world of yesterday?

Even so, methinks, the Sunday brings
A change o'er all familiar things;
A change, we know not whence it came,—
They are, and they are not the same.

There is a spell within, around,
On eye and ear, on sight and sound,
And loth or willing, they and we
Must own this day a mystery.

Sure all things wear a heavenly dress
That sanctifies their loveliness;
Types of that endless resting day,
When we shall all be changed as they.

To-day our peaceful ordered home
Foreshadoweth mansions yet to come;
We foretaste, in domestic love,
The faultless charities above.

And as at yester eventide
Our tasks and toys were laid aside,
So here our training for the day,
When we shall lay them down for aye.

But not alone for musings deep
Meek souls their day of days will keep;
Yes, other glorious things than these
The Christian in his Sabbath sees.

His eyes by faith his LORD behold,
How on the week's first day of old
From hell He rose, on earth He trod,
Was seen of men, and went to GOD.

And as we fondly pause to look,
When in some daily-handled book
Approval's well-known tokens stand,
Traced by some dear and thoughtful hand;

Even so there shines one day in seven
Bright with the special marks of heaven,
That we with love and praise may dwell
On Him who lovéd us so well.

Whether, in meditation's walk,
Alone with GOD and heaven we talk,
Catching the simple chime that calls
Our feet to some old church's walls;

Or, passed within the church's door,
Where poor are rich, and rich are poor,
We say the prayers, and hear the Word,
Which there our fathers said and heard;

Or represent, in solemn wise,
Our all-prevailing sacrifice,
Feeding, in joint communion high,
The life of faith that cannot die;—

And surely, in a world like this,
So rife with woe, so scant with bliss,
Whose fondest hopes are oftenest cross'd,
And fondest hearts are severed most;

'Tis something that we kneel and pray
With loved ones near and far away:
One GOD, one faith, one hope, one care,
One form of words, one hour of prayer;—

'Tis past; yet pause, till ear and heart,
For one brief silence, ere we part,
Somewhat of that high strain have caught,
The peace of GOD, which passeth thought.

Then turn we to our earthly homes,
Not doubting but that JESUS comes,
Breathing His peace on hall and hut,
At even, when the doors are shut.

This speeds us on our week-day way,
And hallows every common day;
Without Him Sunday's self were dim,
But all are bright if spent with Him.

(*By permission of Mr. Masters.*)

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED, SLEEP!"

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

PSALM CXXVII. 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
  Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now, tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
  "He giveth His beloved, sleep?"

What do we give to our beloved?—
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
  The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
  "He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

What do we give to our beloved?—
A little faith all undisproved,
  A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
  "He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

"Sleep soft, belov'd!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
  Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
  "He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
  O delved gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through it all,
  And giveth His beloved, sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still;
  Though on its slope men sow and reap:
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
  "He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
  Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*,
  "He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

For me, my heart, that erst did go,
Most like a tired child at a show,
  That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
  Who giveth His beloved, sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
  And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall,
  "He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

(*By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.*)

THE MARRIAGE OF SALECH.

Rev. H. C. Adams, M.A.

A numerous company had assembled, in compliance with the invitation of Salech, the most renowned warrior and monarch of the line of Irad. Spacious as were the gardens surrounding the palace of the bridegroom, the throng of visitors appeared almost to

fill them; and the splendour of their apparel to cast into the shade the very flowers, whose rich abundance loaded the parterres with every variety of colouring. Warriors arrayed in flashing armour; priests and nobles clad in scarlet and gold; maidens of rare beauty, wreathed with jewels intermingled with flowers, were scattered in many a glittering group over the terraces; or sat beneath cool pavilions, listening to the music. In a sylvan banquetting-room of vast proportions a feast had been spread; which was to commence at sunset, and would last far into the ensuing morning.

The occasion of the festivity was the union of Salech with the daughter of a neighbouring king, who had long carried on a deadly warfare with him, but had now been compelled to cede his dominions to his rival, conditionally on the latter espousing his daughter. This submission had removed the last enemy of the victorious monarch, whose kingdom was now the most extensive which the sun had ever beheld; and who, being in the flower of his years and renown, seemed likely to reign, as one of his ancestors had done, for ten generations of men.

The glory of Salech and the beauty of his bride were the theme of every tongue. One only of the guests, a youth scarcely on the verge of manhood, did not appear to share the general enthusiasm. He leant silent and sombre against the trunk of a cypress, and once or twice answered the remarks addressed to him, in a manner which plainly showed that his thoughts were occupied by some unwelcome subject. Even a beautiful maiden, who had been standing for some time at his side, failed to attract his attention. For awhile his abstraction passed unnoticed, but at length one of his companions remarked with a gay laugh—

"What! Rezeph, art thou still dreaming of the words of that old madman? Dost thou really believe that the clouds are about to turn into rivers, and flow down upon the earth? or that the earth itself is about to burst open, and spout up volumes of water

to drown us? Shall we not all be turned into fishes when that happens? By the blue sky above us, to my thought the one is as likely to happen as the other."

"Scoff not, Ithram," answered Rezeph, earnestly. "That old man's voice seems ever to be ringing in my ears, and the strains of the music and the laughter of the dancers cannot drown it. This very morning, too, as I came by the ravine near his dwelling——" He paused, as if oppressed by some recollection too painful for expression.

"And what happened this morning?" pursued Ithram. "Didst thou perceive the dotard and his sons at their never-ending task? It was begun, I have heard, some forty years before my great-grandsire was born, and has been going on ever since. Or did Noah favour thee with a renewal of the homily of last week?"

"Nay," said Rezeph, "I saw him, but he spoke not to me, nor was he busy with his labour as usual. Axe and hammer were laid aside; the work seemed to be completed."

"Completed! Truly that would be a wonder in itself, which might well cause thy astonishment. But what else?"

"Do not ask me," said Rezeph, turning sadly away, "thou wouldst not credit it, were I to tell thee."

He disappeared beneath the shadow of a copse of pines; followed at some distance by Karen, the maiden to whom he was betrothed.

"My Rezeph," she said, "what is this? What has occurred to disquiet thee? Let me at least share thy trouble."

"Nay, wherefore should I grieve thee with my sad thoughts?" replied the youth. "I would fain believe that my fears have no foundation. But in no case would human help be of any avail."

"Tell me at least thy sorrow," rejoined Karen. "I cannot bear that thou shouldst have one which is hidden from me. What sawest thou this morning near

the tents of Noah Ben-Lamech to cause thee such distress?"

"Thou shalt hear, Karen; for thou, and it may be thou only, wilt credit my tale, nor account me mad that I myself believe it. Thou knowest that in the deepest gorge of the valley, in the midst of the great grove of gopher trees, this Noah has built him a vast chest or coffer of wood, of a shape and construction so strange, that men are never weary of forming conjectures concerning it."

"Surely," said the maiden: "who is there in these parts that knoweth it not? So long as I can remember, it hath been the most common topic of talk among us. But men love not in general to approach the spot, dreading to hear the discourse of the old man, which disquiets and alarms them. Hath ought that he said disturbed thee?"

"It was no talk," replied Rezeph. "As I passed early this morning along the northern edge of the ravine, my ear was struck with a strange confused noise, proceeding, as it seemed, from the opposite side of the valley; but the trees hid the spot from my sight. I climbed a lofty cedar to obtain a view of the scene beyond. The spectacle which I beheld I can scarcely venture to describe, even to thee, lest thou shouldst deem me mad. Far and wide as the open plain extended, it was filled with animals, wild and tame, mingled together in the strangest confusion; and all, it seemed, under the influence of some spell, which caused them to renounce their natural instinct. The lion and the tiger were there, side by side with the deer and the sheep, but they harmed them not; nor did the presence of the most venomous serpents seem to excite the slightest terrors in the animals habitually their prey. As I gazed in amazement at this strange sight, I noticed that a continual movement was going on among them, and at length discovered—but thou wilt not credit it, if I tell thee, Karen."

"Nay, go on," said his companion; "I doubt thee not."

"I observed," pursued Rezeph, "a continuous movement among the mass towards the upper edge of the ravine, which lay over against the massive pile which the old man and his sons have erected. Looking more narrowly, I perceived that the space between the building and the cliff was crossed by a solid bridge of cedar, over which a crowd of living things was continually passing as if in orderly procession. They disappeared without noise or confusion in the depth of the huge chest, or whatsoever it may be; and when they had once entered, were seen and heard no more."

Karen shuddered.

"Thinkest thou he is a magician?" she asked. "I have heard tales of the power possessed by such, over all created things, which might almost match this, wondrous as it is."

"I might myself have thought so," answered Rezeph; "but I cannot look on the face of that old man and retain such a belief. He was standing, with his children grouped round him, on the summit of a small eminence close at hand, watching the scene at which I myself had been gazing. If thou couldst have beheld the expression of his face—full of solemn awe, mixed, as it seemed, with profound sadness, thou couldst not have believed that any thought of evil could harbour in his bosom."

"And how, then," said the maiden, her cheek growing paler and her voice less assured as she spoke, "how dost thou account for this strange portent, or what dost thou deem to be its purport?"

"I know not," replied Rezeph. "My mind is divided between perplexity and fear; but I cannot shake off the dread foreboding that some fearful event is nigh at hand—not, it may be, what he expects; but still some awful doom—some terrible convulsion——"

He broke off, as he spoke, with increased alarm; for at this moment a new phenomenon presented itself. The earth on which they stood suddenly heaved and shook like a troubled water; and deep hollow sounds

came from beneath, which seemed to their awakened fancy the groans of evil spirits desiring to burst their prison. Rezeph caught up Karen, who had swooned with terror, and bore her to the margin of a stream at a little distance: where, having after a while succeeded in restoring her scattered senses, he prevailed on her to fly with him at the first break of dawn from a spot over which some fearful calamity was so evidently impending.

The night wore slowly on. A profound stillness pervaded the air; not a leaf trembled on the lofty trees. The little group, of which the patriarch Noah was the centre, still retained their station where Rezeph had beheld them. The eyes of the old man wandered mournfully over the landscape round him. Meadow and corn-field, garden and forest, dotted here and there with the dwellings of men, or intersected by shining rivers, stretched out into the far distance beneath the soft radiance of the moon; and at times there came, as if from a great distance, a faint sound of music and revelry. It was a scene of unequalled peace and beauty! God's fair world—the world which He Himself had made, and had declared to be very good. Evening after evening for unnumbered years his eye had rested upon it as he beheld it now. When the shadows of night should again overspread the skies, what would be the prospect which he would behold?

He cast his eyes downwards on the new-made grave, in the which but a few hours since he had laid the remains of his grandsire, the last of his ancestors; and sighed as though he longed to share his repose. Again he looked upwards, and his lips moved in prayer—perhaps in entreaty for strength to endure what he must witness—perhaps, even then, in despairing intercession. It seemed as if his prayer was answered. The deep silence was broken by a low wailing sound, as the wind began slowly to rise, growing louder and louder with the passing hours, until, at the approach of sunrise, it blew with the fierceness of a hurricane. By the

gathering light the patriarch could perceive huge masses of cloud, black as night, sweeping up in endless array, and covering the face of the heaven as with a funeral mantle. At length, on the farthest verge of the east, the clouds for a moment parted asunder, and the rim of the sun was seen rising above the horizon. Slowly descending from his seat, and followed by his wife and children, Noah passed over the cedar bridge and entered the ark, the door of which closed instantly behind him. As it did so, an awful crash was heard, as if the universe itself was relapsing into chaos. The whole surface of the plain was rent by a thousand yawning chasms, from which rushed forth a roaring deluge. At the same moment, the black masses of rain-clouds burst open and poured their torrents on the earth.

The fearful sounds startled the guests of Salech as they still sat round the festive board. The final cup had just been filled, and the guests were rising to render their homage at parting to their host and sovereign. "Glory to Salech, king of kings: his empire shall endure as the sun and moon for ever," was the pledge which was passing from lip to lip, when the first thunder-clap rang through the hall. Every eye was turned instantly to the open portico. The momentary silence of terror was followed by shrieks and wild lamentations; and the multitude pouring forth from the banquetting-room sought safety in flight.

Meanwhile, Rezeph and Karen, commencing their journey as soon as the earliest twilight made it possible to distinguish surrounding objects, hurried with all the speed they could command from the scene of their terror. They had reached the summit of a hill, from which the palace of Salech and the tents of Noah might both be descried, and were resting beneath the branches of a large turpentine tree, when the fearful convulsion of the elements burst upon them. Overwhelmed with terror, they crouched beneath the roots, to which they clung for protection against the fury of the tempest,

striving vainly to close their ears against the sounds of horror which rose around them on every side. More than an hour passed thus, at the end of which time the crash and heaving of the earth had ceased; and, sheltered in some measure by the tree from the deluge of rain which poured from the heavens, they ventured to look upon the scene beneath. It was a strange and terrific spectacle. The valleys and table-lands were already converted into one vast lake. On its stormy surface, trees uptorn by their roots, the wreck of human dwellings, and the corpses of men and beasts mixed together in undistinguishable heaps, were carried wildly hither and thither by the surging whirlpools, which marked the spot where volumes of water were still bursting up from beneath. Every small eminence which still rose above the level of the destroying waves was crowded with dense masses of human beings, clinging and struggling in fierce confusion; and, as the flood continued to rise, every minute beheld new multitudes engulphed, their drowning shrieks rising into one fearful chorus of despair. Rezeph and Karen turned their gaze from the agonizing spectacle, and sought instinctively for some avenue of escape; but a glance convinced them that this was impossible. The spot on which they stood had been uplifted by the earthquake, and was now the highest point that could anywhere be discovered; a deep chasm cutting them off from the neighbouring heights. Here, then, they must await their fate—safety or death, as a Higher Power should decree.

"See! see!" exclaimed Karen, "the waters are spreading over the lower stories of King Salech's palace. Lo! the multitude thronging the stairs, and seeking to gain the roofs; but they are already overcrowded. Hark! I can almost believe that I hear their cry, even at this vast distance."

"Look not on it, my Karen!" exclaimed Rezeph. "It is too terrible to behold."

"Thinkest thou there is any hope?" whispered the maiden, after a pause.

"I know not," replied the youth. "This is the work of some god—the God of Noah, I doubt not. With Him alone must rest our hope of deliverance. Karen, do you not remember the words of the old man—how he warned us of this coming doom, and how we all jeered him as a maniac? I joined in the laughter when he told us how his God was wroth with men, and would bring a Flood upon the earth and sweep them all away. But my heart misgave me even then, and now—Ha! do you mark that figure conspicuous among the few who still cling to the tottering roof of the palace? Is it not the king?"

A figure was indeed discernible, even at that distance, by the glitter of the armour and the flash of the crowned helmet in the light of the declining sun; as it streamed here and there through fissures in the lurid clouds.

"It is he," cried Karen; "I marked his golden mail at the festival yesterday. See, he waves his sword on high, as though he would defy death itself! Ah! and now he hath sunk beneath the waters."

"Yea," said Rezeph, "it is even so. The God of Noah is avenged."

"But, Rezeph," urged the maiden, "hath this God of Noah more power to save than had the god of Salech? Doubtless, he and his have perished; but hath not Noah perished with them? Lo! yonder the waters have prevailed far above the spot where his tents were wont to stand. Long ere this hath he met the same fate wherewith he threatened others."

Rezeph made no reply. He grasped her arm, and pointed to a spot which had hitherto been hidden from them by a wooded eminence, but which the rising waters now revealed. A long dark line was dimly visible against the sky, floating on the surface of the flood—the only object in that direction which broke the immeasurable expanse.

"Karen, that is the Ark on which the labour of the old man and his sons was expended for all those years

—the labours which we scorned and made our jest. It is the only thing which the waters will not destroy. I feel it, even as though I had myself beheld the issue. They will bear it up on their bosom, until this deluge shall subside."

"And we?" asked Karen, awe-stricken and trembling.

"We shall soon be with our fathers. Lo! all other points of land have been swallowed up, and we stand alone beneath the sky. Even now the waters are creeping up, and a few feet only divide us from them. Another hour, and they rise above us."

The hour passed, and the flood had swept them from the rock into its unfathomed depths. When the sun at length went down, his last rays fell on a sea without a shore—the dark speck floating alone on the immeasurable expanse of waters.

(*From "Sundays at Encombe,"—a volume full of pure Scriptural tales, told in a familiar yet singularly striking style.* —Ed. S. R.)

THE HILLS OF HELP.

Rev. George Aspinall, D.D.

"I will lift my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."—Psalm cxxi. 1.

I stand within the humble vale,
And mark, uprising high,
The everlasting mountains lift
Their summits to the sky!

In vain the riving tempests blow;
They roar, but can't assail,
For shelter'd by the hills are all
The tenants of the vale!

And here the lilies lift aloft
  Their stems of tender hue,
While cattle graze in peace beneath
  Heaven's canopy of blue!

Here, too, the gurgling of the stream
  Makes music to the ear,
And modest daisies, pied with pink,
  In early spring appear:

While sense of safety, passing speech,
  Each heart and instinct fills,
Befitting those protected by
  The Lord's stupendous hills!

And even so, Jehovah's strength,
  Abiding aye the same,
Hill-like, defends the meek of soul
  Who call upon His name!

Yea, all who in the lowly vale
  Of truth and trust are found,
Shall feel the mountains of God's Help
  Supporting them around!

HUMAN PROGRESS.

CHARLES SWAIN.

WE are told to look through Nature
  Upward unto Nature's God;
We are told there is a Scripture
  Written on the meanest sod;
That the simplest flower created
  Is a key to hidden things;
But, immortal over Nature,
  Mind, the lord of Nature, springs

Through *Humanity* look upward,—
  Alter ye the olden plan,—
Look through Man to the Creator,
  Maker, Father, God of Man!
Shall imperishable spirit
  Yield to perishable clay?
No, sublime o'er Alpine mountains,
  Soars, the Mind, its heavenward way!

Deeper than the vast Atlantic
  Rolls the tide of human thought;
Farther speeds that *mental* ocean
  Than the world of waves e'er sought!
Mind, sublime in its own essence,
  Its sublimity can lend
To the rocks, and mounts, and torrents,
  And, at will, their features bend!

Some within the humblest *floweret*
  "Thoughts too deep for tears" can see;
Oh, the humblest *man* existing
  Is a sadder theme to me!
Thus I take the mightier labour
  Of the great Almighty hand;
And through man to the Creator
  Upward look, and weeping stand.

Thus I take the mightier labour,
  Crowning glory of *His* will;
And believe that in the meanest
  Lives a spark of Godhead still:
Something that, by Truth expanded,
  Might be fostered into worth;
Something struggling through the darkness,
  Owning an immortal birth!

From the genesis of being
  Unto this imperfect day,
Hath Humanity held onward
  Praying God to aid its way!—

And Man's progress had been swifter
Had he never turned aside
To the worship of a symbol,
Not the spirit signified!

And Man's progress had been higher
Had he owned his brother man,
Left his narrow, selfish circle,
For a world-embracing plan!
There are some for ever craving,
Ever discontent with place,
In the eternal would find briefness,
In the infinite want space.

If through man unto his Maker
We the source of truth would find,
It must be thro' man enlightened—
Educated, raised, refined:
That which the Divine hath fashioned,
Ignorance hath oft effaced;
Never may we see God's image
In man darken'd — man debased!

Something yield to Recreation,
Something to Improvement give;
There's a Spiritual kingdom
Where the Spirit hopes to live!
There's a mental world of grandeur,
Which the mind aspires to know;
Founts of everlasting beauty
That, for those who seek them, flow!

Shores where Genius breathes immortal;
Where the very winds convey
Glorious thoughts of Education,
Holding universal sway!
Glorious hopes of Human Freedom,
Freedom of the noblest kind;
That which springs from Cultivation,
Cheers, and elevates the mind!

Let us hope for Better Prospects,—
  Strong to struggle for the right,
We appeal to Truth, and ever
  Truth's omnipotent in might;
Hasten, then, the People's progress,
  Ere their last faint hope be gone;
Teach the Nations, that their interest
  And the People's good ARE ONE!

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE TRUTH-SPEAKER.

MISS CROMPTON.

IN the year 1777 war was going on in America, for King George the Third wanted to make unjust laws in that land, but the people would not obey them. A Governor, whose name was Griswold, found himself in danger of being seized by the King's soldiers, and took shelter in a farm-house, which was the home of a relation. While hidden there, he heard that a band of soldiers was on the road with orders to search the farm and seize him.

Griswold thought he would try to reach a small stream with deep banks on each side, where he had left a boat which the passers by could not see. In great haste he went out of the house to go through an orchard, and there found a young girl, about twelve years old, with her dog. They were watching some long pieces of linen cloth which lay around, stretched out in the sun, to bleach. Hetty was on a bank with her knitting, and near to her a pail of water, from which she sprinkled the cloth every now and then, to keep it in a damp state. She started up when a man leaped over the fence, but she soon saw it was her cousin.

"Hetty," he said, "I shall lose my life unless I can

get to the boat before the soldiers come. You see where the roads part, close by the orchard; I want you to run down towards the shore, and meet the soldiers, who are sure to ask for me, and then you must tell them that I am gone up the road to catch the mail-cart, and they will turn off the other way."

Hetty. "But, cousin, how can I say so?—it would not be true. Oh, why did you tell me which way you were going?"

Griswold. "Would you betray me, Hetty, and see me put to death? Hark! they are coming. I hear the clink of the horses' feet: tell them I have gone up the road, and Heaven will bless you."

Hetty. "Those who speak false words will never be happy; but they shall not make me tell which way you go, even if they kill me—so run as fast as you can."

Griswold. "It is too late to run. Where can I hide myself?"

Hetty. "Be quick, cousin, come down and lie under this cloth; I will throw it over you, and go on sprinkling the linen."

Griswold. "I will come down, for it is my last chance."

He was soon hidden under the heavy folds of the long cloth. In a few minutes a party of horse-soldiers dashed along the road. An officer saw the girl, and called out to her in a loud voice—

"Have you seen a man run by this way?"

Hetty. "Yes, sir."

Officer. "Which way did he go?"

Hetty. "I promised not to tell, sir."

Officer. "But you must tell me this instant, or it will be worse for you."

Hetty. "I will not tell, for I must keep my word."

"Let me speak, for I think I know the child," said a man who was guide to the party.

Guide. "Is your name Hetty Marvin?"

Hetty. "Yes, sir."

Guide. "Perhaps the man who ran past you was your cousin?"

Hetty. "Yes, sir, he was."

Guide. "Well, we wish to speak with him; what did he say to you when he came by?"

Hetty. "He told me that he had to run to save his life."

Guide. "Just so—that was quite true. I hope he will not have far to run. Where was he going to hide himself?"

Hetty. "My cousin said that he would go to the river to find a boat, and he wanted me to tell the men in search of him that he had gone the other way to meet the mail-cart."

Guide. "You are a good girl, Hetty, and we know you speak truth. What did your cousin say when he heard that you could not tell a lie to save his life?"

Hetty. "He said 'Would I betray him, and see him put to death?'"

Guide. "And you said you would not tell, if you were killed for it?"

Poor Hetty's tears fell fast, as she said "Yes, sir."

Guide. "Those were brave words, and I suppose he thanked you, and ran down the road as fast as he could?"

Hetty. "I promised not to tell which way he went, sir."

Guide. "Oh, yes—I forgot; but tell me his last words, and I will not trouble you any more."

Hetty. "He said, 'I will come down, for it is my last chance.'"

Hetty was now in great fear; she sobbed aloud, and hid her face in her apron. The soldiers thought they had got all they wanted to know, and rode off to the river-side.

While Griswold lay hid at the farm he had agreed upon a signal with his boatmen, that if in trouble he would put a white cloth by day, or a light at night, in the attic-window of his hiding-place, and when either

signal was seen, the men were to be on the watch ready to help him in case of need. No sooner did the soldiers ride away than Griswold's friends in the house hung out a white cloth from the window, to warn the boatmen, who pulled out to sea, when they saw the red coats of the soldiers as they dashed along the river-side.

The boat, with two men in it, was nearly out of sight by the time the soldiers got to the shore, and this caused them to think that Griswold had made his escape.

Meantime he lay safe and quiet until the time came for Hetty to go home to supper. Then he bid her go to ask her mother to put the signal-lamp in the window as soon as it grew dark, and send him some clothes and food. The signal was seen, the boat came back, and Griswold made his way to it in safety.

In better days, when the war was over, he named his first child Hetty Marvin, that he might daily think of the brave young cousin whose sense and truth-speaking had saved his life.

THE MEETING PLACE.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D.

Where the faded flower shall freshen,—
  Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,—
  Brighten never more to shade:
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
  Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
  Of the wood or wave or hill:
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
  And the noon the joy prolong;

Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
'Mid the burst of holy song:—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never sever'd;—
Partings, claspings, sob and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done:
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child,
Where dear families are gather'd
That were scatter'd on the wild!—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where the hidden wound is healed,
Where the blighted life re-blooms,
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes:
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
In an ever spring-bright clime:
Where we find the joy of loving
As we never loved before,
Loving on, unchill'd, unhinder'd,
Loving once and evermore:—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

Where a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendour here;

Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
  Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden,
  Be where only wastes have been:
Where a King in kingly glory,
  Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
  Claim and wear the holy crown:—
    Brethren, we shall meet and rest
    'Mid the holy and the blest.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

"GONE BEFORE."

REV. H. H. MILMAN, D.D., DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
  And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
  And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
  And from care and sin releas'd,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,
  And borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
  To reach His blest abode;
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
  Upon His father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
  Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
  And the Holy Spirit fail;

And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn Priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed:
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

REASONING POWERS OF ANIMALS.

EDWARD JESSE.

THE greater attention I pay to the various faculties, and what may be considered as the reasoning powers of animals, the more convinced I am that there is much yet to be learnt of the extent of those faculties. There is, no doubt, an intelligence to be observed in them of a most extraordinary nature, which is far beyond the result of mere instinct, and which, I cannot but think, ought to place them in a much higher scale than we have hitherto allowed them to hold. It is, indeed, only by watching the various impulses of animals with

constant attention, that we can arrive at the conclusion that many of them are in possession of a combination of wonderful impressions and ideas, far beyond those which we are too apt to suppose they derive only from natural instincts. Can we doubt that they are in possession of thought, memory, recollection, joy and sympathy, jealousy, gratitude, sense of injuries, with an aptitude to revenge them, fondness for praise, calculation of time, and many other impulses which might be enumerated? The science of intellect, however, in animals has been little cultivated and in consequence is little understood. In order to attain a more perfect knowledge of this interesting subject, we must compare their actions with those of man; and we shall then find that the difference, in many respects, is not so great as is generally supposed. A few examples will better illustrate the truth of these remarks; and in introducing them I may mention that although animals are not endowed with mental faculties equal to those of man, yet, in my opinion, some particular animals most certainly evince marks of the same faculties which are to be found in the human mind.

The kitchen door of a gentleman's house opens by a common latch, with an iron handle for the hand, exactly four feet from the ground. A cat has been in the constant habit of springing from the ground to this handle, by which she hangs by one fore-foot, while with the other she raises the latch, her body and hind legs dangling in the air. The latch being lifted, the cat descends and pushes open the door. This feat she has performed so often as to become troublesome to the servants.

A nearly similar instance of sense occurred in the case of a favourite cat which belonged to Mr. Sergeant-son. When she was shut up in the counting-house, and wanted to be let out, she was in the habit of pulling at the bell-rope, which always brought some one to her relief.

Now here are two instances of sense and calculation,

arising from a prospect of future benefit to themselves, showing these animals to be in some degree rational beings. Certainly, without some portion of reason, they would not have acted in the manner related.

A gentleman who held a high official appointment in Persia, related the following anecdote to me, proving that animals have some mode of holding communication with each other in a way of which we are at present ignorant.

Storks abound in Persia, and make their nests on old towers and ruins. One season a pair of these birds returned to their old haunt on the top of a building opposite one of the windows of my informant's residence, they found it tenanted by a pair of pea-fowl. The storks tried in vain to dislodge the intruders, but the latter refused to give up possession. In this dilemma the unhappy storks flew away, but returned in two days accompanied by a large number of other storks, who assisted effectually in ejecting the intruders. Having done this, they remained quietly near the spot to see that their friends were securely reinstated, and, having ascertained this to their satisfaction, they left them and returned to their own quarters.

I was much interested lately in reading an account of a robin, whose nest, containing young ones, was attacked by a snake. The loud cries of the bird attracted the attention of a man who was working near the spot, when he went immediately to its assistance and killed the snake. When its adversary was dead, the robin showed its gratitude to the preserver of its young in every way in its power, at the same time flying now and then in a rage to peck at the dead snake. Audubon, also, says, that when a snake attacks the nests of birds a loud cry of alarm is raised, which attracts the attention of other birds, who join in attacking the snake till he retreats.

Animals frequently take strange dislikes to individuals. One of my little terriers is perfectly furious when one particular gentleman comes into my house,

and to no one else. The excellent clergyman of our parish assured me that, when he had a curacy in Cambridgeshire he was attacked by a swallow whenever he went into his garden for two or three successive days. The bird seemed furious at these times, flying close to his face, so that at last he became alarmed, and caused the swallow to be killed. It is not easy to account for this dislike, especially as the bird's-nest was in the upper window of his house.

Not only, however, do they evince those faculties which are to be found in man, but many animals bear a strong resemblance in their looks to man himself, especially when we find a man debased by violent, licentious, or sordid habits. How often have I heard people exclaim, when walking round the Zoological Gardens, how like such a man is to that baboon or monkey, that pig, or goat, or owl. Again, savages who live in what may be called a state of nature, independent of cultivation, are possessed of many acute and extraordinary faculties, such indeed as are only to be found in animals which are not domesticated, thus showing another strong link between them. An animal is also apt to appreciate kindness, and often to return it with strong affection. A gentleman one day, while in his library in London, was disturbed by a strange cat coming down the chimney, and jumping upon his knees as if to claim protection. It was much wounded, and covered with soot. The kind and benevolent man allowed the animal to remain on his lap, soothing it with his voice, and permitting it to clean itself and to lick its wounds. The cat evidently came to find a friend, and she found one. The attachment was mutual. The cat followed her protector wherever he went, accompanied him into Italy and various other places, and lost that fondness for localities which is so peculiar to these animals. The cat, unlike many favourites, lived to a good old age.

A friend called upon me on the 11th of May, 1843, and asked me to accompany him to Eton College to see a curious bird's-nest. We accordingly proceeded thither,

and, having passed through the beautiful chapel, ascended the winding steps of the bell-tower or turret. After getting to a considerable height, our further progress was stopped by a sort of pillar built of sticks. The staircase was sufficiently lighted to afford complete observation of the proceedings of the birds, which I will now endeavour accurately to describe.

On the ledge of one of the narrow apertures for the admission of light, a pair of jackdaws had built their nest. The ledge, however, was so narrow, that the nest had evidently an inclination inwards, and would probably without some support have fallen down upon the steps below. In order to obviate this difficulty, the birds had contrived the following ingenious method of supporting the nest. As the staircase was a spiral one, they began to make a pillar of sticks on that identical step, which alone would give them the best foundation for their intended work. Had they gone to the one above, or to the one below that which they had so sagaciously fixed upon, it was very evident that they would not have acquired that precise slope or angle for their pillar, which was necessary for the effectual support of the nest. It was the eighth step below the opening, and from it the pillar was raised to a height of exactly ten feet, and was composed of a strong stack-like work of sticks. The nest then rested upon the top of it, and was perfectly secure. The labour, which these ingenious and industrious birds had bestowed in the collection of so large a mass of sticks, must have been enormous. One circumstance struck me as very curious. The entrance of the aperture in the wall was very narrow; the difficulty of conveying some of the larger sticks through it must have been consequently great. On examining the sticks, I found that each of them had been broken, or rather cracked, exactly in the centre, so that they could be doubled up. They were thus also the better adapted for the construction of the stack in a compact form. I should add that the birds were occupied during seventeen days in the per-

formance of their laborious task. It was much to be regretted that the eager curiosity of so many persons to see the architecture of these indefatigable birds, and the circumstance of the nest having been roughly handled by some incautious visitor, occasioned the architects to abandon their labours, and to seek for some more secure retreat, in which they could hatch their eggs, and bring up their young.

The above circumstantial account, of what I cannot but consider a curious fact in Natural History, appears to me to prove the possession by these birds of a faculty of the same kind, as that which in its higher degree we call *Reason.* Before this opinion is condemned, the instinctive habits of these birds should be duly considered. Their most usual places for building their nests are holes in trees, in the towers of churches or old buildings, and amongst high cliffs. They have also been known, in districts where trees are scarce, to build under ground in rabbit burrows. Now, with these habits, which are their natural and instinctive ones, the deviation from them, as in the present instance, shows a faculty of forethought, reflection, plan and contrivance, which could not have been derived from mere instinct. If this is admitted, the possession of reasoning faculties must be allowed.

(*From "Scenes and Occupations of Country Life."*
By permission of John Murray, Esq.)

A NIGHT SCENE.

JULY, 1830.

THE REV. HENRY ALFORD, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

WE looked into the silent sky,
We gazed upon thee, lovely Moon;
And thou wert shining clear and bright
In night's unclouded noon.

And it was sweet to stand and think,
Amidst the deep tranquillity,
How many eyes at that still hour
Were looking upon thee.

The exile on the foreign shore
Hath stood and turned his eye on thee;
And he hath thought upon his days
Of hope and infancy;

And he hath said, there may be those
Gazing upon thy beauty now,
Who stamped the last, the burning kiss
Upon his parting brow.

The captive in his grated cell
Hath cast him in thy peering light;
And looked on thee and almost blest
The solitary night.

The infant slumbereth in his cot,
And on him is thy liquid beam;
And shapes of soft and faëry light
Have mingled in his dream.

The sick upon the sleepless bed
Scared by the dream of wild unrest,
The fond and mute companionship
Of thy sweet ray hath blest.

The mourner in thy silver beam
Hath laid his sad and wasted form,
And felt that there is quiet there
To calm his inward storm.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE FAIRY GIRDLE.

A TALE FOR BOYS.

ONE day, as two brothers were playing together in a garden, a beautiful little bright thing flew past them. It was not a butterfly; they could not tell what it was; so they both ran after it to see. The little thing flew and flew, till it came to a nice shady part of the garden, and there it alighted on the ground; and then they saw that it was the prettiest tiny carriage that can be imagined, not bigger than a walnut-shell, drawn by two dragon-flies, in their shining blue coats. And in this carriage sat one so small, that you would want a magnifying glass to see what she was, or what she had on. As the boys were looking, full of wonder, this mite of a personage rose from her seat, and, to their still greater astonishment, did not cease rising till she stood before them quite a tall lady. "Boys," she said, "you are both good upon the whole, or I should not have come here to try and make you better; but you have each one especial fault, very much alike, and yet very different, which you must endeavour to conquer. William continually indulges in thoughts of mischief, which, if carried into effect, would make him disliked and dreaded by every one; and Edward is too much in the habit of letting good thoughts, which should produce good deeds, die away unimproved. That you, William, may see the evil you cherish, and you, Edward, the good you lose, I will lend each, for one day, an invisible girdle, which, while worn, has the effect of making thoughts show themselves to the party in whose heart they rise in words and actions." When she had said this, the lady gradually sank down again into her little carriage, and caught up the gossamer thread which formed her rein. The dragon-flies spread their glistening wings, and all were out of sight in a moment.

The first thing the boys saw when they awoke the

next morning were two girdles, which, as soon as they had put them on, they could neither see nor feel; but they found themselves immediately talking all sorts of nonsense about the most unlikely things. One was speaking of a holiday which, owing to something that he had done, was to be given at the school; and he was making speeches of thanks to himself for the boys, and planning their play, himself at the head of all: and the other was taking the top place in the highest form, and the master was praising his industry and ability. Both were heartily ashamed of the vanity and selfishness which had seemed nothing in thought, but which, when put into words, were so absurd, that they felt how they would be laughed at if anybody else could hear them. I do not mean that they talked of nothing else; they had to think over their lessons, and a problem which had puzzled Edward very much the day before, and a doll's chair which William was contriving for his little sister, furnished useful and innocent thoughts for both. But mingling with these, constantly interrupting and running off from them in every direction, were those other silly fancies. But though there was this sameness in their general turn of thought, that self was too much the hero; there was still the difference in character the fairy had pointed out, and this was most discerned in the thoughts excited by any outward occurrence.

As they were going to school, they met a young man mounted on a fine horse. He looked rather conceited, and was teasing his horse, as very young men—and some old enough to know better—are apt to do, to make him appear spirited. "I should like just to give you a downfall," thought William, who, as is the case with most who have a very sufficient opinion of themselves, was wonderfully acute in perceiving any symptoms of vanity in others. No sooner was the thought formed, than he was flourishing his hat in the face of the startled animal, which reared, plunged, and, to his unspeakable horror, threw its rider. None can tell

William's thankfulness when he found it was but a thought, and when the young man he had imagined lying senseless on the road cantered briskly past, and was soon out of sight. You may think a fright like this was enough to keep anybody from mischievous thoughts at least for one day; but bad habits are not easily cured, and he could not even get to school without one or two more exploits, which, however he might indulge in fancying, he would have been very sorry to find real.

In school he did not act amiss for some time, although he was continually saying what he would not have had others hear for the world. The conceited speeches he made when he did anything well, the praise of his own theme, and his complaints, and fault-finding, and impertinence when another was put before him, made his cheek burn for very shame. At last it happened that one of the masters said something which did not please him; "I feel very much inclined to send this inkstand at your head," thought William. No sooner thought than up went the inkstand, and bang, full at the master. He saw it strike his head, and then rebound upon the desk, scattering the ink in all directions, blotting books, exercises, &c. He caught the thunderstruck look of the boys as every face was turned to him, and "William, you are not well," said the master, in a kind voice, for he had noticed his change of countenance once or twice before; "better shut up your book, and take a turn in the playground."

"Thank you, sir," said William, recovering himself, his conscience smiting him sadly; "I feel better—I am quite well now." And he set to work with double diligence, resolving manfully that he never would, if possible, think such a thought again.

Edward, meanwhile, had been receiving his lesson. Many of his thoughts were, as I have told you, very like his brother's, and he was as heartily ashamed of them; but the day did not pass without something to call forth what the fairy had especially named to him. In going

by the baker's shop, he noticed a very poor woman looking wistfully in at the window; she had an empty basket on her arm, and a half-starved child held the other hand; it was pointing eagerly to a loaf which stood there. "I might buy that loaf with my sixpence, and put it into the poor woman's basket," thought Edward; and the sixpence was pulled out, and the loaf bought and in the basket, and he heard the grateful thanks of the woman, and saw the brightening eyes of the child, and—"If there is not the bell!" exclaimed Edward, starting off full run; and, with a pang of remorse, Edward found that he had only been thinking. He was still walking on, the poor woman and child were moving away, and as he involuntarily started and ran too, the opportunity was lost. He entered the school, so sad and humbled by what had occurred, that for a time he could think, and consequently talk of nothing else; and it is remarkable that neither of the boys felt the painful sense of shame in talking of anything wrong they had done, as in disclosing the vain, silly fancies of the moment, but rather a healthy sorrow, which seemed to do good.

The reason was, that the girdle was meant to teach them to regulate their thoughts; and it is very beneficial to call to mind our own faults. So salutary was it in this instance, that it was not till the afternoon, when the study of the morning and the noon-day play had banished the remembrance of the poor woman and child, that his usual indolence prevailed. He saw, on going into school, that one of the boys had forgotten to bring his slate. "I can lend him mine," thought Edward; "I am not going to use it." So he called to the boy, who was new in the school, and shy, and did not like to try and borrow one, and gave him his; and pleased enough the boy seemed, and very contentedly they both took their seats. Thus it might have been if the good-natured thought had been acted upon; but unfortunately, Edward, as usual, only thought. The poor boy ran home for the forgotten slate; meanwhile

the bell rang, school was opened, names called over, and he, after being marked as absent, came in heated and out of breath, and, flurried by the reproof he met with, did not get through his lessons half so well as he otherwise would have done. Again Edward's conscience reproached him, although not quite so remorsefully as in the morning, for a little effort on his part would have saved a school-fellow much pain; and I am glad to say he profited by the lesson, and the next opportunity he had of helping another, he really did help, and not merely think about it. As he was returning home, he saw a farmer's lad, scarcely so big as himself, vainly striving to lift a sack of wheat which had fallen from his cart. Edward, as soon as the thought arose, ran to him, and, with some difficulty, the two succeeded in restoring it to its place; and very happy he felt when the cart moved on, and this time it was no illusion.

William had several more mischievous thoughts in the course of the day, two or three of them very ill-natured, and which, the moment he saw the distress they occasioned, he hated the idea of doing. One, which did not pain him, was not an ill-natured, but merely a whimsical fancy, which the fairy herself might have been tempted into. He met in the street a little girl, dressed—as they are to be seen in towns, and unhappily in the country too—in the extreme of fashion, with her flounces, and veil, and tiny parasol, till she looked only fit to be set up as a model in a milliner's show-room. "I should like to see you change clothes with that beggar-girl," thought William, and in a moment the change was made. William was rather startled; but the really pretty child did look so innocent and graceful in the natural, although soiled and tattered robes of the beggar,—while the latter's rough, brown face, and lank hair, formed such a complete caricature in the finery, that he was almost sorry when the fancy was gone, and he heartily wished that the little lady's parents had seen them both; he felt sure, if they

had, they would in future dress her more simply and childlike.

In the evening the two boys went to the appointed place, and there was the fairy seated under a tree, waiting for them. She rose as they approached. Though they knew her at once to be the same, she looked very different. Most beautiful she was, with something about her that filled them with awe. "Now," she said, "you will both understand me better than you could last night, when I talk to you about the necessity of striving to govern your thoughts, for you have heard them, and seen their effects. William, you have learned to-day, more clearly than words of mine can tell you, the detestable character you would be if every mischievous thought were carried into execution. Be warned in time; if you continue to cherish in your heart what you dare not, would not even wish really to do, it is to be feared the habit will grow upon you, till what is now boyish mischief may, when you are older, become something far more evil. I need scarcely beg of you, Edward, to try and act the kind thoughts which arise in your heart whenever you see distress; you have felt to-day how much you lose by not doing it. It will not be an easy matter to overcome your natural indolence, but you must try earnestly, lest the good impulses which might be a blessing, become only a long array of opportunities neglected. You have both been thoroughly ashamed of the vain, selfish, and frivolous fancies which you well know, if actually spoken, as they have seemed to you to be to-day, would make you odious and ridiculous in the eyes of all. Remember, that what they have appeared when clothed in words, such they always are in reality."

The fairy spoke very seriously, and the boys hastened to assure her how earnestly they desired to govern their thoughts, and to beg that she would help them. "It is so difficult," they said, "so very difficult."

The fairy told them she knew it was, but that a sincere desire and hearty effort will do wonders in effect-

ing what is right. "Bring me that log of wood," she said, pointing to an enormous block, apparently far beyond their strength.

The boys stared at her; they saw she meant it, and, without stopping to consider—for there was that about her, gentle as she was, which commanded obedience—they ran to the log, and, to their great surprise, brought and laid it at her feet. "So," she said, "will you be helped through difficulties, if you will only put out your own strength against them."

Then, promising that on that day every year as it came round, she would lend them the girdles, to enable them to ascertain the progress they were making, she took them off, and immediately they became visible in her hand; and not only they, but hundreds of fairies were seen round about her, and at the same time there stole forth a strain of music, sweet and clear, but withal so low, that it seemed as an under-song, the gladness of trees, and flowers, and all fair things made audible. In that soft harmony the fairies gradually floated and dissolved away.

(*By permission of Mr. Masters.*)

THE WRECK OF THE "LONDON,"

IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, JANUARY 9TH, 1866.

G. M.

PROUDLY she left the port; trim were her shrouds and taut; the breeze sang o'er her:
Above the winter gales filled her topgallant sails; and full before her,

Sullen as death and cold, the waste of waters rolled, with bootless warning,
White-crested, mournful-toned, as the wind sighed and moaned in the chill morning.

Veiled in her sable smoke, strongly her engine-stroke
throbbed to her motion;
Like a dark citadel she ruled the heaving swell, breasted
the ocean;

Silent and still and vast, out of our sight she passed on
her last mission.
Dear were the souls she bore, and with hearts sick and
sore we lost the vision.

Drearily, mournfully, raising their crest on high, the
wild waves drove her;
Fierce howled the southern blast, sweeping in whirlwind
past her bulwarks over:

Three suns rose, three suns set; onward still, onward
yet! no fears may hold her;
Nor moon nor stars appeared: onward her course she
steered, bolder and bolder:

Into the raging sea boiling around plunged she; then,
like a courser,
She rose and shook her mane free from the surge again,
while hoarser and hoarser

Rolled the deep thunder-peal, till in wild rock and reel,
like a man drunken,
She lurched and missed her stay, staggered, and fell
away in the trough sunken.

Then rose a shout, "The hull with the storm-wave fills
full, we cannot clear her;
Life is not worth a throw, and the bilge swells below
nearer and nearer:

"Man the pumps! Work the crane!—all our toil is in
vain: all we have striven
Count's not a farthing's worth! Vain are the thews of
earth to cope with Heaven!"

Out spake the Captain, then, "Brothers and Englishmen, God has decided;
We have done what we could: refuge beyond the flood He has provided:

"Quail not beneath the stroke; England has hearts of oak, which must upbear us;
Earth's tempest lulls, and o'er the everlasting shore the dawn is near us!"

Low was his voice, and calm: no cry rose, no alarm, when he had spoken:
Loud roared the tempest's din; perfect peace reigned within, silent, unbroken.

Hour passed on hour, and no cry of distress or woe to fear could yield them:
Earth with its joys has fled: they look up: God has spread His wings to shield them.

There hung those spirits brave over the yawning grave: Death was before them:
Death, with his pain and fear, won no cry, drew no tear, nor triumphed o'er them.

Husband and wife and child heard the tornado wild: 'twas but the weather,
Which ever hangs around life's and death's neutral ground, they pass together:

Unflinching, crank in hand, stanch did the pumpman stand, and felt the quarter
Slowly beneath him sink; his to work, not to think of wind and water:

There the fresh-wedded bride, in life's bright morning-tide, gave, unrepining,
Back to her God and King her cherished wedding-ring, so new and shining;

Her husband looked on her, and she seemed lovelier
than in that far land,
When the late bridal-wreath pressed her fair brow
beneath its myrtle garland.

There the brave Minister points to the haven, where
the Church United
Kindles the beacon-light, through the death-shades of
night, for souls benighted.

Lord, on the Judgment Day, when fire the dross and
clay from gold shall sever,
Grant us to stand near Him in Thy Jerusalem as one
for ever.

All knees are bended there, and the strong voice of
prayer, calm and unfearing,
Rose through the tempest-moan up to the golden
Throne, to win a hearing:

There, where no storms may beat, before the Mercy-
seat in the still heaven,
On the sweet incense-cloud, it rose to God aloud for
sins forgiven.

Clouds drop your tears on them! waves sing your
requiem o'er the departed!
God trusts their forms to you—the brave, the loved,
the true, the gallant-hearted:

In your deep silent bed, till the sea yields her dead,
rocked by the billow,
Soothed in their tranquil sleep by the melodious deep
be their last pillow:

Sleep they in peace awhile, beneath His loving smile,
Who now has found them,
Whose path is on the seas; Who rules the wayward
breeze which sighs around them.

I see that god-like form, sleeping amid the storm,
while the waves foaming
Madly their surges throw upon the weary brow in the
dim gloaming;

Noise and dismay around: here peace of God profound,
there fear and wailing;
Here, "Peace, rude waves be still! I keep my Israel
from your assailing."

O Peace of God above! O Life! O deathless Love! O
blest endeavour!
When our saved souls may pass across the sea of glass,
to live for ever!

(*From the "Church Times."*)

CONSOLATION.

REV. THOMAS DALE.

THE loved, but not the lost,
Oh no! they have not ceased to be,
Nor live alone in memory;
'Tis we who still are toss'd
O'er life's wild sea, 'tis *we* who die;
They only live, whose life is immortality.

The loved but not the lost,
Why should our ceaseless tears be shed
O'er the cold turf that wraps the dead,
As if their names were cross'd
From out the book of life? Ah no!
'Tis we who scarcely live, that linger still below.

The loved, but not the lost,
In heaven's own panoply array'd
They met the conflict undismay'd;

They counted well the cost
Of battle—*now* their crown is won;
Our sword is scarce unsheathed, *our* warfare just begun.

Have they not pass'd away
From all that dims the tearful eye;
From all that wakes the ceaseless sigh;
From all the pangs that prey
On the bereaved heart, and most
When conscience dares not say, the loved, but not the lost?

This is the woe of woes!
The one o'ermastering agony;
To watch the sleep of those who die,
And feel 'tis not repose:
But they, who join the heavenly host,
Why should we mourn for them, the loved, but not the lost?

The spirit was but born,
The soul unfetter'd, when they fled
From earth, the living, *not* the dead,
Then wherefore should we mourn?
We, the wave-driven, the tempest-toss'd,
When shall we be with them, the loved, but not the lost?

ANGELS.

Rev. Timothy Dwight.

How delightful an object of contemplation is this glorious order of beings.

All things pertaining to this illustrious subject are cheering, luminous, animating, and sublime. The

very names assigned to angels by their Creator, convey to us ideas pre-eminently pleasing, fitted to captivate the heart and exalt the imagination; ideas only cheerful, refined, and noble; ideas which dispel gloom, banish despondency, enliven hope, and awaken sincere and unmingled joy. They are Living Ones; beings in whom life is inherent and instinctive; who sprang up under the quickening influence of the Sun of righteousness, beneath the morning of everlasting day; who rose, expanded, and blossomed, in the uncreated beam, on the banks of the river of life, and were nourished by the waters of immortality. They are Spirits winged with activity, and formed with power, which no labour wearies, and no duration impairs; their faculties always fresh and young, their exertions unceasing and wonderful, and their destination noble and delightful, without example, and without end. They are Burning Ones, glowing with a pure and serene, with an intense and immortal, flame of divine love; returning, without ceasing, the light and warmth which they have received from the great central Sun of the universe; reflecting with supreme beauty the image of that divine luminary; and universally glorious, although differing from each other in glory.

The place in which they dwell is perfectly suited to their illustrious character. It is no other than the heaven of heavens, the first and best world that will ever be created, the place where God himself delights peculiarly to dwell; the house where virtue, peace, and joy, dwelt in the beginning, and will dwell for ever; the throne of boundless dominion, the parent city of the great empire of Jehovah, the happy region where all things are verdant with life, and blossom with immortality.

The station which they hold, is of the same cheerful and elevated nature. It is the first station allotted to created existence. These sublime intelligences are the immediate attendants of Jehovah, the nobles and princes of the universe. All their employments, all

their allotments, are honourable and happy; all their destiny, dignified and divine.

Angels then present us with an object of contemplation, replenished with inherent light, beauty, and greatness, with nothing to tarnish, nothing to impair its lustre; nothing to alloy the pleasure of the beholder; a vivid landscape, formed of all the fine varieties of novelty and greatness, without one misshapen, decayed, or lifeless object to lessen its perfection: a morning of the spring, without a cloud to overcast it; a sun, without a spot, shining only with the various colours of unmingled light.

HOME RELIGION.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

IT was Sunday evening, and our little circle were convened by my fireside, where a crackling fire proclaimed the fall of the year to be coming on, and cold weather impending. Sunday evenings, my married boys and girls are fond of coming home and gathering round the old hearthstone, and "making believe" that they are children again. We get out the old-fashioned music-books, and sing old hymns to very old tunes, and my wife and her matron daughters talk about the babies in the intervals; and we discourse of the sermon, and of the choir, and all the general outworks of good pious things which Sunday suggests.

"Papa," said Marianne, "you are closing up your 'House and Home Papers,' are you not?"

"Yes—I am come to the last one, for this year at least."

"My dear," said my wife, "there is one subject you haven't touched on yet; you ought not to close the year without it; no house and home can be complete with-

out Religion: you should write a paper on Home Religion."

My wife is an old-fashioned woman, something of a conservative. I am, I confess, rather given to progress and speculation; but I feel always as if I were going on in these ways with a string round my waist, and my wife's hand steadily pulling me back into the old paths. My wife is a steady, Bible-reading, Sabbath-keeping woman, cherishing the memory of her fathers, and loving to do as they did—believing for the most part, that the paths well beaten by righteous feet are safest, even though much walking therein has worn away the grass and flowers. Nevertheless, she has an indulgent ear for all that gives promise of bettering anybody or anything, and therefore is not severe on any new methods that may arise in our progressive days of accomplishing old good objects.

"There must be a home religion," said my wife.

"I believe in home religion," said Bob Stevens; "but not in the outward show of it. The best sort of religion is that which one keeps at the bottom of his heart, and which goes up thence quietly through all his actions, and not the kind that comes through a certain routine of forms and ceremonies. Do you suppose family prayers, now, and a blessing at meals, make people any better?"

"Depend upon it, Robert," said my wife,—she always calls him Robert on Sunday evenings—"depend upon it, we are not so very much wiser than our fathers were, that we need depart from their good old ways. Of course I would have religion in the heart, and spreading quietly through the life; but does this interfere with those outward, daily acts of respect and duty which we owe to our Creator? It is too much the slang of our day to decry forms, and to exalt the excellency of the spirit in opposition to them; but tell me, are you satisfied with friendship that has none of the outward forms of friendship, or love that has none of the outward forms of love? Are you satisfied of the existence of a

sentiment that has no outward mode of expression? Even the old heathen had their pieties; they would not begin a feast without a libation to their divinities, and there was a shrine in every well-regulated house for household gods."

"The trouble with all these things," said Bob, "is that they get to be mere forms. I never could see that family worship amounted to much more in most families."

"The outward expression of all good things is apt to degenerate into mere form," said I. "The outward expression of social good feeling becomes a mere form; but for that reason must we meet each other like oxen? not say, 'Good morning,' or 'Good evening,' or 'I am happy to see you?' Must we never use any of the forms of mutual good-will, except in those moments when we are excited by a real, present emotion! What would become of society? Forms are, so to speak, a daguerreotype of a past good feeling, meant to take and keep the impression of it when it is gone. Our best and most inspired moments are crystallized in them; and even when the spirit that created them is gone, they help to bring it back. Every one must be conscious that the use of the forms of social benevolence, even towards those who are personally unpleasant to us, tends to ameliorate prejudices. We see a man entering our door who is a weary bore, but we use with him those forms of civility which society prescribes, and feel far kinder to him than if we had shut the door in his face, and said, 'Go along, you tiresome fellow!' Now why does not this very obvious philosophy apply to better and higher feelings? The forms of religion are as much more necessary than the forms of politeness and social good-will as religion is more important than all other things."

"Besides," said my wife, "a form of worship, kept up from year to year in a family—the assembling of parents and children for a few sacred moments each day, though it may be a form many times, especially in

the gay and thoughtless hours of life—often becomes invested with deep sacredness in times of trouble, or in those crises that rouse our deeper feelings. In sickness, in bereavement, in separation, the daily prayer at home has a sacred and healing power. Then we remember the scattered and wandering ones; and the scattered and wandering think tenderly of that hour when they know they are remembered. I know, when I was a young girl, I was often thoughtless and careless about family-prayers; but now that my father and mother are gone for ever, there is nothing I recal more often. I remember the great old Family Bible, the hymn-book, the chair where father used to sit. I see him as he looked bending over that Bible more than in any other way; and expressions and sentences in his prayers which fell unheeded on my ears in those days have often come back to me like comforting angels. We are not aware of the influence things are having on us till we have left them far behind in years. When we have summered and wintered them, and look back on them from changed times and other days, we find that they were making their mark upon us, though we knew it not."

"I have often admired," said I, "the stateliness and regularity of family worship in good old families in England—the servants, guests, and children all assembled—the reading of the Scriptures and the daily prayers by the master or mistress of the family, ending with the united repetition of the Lord's Prayer by all."

"No such assemblage is possible in our country," said Bob. "Our servants are for the most part Roman Catholics, and forbidden by their religion to join with us in acts of worship."

"The greater the pity," said I. "It is a pity that all Christians who can conscientiously repeat the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer together should for any reason be forbidden to do so. It would do more to harmonize our families, and promote good feeling between masters and servants, to meet once a day on

the religious ground common to both, than many sermons on reciprocal duties."

"But while the case is so," said Marianne, "we can't help it. Our servants cannot unite with us; our daily prayers are something forbidden to them."

"We cannot in this country," said I, "give to family prayer that solemn stateliness which it has in a country where religion is a civil institution, and masters and servants, as a matter of course, belong to one church. Our prayers must resemble more a private interview with a father than a solemn act of homage to a king. They must be more intimate and domestic. The hour of family devotion should be the children's hour—held dear as the interval when the busy father drops his business and cares, and, like Jesus of old, takes the little ones in his arms and blesses them. The child should remember it as the time when the father always seemed most accessible and loving. There may be practical religion where its outward daily forms are omitted, but there is assuredly no more of it for the omission. No man loves God and his neighbour *less*, is a *less* honest and good man, for daily prayers in his household—the chances are quite the other way; and if the spirit of love rules the family hour, it may prove the source and spring of all that is good through the day. It seems to be a solemn duty in the parents thus to make the Invisible Fatherhood real to their children, who can receive this idea at first only through outward forms and observances. The little one thus learns that his father has a Father in heaven, and that the earthly life he is living is only a sacrament and emblem—a type of the eternal life which enfolds it, and of more lasting relations there. Whether, therefore, it be the silent grace and silent prayer of the Friends, or the form of prayer of ritual churches, or the extemporaneous outpouring of those whose habits and taste lead them to extempore prayer—in one of these ways there should be daily outward and visible acts of worship in every family."

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"Well, now," said Bob, "about this old question of Sunday-keeping, Marianne and I are much divided. I am always for doing something that she thinks isn't the thing."

"Well, you see," said Marianne, "Bob is always talking against our old Puritan fathers, and saying all manner of hard things about them. He seems to think that all their ways and doings must of course have been absurd. For my part, I don't think we are in any danger of being too strict about anything. It appears to me that in this country there is a general tendency to let all sorts of old forms and observances float downstream, and yet nobody seems quite to have made up his mind what shall come next."

"The fact is," said I, "that we realize very fully all the objections and difficulties of the experiments in living that we have tried; but the difficulties in others that we are intending to try have not yet come to light. The Puritan Sabbath had great and very obvious evils. Its wearisome restraints and over-strictness cast a gloom on religion, and arrayed against the day itself the active prejudices that now are undermining it and threatening its extinction. But it had great merits and virtues, and produced effects on society that we cannot well afford to dispense with. The clearing of a whole day from all possibilities of labour and amusement necessarily produced a grave and thoughtful people; and a democratic republic can be carried on by no other. In lands which have Sabbaths of mere amusement, mere gala-days, republics rise and fall as fast as children's card-houses; and the reason is, they are built by those whose political and religious education has been childish. If I were to choose between the Sabbath of France and the old Puritan Sabbath, I should hold up both hands for the latter, with all its objectionable features."

"Well," said my wife, "cannot we contrive to retain all that is really valuable of the Sabbath, and to ameliorate and smooth away what is forbidding?"

"That is the problem of our day," said I. "We do

not want the Sabbath of Continental Europe: it does not suit democratic institutions; it cannot be made even a quiet or a safe day, except by means of that ever-present armed police that exists there. If the Sabbath is simply to be a universal picknicking, dining-out day, we shall need gendarmes at every turn, to protect the fruit on our trees and the crops in our fields. People who live a little out from great cities see enough, and more than enough, of this sort of Sabbath-keeping.

"It is true the Puritan Sabbath had its disagreeable points. So have the laws of Nature. They are of a most uncomfortable sternness and rigidity; yet for all that, we would hardly join in a petition to have them repealed, or made wavering and uncertain for human convenience. We can bend to them in a thousand ways, and live very comfortably under them."

"But," said Bob, "Sabbath-keeping is the iron rod of bigots; they don't allow a man any liberty of his own. One says it's wicked to write a letter on Sunday; another holds that you must read no book but the Bible; and a third is scandalized, if you take a walk, ever so quietly, in the fields. There all sorts of quips and turns. We may fasten things with pins of a Sunday, but it's wicked to fasten with needle and thread, and so on, and so on; and each one, planting himself on his own individual mode of keeping Sunday, points his guns and frowns severely over the battlements on his neighbours whose opinions and practice are different from his."

"Yet," said I, "Sabbath-days are expressly mentioned by Saint Paul as among those things concerning which no man should judge another. It seems to me that the error as regards the Puritan Sabbath was in representing it, not as a gift from God to man, but as a tribute of man to God. Hence all these hagglings and nice questions and exactions to the uttermost farthing. The holy time must be weighed and measured. It must begin at twelve o'clock of one night, and end at twelve o'clock of another; and from beginning to end,

the mind must be kept in a state of tension by the effort not to think any of its usual thoughts or do any of its usual works. The fact is that the metaphysical, defining, hair-splitting mind, turning its whole powers on this one bit of ritual, this one only day of divine service, which was left of all the feasts and fasts of the old churches, made of it a thing straiter and stricter than ever the old Jews dreamed of.

"The old Jewish Sabbath entered only into the physical region, merely enjoining cessation from physical toil. 'Thou shalt not *labour* nor do any *work*,' covered the whole ground. In other respects than this it was a joyful festival, resembling, in the mode of keeping it, the Christmas of the modern Church. It was a day of social hilarity—the Jewish law strictly forbidding mourning and gloom during festivals. The people were commanded on feast-days to rejoice before the Lord their God with all their might. We fancy there were no houses were children were afraid to laugh, where the voice of social cheerfulness quavered away in terror lest it should awake a wrathful God. The Jewish Sabbath was instituted in the absence of printing, of books, and of all the advantages of literature, to be the great means of preserving sacred history—a day cleared from all possibility of other employment than social and family communion, when the heads of families and the elders of tribes might instruct the young in those religious traditions which have thus come down to us.

"The Christian Sabbath is made to supply the same moral need in that improved and higher state of society which Christianity introduced. Thus it was changed from the day representing the creation of the world to the resurrection-day of Him who came to make all things new. The Jewish Sabbath was buried with Christ in the sepulchre, and arose with Him, not a Jewish, but a Christian festival, still holding in itself that provision for man's needs which the old institution possessed, but with a wider and more generous freedom of application. It was given to the Christian world as

a day of rest, of refreshment, of hope and joy—and of worship. The manner of making it such a day was left open and free to the needs and convenience of the varying circumstances and characters of those for whose benefit it was instituted."

"Well," said Bob, "don't you think there is a deal of nonsense about Sabbath-keeping?"

"There is a deal of nonsense about everything human beings have to deal with," said I.

"And," said Marianne, "how to find out what is nonsense?"

"By clear conceptions," said I, "of what the day is for. I should define the Sabbath as a divine and fatherly gift to man—a day expressly set apart for the cultivation of his moral nature. Its object is not merely physical rest and recreation, but moral improvement. The former are proper to the day only so far as they are subservient to the latter. The whole human race have the conscious need of being made better, purer, and more spiritual; the whole human race have one common danger of sinking to a mere animal life under the pressure of labour or in the dissipations of pleasure; and of the whole human race the proverb holds good, that what may be done at any time is done at no time. Hence the Heavenly Father appoints one day as a special season for the culture of man's highest faculties. Accordingly, whatever ways and practices interfere with the purpose of the Sabbath as a day of worship and moral culture should be avoided; and all family arrangements for the day should be made with reference thereto."

"Cold dinners on Sunday, for example," said Bob. "Marianne holds these as prime articles of faith."

"Yes—they doubtless are most worthy and merciful, in giving to the poor cook one day she may call her own, and rest from the heat of range and cooking-stove. For the same reason, I would suspend as far as possible all travelling, and all public labour, on Sunday. The hundreds of hands that these things require to carry them on are the hands of human beings, whose right to

this merciful pause of rest is as clear as their humanity. Let them have their day to look upward."

"But the little ones," said my oldest matron daughter, who had not as yet spoken—"they are the problem. Oh, this weary labour of making children keep Sunday! If I try it, I have no rest at all myself. If I must talk to them or read to them to keep them from play, my Sabbath becomes my hardest working-day."

"And, pray, what commandment of the Bible ever said children should not play on Sunday?" said I. "We are forbidden to work, and we see the reason why; but lambs frisk and robins sing on Sunday; and little children, who are as yet more than half animals, must not be made to keep the day in the manner proper to our more developed faculties. As much cheerful, attractive religious instruction as they can bear without weariness may be given, and then they may simply be restrained from disturbing others. Say to the little one—'This day we have noble and beautiful things to think of that interest us deeply; you are a child; you cannot read and think and enjoy such things as much as we can; you may play softly and quietly, and remember not to make a disturbance.' I would take a child to public worship at least once of a Sunday; it forms a good habit in him. If the sermon be long and unintelligible, there are the little Sabbath-school books in every child's hands; and while the grown people are getting what they understand, who shall forbid a child's getting what is suited to him in a way that interests him and disturbs nobody? The Sabbath school is the child's church; and happily it is yearly becoming a more and more attractive institution. I approve the custom of those who beautify the Sabbath school-room with plants, flowers, and pictures, thus making it an attractive place to the childish eye. The more this custom prevails, the more charming in after years will be the memories of Sunday.

"It is most especially to be desired that the whole air and aspect of the day should be one of cheerfulness.

Even the new dresses, new bonnets, and new shoes, in which children delight of a Sunday, should not be despised. They have their value in marking the day as a festival; and it is better for the child to long for Sunday for the sake of his little new shoes than that he should hate and dread it as a period of wearisome restraint. All the latitude should be given to children that can be, consistently with fixing in their minds the idea of a sacred season. I would rather that the atmosphere of the day should resemble that of a weekly Thanksgiving than that it should make its mark on the tender mind only by the memory of deprivations and restrictions."

"Well," said Bob, "here's Marianne always breaking her heart about my reading on Sunday. Now, I hold that what is bad on Sunday is bad on Monday—and what is good on Monday is good on Sunday."

"We cannot abridge other people's liberty," said I. "The generous, confiding spirit of Christianity has imposed not a single restriction upon us in reference to Sunday. The day is put at our disposal as a good father hands a piece of money to his child:—'There it is; take it and spend it well.' The child knows from his father's character what he means by spending it well; but he is left free to use his own judgment as to the mode."

"If a man conscientiously feels that reading of this or that description is the best for him as regards his moral training and improvement, let him pursue it, and let no man judge him. It is difficult, with the varying temperaments of men, to decide what are or are not religious books. One man is more religiously impressed by the reading of history or astronomy than he would be by reading a sermon. There may be overwrought and wearied states of the brain and nerves which require and make proper the diversions of light literature; and if so, let it be used. The mind must have its recreations as well as the body."

"But for children and young people," said my daughter—"would you let them read novels on Sunday?"

"That is exactly like asking, Would you let them talk with people on Sunday? Now people are different; it depends, therefore, on who they are. Some are trifling and flighty, some are positively bad-principled, some are altogether good in their influence. So of the class of books called novels. Some are merely frivolous, some are absolutely noxious and dangerous, others again are written with a strong moral and religious purpose, and, being vivid and interesting, produce far more religious effect on the mind than dull treatises and sermons. The parables of Christ sufficiently establish the point that there is no inherent objection to the use of fiction in teaching religious truth. Good religious fiction, thoughtfully read, may be quite as profitable as any other reading."

"But don't you think," said Marianne, "that there is danger in too much fiction?"

"Yes," said I. "But the chief danger of all that class of reading is its *easiness*, and the indolent, careless mental habits it induces. A great deal of the reading of young people on all days is really reading to no purpose, its object being merely present amusement. It is a listless yielding of the mind to be washed over by a stream which leaves no fertilizing properties, and carries away by constant wear the good soil of thought. I should try to establish a barrier against this kind of reading, not only on Sunday, but on Monday, on Tuesday, and on all days. Instead, therefore, of objecting to any particular class of books for Sunday reading, I should say in general, that reading merely for pastime, without any moral aim, is the thing to be guarded against. That which inspires no thought, no purpose, which steals away all our strength and energy, and makes the Sabbath a day of dreams, is the reading I would object to.

"So of music. I do not see the propriety of confining one's self to technical sacred music. Any grave, solemn, thoughtful, or pathetic music has a proper relation to our higher spiritual nature, whether it be printed in a church service-book or on secular sheets. On me, for ex-

ample, Beethoven's Sonatas have a far more deeply religious influence than much that has religious names and words. Music is to be judged of by its effects."

"Well," said Bob, "if Sunday is given for our own individual improvement, I for one should not go to church. I think I get a great deal more good in staying at home and reading."

"There are two considerations to be taken into account in reference to this matter of church-going," I replied. "One relates to our duty as members of society in keeping up the influence of the Sabbath, and causing it to be respected in the community; the other, to the proper disposition of our time for our own moral improvement. As members of the community, we should go to church, and do all in our power to support the outward ordinances of religion. If a conscientious man makes up his mind that Sunday is a day for outward acts of worship and reverence, he should do his own part as an individual towards sustaining these observances. Even though he may have such mental and moral resources that as an individual he could gain much more in solitude than in a congregation, still he owes to the congregation the influence of his presence and sympathy. But I have never yet seen the man, however finely gifted morally and intellectually, whom I thought in the long run a gainer in either of these respects by the neglect of public worship. I have seen many who in their pride kept aloof from the sympathies and communion of their brethren, who lost strength morally, and deteriorated in ways that made themselves painfully felt. Sunday is apt in such cases to degenerate into a day of mere mental idleness and reverie, or to become a sort of waste-paper box for scraps, odds and ends of secular affairs.

"A young student in a French college, where the examinations are rigidly severe, found by experience that he succeeded best in his examination by allowing one day of entire rest just before it. His brain and nervous system refreshed in this way carried him

through the work better than if taxed to the last moment. There are men transacting a large and complicated business who can testify to the same influence from the repose of the Sabbath.

"I believe those Christian people who from conscience and principle turn their thoughts most entirely out of the current of worldly cares on Sunday, fulfil unconsciously a great law of health; and that, whether their moral nature be thereby advanced or not, their brain will work more healthfully and actively for it even in physical and worldly matters. It is because the Sabbath thus harmonizes the physical and moral laws of our being, that the injunction concerning it is placed among the ten great commandments, each of which represents some one of the immutable needs of humanity."

"There is yet another point of family religion that ought to be thought of," said my wife: "I mean the custom of mourning. If there is anything that ought to distinguish Christian families from Pagans, it should be their way of looking at and meeting those inevitable events that must from time to time break the family chain. It seems to be the peculiarity of Christianity to shed hope on such events. And yet it seems to me as if it were the very intention of many of the customs of society to add tenfold to their gloom and horror—such swathings of black crape, such funereal mufflings of every pleasant object, such darkening of rooms, and such seclusion from society and giving up to bitter thoughts and lamentation. How can little children that look on such things believe that there is a particle of truth in all they hear about the joyous and comforting doctrines which the Bible holds forth for such times?"

"That subject is a difficult one," I rejoined. "Nature seems to indicate a propriety in some outward expressions of grief when we lose our friends. All nations agree in these demonstrations. In a certain degree they are soothing to sorrow; they are the language of external life made to correspond to the internal. Wearing

mourning has its advantages. It is a protection to the feelings of the wearer, for whom it procures sympathetic and tender consideration; it saves grief from many a hard jostle in the ways of life; it prevents the necessity of many a trying explanation, and is the ready apology for many an omission of those tasks to which sorrow is unequal. For all these reasons I never could join the crusade which some seem disposed to wage against it. Mourning, however, ought not to be continued for years. Its uses are more for the first few months of sorrow, when it serves the mourner as a safeguard from intrusion, insuring quiet and leisure, in which to reunite the broken threads of life, and to gather strength for a return to its duties. But to wear mourning garments and forego society for two or three years after the loss of any friend, however dear, I cannot but regard as a morbid unhealthy nursing of sorrow, unworthy of a Christian."

"But," said Bob, "after all, death is a horror; you can make nothing less of it. You can't smooth it over, nor dress it with flowers; it is what Nature shudders at."

"It is precisely for this reason," said I, "that Christians should avoid those customs which aggravate and intensify this natural dread. Why overpower the senses with doleful and funereal images in the hour of weakness and bereavement, when the soul needs all her force to rise above the gloom of earth, and to realize the mysteries of faith? Why shut the friendly sunshine from the mourner's room? Why muffle in a white shroud every picture that speaks a cheerful household word to the eye? Why make a house look stiff and ghastly and cold as a corpse? What an oppressive gloom must this bring on a house!—how like the very shadow of death! It is enlisting the nerves and the senses against our religion, and making more difficult the great duty of returning to life and its interests. I would have flowers and sunshine in the deserted rooms, and make them symbolical of the cheerful mansion above, to which our beloved ones are gone.

Home ought to be so religiously cheerful, so penetrated by the life of love and hope and Christian faith, that the other world may be made real by it. Our home life should be a type of the higher life. Our home should be so sanctified, its joys and its sorrows so baptized and hallowed, that it shall not be sacrilegious to think of heaven as a higher form of the same thing—a Father's house in the better country, whose mansions are many, whose love is perfect, whose joy is eternal."

STRIFE AND PEACE.

JEAN INGELOW.

THE yellow poplar leaves came down
And like a carpet lay,
No waftings were in the sunny air
To flutter them away;
And he stepped on blithe and debonair
That warm October day.

"The boy," saith he, "hath got his own
But sore has been the fight,
For ere his life began the strife
That ceased but yesternight;
For the will," he said, "the kinsfolk read,
And read it not aright.

"His cause was argued in the court
Before his christening day,
And counsel was heard, and judge demurred,
And bitter waxed the fray;
Brother with brother spake no word
When they met in the way.

"Against each one did each contend,
And all against the heir.

I would not bend, for I knew the end—
I have it for my share,
And nought repent, though my first friend
From henceforth I must spare.

"Manor and moor and farm and wold
Their greed begrudged him sore,
And parchments old with passionate hold
They guarded heretofore;
And they carped at signature and seal,
But they may carp no more.

"An old affront will stir the heart
Through years of rankling pain,
And I feel the fret that urged me yet
That warfare to maintain;
For an enemy's loss may well be set
Above an infant's gain.

"An enemy's loss I go to prove;
Laugh out, thou little heir!
Laugh in his face who vowed to chase
Thee from thy birthright fair;
For I come to set thee in thy place:
Laugh out, and do not spare."

A man of strife, in wrathful mood
He neared the nurse's door;
With poplar leaves the roof and eaves
Were thickly scattered o'er,
And yellow as they a sunbeam lay
Along the cottage floor.

"Sleep on, thou pretty, pretty lamb,"
He hears the fond nurse say;
"And if angels stand at thy right hand,
As now belike they may,
And if angels stand at thy bed's feet,
I fear them not this day.

"Come wealth, come want to thee, dear heart,
It was all one to me,
For thy pretty tongue far sweeter rung
Than coinèd golden fee;
And ever the while thy waking smile
It was right fair to see.

"Sleep, pretty bairn, and never know
Who grudged and who transgressed;
Thee to retain I was full fain,
But God, He knoweth best!
And His peace upon thy brow lies plain
As the sunshine on thy breast!"

The man of strife, he enters in,
Looks, and his pride doth cease;
Anger and sorrow shall be to-morrow
Trouble, and no release;
But the babe whose life awoke the strife
Hath entered into peace.

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WASTED DAYS.

S. H. Bradbury (Quallon).

Our wasted days, oh! where are they?
Those bright and precious pearls of Time;
Gone to the darkness of the past,
Like friends lost in a distant clime.
They come no more—those wasted days—
Fled swift as brightness of a dream,
Gone as the picture of a cloud
Glassed but one moment in a stream.

'Tis from the past we learn our loss,
And see the gifts we'd fain recal;
Alas! their shadows faintly loom,
And on the mournful present fall.
When flowers are blooming at our feet
Unheeded oft we pass them by,
And moments that have golden wings
We never miss until they fly.

We look into the silent past—
Dead hopes, dead blessings there we find,
Like fragments of the wildest thoughts
That throng betimes a broken mind.
Why should we mourn as life declines,
When all its scenes are nearly o'er?
Youth looks upon the joy to come,
And age the joy that comes no more.

One wasted day takes from our life
A treasure laid within our reach;
The sorrows for its loss too late
The truest, sternest lessons teach.
Regrets are vain when round us cling
The sad views of expiring years:
Why tremble when through life's last hours
The cold white face of death appears?

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE CHILDREN AND THE BLACKBERRIES.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

IN the summer of 1830, I visited a school in Boston, in which were about twenty children, between four and nine years of age.

"Do your children often fight?" I asked the teacher.

"They can answer for themselves," was her reply.

"Well, children," said I, "what do you say?"

They were silent.

"Are you willing that the teacher should tell me?" I asked.

"Yes," said they all.

"What do you say?" I asked the teacher. "Have you had any quarrels among the scholars lately?"

"Yes," said she; "four of the boys quarrelled about some marbles, no longer ago than yesterday."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"During play hour," said the teacher, "they were playing, and each was trying to take the other's marbles. Two of the boys were successful in the play, and took away almost all the marbles from the other two. Those who had lost their marbles grew angry, and accused the others of cheating, and called them cheats. This made those who had won feel angry, and they called the others names. They soon came to blows, and then had a fight."

I talked to the children about this matter, and showed them how the boys might have done better without fighting.

"I believe," said the teacher, "the children have a question to ask you."

"What is it, children?" I asked.

"Please tell us," said one of the boys who had fought about the marbles, "what the gospel means when it tells us, '*Look not every one upon his own, but every one upon the things of others?*'"

"I will tell you," I replied, "a beautiful story to illustrate this precept.

"One warm day in summer, I was riding through some woods in Hampshire. A school-house stood near. The woods were full of ripe blackberries, and many of the children were in the woods, enjoying a merry time in picking them. I felt, as I always do when I see children in such glee, as if I must join them, and have a merry time with them. I alighted from my gig, tied my horse to a tree, and went towards them. They

were all strangers to me, and I to them. I did not join them at once, for fear they should run away, and leave me nothing but the trees and the blackberries, which I did not desire half so much as I did their company. I *picked* my way along, and kept moving towards them, till I came amongst them. I then began to talk with them. At first they were a little shy of me. They did not know how much I loved them, and how I longed to play with them. But they soon became acquainted with me, and we were very familiar. I stained their hands and faces with berries. Then they stained mine; for when I play with children, I always wish them to say and do to me just what I say and do to them. We ran, played, and made the woods ring with our merry voices and joyous laugh. We should have been puzzled to tell what made us run, and laugh, and shout so; but we were so happy, that we could not help it. We were so full of joy, that we could not contain it.

"After a while, we all stopped playing, and began picking and eating berries.

"There were two girls, about eight years old, named Julia and Sophia, picking berries a little way from me. I could see and hear all that passed between them. Julia had found a cluster of bushes that were fairly black with the largest and sweetest berries. She said nothing to Sophia, who was looking about for berries a few steps from her. She did not cry out to Sophia, as an unselfish loving-hearted girl would have done, 'Oh Sophia! see what nice berries I have found! Do come and pick some!' But she sat silently and secretly down, as a miser sits to count his gold, and she began to pick and eat with great greediness. She acted as if she were fearful Sophia would see them, and come before she had eaten them all. After a few minutes, Sophia happened to come where Julia was, and saw how fine and plentiful the berries were; so she began to pick them too. She did not think that Julia would be unwilling to let her have part, for there were more than both of them could eat. But as soon as Julia saw Sophia picking the

berries, her selfishness kindled into anger, and she cried out, 'Get away! you have no business here.'

"'Are you not willing, Julia, that I should have some of these?' said Sophia.

"'No,' said Julia, 'you shall not have them.'

"'I think,' said Sophia, 'that you will let me have some of them; they hang so thick together, and are so nice.'

"'You shall not have one of them,' said Julia, in a passion; 'for I found them first.'

"'But that is no reason,' said Sophia, 'why you should have them all, because you found them first.'

"'Yes it is,' said Julia, 'and you shall not pick any more.'

"She gave Sophia an angry push. Sophia stooped to break off a little bush that hung very full of berries, and as she did so, said—

"'There are enough for us both, Julia. You cannot eat them all. Do let me have this cluster.'

"As she was about to break it off, Julia broke out—

"'I don't care; whether I want them or not, you shall not have them, for they are mine. I found them *first;* so begone.'

"She then flew at Sophia, and pushed her away with great violence: and in doing so, entangled Sophia's clothes, and tore them, and threw her down. Her face was cut by the fall, and the blood ran freely. All our merriment was now gone. The selfishness and ill-temper of Julia had driven it all away. I went to Sophia, took her up, and wiped the blood from her face; and all the children, except Julia, left off picking berries, and gathered round to sympathize with Sophia.

"Although Julia had hurt Sophia greatly, she did not cry; she did not get angry, and call names, and strike in return; nor did she say, 'I will tell the schoolmistress.'

"'Do you feel angry towards Julia?' said I to Sophia, after we had soothed and comforted her with our sympathy.

"'No,' said she, 'I am sure I do not.'

"'Do you think,' said I, 'that you can love her, and play with her, just as if she had allowed you to take those berries, and had not pushed you down?'

"'Yes,' said Sophia, 'I am sure I can, if she will love me, and play with me.'

"'But,' said I, 'Julia does not love you; if she did, she would have been glad to share those berries with you. It is evident that she does not love you, or she would not have torn your clothes and cut your face so.'

"'No matter,' said she, 'I love her, and will play with her, at any time, if she will play with me.'

"'How could Julia be so selfish and angry, and tear your frock, and cut your face in that manner?' said I. 'See how she looks!'

"All looked at Julia.

"'She looks as if she were sorry she did it,' said the generous Sophia. 'Don't you think she is?'

"'She doesn't look sorry at all,' answered Johnny, a boy about Sophia's age; 'she looks cross and ill-tempered.'

"So said all the children. By these remarks I found that Julia was not much liked by the rest, and that Sophia was greatly beloved.

"'Do you think she tore your gown and cut your face on purpose?' said I to Sophia.

"'No,' said she, 'I do not think she did.'

"'Yes, she did,' said some of the children; 'she meant to do it; she is an old cross-patch.'

"'Do not say so, children,' I said. 'I am afraid you do not love Julia, any of you.'

"'No, we don't,' muttered several; 'she is so cross and disobliging.'

"'Do you think she is glad she tore your gown and cut your face?' said I to Sophia.

"'No,' said she. 'Yes she is,' said the other children. 'She meant to do it, and she will do it again, if she can.'

"'I am sorry, dear children,' said I, 'that you feel so

towards Julia. She looks as if she might be a good and generous girl, if she would govern her temper, and get rid of her selfishness.'

"'She learns her task well,' said the forgiving and self-forgetting Sophia; 'and the teacher says she is the cleverest scholar in the school.'

"Thus we talked. Sophia always took Julia's part; and though Julia had been so unkind and cruel to her, she showed that she loved her, and felt even more for her than for herself. She wished that Julia would love her, and that all the school might love Julia.

"Sophia, and all the rest but *one*, became quite merry and joyous again. That *one* was Julia. Where was she? Poor child! There she sat by her cluster of blackberries, so near to us as to hear all that was said about her. She picked and ate silently and alone, pretending to enjoy it. But my heart ached for her, to see how miserable and forsaken she seemed. She looked down-hearted and sad, when she heard Sophia, the girl whom she had so unkindly treated, pleading for her. Julia's handsome, intelligent face (for she had the brightest eyes, and had been the most joyous and active in our sports, of any of the children) now looked distorted and miserable. I thought to myself, I will not leave her so. I will see if we cannot bring her to a better mind, and make her happy again. So I whispered to Sophia, and asked—

"'Do you really love Julia, and wish to make her love you, and get her to join us again, and have another play?'

"'Yes,' said she, 'I greatly desire Julia to love me, and to play with me.'

"'Well, dear Sophia,' I said, 'do you feel as if you could go to her, and kiss her, and ask her to love you, and to come and play with us.'

"A hard lesson! Sophia hung her head at first. She doubted how Julia would receive it, if she went to kiss her. I was afraid she would falter. She looked at Julia. There she sat by her berries, pretending to

be picking and eating, but really looked as if her poor little heart was ready to break. It was but a moment that she hesitated. Her generous affection for Julia triumphed. She went straight towards her, with her arms stretched out to embrace her. Julia saw her coming, and instantly turned her back, and covered her face with her hands, and began to weep. The next instant Sophia had her arms round her, weeping too! Julia returned the embrace. Her heart had been full of grief, and ready to burst, from the moment she saw the blood running down Sophia's cheek. But her feelings had been pent up. Now they burst forth in a flood of sympathizing tears and sisterly embraces. Julia was received back to our love. The children seemed to forget all their dislike to her, and she tried to make amends for the wrong she had done to us by her selfishness and cruelty to Sophia. She tried as eagerly to make us happy as she had before to make us miserable. We all ran, laughed, and shouted, till the woods resounded with our joyous peals, and the very birds flew away, and the squirrels ran into their nests, they were so astonished at us!

"After I had spent about two hours with them, they all gathered about me. We bade one another farewell, and parted. As I rode off, the children all stood in the same spot, looking after me, with wet eyes and cheeks, and I looked back towards them, sorrowing that I should never meet the dear joyous group again. It was a time never to be forgotten."

After reading this story from my journal, I asked—

"Children, do you find anything in this story that will show what is meant by looking not upon your own, but rather on the things of others?"

"Yes, sir; in Julia's conduct," answered one.

"How does Julia's conduct show it?" I asked.

"Julia," said they, "looked upon her own things, and did not look upon Sophia's at all."

"How did Sophia do?" I asked.

"She looked upon Julia's things as well as on her own," was the reply.

"Is there anything in this story to show how to prevent quarrels among children?" I asked.

"Yes," said one, "in the conduct of Sophia. When Julia tore her gown and cut her face she was not angry, and did not strike in return."

"What did she do?" I asked.

"She went to her," answered one, "and put her arms round her, and kissed her, and asked her to love her and play with her."

"What effect," I asked, "had Sophia's affection and tenderness on Julia?"

"They overcame her," said one, "and they loved each other better than ever; and you all played with her, and ran and laughed pleasantly together."

"I wish I had been there too, to help you," said a joyous-hearted little boy near me.

"I wish you had been there, my little lad," said I. "You would have helped us to laugh and shout, I doubt not. But see how easily Sophia prevented a fight, and how completely she conquered Julia."

"It was first-rate!" said a little boy.

"Indeed it was, my dear boy," said I; "and if any one ever pushes you down, cuts your face, or in any way hurts you, I hope you will overcome him by love and kindness, as Sophia did Julia."

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

THE widow had but only one,
A puny and decrepit son;
Yet, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak, and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The widow's mite.

The widow's might,—yes! so sustained,
She battled onward, nor complained
When friends were fewer:
And, cheerful at her daily care,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then,—and now I see,
Though cheerful and resigned, still she
Has sorrowed much:
She has — He gave it tenderly —
Much faith—and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE LAST BOAT.

J. Hain Friswell, Author of the "Gentle Life."

Musing I sit upon the shore,
Awaiting till the boat shall come,
And bear me to my far-off home;
To cease from wandering evermore.

Wearied with waiting, pinched with cold,
Dim eyes of mine still watch the stream,
Which runs as in an endless dream;—
Runs now, will run, and ran of old.

Ever unchanged the constant swirl
In little whirlpools eddies still,
The straws and leaves float down the rill,
And slime and scum still onward whirl.

For storms still ruffle its dark breast:
The sunshine long hath ceased to play,
Which, in the morning of my day
Fitfully shone with sweet unrest.

The day is dying;—morn and noon
And sober afternoon are gone;
Yet the boat comes not, and alone
I wait, and for its coming swoon.

I would be home before the night
Sets in to freeze my spirits chill;
For I have crept adown the hill
I mounted with a spirit light.

Lone, aged, and worn, I dread the cold,
The darkness long and drear:
I've nought to wrap me from the air,
Whistling so shrilly o'er the wold.

But, as a shadow on the land
Glides swiftly over field and wood,
Suddenly, where no mortal stood,
The boatman hoar is close at hand.

He beckons, and I step within;
The river glides and swirls away,
So swiftly that I scarce can say
"O World! Farewell, Life, Death, and Sin."

(*By permission of the Author.*)

MY OLD MOTHER;

OR, CONSCIENCE IN TRADE.

REV. J. S. SPENCER, D.D.

A YOUNG man, who at that time was almost an entire stranger to me, called upon me at a late hour in the evening, and after some general conversation, said that he wished to talk with me in reference to a matter which had troubled him for some time. He came *to me*, as he said, because a few days before he had heard a member

of a neighbouring church railing against me, and among other things, saying, that I was stern and severe enough for a slave driver. "So," said he, "I thought you would tell me the truth right out."

He was a junior clerk in a dry goods store—a salesman. He had been in that situation for some months. He went into it a raw hand. His employer had taken some pains to instruct him in its duties, and had otherwise treated him in a very kind manner. But he was expected, and indeed required to do some things which he "did not know to be quite right." He stated these things to me with minuteness and entire simplicity. He had been taught by his employer to do them, as a part of the "necessary skill to be exercised in selling goods," without which "no man could be a good salesman, or be fit for a merchant."

For example, he must learn to judge by the appearance of any woman who entered the store, by her dress, her manner, or look, the tone of her voice, whether she had much knowledge of the commodity she wished to purchase; and if she had not, he must put the price higher, as high as he thought she could be induced to pay. If there was any objection to the price of an article he must say, "We have never sold it any cheaper," or, "we paid that for it, madam, at wholesale," or, "you cannot buy that quality of goods any lower in the city." With one class of customers he must *always* begin by asking a half or a third more than the regular price, because, probably, through the ignorance of the customer, he could get it; and if he could not, then he must put it at a lower price, but still above its value, at the same time saying, "that it is just what we gave for it," or, "that is the very lowest at which we can put it to you," or, "we would not offer it to anybody else so low as that, but we wish to get your custom." In short, a very large portion of the service expected of him was just this sort, and as I soon told him, it was just to *lie*, for the purpose of cheating.

Whenever he hesitated to practise in this manner

behind the counter, his employer (ordinarily present), was sure to notice it, and sure to be dissatisfied with him.

He had repeatedly mentioned to his employer his "doubts" whether "this was just right," and "got laughed at." He was told, "everybody does it," "you can't be a merchant without it," "all is fair in trade," "you are too green."

"I know I am green," said the young man to me, in a melancholy tone. "I was brought up in an obscure place in the country, and I don't know much about the ways of the world. My mother is a poor woman, a widow woman, who was not able to give me much education; but I don't believe *she* would think it right for me to do such things."

"And do *you* think it right?" said I.

"No—I don't know—perhaps it may be. Mr. H." (his employer) "says there is no *sin* in it, and he is a member of the church; but I believe it would make my old mother feel very bad, if she knew I was doing such things every day."

"I venture to say that your mother has got not only more religion, but more common sense than a thousand *like him*. He may be a member of the church, the church always has some unworthy members in it, I suppose; but he is not a man fit to direct you. Take your mother's way and refuse his."

"I shall lose my place," says he.

"Then lose your place; don't hesitate a moment."

"I engaged for a year, and my year is not out."

"No matter; you are ready to fulfil your engagement. But what *was* your engagement? Did you engage to deceive, to cheat and lie?"

"Oh, not at all."

"Then certainly you need have no hesitation, through fear of forfeiting your place. If he sends you away because you will not do such things for him, then you will know him to be a very bad man, from whom you may well be glad to be separated."

"He says he will have his business done in the manner *he* chooses."

"Very well: you have no objections to *that;* let him do his business in the way he chooses: but he has no right to make you use *your tongue* in the way he chooses; and if he complains of you because you do not choose to lie for him every hour in the day; just tell him, that you have not hired out your conscience to him, and you will not be guilty of committing any crimes for him. Ask him if he expects you to *steal* for him, if he should happen to want you to do it."

"When I told him I thought such things wrong, he said, 'that is *my* look out.'"

"Tell him it is *your* look out, whether you please God, or offend him—whether you do right or wrong—whether you serve the God of truth, or the father of lies."

"If I should say that, he would tell me to be off."

"Very well; *be* off then."

"I have no place to go to; and he knows it."

"No matter; go anywhere—do anything—dig potatoes—black boots—sweep the streets for a living, sooner than yield for one hour to such temptation."

"He says, 'everybody does so,' and 'no man can ever get along in the way of trade without it.'"

"About everybody's doing so, I know better. That is *not true.* Some men are honest and truthful in trade. A man may be honest behind the counter, as easily as in the pulpit. But if a man can't be a merchant without these things, then he can't be a merchant and get to heaven; and the sooner you quit that business the better.

"And in respect to his declaration, that 'no man can get along in the way of trade without such practices,' it is false—utterly false! And I wish you to take notice of men now when you are young, as extensively as you can, and see how they come out. You will not have to notice long, before you will be convinced of the truth of that homely old maxim, 'Honesty is the best policy.'

You will soon see that such men as he are the very men *not* to 'get along.' *He* will not 'get along' well a great while, if he does not alter his course."

"Oh, he is a keen fellow," said the young man, smiling.

"So is old Satan a keen fellow; but he is the greatest fool in the universe. His keenness has just ruined him. And your employer's keenness will turn out no better. He may, indeed, probably prosper *here*. Such men sometimes do. But the Bible has described him—'They that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.' He 'will be rich;' that is what he wants; his 'will' is all that way. And he has fallen into the 'temptation' to lie, in order to get rich. And that is a 'snare' to him—it is a trap, and he is caught in it; and if he does not repent and get out of it, he will be 'drowned in destruction and perdition.'

"But I was going to speak of his worldly prosperity. I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet. I do not believe that God will work any miracles in his case. But I *do* believe *that man will fail!* Mark him well; and remember what I say, if you live to notice him ten or twenty years hence. In my opinion you will see him a poor man; and probably, a despised man."

"What makes you *think so?*" said he, with great astonishment.

"Because he is not honest—does not regard the truth. His lying will soon defeat its own purposes. His customers, one after another, and especially the best of them, will find him out, and they will forsake him, because they cannot trust his word. He will lose more than he will gain by all the falsehoods he utters. I know a dozen men in this city, some of them merchants, some butchers, some grocers, some tailors, whom I always avoid, and always will. If I *know* a man has lied to me once, in the way of his business, that ends all my dealings with him; I never go near him afterwards. Such is my practice; and I tell my wife so, and my children so.

And sometimes, yea often, I tell them the *names of the men.* If any of my friends ask me about these men, I tell them the truth, and put them upon their guard. And thus their custom is diminished, because their character becomes known. This is one reason why I think Mr. H—— will not prosper.

"But whatever the mode may be, his reverses will come: mark my words, they will come. God will make them come."

With great depression, he replied—"I don't know what I *could do*, if I should lose my place: I don't get but a little more than enough to pay for my board—my mother gives me my clothes, and if I lose my situation, I could not pay my board for a month."

"Then," said I, "if you get so little, you will not lose much by quitting. I do not pretend to know much about it, but in my opinion Mr. H—— *wrongs* you, does you a positive *injustice* and a *cruel* one, by giving you so little. And if you quit, and cannot pay your board till you get something to do, tell *me*—I will see to that." (He never had occasion to tell me.)

"If I quit that place so soon," said the young man, "it will make my old mother feel very bad; she will think I am getting unsteady, or something else is the matter with me. She will be afraid that I am going to ruin."

"*Not a bit of it*," said I. "*Tell* her just the truth, and you will fill her old heart with *joy:* she will thank God that she has got such a son—and she will send up into heaven another prayer for you, which I would rather have than all the gold of Ophir."

The young man's eyes filled with tears, and I let him sit in silence for some time. At length he said to me—

"I don't think I can stay there; but I don't know what to do, or where to look."

"Look to *God* first, and *trust* Him. Do you think He will let you *suffer*, because, out of regard to His commandments, you have lost your place? Never. Such is not His way. Ask *Him* to guide you."

"I am pretty much a stranger here," said he, with a very dejected look; "I know but few people, and I don't know where I could get anything to do."

"For that very reason ask God to guide you. Are you accustomed to pray?"

"Yes, I have been at times, lately. Some months ago, I began to try to seek the Lord, after I heard a sermon on that subject; and ever since that time, off and on, I have been trying. But I didn't know what to do in my situation."

"Will you answer me one question, as truly and fully as you are able?"

"Yes, sir, if I think it is *right* for me to answer it."

"The question is, has not your seriousness, and has not your trying to seek God, sometimes been diminished, *just when* you have had the most temptation in the store, leading you to do what you thought wrong—even if you did it for another?"

He sat in silence, apparently pondering the question for a few moments, and then replied—

"Yes—I believe it has."

"'Quench not the Spirit,' then," said I. I then entered into particular conversation with him about his religious feelings, and found that his convictions of sin, and his desires for salvation, had rendered him for some weeks particularly reluctant to continue in an employment where he felt obliged to practise so much deception. And I thought I could discover no little evidence in the history he gave me of his religious impressions, that the way of his daily business had been hostile to his attempts to come to repentance. And after I had plainly pointed out to him the demands of the gospel, and explained, as well as I could, the free offers of its grace and salvation, to all which he listened with intense attention and solemnity, he asked—

"What would you advise me to do about my *business?*"

"Just this; go back to your store, and do all your duties most faithfully and punctually, without lying.

If your employer finds fault with you, explain to him mildly and respectfully, that you are willing to do all that is right according to the law of God: but that you cannot consent to lie for anybody. If he is not a fool, he will like you the better for it, and prize you the more; for he will at once see, that he has got one clerk, on whose veracity he can depend. But if the man is as silly as he is unconscientious, he will probably dismiss you before long. After that, you can look about you, and see what you can do. And, rely upon it, God will open a way for you somewhere. But first and most of all, repent and believe in Jesus Christ."

The young man left me, promising soon to see me again. He did see me. He was led to seek the Lord. He became a decided Christian. He united with the church. But he did not remain long in that store. His mode did not please his employer.

However, he soon found another place. He established a character for integrity and promptness, and entered afterwards into business for himself. He prospered. He prospers still. It is now thirteen years since he came to me at that late hour in the evening, and he is now a man of extensive property, of high respectability,—has a family,—and is contented and happy. I often hear of him, as an active and useful member of a church not far distant. I sometimes meet with him. He is still accustomed to open all his heart to me, when we are together; and it is very pleasant for me to notice his engagedness in religion, his respectability and happiness.

His employer became bankrupt about seven years after he left him, and almost as much bankrupt in character as in fortune. He still lives, I believe; but in poverty, scarcely sustaining himself by his daily toil.

I attribute this young man's integrity, conversion, and salvation, to his "old mother," as he always fondly called her. But for the lessons which she instilled into his mind, and the hold which she got upon his conscience,

before he was fifteen, I do not believe I should ever have seen him. In my first interview with him, it was evident that the thought of his mother touched him more tenderly than anything else; and to this day, I scarcely ever meet him, and speak with him of personal religion, but some mention is made of his "old mother."

The instance of this young man has led me to think much of the dangers to which persons so situated are exposed; and I think I find in his history the clue to an explanation of a melancholy fact, that has often come under my notice. The fact to which I now refer is simply this,—that many young men are, at times, evidently the subjects of the alarming influences of the Holy Spirit, who, nevertheless never become true Christians. And this young man's history goes far to convince me, that the Holy Spirit is quenched and led to depart from them, by some unconscientious proceedings in their business. If this young man had yielded to his employer, who can believe that he ever would have yielded to the Holy Spirit?

It was not strange that this young man should have felt a great anxiety about his earthly prospects and prosperity. He was poor. His "old mother" was poor. He had no friend to lean upon. In such a situation, I could excuse his anxiety; but, in such a situation, it was most sad to have the influences which were around him every hour of the day, turning his anxiety into temptation to sin. Before I knew him, he had almost come to believe that falsehood was a necessary thing in the transaction of business. He had noticed the eagerness of his employer to be rich. He had been sneered at and ridiculed as "too green," simply because he chose to act conscientiously; and this was a trial and a temptation very dangerous for a young man to encounter. It was a difficult thing for me, with all I could say, to pluck him out of this snare of the Devil. And I deem it quite probable, that large numbers of our young men are kept from seeking God, by an undue anxiety about worldly things,—an anxiety, fostered and goaded on to madness

by the spirit, example, and influence of their employers. By this unwise and uncalled-for anxiety to be rich, the heart is harassed, the conscience is beclouded by some smooth sophistry, the Holy Spirit is resisted, and heaven forgotten; and all this, at that very age, when the heart ought to be happy, and when, as the character is forming, it is most important that God's word and God's Spirit should not be unheeded. By this anxiety to be rich the bright morning of youth is overhung with dark clouds of care, and the immortal soul is grappled to the world as with chains of iron! No young man should feel himself qualified or safe, in entering upon the business of the world, till his hope is fixed on Christ, and his unalterable determination is to obey God, and gain heaven, whatever else he loses. And it would be well for every such young man, when surrounded by the influences of an eager and craving covetousness, and its thousand temptations, to hold the world in check, and be led to prayer, by the remembrance of his "Old Mother."

THE LAW OF LOVE.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

POUR forth the oil, pour boldly forth
It will not fail until
Thou failest vessels to provide,
Which it may largely fill.

But then, when such are found no more,
Though flowing broad and free,
Till then, and nourished from on high,
It straightway stanched will be.

Dig channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run:
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
  Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for thee
  Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
  That good thing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
  Such is the law of love.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

ELIZA COOK.

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down
  In a lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
  But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed
  To make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed:
  And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
  As grieved as man could be;
And after a while, as he ponder'd there,
  "I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropp'd,
  With its silken cobweb clue:
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopp'd
  To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
  And it hung by a rope so fine;
That how it would get to its cobweb home,
  King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavour;
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stay'd,
To utter the least complaint;
Till it fell still lower, and there it laid,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And travell'd a half-yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the king, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb;
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more,
Ah! me, tis an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
Oh! say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got;
And a bold little run at the very last pinch,
Put him into his native cot.

"Bravo! bravo!" the king cried out,
"All honour to those who try:
The spider up there defied despair;
He conquer'd, and why shouldn't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying "I can't."
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing;
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the spider and king!

(*By permission of the Author.*)

DIFFERENT MINDS.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

SOME murmur, when the sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue:
And some with thankful love are fill'd
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

A VILLAGE TALE.

THE story I am going to relate happened a few years ago, in one of the prettiest villages in the middle counties of England. It is within a short distance of a fashionable watering-place, and is a favourite drive for visitors. The church, always the first attraction, is built on a slight eminence, overlooking a quiet river, the sides of which are grown with sedgy weeds, rushes, and all sorts of beautiful flowers, the forget-me-not flourishing with the greatest luxuriance. The building itself can be best described by comparing it with the generality of village churches in England. There is the same square grey tower, venerable in antiquity, overgrown with moss and lichens; the long, low chancel, covered with ivy; windows peeping out here and there, without much regard to order. The churchyard cross may be seen, standing on its three stone steps, and ever facing the glorious East; leading our thoughts to Him who shall come from thence, and all His holy angels with Him.

It was during a very severe winter a few years since, when the greatest distress prevailed throughout England—when the poor man was barely able to buy a loaf of bread, and when he could still less afford the necessary fire and clothing to keep up life within—that our tale commences.

I had been my rounds, and while waiting for my cousin, the Rector, leant over a gate, looking at the thin, grey smoke issuing from a cottage chimney opposite, and curling up into the air. Two boys came down the lane. As they approached, their conversation became distinctly audible, and I discovered that one was describing to the other, with great glee, the sight he had seen that morning, while accompanying his father into L——, namely, the hounds in full chase after some unhappy fox.

"O Willie," said the eldest, "bean't it a fine sight—the huntsmen with their grand red coats! as well, any day, as the soldiers as now I see'd pass through to L——."

Willie sighed, and thought to himself whether he should ever have the opportunity of witnessing some of the grand sights that George thought quite common.

"Yes, George," he replied; "I'd ha' given a sight of money to be there; but Mark Davis told me as how there'd be another meet at —— Park next week, and I've a mind to catch a sight on't. May be you'd go too?"

"Well, well," replied George, "I'll go; but we must be off betimes that day. But don't ye go a bragging on't to father or mother, or may be they'll end it."

The boys now said farewell; George entered the cottage, and Willie proceeded down the lane.

I soon forgot the conversation which I had heard, little thinking how soon it would be brought to my mind. And yet, as I pursued my way down the hill towards the parsonage, I pondered on the last words uttered by George—"Don't ye go a bragging on't to father or mother, or may be they'll end it,"—and the following sentence rushed into my mind: "It is a great matter to live in obedience, and not to be at our own disposing."

* * * * * *

"Stir ye, Willie, my boy," said James Davies to his son, the morning of the hunt; "stir ye, my boy, and go your way to work. Be the hedge mended yet?"

"Not yet, father," said the boy; "I am to go and help finish it to-day."

It was little he could do; in fact, he went more to keep out of harm's way than anything else. But to-day he had very different employment, and as soon as his father quitted the house, he went to look for George, who was waiting for him, and they were off. Leaving the village, they passed up a lane, and across two or three fields, and at last came in sight of a wood, which

extended for a considerable distance around as far as the eye could reach. It was a lovely morning, about the middle of January. The air was clear, and the hoar frost glittered like thousands of diamonds on each branch and spray; every blade of grass was encrusted in silver sheen, and the webs of insects were as the most fairy-like lacework. The boys did not stop to examine the beauty of the scene; they never thought of turning round before they entered the wood, to look at the lovely prospect that lay beneath. If they had done so, they might have reflected as to the propriety of thus forming plans without their parents' leave. They dashed madly onwards, and still more wildly when they heard a horn slowly winded.

"Stop, George!" said Willie; "there bean't no more breath in my body. I can't run any more."

"A pretty fellow you are!" said George, "to come out hunting, and to tire afore we get there; howbeit, I'll wait a minute."

And he did wait; for though he appeared so brave, he was almost as much done up as his companion, and was nothing loth to rest.

Before many minutes had gone by, the halloos were more distinctly heard, and several horsemen dashed through the thicket, about a hundred yards from where they stood. George and Willie were up in an instant, and off after them; and still on they ran, never considering that they might lose their way. By-and-by, however, they were obliged once more to desist; for, added to fatigue, hunger now made itself felt. They looked around them and at each other aghast; they had never been in that part of the wood before. It was getting intensely cold, and already the twilight was coming on apace; for in the thickness of the trees of course the days were very short. What were they to do? Willie could not walk any more, and George could not carry him. Then, it may be, for the first time they repented of the step they had taken.

"O George," said little Willie, "where will mother

think we are, when we don't return to dinner, and then to supper? I am so hungry! Do you think it is supper time yet?" he continued, and he began to cry.

"No, not yet," said George; "but don't ye fret so."

They sat down completely exhausted, and neither spoke for some time: at last Willie looked up.

"Georgy, dear, I'm afeard we are very bad boys, to come away without asking leave of father or mother. I thought so once before, but you told me not to tell."

Poor George! his sin was now meeting with its own punishment, and he knew it. The thought that they might both die of cold and hunger came with fearful intensity to his mind. He tried once more to look around him for some place to go to for shelter, but it was of no avail, and he gave it up.

"I am so sleepy, George!" said the little boy once more. "I think I can go to sleep here, only I will first say my prayers, and will ask God to forgive me."

And he knelt with folded hands as he was wont, and repeated the Lord's Prayer; and after commending himself and all dear to him to His gracious keeping, he lay down underneath a tree, while his friend tried to cover him with his own coat.

George watched till it was quite dark, and he too prayed for forgiveness; and then, with a mind more at peace, lay down by Willie's side.

The night passed on; hour after hour flew swiftly by; the cold was intense, and their clothes and hair became stiff and frozen. George could not sleep, and a strange feeling came over him. He looked at his companion, and he saw him with a face like marble; he touched him, and he was cold and rigid. Still the truth was not clear to him, and it was only in the grey dawn of the early morning, when he tried to awaken him, that he found that little Willie had left this world for ever. Then the wood resounded with the cries of the unhappy boy, till at last he fell back completely exhausted. In this state he was found some time after-

wards by his parents, who had sought him for hours. He was carried home, and put into a warm bed, but so weak that no one expected him to live.

But who can describe the agony of poor Willie's mother, when her child was brought to her? It was only after my cousin had been with her, and told her how to bear this grief, that she could be at all comforted; it was not until then that she could try to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done!"

George lingered for two days, and then expired. His sorrow was deep and sincere, and an hour or so before his death he asked to see Willie's mother, to beg her forgiveness for having led her son astray, and for the grief he had brought on her.

"Let me be buried with Willie, mother; and on the same day," he said, "and plant some flowers on our grave."

These were the last words he spoke; and he died that evening.

* * * * * *

It was the Sunday following, after the evening service, that the funerals took place. Mr. G—— had arranged that all the school children should be present; and those belonging to Georgy's and Willie's class bore their coffins.

In less than a week the place that had known them knew them no more; a week before they had worshipped in God's church for the last time on earth; and now they were come to be committed, earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, we will hope in prospect of a joyful resurrection. It was an affecting sight, and there were few who did not deeply feel it. After the solemn, but beautiful and touching, service was over, Mr. G—— returned to the church, and addressed the children. He told them they might learn a great lesson from the event that had taken place—the greatest lesson in life, namely, obedience. By disobedience man fell, and all were made sinners; but by the obedience of One Man many were made righteous. He told them that they must

try to follow in the footsteps of this great pattern; and that whenever they felt inclined to be tempted to disobey, they must remember how our blessed Saviour gave us an example of great humility when a child like themselves, how He was subject unto His parents, and how He increased in favour both with God and man.

Months and years have passed since then, but I am sure there are several who will not easily forget that Sunday. The pretty village, the old church, the quiet river—all is the same still. I walked through the churchyard last summer, and I paused on the brow of the hill, and looked beneath. I saw some children standing by the river side, and I heard a little girl repeating, "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

Georgy and Willie came to my mind, and turning away, I walked quickly to the spot. It was a simple headstone, with a cross carved thereon. Underneath it was written:—

SACRED TO

THE MEMORY OF GEORGE FORSTER, AND WILLIAM BRETT,

WHO DIED THE —TH AND —TH DAY OF JANUARY, 184—.

"Children, obey your Parents in the Lord, for this is right."

(*By permission of Mr. Masters.*)

EVENING.

Rev. John Keble.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;

Or, by the light Thy words disclose,
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense;

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern!

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live!
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die!

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark!
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

The rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordain'd to stand,
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright!
Let all do all as in Thy sight!

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy priests their daily cross,
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice divine;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin!

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store!
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE HAPPY BLIND GIRL.

J. E. Carpenter.

Oh! stranger, do not pity me,
Nor pass me with a sigh,
Because the great and blessed light
Is hidden from mine eye;
What though I cannot *see* the orb—
I feel the warm sunshine,
My mind has conjur'd up a world
As beautiful as thine.

I mark no change—I know not what
The world has called decay,
My fertile spots are ever-green
That never fade away;
I never doubt—I never fear,
I praise but never blame;
My creed it is a blessed one,
And always is the same.

I never knew a fain regret,
I never wished to see,
I would not that ideal lose
So beautiful to me;
They tell of fair and beauteous scenes
Of splendour and of state,
But tell they not of others too,
Too fearful to relate?

What though I cannot gaze upon
The beauty of the rose,
Nor ponder o'er the flowers that such
Variety disclose?
I do not see them one by one
Droop—wither—fade and die,
Their perfume is as dear to me
When they forgotten lie!

I cannot see the antique form
Of viol, harp, or lute,
I know no beauty of the shape,
When their strange tones are mute;
But, when I strike the loud wild chords,
Or they are struck for me,
I feel as only they can feel
Who feel but do not see!

They say the plumage of the bird
Is lovely to behold,
As, 'mid the living morning air,
Its wings it doth unfold;
I do not see, but I can hear
The soft sweet strains above,
That seem to breathe the melody
Of wisdom and of love.

Then, stranger, do not pity me,
Nor pass me with a sigh,
Because the great and blessed light
Is hidden from mine eye;

He cannot walk in darkness who
Throughout his life has trod
The paths of virtue, and who feels
The presence of his God!

THE SAPPHIRE THRONE.

Rev. George Aspinall, d.d.

I saw in heaven a sapphire throne
On which the Father reigned alone;
While round about a rainbow bright,
Like to an emerald, stream'd its light.

I heard a voice—"Who here is meet
To share Jehovah's sacred seat?
Who may yon Sapphire Throne ascend?
To whom shall high Archangels bend?"

Thereat was silence, deep and long,
Unbroken by a seraph's song;
A solemn silence so profound,
That loud had seem'd the lowest sound!

Then rising from Mount Olive's height,
With beauty clad, with splendour bright,
I saw a form divine appear,
And to the gates of Life draw near.

Their lustrous leaves those gates unfold
And at His presence pale their gold;
The everlasting doors give way,
His flight triumphal nought can stay!

'Tis He! the scorn'd and scoff'd of earth,
The Nazarene of humble birth;
Whose weary feet but now have trod
The wine-press of the wrath of God.

'Tis He! Behold the crown of thorn,
On Calvary so lately worn;
Behold it, rich with every gem,
A blood-bought, royal diadem!

'Tis He! the Son of God and Man,
Adore we here salvation's plan
By Him revealed, in Him complete,
And He now shares His Father's seat!

O Sapphire Throne, superbly bright,
Sparkle and blaze with ADDED light,
And worship to the Son be giv'n,
The One with God, the Prince of Heav'n!

THE MOTHER AND HER DEAD CHILD.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE sat a mother with a little child. She was so downcast, so afraid that it should die! It was so pale, the small eyes had closed themselves, it drew its breath so softly, and now and then with a deep respiration, as if it sighed; and the mother looked still more sorrowfully on the little creature.

Then a knocking was heard at the door, and in came a poor old man wrapped up as in a large horse-cloth, for it warms one, and he needed it, as it was the cold winter season! Everything out of doors was covered with ice and snow, and the wind blew so that it cut the face.

As the old man trembled with cold, and the little child slept a moment, the mother went and poured some ale into a pint pot and set it on the stove, that it might be warm for him; the old man sat and rocked the cradle, and the mother sat down on a chair close

by him, looked at her little sick child that drew its breath so deep, and raised its little hand.

"Do you think that I shall save him?" said she. "*Our Lord* will not take him from me!"

And the old man—it was Death himself—he nodded so strangely, it could just as well signify yes as no. And the mother looked down in her lap, and the tears ran down over her cheeks; her head became so heavy—she had not closed her eyes for three days and nights; and now she slept, but only for a minute, when she started up and trembled with cold: "What is that?" said she, and looked on all sides; but the old man was gone, and her little child was gone—he had taken it with him; and the old clock in the corner burred, and burred, the great leaden weight ran down to the floor, bump! and then the clock also stood still.

But the poor mother ran out of the house and cried aloud for her child.

Out there, in the midst of the snow, there sat a woman in long, black clothes; and she said, "Death has been in thy chamber, and I saw him hasten away with thy little child; he goes faster than the wind, and he never brings back what he takes!"

"Oh, only tell me which way he went!" said the mother. "Tell me the way, and I shall find him!"

"I know it!" said the woman in black clothes, "but before I tell it, thou must sing for me all the songs thou hast sung for thy child!—I am fond of them, I have heard them before; I am Night; I saw thy tears whilst thou sang'st them!"

"I will sing them all—all!" said the mother; "but do not stop me now;—I may overtake him—I may find my child!"

But Night stood still and mute. Then the mother wrung her hands, sang and wept, and there were many songs, but yet many more tears: and then Night said, "Go to the right, into the dark pine forest: thither I saw Death take his way with thy little child!"

The roads crossed each other in the depths of the forest, and she no longer knew whither she should go; then there stood a thorn-bush, there was neither leaf nor flower on it, it was also in the cold winter season, and ice-flakes hung on the branches.

"Hast thou seen Death go past with my little child?" said the mother.

"Yes," said the thorn-bush; "but I will not tell thee which way he took, unless thou wilt first warm me up at thy heart. I am freezing to death; I shall become a lump of ice!"

And she pressed the thorn-bush to her breast, so firmly, that it might be thoroughly warmed, and the thorns went right into her flesh, and her blood flowed in large drops, but the thorn-bush shot forth fresh green leaves, and there came flowers on it in the cold winter night, the heart of the afflicted mother was so warm; and the thorn-bush told her the way she should go.

She then came to a large lake, where there was neither ship nor boat. The lake was not frozen sufficiently to bear her; neither was it open, nor low enough that she could wade through it; and across it she must go if she would find her child. Then she lay down to drink up the lake, and that was an impossibility for a human being, but the afflicted mother thought that a miracle might happen nevertheless.

"Oh, what would I not give to come to my child!" said the weeping mother; and she wept still more, and her eyes sunk down into the depths of the waters, and became two precious pearls; but the water bore her up, as if she sat on a swing, and she flew in the rocking waves to the shore on the opposite side, where there stood a mile-broad, strange house, one knew not if it were a mountain with forests and caverns, or if it were built up; but the poor mother could not see it, she had wept her eyes out.

"Where shall I find Death, who took away my little child?" said she.

"He has not come here yet!" said the old grave-

woman, who was appointed to look after Death's great green-house! "How have you been able to find your way hither? and who has helped you?"

"*Our Lord* has helped me," said she. "He is merciful, and you will also be so! Where shall I find my little child?"

"Nay, I know not," said the woman, "and you cannot see! Many flowers and trees have withered this night; Death will soon come and plant them over again! You certainly know that every person has his or her life's tree or flower, just as every one happens to be settled; they look like other plants, but have pulsations of the heart. Children's hearts can also beat; go after yours, perhaps you may know your child's; but what will you give me, if I tell you what you shall do more?"

"I have nothing to give," said the afflicted mother, "but I will go to the world's end for you!"

"Nay, I have nothing to do there!" said the woman, "but you can give me your long black hair; you know yourself that it is fine, and that I like! You shall have my white hair instead! that's always something!"

"Do you demand nothing else?" said she,—"that I will gladly give you!" And she gave her fine black hair, and got the old woman's snow white hair instead.

So they went into Death's great green-house, where flowers and trees grew strangely into one another. There stood fine hyacinths under glass bells, and there stood strong-stemmed peonies; there grew water-plants, some so fresh, others half sick, the water-snakes lay down on them, and black crabs pinched their stalks. There stood beautiful palm-trees, oaks, and plantains; there stood parsley and flowering thyme: every tree and every flower had its name; each of them was a human life, and the human frame still lived—one in China, and another in Greenland—round about in the world. There were large trees in small pots, so that

they stood so stunted in growth, and ready to burst the pots; in other places, there was a little dull flower in rich mould, with moss round about it, and it was so petted and nursed. But the distressed mother bent down over all the smallest plants, and heard within them how the human heart beat; and amongst millions, she knew her child's.

"There it is!" cried she, and stretched her hands out over a little blue crocus, that hung quite sickly on one side.

"Don't touch the flower!" said the old woman, "but place yourself here, and when Death comes,—I expect him every moment—do not let him pluck the flower up, but threaten him that you will do the same with the others. Then he will be afraid! he is responsible for them to *Our Lord*, and no one dares to pluck them up before *He* gives leave."

All at once an icy-cold rushed through the great hall, and the blind mother could feel that it was Death that came.

"How hast thou been able to find thy way hither?" he asked. "How could'st thou come quicker than I?"

"I am a mother," said she.

And Death stretched out his long hand towards the fine little flower, but she held her hands fast round his, so tight, and yet afraid that she should touch one of the leaves. Then Death blew on her hands, and she felt that it was colder than the wind, and her hands fell down powerless.

"Thou canst not do anything against me!" said Death.

"But that *Our Lord* can!" said she.

"I only do His bidding!" said Death. "I am His gardener, I take all His flowers and trees, and plant them out in the great garden of Paradise, in the unknown land; but how they grow there, and how it is there, I dare not tell thee."

"Give me back my child!" said the mother, and

she wept and prayed. At once she seized hold of two beautiful flowers close by, with each hand, and cried out to Death, "I will tear all thy flowers off, for I am in despair."

"Touch them not!" said Death. "Thou say'st that thou art so unhappy, and now thou wilt make another mother equally unhappy."

"Another mother!" said the poor woman, and directly let go her hold of both the flowers.

"There, thou hast thine eyes," said Death; "I fished them up from the lake, they shone so bright; I knew not they were thine. Take them again, they are now brighter than before; now look down into the deep well close by, I shall tell thee the names of the two flowers thou would'st have torn up, and thou wilt see their whole future life—their whole human existence; see what thou wast about to disturb and destroy."

And she looked down into the well; and it was a happiness to see how the one became a blessing to the world, to see how much happiness and joy were felt everywhere. And she saw the other's life, and it was sorrow and distress, horror and wretchedness.

"Both of them are God's will!" said Death.

"Which of them is Misfortune's flower? and which is that of Happiness?" asked she.

"That I will not tell thee," said Death; "but this thou shalt know from me, that the one flower was thy own child! it was thy child's fate thou saw'st—thy own child's future life!"

Then the mother screamed with terror "Which of them was my child? Tell it me! save the innocent! save my child from all that misery! rather take it away! take it into God's kingdom! Forget my tears, forget my prayers, and all that I have done!"

"I do not understand thee!" said Death. "Wilt thou have thy child again, or shall I go with it there, where thou dost not know?"

Then the mother wrung her hands, fell on her knees, and prayed to our Lord: "Oh, hear me not when I

pray against Thy will, which is the best! hear me not! hear me not!"

And she bowed her head down in her lap, and Death took her child and went with it into the unknown land.

TRUTH.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THERE is a marked likeness between the virtue of man and the enlightenment of the globe he inhabits—the same diminishing gradation in vigour up to the limits of their domains, the same essential separation from their contraries, the same twilight at the meeting of the two: a something wider belt than the line where the world rolls into night, that strange twilight of the virtues; that dusky debateable land, wherein zeal becomes impatience, and temperance becomes severity, and justice becomes cruelty, and faith superstition, and each and all vanish into gloom. Nevertheless, with the greater number of them, though their dimness increases gradually, we may mark the moment of their sunset; and, happily, may turn the shadow back by the way by which it had gone down: but for one, the line of the horizon is irregular and undefined, and this, too, the very equator and girdle of them all—Truth; that only one of which there are no degrees, but breaks and rents continually; that pillar of the earth, yet a cloudy pillar; that golden and narrow line, which the very powers and virtues that lean upon it bend, which policy and prudence conceal, which kindness and courtesy modify, which courage overshadows with his shield, imagination covers with her wings, and charity dims with her tears. How difficult must the maintenance of that authority be, which, while it has to restrain the hostility of all the worst principles of men, has also to restrain the disorders of his best, which is continually assaulted by the one and betrayed by the other, and which regards with the same severity the lightest and

the boldest violations of its law! There are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom; but truth forgives no insult, and endures no stain.

We do not enough consider this; nor enough dread the slight and continual occasions of offence against her. We are too much in the habit of looking at falsehood in its darkest associations, and through the colour of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute, is indeed only at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny nor treachery that does the largest sum of mischief in the world; they are continually crushed, and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie; the amiable fallacy, the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partizan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that cast that black mystery over humanity, through which we thank any man who pierces, as we would thank one who dug a well in a desert; happy, that the thirst for truth still remains with us, even when we have wilfully left the fountains of it.

It would be well if moralists less frequently confused the greatness of a sin with its unpardonableness. The two characters are altogether distinct. The greatness of a fault depends partly on the nature of the person against whom it is committed, partly upon the extent of its consequences. Its pardonableness depends, humanly speaking, on the degree of temptation to it. One class of circumstances determines the weight of the attaching punishment; the other, the claim to remission of punishment: and since it is not always easy for men to estimate the relative weight, nor always

possible for them to know the relative consequences, of crime, it is usually wise in them to quit the care of such nice measurements, and to look to the other and clearer condition of culpability, esteeming those faults worst which are committed under least temptation. I do not mean to diminish the blame of the injurious and malicious sin, of the selfish and deliberate falsity; yet it seems to me, that the shortest way to check the darker forms of deceit is to set watch more scrupulous against those which have mingled, unregarded and unchastised, with the current of our life. Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside: they may be light and accidental; but they are as ugly as soot from the smoke of the pit for all that; and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without over care as to which is largest or blackest. Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit. To speak and act truth with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty; and it is a strange thought how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold to it at the cost of life or fortune, for one who would hold to it at the cost of a little daily trouble. And seeing that of all sin there is, perhaps, no one more flatly opposite to the Almighty, no one more "wanting the good of virtue and of being," than this of lying, it is surely a strange insolence to fall into the foulness of it on light or on no temptation, and surely becoming an honourable man to resolve, that, whatever semblances or fallacies the necessary course of his life may compel him to bear or to believe, none shall disturb the serenity of his voluntary actions, nor diminish the reality of his chosen delights.

(*From the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." By permission of Messrs. Smith and Elder.*)

THE PAINTED WINDOW.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

THIS is our painted window,
Of pure white lights before,
But when my lord died, Lady Ann,
To prove the love she bore,
Raised this, and turned his hunters out,
To grass for evermore.

And here she sits, beneath it,
In amethyst and rose;
And if the Virgin's kirtle
Tinges her steadfast nose,
She heeds it not; but lurid
Through Morning Service goes.

To see our famous window
From all the country side,
The wondering rustics gather,
And noise it far and wide;
Till Lady Ann esteems it
Our village boast and pride.

For me—I loved that better
Which as a boy I knew,
Rearing its open arches
Against God's solemn blue;
Five portals which His glory
Was ever streaming through.

Hour after hour beneath it
The dreaming boy would sit,
And watch it, with the splendour
Of Heaven's radiance lit—
A window beautiful indeed,
For God had painted it!

Sometimes of the Good Shepherd
Our loving pastor told,
And of the sheep He tended;
And, lo! I saw the fold,
There in the blue reposing
Cloud-white, or fleeced in gold.

Sometimes a sea of crystal
The cloud-isles' rosy tips
Flushed through, or golden branches
Waved over cloudy ships;
And I beheld the vision
Of John's Apocalypse.

The yew-tree's ragged branches
Stretched black against the light;
And when the stormy sunset
Burned in it redly bright,
The burning bush on Horeb
Gleamed on my wond'ring sight.

And sometimes in the twilight,
Before the prayer was done,
Out of the warming opal
The stars broke one by one;
To me they were the symbols
Of Heaven's benizon.

So in each prayer repeated,
Each sacred lesson taught,
'Twas Heaven itself assisted
To shape the heavenly thought,
And on *my* painted window
The holy picture wrought.

But now the pallid Virgin,
With saffron-oozing hair,
For ever weeps, and ever
The Four are rigid there;
And gold and reds and purples
Are all their saintly wear.

The lights are mediæval,
The figures square and quaint;
But more I loved the splendour
No human hand could paint—
The heav'n now blotted under
Each intercepting saint.

As these were men, their presence
Can all my manhood move,
Their sufferings all my pity,
Their loving all my love:
But thoughts of men tend downward,
And thoughts of God above.

And, as I am but human,
Is this a gain to me?
To bound my soul's perceptions
By their humanity?
To gaze upon God's sainted,
Where God was wont to be?

(*From "Temple Bar." By permission of the Author.*)

NEVER FORGET TO PRAY.

T. H. Bayly.

Never, my child, forget to pray,
What e'er the business of the day,
If happy dreams have bless'd thy sleep,
If startling fears have made thee weep,
With holy thoughts begin the day;
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

Pray Him by whom the birds are fed,
To give to thee thy daily bread;
If wealth his bounty should bestow,
Praise Him from whom all blessings flow,
If He who gave should take away,
Oh! ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

A time may come when thou wilt miss
A father's, and a mother's kiss,
And then, my child, perchance thou'lt see,
Some who in prayer ne'er bend the knee;
From such examples turn away,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

ANECDOTES FOR BOYS.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

THE BOY AND THE BOATMEN.

A YOUNG lad was once rowing me across the Merrimack River in a boat. Some boatmen, going down the river with timber, had drawn up their boat, and anchored it in the spot where the boy wished to land me.

"There!" he exclaimed, "those boatmen have left their boat exactly in my way."

"What did they do that for?" I asked.

"On purpose to plague me," said he; "but I will cut it loose, and let it go down the river. I would have them know I can be as disagreeable as they can."

"But, my lad," said I, "you should not plague them because they plague you. Besides, how do you know that they left their boat there on purpose to vex and to trouble you?"

"But they had no business to leave it there—it is against the rules," said he.

"True," I replied, "and yet you have no business to send their boat down the river. Would it not be better to ask them to remove it out of the way?"

"They will not comply, if I do?" said the angry boy, "and they will do so again."

"Well, try for once," said I. "Run your boat a little above, or a little below theirs, and see if they will

not assist you, when they see you are disposed to give way, in order to accommodate them."

The boy complied; and when the men in the boat saw the little fellow quietly and pleasantly pulling at his oars, in order to run his boat ashore above them, they took hold of his boat and helped him, and wheeled their boat around, and gave him all the accommodation he wished for.

Thus, by submitting pleasantly to what he believed was done to vex him, the boy prevented a quarrel. Had he cut the rope, at that time and place, and let their boat loose, it would have done the boatmen much damage. There would have been a fight, and many would have been drawn into it. But the boy, who considered himself the injured party, prevented it all by a kind and pleasant submission to the inconvenience.

AN EYE FOR A PIN.

Two boys, named Abel and George, were at the same school. Each was about ten years old: they were not brothers, but schoolmates and classmates. Both of them had irritable tempers, and had been taught to think that they must resent injuries, and defend their rights at all hazards. Playing *pin* was a common amusement in the school. They played in this way: two boys would take a hat, and set it down between them, crown upward. Each boy would lay a pin on the crown of the hat, and push it—first one boy would push the pin, and then the other. He who could push the pins so as to make them lie across each other, became entitled to them both. One day during play hour, Abel and George were playing pin. They pushed the pins about for some time. Both became much excited by the game. At last, Abel pushed the pins so that, as he said, one lay across the point of the other. George denied it. Abel declared they did, and snatched up both pins. George's anger broke forth in a moment, and he struck Abel in the face with his fist. This ex-

cited Abel's wrath. They began to fight—the other boys clustering around, not to part them, but to urge them on. Some cried, "Hit him Abel!" and some, "Give it to him, George!" thus stimulating them to quarrel. The boys seized each other, and finally came tumbling to the ground, Abel uppermost. Then Abel, in his fury, beat George in the face, till the blood spouted from his nose and mouth, and he lay like one dead. Then the boys pulled Abel off. But George could not get up. The boys began to be alarmed. They were afraid Abel had killed him. The teacher was called. He carried George in, and washed the blood from his face and head, which he found bruised in a shocking manner. One of his eyes was so hurt and swollen that he could not open it. And from that day the sight of it grew more and more dim, till it became blind.

An eye for a pin! It was a dear bargain. Yet there was as much sense in their fighting, and putting out each other's eyes, for a pin, as there would have been in doing the same thing for a kingdom. It is just as displeasing to our heavenly Father, to see human beings fighting for a kingdom as for a pin. Two nations may as well go to war for a pin as for an empire. It is wrong to fight for either.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

WHEN I lived in Boston, I was one of the city school committee. I used to visit some of the public schools of the city almost every day, and spend a few minutes in each school, talking to the children on peace and temperance. The children understood that, when I came to the schools, they were at liberty to ask me my opinions on these subjects. They generally had some questions to ask.

One day I visited one of the infant schools. There were about fifty children in it, between four and eight years of age.

"Children," said I, "have any of you a question to ask to-day?"

"Please to tell us," said a little boy, "what is meant by '*overcoming evil with good?*'"

"I am glad," said I, "you have asked that question; for I love to talk to you about peace, and to show you how to settle all difficulties without fighting."

I then tried to show them what the precept meant, and how to apply it and carry it out. While I tried to think of something to make it plain to the children, the following incident occurred:—

A boy about seven years of age, and his sister about five years of age, sat near me. As I was talking, George doubled up his fist, and struck his sister on her head, as unkind and cruel brothers often do. She was angry in a moment, and raised her hand at once to strike him in return. The teacher saw her, and said, "*Mary, you had better kiss your brother.*" Mary dropped her hand, and looked up at the teacher, as if she did not fully understand her. She had never been taught to return good for evil. She thought that if her brother struck her, she of course had a right to strike in return. She had always been taught to act on this cruel maxim. Her teacher looked kindly at her, and at George, and said again, "My dear Mary, you had better kiss your brother. See how angry and unhappy he looks!" Mary looked at her brother. He looked sullen and wretched. Her resentment was soon gone, and love for her brother returned to her heart. She threw both her arms about his neck, and kissed him! The poor boy was wholly unprepared for such a kind return for his blow. He could not endure the generous affection of his sister. His feelings were touched, and he burst out crying. His gentle sister took the corner of her apron, and wiped away his tears, and sought to comfort him by saying, with endearing sweetness and generous affection, "*Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much.*" But he only wept the more. No wonder. It was enough to make anybody weep.

But why did George weep? Poor little fellow! Little did he dream that his sister would give him such a sweet return for his wicked blow. Would he have wept, if his sister had struck him as he had struck her? Not he. By kissing him as she did, she made him feel more acutely than if she had beaten him black and blue. By striking him again, she would not have made him feel sorry at all. It was that sweet sisterly kiss—that gentle act of wiping away his tears with her apron—that generous and anger-killing affection, that led her to excuse him, and seek to comfort him, by saying, "*Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much*"—these things made him weep. It would make anybody weep to receive such kind and generous treatment from one whom he had injured. No man could withstand it.

A kiss for a blow! All the school saw, at once, what was meant by overcoming evil with good; and they needed no further instruction on the subject. They never will forget it. Had Mary struck her brother, there had been a fight. It was prevented by her kiss.

When others strike you, or do anything to you which you think an injury, always do as sweet little Mary did. Give a kiss for a blow, and there will be no trouble. They will take care how they wrong you in any way, when they are once sure that the injuries they do you will not be returned. Though George was the older and the larger, and could strike the harder, yet Mary conquered him. George's large, strong body, his muscular arm, and hard blows, were not a match for the strong love and sweet kiss of Mary. If George had had the body of a giant, or the strength of a million of men in his arm, Mary's sweet love and kiss, and those gentle but heart-piercing words, "Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much," would have conquered them all. What could poor George do? If he had had all the arms and soldiers in the world to help him in his attack upon Mary, conduct such as hers would have conquered them all.

Dear children, arm yourselves with Mary's weapons; throw away your anger, your sullen looks, your provoking nicknames, your clinched fists, and furious blows, and take the sweet love and soft words of little Mary; then go forth to meet your enemies, and you may be sure of an easy and bloodless victory.

In every family children should be taught how to use these weapons. Their parents should be their teachers. I have often thought, that if the nation would establish schools to teach all our children how to conquer their enemies with these powerful but gentle weapons, instead of establishing schools to teach them how to fight and kill them with swords and guns, our property, liberty, and lives would be safer; and it would not cost half so much to keep them safe. But now, instead of being taught to meet our enemies and subdue them with love and kindness, we are taught to meet them with deadly weapons, and to "kill, slay, and destroy" them. Children never will be safe; parents never will be safe; towns, cities, states, and nations never will be safe, till all these murderous instruments are thrown away, and children are taught *never to hunch those who crowd*, and always to give A KISS FOR A BLOW!

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

LITTLE WILLIAM is six years of age. He is a mild, gentle, and generous boy, but he sometimes exhibits a *selfish* spirit. When asked to do anything, he is apt to say, "Why can't brother Edward do it?"

I was at his father's house, in the time of hay-harvest. It was a very warm day. Edward was in the meadow, tossing and raking hay with his father. William was in the house with his mother.

"William," said his mother, "I wish you would clean the knives."

"Mother," said William, "I would rather not."

"Why?" asked his mother.

"I have no time to spare to clean knives," answered William.

"No time!" exclaimed his mother. "Why, what have you to do?"

"Why, mother, I have so much business to attend to, I have no time for anything," said he.

"What business have you on hand to occupy your time, my son?"

"Why—why—mother, I must attend to my play."

"But you can clean the knives, and then have time enough to play," said his mother.

"Mother, the truth is, I would rather play than clean knives," said William.

"But the knives must be cleaned."

"Let Edward clean them," said William.

"He is in the meadow, making hay," said his mother.

"Let him clean them when he comes in," said William.

"He will be tired after working in the hot sunshine all day, and will wish to sit down and rest when he comes in," said his mother.

"Mother, why do you urge me to clean the knives, when you know I want to play?" said William.

"Because you ought to help to do the work," said his mother.

"I am willing to help to do the work when I do not wish to play," said William. "Edward can clean them when he comes in."

"Do you think it is right to leave this for your brother to do when he is tired?" said his mother. "You do not seem to love Edward much, or you would not leave all the work for him to do."

"Mother, I wish you would not talk to me so. I do not like to hear it," said William.

"Why?" asked his mother.

"Because, mother, I do not feel happy when you talk to me in that way," said William.

"Well, dear William, it seems to me that you want

your brother to do all the work, that you may have full time to play. If you think it right to do so, you may go and play, and I will clean the knives," said his mother.

William took the knives, and cleaned them.

A TRUE HERO.

Paul and James were brothers—one was nine, the other twelve years of age. They attended the same school. James, the younger, was ill-tempered and obstinate, but much beloved by Paul. The teacher, one day was about to punish James, when Paul stepped up and said to him—

"I wish you would punish me, and spare my little brother!"

The teacher was surprised, and said, "My dear Paul, you are one of my best boys. You have done nothing to deserve punishment. I cannot punish you."

"But," said Paul, "I shall suffer more in seeing my brother's disgrace and punishment than I should from anything you could do to me. My brother is a little boy, younger than I am. Pray, sir, allow me to take all the punishment. I can bear anything from you, sir. Do take me, and let my little brother go."

"Well, James," said the teacher, "what do you say to this noble offer of Paul?"

James looked at his brother, and said nothing.

"Do let me be punished, and let my brother go," urged Paul.

"Why, my dear Paul," said the teacher, "do you wish to receive the stripes instead of James?"

"Jesus gave his back to the smiters," said Paul, "and received stripes for the good of his enemies. James is my brother. Oh, sir, do forgive him, and let me be punished."

"But James does not ask me to forgive him," said the teacher. "Why should you feel so anxious about it, my dear boy? Does he not deserve correction?"

"Oh yes, sir," said Paul; "he has broken the rules, and is sullen and wilful. But do take me, and spare my brother."

Paul threw his arms about his brother's neck, and wept as if his heart would break. This was more than poor James could bear. His tears began to flow, and he embraced his generous brother.

The teacher clasped them both in his arms, and blessed them.

So would our heavenly Father fold all his children in his arms, and shelter them in the bosom of his love, if they would all love one another as Paul loved his brother. Then what a sweet and pleasant world this would be! Then would there be "*peace on earth.*"

THE STICK OF CANDY.

THOMAS and Gerald were brothers. One cold day, when the ground was frozen, they were out driving a hoop. Both boys were following and driving the same hoop. This is rather dangerous, as the boy who runs behind is in danger of throwing the other down. As they were driving their hoop down the street, running as fast as they could, Thomas, who was foremost, struck his foot against a stone, and fell headlong upon the frozen ground—coming down with violence upon his bare hands and face. Gerald being close behind, and running fast, could not stop, but came down with his whole weight on Thomas This hurt Thomas still more, and he was angry with Gerald for falling on him.

They both rose. Thomas began to scold and storm at his brother, and to beat him. What did Gerald do? Did he cry out and strike in return? He did no such thing. He put his hand into his pocket hurriedly, fumbled about, and soon drew out a stick of candy, which he thrust into his brother's mouth, as he was scolding and beating him. Thomas instantly stopped scolding and beating Gerald, and he looked confused and

ashamed. His brother urged him to take the candy. He took it and began to eat—evidently feeling very sorry that he had struck his generous brother.

Thus his wrath was disarmed, and his blows were stayed by love and kindness.

What boy or girl does not know that a stick of candy is a better weapon to fight with, and more likely to insure victory, than a stick of wood, or a fist?

COME AND GO.

R. S. Sharpe.

Dick Dawdle had land worth two hundred a year,
Yet from debt and from dunning he never was free;
His intellect was not surprisingly clear,
But he never felt satisfied how it could be.

The raps at his door, and the rings at his gate,
And the threats of a gaol he no longer could bear;
So he made up his mind to sell half his estate,
Which would pay all his debts, and leave something to spare.

He leased to a farmer the rest of his land
For twenty-one years; and on each quarter day
The honest man went with the rent in his hand,
His liberal landlord, delighted, to pay.

Before half the term of the lease had expired,
The farmer one day, with a bag full of gold,
Said, "Pardon me, sir, but I long have desired
To purchase my farm, if the land can be sold.

"Ten years I've been blest with success and with health,
With trials a few—I thank God, not severe—
I am grateful, I hope, though not proud of my wealth,
But I've managed to lay by a hundred a year."

"Why how," exclaimed Dick, "can this possibly be?"
(With a stare of surprise, and a mortified laugh);
"The *whole* of my farm proved too little for *me*,
And *you*, it appears, have grown rich upon *half*."

"I hope you'll excuse me," the farmer replies,
"But I'll tell you the cause, if your honour would know;
In two little words all the difference lies,
I always say *come*, and you used to say *go*."

"Well, and what does that mean, my good fellow?" he said.
"Why this, sir, that *I* always rise with the sun;
You said '*go*' to your man, as you lay in your bed,
I say '*Come* Jack with me,' and I see the work done."

HELON;

OR, THE THIRST FOR GOLD.

MRS. BANKS, Authoress of "God's Providence House."

"But woe unto him that heapeth up wealth in abundance, and rejoiceth alone in the possession thereof! . . . . The curse of iniquity pursueth him: he liveth in continual fear; the anxiety of his mind, and the rapacious desires of his own soul, take vengeance upon him for the calamities he has brought upon others."

ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

HELON had toiled through life in the pursuit
Of Fortune's shining talisman; and when
At length the golden sceptre men call Wealth
Had fallen to his lot, he wielded it
With a tyrannic hand. His song was "Gold!"
The subject of his thoughts and converse—"Gold!"
It was his friend—companion—his sole joy;—

He sowed in coin, and reaped abundantly
An overflowing harvest—golden too.
He dealt in gold; the idol unto which
He offered sacrifice incessantly,
And worshipped as a god, was Gold. In vain
The widow's prayer,—the orphan's bitter tears,—
The supplications of the wretched ones
His avarice had plunged into the gulf
Of deepest misery,—the plaintive wail
Of the impoverished creature writhing 'neath
The scourge of his extortions,—or the groans
Of beggared Age, thrown on the world to die,
Unfriended and alone—refused an alms
By him who most had wronged him! Vain all these
To move his unrelenting heart, and thaw
His iceberg bosom into charity.
Pity!—compassion! He *has heard* the words
At times, in some importunate appeal
Unto his better feelings; but he lacked
The kind interpreter within to teach
Their application, and the loveliness
Of so abstruse a language as the one
Mercy employs. The accents of distress
To him were music most melodious;
He revelled in its luxury, and fed
His idol's altar-flame with choicest gifts
Of sighs and groans, wrung from the heaving breasts
Of those he sacrificed; for truly he
Was styled High-priest to Mammon.

Fortune long
Had showered her treasure in his lap, and filled
His coffers to the brim; yet, sateless still,
He toiled in quest of gain,—with griping hand
He added daily to his hoards, and piled
And piled the oft-told heaps with trembling care.
His every undertaking prospered;
Riches poured in from every isle and mart,—
His argosies met not with adverse winds,

As homeward-bound they brought the costly spoils
Of other lands to swell his ample store;
Till, glutted with abundance, be became
Prey to the god he served. Intelligence
Of unexpected wealth, brought suddenly,
O'erpowered his reason, and his wasted frame,
Attenuated by solicitude
And oft-repeated vigils, sank beneath
The glad disclosure,—he was mad with joy!
Seized by delirium, the wealthy man
Lay on the bed of death. Lo! what availed
His countless thousands then, when through each vein
The flash of fever rioted, until
Each pulse and nerve tingled and throbbed beneath
The strange excitement; and the boiling blood
Travelled along the swollen arteries
With a terrific speed! Yet ere he died
He slept and dreamed.

A puny Dwarf, with face
Jaundiced and shrivelled, clad in a strange garb,
Rose suddenly before the Usurer.
His robe was parchment, where the worm had traced,
With cunning ingenuity and skill,
Devices most fantastic and unique,
As an embroidered border. Pendant from
His vellum hat, that rose a lofty cone,
Were seals of crimson wax, as mimic bells,
That rang a mocking peal. Economy
Had certes made his vesture; for stray deeds,
Of title or of mortgage formed the dress,—
His mantle, worn out bonds,—his cap, receipts
Long missed and searched for,—his green silk sandals
Studded with seals in fashion similar
To that which graced his girdle. In one hand
He held an unjust balance up to view,
And with the other beckoned Helon forth,
And stamped his tiny foot at his delay.

Awed, he obeyed, and followed silently
His taciturn conductor.

Soon the sky
Assumed a brighter glow. Sol lit heaven's vault
With canopying radiance,—each spray
Was filled with warbling birds, that trilled their songs,
Loading the air with their mellifluous notes.
The yellow linnet and canary led
The matin choir, and Helon stood to mark
How singular it was, each bird he saw
Had the same coloured plumage. Then he first
Observed the plants that grew on either side
Of the intricate path. The sunflower reared
Its shameless crest to greet the gazing sun,
And spread its long and light-seared leaves abroad,
Like arms, to catch his rays;—the primrose pale
Lay couching 'neath their shade, like modesty;—
The yellow amaryllis, in its pride,
Grew far aloof, and sorted only with
The amber-tinged carnation, which disdained
To spring 'mong humbler flowers. Apart from these
The yellow iris kindled into flame,
Beneath the blazing day-god's fervid beam;
While sick at heart, like unattained desire,
The jonquil faintly oped its lips to breathe.
Helon has plucked a king-cup from its stem,
And see! within its petals of bright gold
A cradled spirit dwells. Its rest disturbed,
It rises from its couch, and soars aloft
On beamy pinions, singing as its flies—
"I wish that I were rich!" Again he pulls
Another and another, till his hand
Can barely close upon the stalks; while he
Scarce sees each spirit's flight, lost in surprise
At this profuse extravagance of wealth.
The Dwarf, impatient, waves him forward; but
A topaz rose attracts his eager eye,—
He rushes on his prize, yet gains it not,

For yellow elves, innumerable, guard
Their treasured gem, and, with lance-headed thorns,
Pierce through his fickle hand. Smarting with pain,
And mad with rage, he follows hastily
His silent guide. His footsteps slacken soon—
He fain would rest awhile on the soft furze
Spread so invitingly beneath his feet;—
He flings his weary body down, but oh!
He shrieks in agony,—ten thousand spears,
Wielded by elfin hands to guard their stores,
Have stung him into madness! He essays,
In his impotent and vain rage, to wreak
His vengeance on the Dwarf, and strikes—the air!
The Dwarf unscathed remains, and taunting, mocks
Helon with bitter laughter.

The hot sun
Pours down a fiercer beam, and crisps his skin,
Scorching his hair like wool;—hunger and thirst
Are preying on his vitals. Onward yet
A *little* way, and he will quench his thirst
And sate his appetite; for he can see
The distant trees laden with ruddy fruit,
That asks the pressure of his longing lip.
Hope lends a momentary vigour to
His fainting limbs, that totter 'neath his weight;
But yet he fears excruciating pangs,
Should he dare couch again upon the mead.
Slower and slower yet—he pants for breath,—
The goal he hoped to gain appears as far
As ever from his reach; yet the bright fruits
Tempt with their rich luxuriance, and seem
A full reward for toil. At length he gains
The promised treasure—plucks the gleaming fruit,
And, in an ecstasy, attempts to taste.
Oh, anguish!—it is stone. He casts the gem
In desperation from him;—what to him
The jewelled fruitage and gold foliage

Of this enchanted vale, if he must be
A prey to thirst and hunger!

By his side
Again appears the Dwarf, and points beyond
The shading trees to a broad lake, that spreads
Far as his eye can reach. Its banks are strown
With saffron; every flower sends forth a voice
To warn him from the brink;—a winged sprite,
Rising, exclaims—"Excess is dangerous!"
He slights the friendly caution, and bends low
To quaff the nect'rous draught,—'tis seething gold!
He writhes in agony. A gibing fiend
Sits on each golden bough, and offers fruit,
Herbage, and flowers—*all* gold. "Mercy!" he shrieks;
"Mercy!" is echoed from the golden hills,
In tones of deep derision;—laughter peals
In taunting bursts from all the gnomes around,
Till the high welkin rings with their loud mirth.
"Mercy!" they shout—"Ay, when *thou* teachest it:
"See here, and here, and here—then ask for aid—
"The aid thou hast denied!" He looked; his gaze
Was on the injured and oppressed—victims
Of his rapacious cruelty; he turned—
Gaunt spectres met his gaze on every side,
And asked him "How he liked *their* gold?" His voice
Refused articulation, and his tongue
Clave to his palate. His brain whirled and reeled,
His quivering fingers played convulsively
Among his straggling passion-silvered locks.
He clinched his hands in rage, until the blood
Gushed from beneath his nails—smote his hot brow,
And, with a sudden spring, he plunged at once
Into the molten lake.

The dream is past!—
How fearful is his mirth at the strange scenes
And images that peopled his brief sleep!
'Tis an hysteric giggle—not a laugh.

The fever is renewed,—he raves for "Gold!
"Food! mercy! water! help!" and dies at last
With mingled prayers and imprecations on
His slowly closing lips—a wonderment
Of horror and remorse unfathomable!

THE MILLER'S DOG.

A LESSON FOR LITTLE ONES.

J. E. CARPENTER.

THERE is nothing that so quickly or so thoroughly evinces a bad disposition as cruelty to animals. "A good man is kind to his beast;" so says the proverb, and truly; and whenever you see a boy maltreating a poor dumb animal you may set him down as a bad boy, and be sure if he lives it will be to grow into a cruel man, who will flog and beat, not only his dog, but his child, and will be overbearing to all upon whom he can exercise his brute force with impunity.

There can be no doubt that little dogs, as well as boys, are often very troublesome, and very much in the way; but that is no reason why they should be cuffed and beaten about the house as if they belonged to nobody; besides, the fault does not always rest with themselves, for boys and dogs are, with proper treatment, to be kept in their places.

We are not about to insist that when a wrong is done a judgment will immediately follow, for we know that we can do no wrong that is not recorded against us, and that we shall not be accountable for hereafter; but we will contend that a wrong is seldom done without the evildoer having cause to regret it. This is not fatalism, but a mere train of circumstances arising out of, and naturally following the wrong itself; sometimes

directly, sometimes in a strange and unthought-of manner, as in the following story.

It was a long while ago, at a time when the poorer people were more superstitious than they are now, because they were not so well taught, and had not so many good books at their disposal—a time when people believed in ghosts and witches and fortune-telling, and other exploded fallacies—that the circumstances we are about to narrate took place.

It matters not the name of the place (indeed we have forgotten it), but it was somewhere down in Warwickshire, where, David Garrick said, folks had but little wit, since it had all been stolen away from them by the famous poet Shakspeare, who was born in that county. However, there was an old woman in this Warwickshire village who got her living nobody knew how. She was never seen at market or fair, and in the harvest time, when all the old crones in the neighbourhood were leasing (and they scattered more grain for the poor to take in those days), old Mother Tasker was never among the rest. She was still to be seen at her cottage door—a lone cottage, by the way—with her only and constant companion, a very ugly, and apparently savage, old terrier.

The village gossips said that a light was frequently seen burning in the cottage throughout the long winter nights, while the dog kept watch without as if to give notice of any approaching danger; but whether Mother Tasker got her living honestly, or whether, as was afterwards supposed, she was in league with coiners, nobody could tell. Her death, like her life, was a mystery which will never be cleared up. But this has nothing to do with the dog.

It chanced that the nearest habitation to the cottage of the old crone was that of the miller, one Giles Griffin; and a griffin of a fellow he was—a harsh, grinding man, who thought no more of grinding down the poor people than he did of grinding his own corn. Now, as Giles's was the only mill for several miles round, the villagers

had no alternative but to take their corn there to be ground; and fat and sleek Giles got rich by taking toll from their leasings, or from that grown by villagers on their little plots of land.

But while his form got oily, his disposition remained as rusty as ever; the hinges of his tongue seemed to grate and creak every time he spoke. If "The Miller and his Men" had been known in those days, we should have been afraid to go near his sacks for fear a robber should jump out of every one of them.

Still this has nothing to do with the dog!

Be patient, my dear young friend, yet a little, and you shall hear all about it.

It happened that Griffin's mill was overrun with rats, and, as he was too stingy to keep a dog, he was in a sad dilemma. So, after cudgelling his brains for some time, he made up his mind, notwithstanding he prided himself on never asking a favour, that he would borrow the old woman's terrier.

Fortunately the dog and his mistress were passing at the moment, and the latter consented to leave the dog while she proceeded on some errand of her own at a short distance.

Now, the dog made short work of the rats, and having cleared the mill he looked imploringly in the face of the miller for some token of approval, if not for some tid-bit by which he could reward him; for your true rat-catcher never touches the vermin he destroys. No! neither did the poor dog obtain, although he had done the miller such good service, so he hung down his tail, and went growling out of the mill.

Unfortunately for the dog, for he was hungry, a brood of the miller's chickens were at the door when he went out; and whether for spite (for dogs have strong instincts), or whether for hunger, he pounced upon one of them, and the miller as quickly pounced upon him, and began to belabour him with a thick stick, just as the old woman returned.

Loud and angry were her exclamations when she saw

her favourite beaten, and loud was the miller, too, at the loss of his chicken, but the old woman guessed the whole transaction, and upbraided him with his ingratitude.

The miller retorted, and declared she was a witch, or "how could she tell that he had not given the dog anything?"

The veriest boor in the village would have guessed the same, knowing his disposition.

"Your whelp has been the death of my chicken!" said the miller.

"And he shall be the death of you!" exclaimed Mother Tasker, in a towering passion. "If I am a witch, I will exercise the powers of a witch, and prophesy. Yes, miller! the dog shall be the death of you!" and away she went, calling her dog after her, and muttering fearful imprecations on the head of the miller.

It may be imagined that the miller did not sleep very easily that night, for the words of the old woman rang in his ears. One time he dreamt he was a fox with the hounds close upon his brush—then he fancied himself a stag, bounding over hill and plain—swimming lakes and fording streams, and at last turning at bay—but at the end of all his dreams he thought he was a rat, and every time he woke it was when the old woman's dog had got fast hold of his nose. All this was the effect of conscience, which, Shakspeare tells us, "makes cowards of us all;" and as in sleep we cannot control the mind, or hide our evil deeds, even from ourselves, the miller was not long in experiencing a portion of his punishment.

So the miller bethought himself that he would lead a better life, and he became kinder to the poor, and did not rob them when they sent their corn to be ground; he also attended the village church more regularly, and even gave a handsome subscription towards having it repaired, and did many other little acts of kindness which proved he was an altered man.

One day the old woman sent to him and told him she was dying, and, bidding him go to a corner cupboard, told him to take out a bag, in which he would find fifty gold pieces: "these," she said, "were his on one condition, that he would take care of her dog as long as it should live." The miller did not hesitate to take the gold, although he would rather it had not been accompanied with the care of the dog; however, he promised faithfully to perform the old woman's behest, and she died in peace.

Once in possession of the dog, the prophecy was always ringing in the miller's ears; how could he avert the danger, as long as he had the dog about him; he might go mad, and bite him, and so the prophecy would be fulfilled. Then to destroy him—'twas only to kill a dog! A dog, too, that had got an ill name; why not hang him?

Thus reasoned the miller, but the still small voice of conscience whispered in his ear, "What double ingratitude!"

He wished he had given the brute a plate of bones, a pat on the back, or even a kind look, when he destroyed the rats—but he had not done so. It was very provoking to be put out so, about a dog!

At last, to his mingled joy and alarm, one of the neighbours came running to him and declared that the dog had gone mad!

"A golden piece," he exclaimed, "to any one who can secure him and tie him up in the cellar!"

So they were not long in securing the poor animal, who was quiet enough, but only foamed at the mouth, as dogs will in very hot weather.

Now, having taken the old woman's fifty pieces, in charity the miller should have sent for the cow-leech (or cow-doctor, who attends to the ailments of dogs in country places) to have ascertained if the dog were really mad; but he was too glad of an excuse to do away with him, and was not long in making his preparations.

The first thing he did was to stop up every aperture to the cellar with sacks of wet hay, so that no smoke or vapour could escape from it; he then procured a large pan of charcoal, which he set fire to, and upon which he threw a quantity of sulphur. Placing this in the cellar, he carefully closed the door, judging, and very correctly, that suffocation would very shortly put an end to the dog and his sufferings.

With a lighter heart than usual he went to his usual avocations, but before retiring for the night he proceeded to open the cellar door that he might be convinced the cause of his alarm was really no longer in existence. Strange to tell, in his anxiety, he omitted to take the precaution of removing the sacks to let out the foul air. The instant he opened the door the vapour overpowered him, and he sank senseless to the ground.

The following morning when his men came to work, they found him lying dead by the side of his dog.

Thus the old woman's prophecy was fulfilled, and the wrong avenged; and all arising from a want of kindness to a poor dumb animal.

THE RAINBOW.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIAN STURM.

WHEN the sun darts his rays upon the drops of water which fall from the clouds, when our backs are turned to the sun and we face the clouds, then we can discover a rainbow. We must consider the drops of rain as little transparent balls, upon which the rays of light are twice refracted and once reflected. From hence arise the colours of the rainbow; they are seven, and follow each other in the following order:—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and purple. The darkness of the sky behind the bow gives it its peculiar bril-

liancy. The drops falling constantly, we every instant see a fresh rainbow; and, as every spectator has his particular position, from whence he observes this phenomenon, no two persons see the same rainbow: this beautiful object can only continue so long as the rain falls.

If we consider the rainbow merely as one of the phenomena of nature, it is undoubtedly one of the finest spectacles which we can behold; it presents one of the most beautifully coloured objects which the Creator has exposed to our view; but when we look upon it as the symbol of God's grace and alliance with us, we find it a subject for more edifying reflection.

There can be no rainbow if the clouds extend over the whole of the visible firmament; therefore, whenever we see it we may conclude there will be no deluge, since the rain would in that case fall equally from all parts of the heavens: when the clouds extend over one half of the horizon and the sun shines on the other, we naturally expect a return of fine weather. In order to produce a rainbow, clouds and sunshine must be visible at the same moment: we should not see its beautiful colours if the sky were bright behind it; and hence the advantage of dark clouds, heightening its effect to a degree of brilliancy perfectly enchanting: neither could there be such a display of colour without the action of the sun and the refraction of its rays. This object naturally leads us to the most pious reflections.

When we behold the magnificent bow in the heavens, should we not exclaim—"How great is the majesty displayed by the Almighty in all his works! How marvellous is the greatness, the goodness he shows forth towards his creatures! How do we see that God remembers his promises! Let all creatures prostrate themselves, and adore Him who so benevolently displays his never-ending love: he has said the world shall not again be drowned, and he spreads forth his bow to remind us of his gracious covenant. Let his name be blessed now and for ever."

But another consoling reflection arises from the contemplation of this object. The sun is behind me and rain is before me: such is the image of my life: oftentimes my face is bathed in tears, but at the same time the sun of justice, bearing healing on its wings, rises behind me.

SUCH IS LIFE.

H. G. Adams (of Rochester).

A favourite text the preacher hath,
"In midst of life we are in death;
Dangers stand thick about our path,
And frail and fleeting is our breath."

And so he preacheth day by day,
And so it is that all things preach,
But little heed we mortals pay
Unto this universal speech.

Or if at times we stand aghast,
Struck by some terrible event,
Aside the terror soon we cast,
Our hearts on worldly things intent.

The voice of warning soon is drowned,
Amid the turmoil and the strife
That evermore our steps surround,
In busy ways of human life.

A throng of mourners to the grave
Late followed one cut off in youth,
Whose early life rich promise gave;
And all were mourners there in truth.

For he who there lay cold and still,
Had entered on a high career;
Had shown the purpose and the will
To serve his fellow creatures here.

Among them one there walked, whose voice
Was loud, whose step was firm and sure;
Who might in manly strength rejoice,
And deem his lease of life secure.

He from his labours then might rest,
And look for many pleasant years,
Not wearied in wealth's toilsome quest,
Not troubled much by cares and fears.

Where is he now? few days have passed,
And he who followed then, is borne
Unto that resting-place—the last,
From whence no travellers return.

Where is he now? they laid him down
To rest that youthful one beside,
Who early off the coil had thrown,
And on life's threshold sunk, and died.

And there together sleep the twain,
One on his journey just set out,
One who had time the height to gain,
And like a conqueror raise the shout.

Sic vitæ—such is life; so frail,
And yet so proud we mortals be:
Oh, God! forgive us, if we fail
To heed the lessons taught by Thee.

TRACES OF THE OCEAN.

HUGH MILLER.

WAS it the sound of the distant surf that was in mine ears, or the low moan of the breeze, as it crept through the neighbouring wood? Oh, that hoarse voice of Ocean, never silent since time first began!—

where has it not been uttered? There is stillness amid the calm of the arid and rainless desert, where no spring rises and no streamlet flows, and the long caravan plies its weary march amid the blinding glare of the sand, and the red unshaded rays of the fierce sun. But once and again, and yet again, has the roar of Ocean been there. It is his sands that the winds heap up; and it is the skeleton remains of his vassals—shells, and fish, and the strong coral—that the rocks underneath enclose. There is silence on the tall mountain-peak, with its glittering mantle of snow, where the panting lungs labour to inhale the thin bleak air,—where no insect murmurs and no bird flies,—and where the eye wanders over multitudinous hill-tops that lie far beneath, and vast dark forests that sweep on to the distant horizon, and along long hollow valleys where the great rivers begin. And yet once and again, and yet again, has the roar of Ocean been there. The elegies of his more ancient denizens we find sculptured on the crags, where they jut from beneath the ice into the mist-wreath; and his later beaches, stage beyond stage, terrace the descending slopes. Where has the great destroyer not been,—the devourer of continents,—the blue foaming dragon, whose vocation it is to eat up the land? His ice-floes have alike furrowed the flat steppes of Siberia and the rocky flanks of Schehallion, and his nummulites and fish lie embedded in great stones of the pyramids hewn in the times of the old Pharaohs, and in rocky folds of Lebanon still untouched by the tool. So long as Ocean exists, there must be disintegration, dilapidation, change; and should the time ever arrive when the elevatory agencies, motionless and chill, shall sleep within their profound depths to awaken no more,—and should the sea still continue to impel its currents and to roll its waves,—every continent and island would at length disappear, and again, as of old, "when the fountains of the great deep were broken up,"

"A shoreless ocean tumble round the globe."

Was it with reference to this principle, so recently recognised, that we are so expressly told in the Apocalypse respecting the renovated earth, in which the state of things shall be fixed and eternal, that "there shall be no more sea?" or are we to regard the revelation as the mere hieroglyphic—the pictured shape—of some analogous moral truth? "Reasoning from what we know,"—and what else remains to us?—an earth without a sea would be an earth without rain, without vegetation, without life,—a dead and doleful planet of waste places, such as the telescope reveals to us in the moon. And yet the ocean does seem peculiarly a creature of time,—of all the great agents of vicissitude and change, the most influential and untiring; and to a state in which there shall be no vicissitude and no change,—in which the earthquake shall not heave from beneath, nor the mountains wear down and the continents melt away,—it seems inevitably necessary that there should be "no more sea."

THE ITALIAN BOY.

Miss Crumpton.

A poor Italian boy was run over in a London street, and carried to a hospital. His arm was so much crushed that it had to be taken off. He only knew and could speak one English word—"please." No one could tell where he came from, or where his friends, if he had any, could be found. The house-surgeon made inquiry amongst the pupils for any person who could speak Italian, as the poor child kept calling some name, and it might be his word for mother. A young man came forward who had learnt a little Italian and at once gave the name for "mother." No, that did not seem to be the right word, as the boy asked for "Bobo," and they began to think it might be the name of a friend. The surgeon could not tell, and

took the pupil with him into the hospital ward. There the patient lay on a bed, with his dark eye fixed on the door, and stretched out his one arm to them, saying in a sad tone—"Please—Bobo—please."

"You see it *is* 'Bobo,'" said the surgeon; "Now make what you can of him." The pupil spoke very slowly, in the best Italian words he could think of, "What—do—you—want?" The boy's eye looked bright,—"Bobo, please, poor boy has no father, no mother, no one but Bobo."

Pupil. "Where is Bobo?"

Boy. "Here;" and then his words poured out so fast the pupil could not follow their meaning.

Pupil. "Have you any brother, or any friend?"

Boy. "No one but Bobo."

Pupil. "Is Bobo your sister?"

Boy. "No sister like Bobo. Anthony and Bobo."

"It must be his sister, after all," said the surgeon. "We will send for this Bobo, if he can say where she lives."

Anthony could only say, "In *here*, in *here*."

"All right, my boy," said the pupil, "do not fret and cry, or your sister must not come."

The brave child kept down his tears and turned his face upon the pillow to wait in silence.

"How shall I set about trying to find this girl?" said the pupil, as he and the surgeon left the ward.

"You don't intend to try, do you?" said he, with a smile.

"Indeed I do," was the answer.

In vain the pupil asked who was seen with the boy when he was picked up, but having made a promise, the search was not lightly to be given up.

Just then, the head nurse of Anthony's ward opened the door of her own room to speak,—"What am I to do, sir? When my back is turned for a minute, this strange one turns everything upside down."

Pupil. "But nurse, the poor stranger boy cannot get off his bed, how does he so trouble and vex you?"

Nurse. "Not the boy, sir, but the monkey."

Pupil. "Monkey—what monkey?"

Nurse. "When the boy was brought in, sir, he had a monkey buttoned up in his jacket. We could hardly get the creature away, it clung so fast round the boy's neck."

Pupil. "Was it hurt?"

Nurse. "No, sir, it is quite well, except in temper, and that is bad enough."

So saying she pointed to the hearth-rug, and there sat the monkey. It was dressed like a soldier, with brass buttons on its coat, and a shirt-collar so stiff that the creature could not turn its head round. On its head was a cap, stuck on one side.

The monkey gave a sharp glance when the pupil went into the room, then took off its cap and made a great many bows.

"It is a bold-faced beggar," said the nurse, "and worries me to death to find money, and what it gets is put into the coat-pocket."

The pupil threw a penny into the monkey's cap, which he took up and turned over; then went into a corner and drew out all the pence like a miser, and after that packed them up again; then made a leap on the table and began to go through all its tricks, but soon whined, and seemed to look about as if for its master.

The pupil said, "I wish you would tell me where to find Bobo." At this word, the monkey gave a frisk of joy, and leaped upon the young man, staring up into his face. Again he said "Bobo," and a low glad sound came from the creature, still staring its new friend full in the face. It must be all right now, thought the pupil, and taking up the monkey by surprise, tucked him under his arm and ran into the ward and dropped the creature on Anthony's bed. Such a meeting it was of joy and tears and kisses!

Miss Bobo made a great stir in the ward. Poor Anthony tried to speak his thanks, but the effort was

too much for him. He was told that Bobo must not stay very long, but should come back if he would lie quiet and not cry. Soon the tears were wiped away, and he said, "Anthony and Bobo will do as they are bid."

On a sudden the monkey seemed to think about its store of pence, and, with a funny sound, turned out the pocketful into its master's hand.

The poor lad caught sight of a sixpence in silver, and with a warm hug the monkey was repaid for its care and work.

When Anthony was getting well, Bobo often went through the round of its tricks, but seemed as if it could not bear to see the empty sleeve of its master, who said that he used to clap his hands as a signal to begin, and this was missed by the monkey. The nurse hated an ape, as she called the monkey, but at last gave up a closet, from which Bobo was set free once a day, for an hour's visit to its master. Anthony would bear any pain, or take any physic, for the sake of a few minutes more than usual with Bobo.

Whilst in the hospital, Anthony learnt to speak a little English, and it was found out that he had been a year in England. He, with some other boys, were selling herbs in a sea-port town of Italy, when a man bought all they had, and tempted them on board a ship. They were brought to London, but the man took care they should learn no English words to tell a sad tale of sorrow and hardship.

One boy escaped, and his fate was not known. The man never stayed long in a place, and the boys got blows instead of a supper, if they could not bring pence enough to please their cruel tyrant.

Money was raised amongst the pupils and nurses of the hospital to send poor Anthony back to his own land under good care, but it was no easy matter to find a captain who could, and would, see him safe back to the home of his parents.

SEPTIMA'S CHOICE.

From the "Churchman's Companion."

THE cat she leads a happy life—
She asks not spoon, nor fork, nor knife,
But licks the plate, and laps the cream—
How happy does the cat's life seem!

And yet I could not, for all that,
Methinks, consent to be a cat,
For whatsoever ill is wrought
The cat is sure to have the fault.

Why then I'd rather be a dog,
With lots of fun and sport and prog;
To course the hill, enjoy the course,
And nab my prey by fraud or force.

On second thoughts I'm half afraid
His labours are but ill repaid,
When having run himself quite lame,
He mayn't so much as taste the game.

A horse's life would suit me best;
He seems of quadrupeds most blest;
In winter hous'd, in summer grazed,
Groom'd, pamper'd, patted, petted, prais'd.

But is it always thus? Oh no,
Sometimes 'tis but a word and blow;
Hard work, hard fare—so then I see
The horse's life is not for me.

Why then I think I'll be a bird—
Ah, yes, that's much to be preferr'd;
To skim, to fly, to mount, to soar
To heights I never reach'd before!

It must be, I confess, allow'd,
The height of which the bird's so proud,
Makes him the gunner's surer prey—
To him, then, I'll have naught to say.

Since thus it fares with cat and dog,
And horse and bird, I'll be a hog,
And grunt and grub and munch; and stay
'Mid mud and mire the live-long day.

Yet oh, methinks, I never could
Consent to lave my limbs in mud;
In mire and sloth my life to spend,
Nor "save my bacon" in the end.

I'd rather be, it strikes me now,
That charming animal a cow,
To wander o'er the gold-cupp'd field,
And butter, scarce less golden, yield.

And so I would—but don't they say
That kine, like swine, have but their day;—
And truly one would quite as lief
Be turned to bacon as to beef.

Well then, suppose I'd be a mouse,
Having the range of all the house;
To climb the walls, race o'er the floors,
Nibble the cheese, and taste the stores?

It would no doubt be monstrous nice
To lead the life of cats and mice,
And, were there no such things as traps,
My wishes here would end, perhaps.

Since cares *mortality* pursue,
Ye moonlight elves, I'll join with you,
Brushing the pearly dew away
In frolic dance—I'll be a fay.

Yet pause awhile—it hath been said
Elves hold all holy things in dread—
Shrink from the light, and start with fear
At the glad voice of chanticleer.

And is it thus? Then since I know
Each station hath its proper woe,
I think I'd better strive to be
Content with that assign'd to me.

So, Messieurs Cat and Mouse, and Dog,
And Horse, and Bird, and bristly Hog;
And eke thou merry moonlight Elf,
By your good leaves, I'll be—myself.

(*By permission of Mr. Masters.*)

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

ROBERT NICOLL.

HIGH thoughts!
They come and go,
Like the soft breathings of a listening maiden,
While round me flow
The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden;
When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come—
When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum—
When the stars, dewdrops of the summer sky,
Watch over all with soft and loving eye—
While the leaves quiver
By the lone river,
And the quiet heart
From depths doth call
And garners all—
Earth grows a shadow
Forgotten whole,
And heaven lives
In the blessed soul!

High thoughts!
They are with me
When, deep within the bosom of the forest,
Thy morning melody
Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle, pourest.
When the young sunbeams glance among the trees—
When on the ear comes the soft song of bees—
When every branch has its own favourite bird,
And songs of summer from each thicket heard!—
Where the owl flitteth,
Where the rose sitteth,
And holiness
Seems sleeping there;
While nature's prayer
Goes up to heaven
In purity
Till all is glory
And joy to me!

High thoughts!
They are my own
When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,
And see below me strown
The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom;
When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow—
When I can follow every fitful shadow—
When I can watch the winds among the corn,
And see the waves along the forest borne;
Where bluebell and heather
Are blooming together,
And far doth come
The Sabbath bell,
O'er wood and fell;
I hear the beating
Of nature's heart;
Heaven is before me—
God! Thou art!

INDOLENCE.

From the "Gentle Life."

PUTTING a very pertinent question to his correspondent, Zimmerman asks, "Which is the real hereditary sin of humanity? Do you imagine that I shall say pride, or luxury, or ambition? No! I shall say indolence. He who conquers that, can conquer all." How perfectly true this is we are not all ready to acknowledge; and, with due respect to a man who was a strange but a deep thinker, we doubt whether the sin attaches to Nature. She is surely, in this respect, far above suspicion. "Nature," writes Goethe, "knows no pause, and attaches a curse upon all inaction." The botanist, the geologist, the chemist, alike attest this great truth. Sitting down upon the sea-shore, and watching the rise and fall, and the ebb and flow of the waves; marking the little ripples left in the sand to be moved and washed away at the next tide; deeply regarding the water-worn rocks or the chalk cliffs, which have been driven, as it were, inland by the ceaseless work of the sea; looking at the ever-springing grass, the cirrus and cumulative clouds which pass away and "leave not a rack behind;" listening to the continual chirp of the cricket, the "thin, high-elbowed things" which thread the grass, or watching the sea-gull lifting itself above the breaking waves, and then darting on its prey—we may well say that Nature knows no pause. She builds up, or she destroys, but she moves ever forward; it is with her as with her little trickling servant, the brook, of which our greatest poet has written, that—

> "Men may come, and men may go,
> But I go on for ever."

But when here, man does come and go; and although, in the aggregate, he is a busy creature, working for

ever with brain and hand, still in the individual he is much given to indolence. Civilization, which has placed everything in the hands of certain people, has freed them from the necessity of working, and they have become do-nothing classes in the worst sense. Now-a-days many people are proud of doing nothing, and inflate themselves with the wicked vanity, holding a prescriptive right of being indolent. There has grown up amongst us—the strange efflorescence of our grand endeavours and our ceaseless workers—a party which brags and vaunts that it does not earn its own living—that it does nothing, lives at the expense of others, and is yet superior to others. This class is certainly not the highest in any sense of the word, for amongst them we find ceaseless workers; and of them are they which best know the true value of time. That of which we speak is a rich and, so to name it, an ignorant class, which alike despises the trader, the merchant, the poor professor, and the poor thinker or writer, through whose united efforts they are kept in well-being. Peace, safety, and good government have produced these men; a sort of persons who are like the fat and lazy grub, living comfortably inside the hazel-nut which it preys upon and destroys. But of all pride—and all of it is more or less without a foundation and foolish altogether—that which builds itself upon a right to be idle and to do nothing, is the most foolish and the most baseless. A man may be proud of a handsome face or of a very clever head, with some reason; for, although he did not make the one, and God gave him the other, still he is the fortunate recipient of that which almost all men and women admire. It has, too, grown into a custom to be proud of being the descendant of an old family, and of possessing a name and estate which have descended from a remote ancestry. There is not much sense in this kind of pride; but custom excuses it; and although the wise man will very properly disdain to exercise it, yet it may lead to an honourable and not useless life. People

admire high birth and noble lineage: and although nothing

> "Can ennoble slaves, or fools, or cowards,
> Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards,"

the reverence men pay to old families has something good and wise in it. We are paying back to their posterity the gratitude we owe to great men; and this posterity may indulge in a venial pride in their own ancestors. If the nation has cause to be proud of a Marlborough, a Wellington, or a Nelson, we may excuse their descendants in sharing that feeling, even in a greater degree. But the man who is merely rich and lazy, and who has inherited sufficient money to keep him from the necessity of labour, has surely no good and sufficient reason to be proud. His position, if wisely looked at, is not a happy one. It is true that he may be said to be independent so far as a man can be. His progenitors have worked for him, and their accumulated labours, when invested in the funds or in an estate, put him out of the rank of those to whom glorious necessity forms the impetus of work. But, at the best, this state is without honour and is somewhat contemptible. The indolent man is of little use in a state. He is born to consume, and not to produce. The poorest haymaker, hedger and ditcher, or cobbler, whose labour pays for his daily existence, is a more useful, and therefore a more noble man with regard to the commonwealth. Indolence is, after all, a mental rest. Leisure, which is very good when indulged in after hard work, is poison to the soul and body too. "I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide," said Lord Chesterfield, writing to his son; "for by it the man is efficiently destroyed, although the appetite of the brute may survive." Too often, if not always, the brute appetite does survive. A man who has no immediate necessity for work sinks from one state of quiescence to another. From the mere custom of inactivity, all labour becomes at first distasteful, and afterwards

hateful. The muscles, being unused, grow weak and flabby; the body, after some struggles, relinquishes the desire to work, and the mind shares the laziness of its lower companion. "At the very best," said Steele, in the *Spectator*, "indolence is an intermediate state between pleasure and pain, and very much unbecoming any part of our life after we are once out of our nurse's arms."

But indolence certainly does not become us, even when in our nurse's arms. Nor does it when we grow up to be great, lazy, hulking boys—perhaps the most ungraceful and distasteful of all animals, as they themselves feel, poor fellows—and yet all boys are lazy, and schoolboys encourage each other in this love of stupid indulgence and ease. It is only lately that the Bishop of Oxford, speaking at a local examination, said, "Every one of us has in his constitution more or less, a love of ease, a love of idleness and of laziness. This works differently with different people, but it comes to the same point at last. It is a kind of attempt to draw the shoulder from the collar, when the collar pinches, and it becomes up-hill work. Some boys draw the shoulder back, just when it comes to the point that will make their characters better and brighter. They are fond of doing what they can do easily, but they are thrown back if any difficulty arises."

If nature abhors a vacuum, to adopt the axiom of the natural philosopher, so surely does she also abhor anything like indolence. A healthy child is of course often at rest, but never indolent. It is always at work in its own way; it will be ever ready to do something, to work at one thing or another. The very mischief of a young child is merely misdirected industry. A child is never so happy as when it is busy. The embryo soul puts out feelers into the strange world in which it is placed, and tries, step by step, and moment after moment, to fit itself to work. It is for ever imitative: its very voice, and the motion of its tongue, are to be learnt; and gradually, and by much practice, are these mysteries to

be acquired and understood. Continual motion and activity, when in health, are necessary to keep its body and growing muscles in health. A child is seldom a heavy sleeper; it will awake with the sun; and the chief thing which it dislikes is to go to bed. It shuns sleep as grown people endeavour to avoid sleep's image and elder brother, Death. It will still be acting, still playing, still bargaining at mimic life, until it gets wearisome to its nurses, and the bad habits of the world and society constrain it to become a slug-a-bed. Waking with the sun in the morning, ready to be out and about, to commence the day with refreshed strength and a re-invigorated appetite, it is too often chid into indolence, and taught to be lazy, until from repeated lessons it gains a bad habit, and "Custom lies upon it with a weight, heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

Yet, if there be one thing which can conquer the ills of life, which will make all things pleasant and all difficulties easy, it is Industry, the great opponent and conqueror of that rust of the mind of which we have been speaking. "There is no art or science which is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the very gift of tongues," said Lord Clarendon, "and makes a man understood and valued in all countries. It is the philosopher's stone, and turns all metals and even stones into gold, and suffers no want to break into his dwelling." As indolence makes all things difficult, and gives a man pain even to walk to his door and loll in his carriage, so industry makes all things easy. "He who rises late," writes old Fuller, as wisely as quaintly, "must trot all day, and shall scarcely overtake his business at night." Laziness, on the other hand, travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her. This law is universal. It may seem very pleasant to be enabled to indulge in idle whim-whams, to fold the arms, to loll and to do nothing; but the man who does so does it at his own cost and peril, and soon sorely rues it. His body cannot be so healthy, his mind must stagnate, his soul become corrupt. Idleness, as the old French

epitaph on a vicious great man noted, is nothing but the mother of all the vices, and a very prolific mother too. The rough Abernethy's advice to a lazy rich man, full of gout and idle humours, unhappy and without appetite, troubled with over-indulgence, and pampered with soft beds and rich food, was to "Live upon sixpence a day and earn it;" a golden sentence, a Spartan maxim which would save half the ill-temper, the quarrels, the bickerings and wranglings of the poor rich people, and would rub the rust off many a fine mind, which is now ugly and disfigured from want of use.

Of course there have been many great men who were very indolent, and who have been lazy in body, however active they may be in mind; but this is certain — their greatness was born with them, not achieved; whereas a man may have a very mediocre talent, and by continued industry may so improve it that it will become more conspicuous than the over-rusted but great brain. But more than this, very many great men have been the most devoted opposers of sloth and indolence. Sir Thomas More, in his *Utopia*, represents the inhabitants of his model island as attending lectures before breakfast. More himself rose at four; Bishop Burnet at five, or in winter at six: Bishop Horne got up early and wrote his *Commentaries on the Psalms*, and his other learned and critical works, fresh as the morning to his task. The theory of Napoleon, although his practice deviated and varied from it—alas! where does it not?—was early rising; and every one knows the habits of Wellington, his simple hard bed, his frugal meals, and his early hours. Sir Walter Scott used to write, not only his novels, which were the business of his life, but letters, and would attend to other business, before his clients came, so that people wondered where he could find time to do so much. John Wesley, as is often quoted, considered that five hours' sleep was enough for him or any man. This is somewhat scant measure; the old

English proverb, so often in the mouth of George III., was "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool." It is not at all improbable but that the wear and tear, the constant activity and worry of modern life, make most of us inclined to take the fool's share; but certainly, for more than that, there can be no excuse. A volume might be filled with the stories of deeds achieved by men who were early risers, or those who eschewed indolence, and achieved greatness thereby. Turner, the painter, journeying to Hampstead Heath to catch the first glorious rays of a summer morning, and to transfer them to undying pictures; Milton, recommending "the field in summer, and in winter the study as oft as the first bird rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors—preserving the body's health with hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, to our country's liberty."

These are grand motives for early rising, and an enmity to indolence; and the truth is, that the sober, energetic, and industrious man, is he who feels grand motives, and can raise his soul to a celestial height. We shall not have learned Priestleys, Franklins, Hales, or men with the learning of a Bacon or a Selden, if our young men are allowed to lapse into that elegant indolence which is one of the worst affectations of this age, and which may become the reality of the next. It is a very nice thing to become an elegant do-nothing, a modern "swell," after the picture of *Mr. Punch*, or the artists in the books of fashion; but the elegant, careless, *insouciant* dandy of twenty-five, too often becomes a very useless, vicious, do-nothing man at thirty and thirty-five. There is no time to be lost; he who would make his mark in the world must be up and doing. Our younger men should look to this; luxury has produced indolence, and that in its turn has bred doubt and unhappiness. "Too many of our young men," said Channing of America, "grow up in a school of despair." Of despair, because of

idleness and folly; they believe nothing, because they do nothing; whereas the great worker, who has achieved what the world wonders at, has a credulous brain, and believes in miracles. A divine benediction attends on true work; its spirit is indeed the little fairy which turns everything into gold; and that man or woman who instils into his or her children habits of industry, who teaches them self-dependence, "to scorn delights, and live laborious days," does much better than they who, after working painfully themselves, leave to their children a fortune which will corrupt by inducing an indolence which will surely prove a curse.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

JOHN GAY.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies:
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;

She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay;
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light."
The Horse replied, "Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
Be comforted; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence: a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
"My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained:
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?

Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those, how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For, see, the hounds are just in view!"

ADVENT HYMN.

H. H. Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's.

The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd,
The myriads of angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard!
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd monuments stirr'd;
From ocean and earth, from the south pole and north,
Lo, the vast generations of ages come forth!

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

Oh, mercy! oh, mercy! look down from above,
Redeemer, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

MRS. HEMANS.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Call'd thy harvest-work to leave;—
Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea;—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie!
Heaven's first star alike ye see,—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

MRS. PARTON.

"AND so you sail to-morrow, Will? I shall miss you."

"Yes; I'm bound to see the world. I've been beating my wings in desperation against the wires of my cage these three years. I know every stick, and stone,

and stump in this odious village by heart, as well as those stereotyped sermons of Parson Grey's. They say he calls me 'a scapegrace'—pity I should have the name without the game," said he, bitterly. "I haven't room here to run the length of my chain. I'll show him what I can do in a wider field of action."

"But how did you bring your father over?"

"Oh, he's very glad to get rid of me; quite disgusted because I've no fancy for seeing corn and oats grow. The truth is, every father knows at once too much and too little about his own son; the old gentleman never understood me; he soured my temper, which was originally none of the best, roused all the worst feelings in my nature, and is constantly driving me *from* instead of *to* the point he would have me reach."

"And your mother?"

"Well, there you have me; that's the only humanized portion of my heart—the only soft spot in it. She came to my bedside last night, after she thought I was asleep, gently kissed my forehead, and then knelt by my bedside. Harry, I've been wandering round the fields all the morning, to try to get rid of that prayer. Old Parson Grey might preach at me till the millennium, and he wouldn't move me any more than that stone. It makes all the difference in the world when you know a person *feels* what they are praying about. I'm wild, and reckless, and wicked, I suppose; but I shall never be an infidel while I can remember my mother. You should see the way she bears my father's impetuous temper; that's *grace*, not *nature*, Harry; but don't let us talk about it—I only wish my parting with her was well over. Good-bye; God bless you, Harry; you'll hear from me, if the fishes don't make a supper of me;" and Will left his friend and entered the cottage.

Will's mother was moving nervously and restlessly about, tying up all sorts of mysterious little parcels that only mothers think of, "in case he should be sick," or in case he should be this, that, or the other, interrupted occa-

sionally by exclamations like this from the old farmer; "Fudge—stuff—great overgrown baby—making a fool of him—never be out of leading-strings;" and then turning short about and facing Will as he entered, he said—

"Well, sir, look in your sea-chest, and you'll find gingerbread and physic, darning-needles and tracts, 'bitters' and Bibles, peppermint and old linen rags and opodeldoc. Pshaw! I was more of a man than you are when I was nine years old. Your mother always made a fool of you, and that was entirely unnecessary, too, for you were always short of what is called *common sense.* You needn't tell the captain you went to sea because you didn't know enough to be a landsman; or that you never did anything right in your life, except by accident. You are as like that *ne'er do well* Jack Halpine, as two peas. If there *is* anything in you, I hope the salt water will fetch it out. Come, your mother has your supper ready, I see."

Mrs. Low's hand trembled as she passed her boy's cup. It was his last meal under that roof for many a long day. She did not trust herself to speak—her heart was too full. She heard all his father so injudiciously said to him, and she knew too well from former experience the effect it would have upon his impetuous, fiery spirit. She had only to oppose to it a mother's prayers, and tears, and all-enduring love. She never condemned in *Will's hearing* any of his father's philippics; always excusing him with the general remark that he didn't understand him. *Alone*, she mourned over it; and when with her husband, tried to place matters on a better footing for both parties.

Will noted his mother's swollen eyelids; he saw his favourite tea-cakes that she had busied herself in preparing for him, and he ate and drank what she gave him, without tasting a morsel he swallowed, listening for the hundredth time to his father's account of "what *he* did when he was a young man."

"Just half an hour, Will," said his father, "before

you start; run up and see if you have forgotten any of your duds."

It was the little room he had always called his own. How many nights he had lain there listening to the rain pattering on the low roof; how many mornings awakened by the chirp of the robin in the apple-tree under the window. There was the little bed with its snowy covering, and the thousand and one little comforts prepared by his mother's hand. He turned his head—she was at his side, her arms about his neck. "God keep my boy," was all she could utter. He knelt at her feet as in the days of childhood, and from those wayward lips came this tearful prayer, "Oh, God, spare my mother, that I may look upon her face again in this world!"

Oh, in after days, when that voice had died out from under the parental roof, how sacred was that spot to her who gave him birth! *There was hope for the boy! he had recognised his mother's God.* By that invisible silken cord she still held the wanderer, though broad seas roll between.

Letters came to Moss Glen—at stated intervals, then more irregularly, picturing only the bright spots in his sailor life (for Will was proud, and they were to be scanned by his father's eye). The usual temptations of a sailor's life when in port were not unknown to him. Of every cup the siren pleasure held to his lips, he drank to the dregs; but there were moments in his maddest revels, when that angel whisper "God keep my boy," palsied his daring hand, and arrested the half-uttered oath. Disgusted with himself, he would turn aside for an instant, but only to drown again more recklessly "that still small torturing voice."

"You're a stranger in these parts," said a rough farmer to a sun-burnt traveller. "Look as though you'd been in foreign parts?"

"Do I?" said Will, slouching his hat over his eyes. "Who lives in that little cottage under the hill?"

"Old Farmer Low—and a tough customer he is, too; it's a word and a blow with him. The old lady has had a hard time of it, good as she is, to put up with all his kinks and quirks. She bore it very well till the lad went away; and then she began to droop like a willow in a storm, and lose all heart, like. Doctor's stuff didn't do any good as long as she got no news of the boy. She's to be buried this afternoon, sir."

Poor Will stayed to hear no more, but tottered in the direction of the cottage. He asked no leave to enter, but passed over the threshold into the little "best parlour," and found himself alone with the dead. It was too true! Dumb were the lips that should have welcomed him; and the arms that should have enfolded him were crossed peacefully over the heart that beat true to him till the last.

Conscience did its office. Long years of mad folly passed in swift review before him; and over that insensible form a vow was made, and registered in heaven.

"Your mother should have lived to see this day, Will," said a grey-haired old man, as he leaned on the arm of the clergyman, and passed into the village church.

"Bless God, my dear father, there is '*joy in heaven* over one sinner that repenteth;' and of all the angel band, there is one seraph hand that sweeps *more rapturously* its harp to-day for the lost that is found.'"

TO YONDER SIDE.

REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

THE cooling breath of evening woke
The waves of Galilee,
Till on the shore the waters broke
In softest melody.

"Now launch the bark," the Saviour cried,
The chosen twelve stood by,
"And let us cross to yonder side,
Where the hills are steep and high."

Gently the bark o'er the water creeps,
While the swelling sail they spread,
And the wearied Saviour gently sleeps,
With a pillow 'neath His head.

On downy bed the world seeks rest,
Sleep flies the guilty eye,
But he who leans on the Father's breast
May sleep when storms are nigh.

But soon the lowering sky grew dark
O'er Bashan's rocky brow,
The storm rushed down upon the bark,
And waves dashed o'er the prow.

The pale disciples trembling spake,
While yawned the watery grave,
"We perish, Master,—Master, wake!
Carest Thou not to save?"

Calmly He rose, with sovereign will,
And hushed the storm to rest.
"Ye waves," he whispered, "Peace! be still!"
They calmed like a pardoned breast.

So have I seen a fearful storm
O'er wakened sinner roll,
Till Jesus' voice, and Jesus' form
Said, "Peace, thou weary soul."

And now He bends His gentle eye
His wondering followers o'er,
"Why raise this unbelieving cry?
I said '*to yonder shore.*'"

When first the Saviour wakened me,
And showed me why he died,
He pointed o'er life's narrow sea,
And said, "*to yonder side.*"

"Peace, peace! be still thou raging breast,
My fulness is for thee,"
The Saviour speaks, and all is rest,
Like the waves of Galilee.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

"ARE they not all ministering spirits," says St. Paul, "sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" In this passage we are plainly taught, that ministering to the saints is a standing employment of angels, throughout the ages of time. Accordingly, they are exhibited in Jacob's vision of the ladder as "ascending and descending," from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven continually, in the discharge of this great duty. According to this declaration also, we are furnished by the Scriptures with numerous examples of their actual ministry to the children of God. Thus angels delivered Lot from Sodom, Jacob from Esau, Daniel from the lions, his three companions from the fiery furnace, Peter from Herod and the Jewish Sanhedrim, and the nation of the Israelites, successively, from the Egyptians, Canaanites, and Assyrians. Thus they conducted Lot, Abraham, and the Israelites, in seasons of great difficulty and danger, to places and circumstances of safety and peace. Thus they conducted Gideon to the destruction of the Midianites, Joseph and Mary to Egypt, Philip to the Eunuch, and Cornelius to Peter, to the knowledge of the Gospel through him, and to the salvation of himself, his family,

and his friends. Thus angels instructed Abraham, Joshua, Gideon, David, Elijah, Daniel, Zechariah the prophet, Zachariah the father of John the Baptist, the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, and their fellow-disciples. Thus they comforted Jacob at the approach of Esau, Daniel in his peculiar sorrows and dangers, Zechariah in the sufferings of his nation, Joseph and Mary in their perplexities, Christ in his agony, the Apostles and their companions after his resurrection, Paul immediately before his shipwreck, and the Church universally, by the testimony and instruction given in the Revelation of St. John.

PROCRASTINATION.

REV. EDWARD YOUNG, D.D.

BE wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, *this* is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"—
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their *future* selves applaud.
How excellent that life—they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *folly's* vails;
That lodg'd in *fate's*, to *wisdom* they consign;
The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone*.

'Tis not in *folly*, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human *wisdom*, to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for *ourselves;* and only wish,
As duteous sons, our *fathers* were more wise.
At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay;
Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve;*
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then, dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread,
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close, where, past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the *wing*, no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel;*—
So dies in human hearts the thought of death,
E'en with the tender tear which Nature sheds
O'er those we love,—we drop it in their grave.

SYMBOLS IN A HOUSE.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

What wonderful provision God has made for us, spreading out the Bible into types of nature!

What if every part of your house should begin to repeat the truths which have been committed to its symbolism? The lowest stone would say, in silence of night, "Other foundation can no man lay." The corner stone would catch the word, "Christ is the corner stone." The door would add, "I am the door."

The taper burning by your bedside would stream up a moment to tell you, "Christ is the light of the world." If you gaze upon your children, they reflect from their sweetly-sleeping faces the words of Christ, "Except ye become like little children." If, waking, you look towards your parents' couch, from that sacred place God calls Himself your father and your mother. Disturbed by the crying of your children, who are affrighted in a dream, you rise to soothe them, and hear God saying, "So will I wipe away all tears from your eyes in heaven." Returning to your bed, you look from the window. Every star hails you, but, chiefest, "the bright and morning Star." By-and-by, flaming from the east, the flood of morning bathes your dwelling, and calls you forth to the cares of the day, and then you remember that God is the sun, and that heaven is bright with His presence. Drawn by hunger, you approach the table. The loaf whispers as you break it, "Broken for you," and the wheat of the loaf sighs, "Bruised and ground for you." The water that quenches your thirst says, "I am the water of life." If you wash your hands, you can but remember the teachings of spiritual purity. If you wash your feet, that hath been done secretly by Christ, as a memorial. The very roof of your dwelling hath its utterance, and bids you look for the day when God's house shall receive its top-stone.

Go forth to your labour, and what thing can you see that hath not its message? The ground is full of sympathy. The flowers have been printed with teachings. The trees, that only seem to shake their leaves in sport, are framing Divine sentences. The birds tell of heaven with their love-warblings in the green twilight. The sparrow is a preacher of truth. The hen clucks and broods her chickens, unconscious that to the end of the world she is part and parcel of a revelation of God to man. The sheep that bleat from the pastures, the hungry wolves that blink in the forest, the serpent that glides noiselessly in the grass, the raven that flies

heavily across the field, the lily over which his shadow passes, the plough, the sickle, the wain, the barn, the flail, the thrashing floor, all of them are consecrated priests, unrobed teachers, revelators that see no vision themselves, but that bring to us thoughts of truth, contentment, hope, and love. All are ministers of God. The whole earth doth praise Him, and show forth His glory!

A DIALOGUE ABOUT TEA.

From "Evenings at Home."

TUTOR. Come: the tea is ready. Lay by your book, and let us talk a little. You have often assisted in making tea, but perhaps have never considered what kind of an operation it is.

Pupil. An operation of cookery, is it not?

T. You may call it so; but it is properly an operation of chemistry.

P. Of chemistry! I thought that that had been a very deep sort of a business.

T. Oh, there are many things in common life that belong to the deepest of sciences. Making tea is the chemical operation called *infusion*, which is, when a hot liquor is poured upon a substance in order to extract something from it. The water, you see, extracts from the tea-leaves their colour and flavour.

P. Would not cold water do the same?

T. It would, but more slowly. Heat assists almost all liquors in their power of extracting the virtues of herbs and other substances. Thus, good housewives formerly used to boil their tea, in order to get all the goodness from it as completely as possible. The greater heat and agitation of boiling makes the water act more powerfully. The liquor in which a substance has been boiled is called a *decoction* of that substance.

P. Then we had a decoction of mutton at dinner to-day.

T. We had—broth is a decoction, and gruel and barley-water are decoctions.

P. And ink——

T. No—the materials of which ink is composed are steeped in a cold liquor, which operation is termed *maceration.* In all these cases, you see, the whole substance does not mix with the liquor, but only part of it. The reason of which is, that part of it is *soluble* in the liquor, and part not.

P. What do you mean by soluble?

T. Solution is when a solid put into a fluid entirely disappears in it, leaving the liquor clear. Thus, when I throw this lump of sugar into my tea, you see it gradually wastes away till it is all gone, the tea remaining as clear as before, though I can tell by the taste that the sugar is dispersed through all parts of it. The body which thus disappears, is said to be soluble, and the liquor it dissolves in, is called the solvent, or menstruum.

P. Salt is a soluble substance.

T. Yes. But what if I were to throw a lump of chalk into some water?

P. It would make the water white.

T. While you stirred it—no longer; afterwards it would sink undissolved to the bottom.

P. Chalk, then, is not soluble.

T. No, not in water; when stirred up in a liquor so as to cause it to lose its transparency, it is said to be diffused. Now, suppose you had a mixture of sugar, salt, chalk, and tea-leaves, and were to throw it into water, either hot or cold; what would be the effect?

P. The sugar and salt would disappear, being dissolved. The tea-leaves would yield their colour and taste. And the chalk——

T. The chalk would sink to the bottom with the tea-leaves, unless the water were stirred, when it would be rendered turbid or muddy. After the operation, the

tea-leaves, if dried and weighed, would be found to have lost part of their weight, and the water would have gained it.

P. When I observed that chalk was insoluble, you said pointedly, in water it is: I suppose, then, that in some other liquid it is soluble.

T. Yes—in acids; that is, in vinegar and other liquids of a similar class. Indeed, in proper menstrua, not only is chalk soluble, but most other bodies; even the metals, those solid and seemingly indestructible bodies, by being put into certain liquids, become converted into transparent fluids.

P. How exceedingly curious!

T. It is. Upon this principle are founded many curious matters in the arts. Thus, spirit-varnish is made of a solution of various gums or resins in spirits, that will not dissolve in water. Therefore, when it has been laid over any substance with a brush, and is become dry, the rain or the moisture of the air will not affect it. This is the case with the beautiful varnish laid upon coaches. On the other hand, the varnish left by gum-water could not be washed off by spirits.

P. I remember, when I made gum-water, upon setting the cup in a warm place, the water all dried away, and left the gum just as it was before. Would the same happen if I had sugar or salt dissolved in the water?

T. Yes, upon exposing the solution to warmth, it would dry away, and you would get back your salt or sugar in a solid state, as before.

P. But if I were to do so with a cup of tea, what should I get?

T. Not tea-leaves, certainly! But your question makes a few observations necessary. It is the property of heat to make most things fly off in vapour, which is called *evaporation*, or *exhalation*. But this it does in very different degrees to different substances. Some are easily made to evaporate; others with more difficulty, and others not at all by the most violent fire we

raise. Fluids in general are easily evaporable; but not equally so. Spirit of wine flies off in vapour much sooner than water; so that if you had a mixture of the two, by applying a gentle heat you might drive off almost all the spirit, while the greater part of the water would remain. Water, again, is more evaporable than oil. Some solid substances are much disposed to evaporate; thus, smelling-salts by a little heat may entirely be driven away in the air. But, in general, solids are more fixed than fluids; and, therefore, when a solid is dissolved in a fluid, it may commonly be recovered again by evaporation. It is by this operation that common salt is obtained from sea-water and salt-springs, either by the artificial application of heat, or by the natural heat of the sun. When a quantity of water contains as much salt as it will dissolve, it is called a *saturated* solution; upon evaporating which a little, the salt begins to assume the solid state, forming little regular masses called crystals. Sugar may be made in like manner to form crystals, and then it is sugar-candy. But, now to your question about tea. On exposing it to considerable heat, those fine particles in which its flavour consists, being as *volatile* or evaporable as the water, would fly off along with it; and when the infusion came to dryness, there would be left only those particles in which its roughness and colour consists. This would make what is called an extract of a plant.

P. What becomes of the water that evaporates?

T. A very proper question—it ascends into the air, and unites with it, causing it to become moist or dewy. But if, however, the vapour in its way happen to be stopped by any cold body, it is *condensed*—that is, it returns to the state of water again. Lift up the lid of the tea-pot, and you will see water collected on the inside of it, which is the condensed steam which rises from the hot tea beneath it. Hold a spoon or knife in the way of the steam which bursts out from the spout of the tea-kettle, and you will find it immediately

covered with drops of water. This operation of turning a liquid into vapour, and then condensing it, is called *distillation.* For this purpose, the vessel in which the liquor is heated is closely covered with another called the head, into which the steam rises and is condensed. It is then drawn off by means of a pipe from this vessel called a still, into another called a receiver. In this way all sweet-scented and aromatic liquors are drawn from fragrant vegetables by means of water or spirits. The fragrant part being very volatile, rises along with the steam of the water or spirit, and remains united with it after it is condensed. Rose-water and spirit of lavender are liquors of this kind.

P. I think I have heard of making salt water fresh by means of distillation.

T. Yes, that is an old discovery lately revived. The salt in sea-water being of a fixed nature, does not rise with the steam; and, therefore, on condensing the steam, the water is found to be fresh. And this indeed is the method nature employs in raising water by exhalation from the ocean, which, collecting in clouds, is condensed in the cold regions of the air, and falls down in rain.—But our tea is done; so we will now put an end to our chemical lecture.

REBEKAH.

Rev. George Aspinall, D.D.

The gorgeous Oriental sky
In tints of sapphire, green, and gold
Shines soft o'er Padan-aram's trees,
On shepherd, flock, and fold:
The noontide heat is past; the sun
His daily course hath ceas'd to run.

Without the city, tow'rds the well,
The ancient steward turns his head,
Around his form the gabardine
In sombre folds is spread,
And as he halts upon his way
E'en thus doth Eleazer pray:

"O God of Abram, bless his cause!
Judea's maidens hither soon
Will haste for water—at Thy hands
I beg a special boon:
Let her who standeth by my side,
And gives me drink, be Isaac's bride."

But lo! ere yet the pray'r of faith
Is fully breath'd, what vision bright
Advances from yon grove of palms
To greet the old man's sight,
With virgin loveliness beclad
And form'd to make a hermit glad?

What grace sits thron'd upon that brow,
How ripe the olive in her cheek!
A fairer help-mate for his son
In vain may Abram seek:
And on her shoulder she doth bear
A pitcher with the utmost care.

A flowing robe of purple silk
Enstarr'd with gems is round her spread,
A circlet of the purest gold
Adorns her queen-like head:
Her eyes would Erebus illume,
Her tresses shame the raven's plume.

But see, she gains the well, she stoops,
Then rising from the mossy brink,
She stands before the aged man
And bids him freely drink:
His camels too, her care partake,
And drain huge draughts their thirst to slake.

Enough, old man, thy task is done,
Now let thy costly gifts appear;
Enclasp the bracelets on her arms,
With rings bedeck each ear:
With full success thy work is crown'd,
And Isaac's peerless partner found.

'Tis eventide, and in the fields
A student reads from Nature's book,
And broods o'er subjects new and old
With meditative look:
But hark! that distant tramp, as made
By some approaching cavalcade!

A muffled tread of camels' hoofs
Falls on the youthful student's ears,
And, now emerging from the shade,
A retinue appears:
Look up, young Isaac, dost not see
What store of treasure comes to thee?

Behold yon band of damsels bright
On camels mounted, each in place,
And in the midst behold yon maid,
Yon paragon of grace!
She is thy second self, thy life,
Rebekah, thy predestin'd wife!

Go bear her to thy mother's tent,
Bid her exult as at thy birth,
And as they slay the fatted kid
And feast with sacred mirth,
Let Sarah laugh and Abram joy
That fair Rebekah weds their boy.

Rebekah! e'en thy very name
Comes fraught with music to mine ear:
The grand old Jewish days return,
Their glories reappear:
I live past time, and seem to tread
The holy ground of which I've read.

But, dear Rebekah, chief on thee
I love to think; when I am sad,
I picture thee as thou wast then,
And straight my soul grows glad:
I see thee by the old well-side
And gaze on thee as Isaac's bride

HAL BLAIN;

OR, THE LAUGHTER OF FOOLS.

THE prettiest house in the village of Burton was that of Henry Blain, the wheelwright. The garden was full of hollyhocks, and Michaelmas daisies, and chrysanthemums. Monthly roses were blossoming over the porch, and the Virginian creeper, which had begun to change its colour, ran over the thatch in front, and fell over the gable. A gate at the side opened into the yard, which was filled with ash, and elm, and oak timber, piled up curiously under sheds, and a large walnut-tree which hung over all. Wheels and parts of a waggon lay here and there; the saw was sounding, and the hammer. Quiet and work were united, and happiness and industry seemed to show themselves everywhere.

"Good morning, Blain," said the Vicar of the parish, when he found where the wheelwright was at work. "I have just been at the school, and learn that your boy has been playing truant again. Do you know anything about it?"

"No, I don't, indeed, sir," replied Blain, stopping his saw, "and I am very sorry to hear it; but here he comes, sir, and I will soon ask him."

"Do," answered Mr. Forley, "and I will say nothing until I hear."

Hal Blain had now come up, and stood leaning against a post, looking at his father.

"Where have you been this afternoon?" he was asked.

"Only up to Barling Close, father."

"Why didn't you go to school, as you ought?"

"Tom Jones would not let me."

"Tom Jones! why you are as big as he is, and he could not stop you, if you wished to go."

"He would not let me, father."

"Let you, indeed! I suppose you mean he persuaded you; he laughed at you. Eh?"

Hal was silent, and coloured up.

"I tell you what, Hal—you'll never do any good, unless you learn to do what is right in spite of others. Now go to Mr. Forley, and ask his pardon, and he'll speak to you."

Hal did what he was told, looking very foolish; and Mr. Forley spoke to him of his fault, and told him that he must be punished for it, in order to make him remember it.

It was not more than a month, however, after this, that Mr. Brooke, the master of the school, was gathering some nuts in a hedge, and while he was doing so, he heard three boys coming up on the other side. He knew by their voices that they were Blain, Jones, and Milton.

"You may just as well come," said Jones to Hal Blain; "it can't be any harm taking a few apples out of so many, and no one will know it."

"No, I wont—I wont," said Hal.

"Why not, then?"

"It's stealing!"

"What, taking a few apples? Call that stealing?"

"Ha, ha! that is a joke!" said Milton, laughing loudly.

"Master showed us the other day that picking and stealing are all the same," replied Hal.

"Master, indeed! no master out of school. You're a regular girl; you're not up to anything."

"I'm not a girl!" said Hal.

"You are!" they both cried.

"I'm not!"

"Then come with us."

"But——"

"Come along, come along; I know you will," they both said; and Hal walked on. His conscience kept saying to him, "Stop, why do you attend to what they say? You know they are wrong. You know you are ashamed to do what is right." But Hal did not stop; he went on until he heard a crashing in the hedge, and Mr. Brooke jumped through, and stood before them. The other two boys ran off at once, but Hal stood still, and had not courage to move or speak.

Mr. Brooke said nothing to him, except to tell him to follow; and he went slowly towards the schoolhouse with Hal behind. When they came in, Mr. Brooke shut the door, and sat down. Hal stood before him so ashamed that he could hardly breathe.

"Hal Blain," he said, "you would have stolen, if I had not stopped you. You are even now guilty of stealing, in God's sight. What we are going to do is in God's sight already done. You are a thief."

The tears rolled down Hal's face, for he was a feeling boy. Mr. Brooke waited a few minutes, and then went on.

"All this comes of being afraid of laughter. I heard all that was said. You knew it was stealing; you knew it was a dreadful sin; but you were afraid of being laughed at. You heard what they said, and you did not listen to your conscience. You did not think that God saw you, or what God thought of you; but only of what those wicked boys said and thought. If you go on thus, you may be led into anything; you may be made anything by anybody. What would you do if you were to die now, and to come before God? What would become of you? You have thought God

less than your evil companions; you have set His word at nought, His word for theirs. You will never do any good, you will never become any better, unless you change in this. You must learn to remember that God is seeing you; that God is speaking to you; that when the Judgment comes, your evil companions cannot help you—they cannot help themselves. The laughter of fools will be turned into mourning. They will cry aloud then; there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Hal sobbed loudly, and then Mr. Brooke asked him whether he was ready to do all he could to undo his sin. He said he would; and Mr. Brooke therefore took him up to the person whose garden he was going to have robbed, and then Hal confessed it openly, and put himself to shame.

After this Hal Blain improved greatly, and the Vicar and the master had good hopes that he would turn out well in the end; but his father, who wished him to know some parts of his business which he himself did not know, put him out as apprentice in the county town; and so they lost sight of him.

At his master's Hal found two other lads, rather older than himself. They were cheerful, merry boys, but very thoughtless, and did many sinful things without a scruple. At first Hal stood firm against it, but by degrees they laughed him more and more out of his good resolutions. He left off reading his Bible because they laughed at him when he read it, and failed to kneel at his prayers because they did not kneel; and at last, a few words before he got up, and a few words after he lay down, were all the worship and prayers of the boy. He could hardly hope that God would hear him; he dared not think of this. He became careless and hardened, and fell more and more away from the vows of his baptism, and the resolutions of his former days, and the advice of his parents and teachers. Time passed quickly—lost time, which can never return—misused time, which leaves long-lasting evil. Hal was now

eighteen, when one day as he was working, a letter from home was put into his hands. He opened it, and found that he must go there at once, if he hoped to see his father alive. He arrived in time for this: his father had just strength to say, "Hal, I fear you are not what you were; but turn to God whilst you can, and be kind to your mother." He then turned away. Mr. Forley read the parting prayer, to which the sick man said Amen, and with one deep sigh he died.

Hal was truly shocked and grieved. He resolved to begin afresh, and by the help of this sorrow and Mr. Forley's advice, he went on steadily, and succeeded in keeping his father's business and supporting his mother. Very soon, however, one of his old companions came to stay with a friend at Burton. Hal avoided him at first; but Dixon would not be put off so easily, and went to see Hal so often, that at last they got to the old footing again, and were friends as before. Hal's mother saw this with sorrow, and begged her son to shun this acquaintance, and to promise that he would not go with him to the Waggon and Horses public-house. Hal promised the last, and not the first. He might just as well have not promised either; for how can a man who hears swearing day after day, without reproving it, and who is a friend to great sinners, keep himself from going further and further in wickedness? Hal had now become acquainted with several other idle youths who knew Dixon, and fast grew worse and worse. At last he was laughed out of his promise, and went to the Waggon and Horses with Dixon. When once he had done this, he seemed to lose all hope of doing better, and all shame. He was there constantly, and was very seldom sober. He never went to church, never saw his mother more than he could help, and became a notoriously bad man.

Hal's business now fell off. Some of the farmers, who were tired of his neglect and general conduct, took away their work to the market town; and, after a while, another wheelwright, hearing there was an opening,

came and set up against him, and got away nearly all his business.

Poverty, misery, and vice now hung about the once beautiful cottage of Henry Blain. The rose hung down, the fence was broken, the thatch was off, the gate hung on the ground. Hal's mother sat working in the window; she never went out except to church, and could not speak to her neighbours. They all saw how much altered she was, and tried to comfort her; but she always kept her feelings to herself, and did not like to see them.

One day Hal came in drunk and fell upon a chair, which gave way and threw him heavily on the floor. The fall made him sober, and when he rose he saw his mother going back to her seat at the fire, which she had left to help him. He looked at her and saw that she was deadly pale.

"Mother," he said, "what is the matter?"

She did not answer.

"Are you ill, mother? What is the matter?"

"*You*," she said.

"I know, but I am afraid you are ill."

"Yes, I am ill. I am dying, and you are killing me."

As she said this she leaned back in her chair and seemed to faint. Hal was now frightened and went out for help. He could find no one. His neighbours, who had seen him drunk just before, did not answer him, and it was some time before he could get any one to come with him. At last an old woman who was a nurse came, and he sent a lad for the doctor. When the doctor arrived he found the nurse fanning Hal's mother, and rubbing her hands. He looked at her and felt her pulse, and shook his head. She was dead.

For some days after this the neighbours thought that Hal Blain would destroy himself. He would speak to no one, and seemed to have some horrible plan in his mind. Mr. Forley was away when this happened, but as soon as he returned he went over to the cottage and found Hal there. He did not rise up to speak to the

Vicar, but only said, "Good day, sir," and kept his eyes shut, leaning his elbow on the table. It seemed as if he was turned into stone, and Mr. Forley thought of Nabal.

After a time Mr. Forley succeeded in getting Hal to speak, and found that he was in despair, that he had no hope of mercy, and hated his life. He cursed himself, though he had brought curses enough upon his soul already, and was as a man lost.

In a few days Mr. Forley's constant warning and advice was suffered to make a change in him. Hal was softened and cried like a child. He could hardly bear any one to speak to him. Everything was like a dagger to him. His state caused the Vicar much anxiety, and made him offer many prayers to God for his poor wandering sheep; and at last he had the great happiness of seeing that Hal was truly penitent. Still, he knew what a fickle and changeable heart the poor man had, and he could not but fear lest even then he should fall away.

Often and often therefore he entreated him to be watchful; he bade him think of the dreadful words about those who fall away; to remember, when he was in danger of yielding to the laughter or persuasions of his bad companions, the Saviour's words, "Whosoever is ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He shall come in His own glory and in His Father's, and of His Holy Angels."

Another trial assisted to humble Henry Blain, one which would have been heavier if he had not been penitent: his business had so fallen off, owing to his course of life, that he could not keep it up any longer, and he was obliged to work as journeyman to his old rival. Even his yard was let to him, and all that remained was the empty cottage, desolate and void of father and mother, but full of bitter and shameful thoughts and feelings.

Henry Blain is now an altered man: he looks old

beyond his years, and scarcely ever laughs; he has never married, and probably will not; he works hard for his livelihood, and what he saved by years of labour he spent in putting up a gravestone to his parents, which has on it these words—

Here lie the bodies of

HENRY BLAIN, aged 42, and MARY, his Wife, aged 35.

HENRY BLAIN,

Who broke his Mother's heart, put up this stone,

In gratitude and sorrow.

It was not long since Mr. Forley, who was reading the second lesson in church, containing the account of our Saviour's Crucifixion, saw Henry wipe the tears from his eyes more than once. He did not know exactly why, but Henry's thoughts were these: "They set at nought my Redeemer and mocked at Him for me, and I could not bear to be mocked for Him. They pointed at Him as he hung on the Cross for me, and I could not bear the finger of scorn. The thieves derided Him, and I have been ashamed of Him. O that I might never laugh again. I ought to be ashamed to laugh, since I have been so often ashamed of Christ for the laughter of fools."

There is one human being, and only one, who is much with Henry. He is not unkind or selfish, he is sad and silent; but he has one friend. The orphan child of a neighbour who is lodged near him, was once being led away as he himself was. Henry heard what was passing, and took the child home; he told it all his past life and all his present sufferings; and by God's grace saved the boy from following in his steps. Henry hopes to get his young friend to lodge with him; but, as it is, he has him often at his cottage, and reads to him from the Bible, and teaches him to be bold, to say No in the fear of God, and Yes in the fear of God, and to be ashamed of nothing but evil sinful words or deeds.

If Edward Canning lives and grows up, as we now may hope, he will be a happier man than ever poor Henry Blain can be again in this world; for false shame brings true shame and long, long sorrow.

(*By permission of Mr. Masters.*)

THE WATCHMAN CRYING THE HOUR

AT HERRNHUTH IN GERMANY.

VIII.—Past eight o'clock! O Herrnhuth, do thou ponder;
Eight souls in Noah's ark were living yonder.

IX.—'Tis nine o'clock! ye brethren, hear it striking;
Keep hearts and houses clean, to our Saviour's liking.

X.—Now, brethren, hear, the clock is ten and passing;
None rest but such as wait for Christ's embracing.

XI.—Eleven is past! still at this hour eleven,
The Lord is calling us from earth to heaven.

XII.—Ye brethren, hear, the midnight clock is humming;
At midnight, our great Bridegroom will be coming.

I.—Past one o'clock; the day's from darkness breaking,
Great Morning-star, appear, at our awaking!

II.—'Tis two! on Jesus wait this silent season,
Ye two are so related, will and reason.

III.—The clock is three! the blessed Three doth merit
The best of praise, from body, soul, and spirit.

IV.—'Tis four o'clock, when three make supplication,
The Lord will be the fourth on that occasion.

V.—Five is the clock! five virgins were discarded,
When five with wedding garments were rewarded.

VI.—The clock is six, and I go off my station;
Now, brethren, *watch yourselves for your salvation.*

ELIHU.

ALICE CAREY.

"O SAILOR, tell me, tell me true,
Is my little lad—my Elihu—
A sailing in your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dimmed with dew.
"Your little lad? your Elihu?"
He said with trembling lip;
"What little lad—what ship?"

What little lad?—as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
"What little lad, do you say?"
"Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee.
It was just the other day
The *Gray Swan* sailed away."

The other day? The sailor's eyes
Stood wide-open with surprise.
"The other day?—the *Swan?*"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir; here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
"And so your lad is gone!—

"Gone with the *Swan*." "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
For a month, and never stir?"
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her—
A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know,
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the *Gray Swan's* deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw—
Taking it off, as it might be so—
The kerchief from your neck;
Ay, and he'll bring it back.

"And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick, and made you sad,
Sail with the *Gray Swan's* crew?"
"Lawless! the man is going mad;
The best boy ever mother had;
Be sure, he sailed with the crew—
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"
"Hold—if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine;
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! what would you have?"

"Gone twenty years! a long, long cruise;
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you you can
Forgive him?" "Miserable man!
You're mad as the sea; you rave—
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
  The kerchief. She was wild:
"My God!—my Father!—is it true?
My little lad—my Elihu?
And is it?—is it?—is it you?
  My blessed boy—my child—
  My dead—my living child!"

THE BROWN JUG.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

Rev. J. S Spencer, D.D.

In the course of my pastoral visits, I called upon a man who was a member of my congregation, a farmer, between fifty and sixty years of age, a plain man, accustomed to daily labour. He was not a communicant, and I had no reason to think him to be a pious man. He was a regular attendant upon the religious services of the Sabbath; but I had never seen him in any religious assembly at any other time. He was regarded as a respectable man, I believe, in all respects. His wife was a pious woman, whom I had sometimes conversed with, and who had expressed to me her anxiety in regard to the religious state of her husband. He had been for so many years living under the means of grace, without being led to repentance and faith in Christ; that she was afraid his mind had settled down upon some ruinous error, or into a strange stupidity, so that he never would become a Christian. She said she had often talked *to* him on the subject of his religious duty; but he seldom entered into any free conversation upon it; indeed, "he would say almost nothing at all about himself." He would *hear* what she had to say, without any opposition, and with apparent willingness;

but he seldom made any reply, except to make some general acknowledgment of the importance of the subject. He had a family of children, the most of whom had already arrived at the years of manhood, and none of them manifested any disposition to obey the gospel in spirit and in truth. They were a moral and industrious family. The sons were much like their father, with the exception, that they were seen less frequently at church. The family resided some distance from my residence, and I had not known them very intimately, except the mother, as the rest of the family were usually absent in the field, when I called at their house.

Before the time to which I refer, I had never found this man at home; nor had I been able to converse with him at all in reference to his religious duty. Soon after I entered the house, his wife retired from the room, and left me alone with him. I immediately addressed him on the subject of religion. He appeared candid and solemn. I found that he had no hope in Christ. He said that religion had, for many years, appeared to him as a solemn and important duty. He wished he was a Christian. He said he was fully sensible that he was a sinner in God's sight, and was exposed to his righteous justice. He referred to the sermons which he heard from Sabbath to Sabbath; and said it was a wonder to him, that they did not influence him more. But he supposed that he had "little true conviction of sin," and little sense of his real condition, or he should be a different man. In this manner he spake of himself very freely, for a long time.

He appeared to me to be a man of respectable mind, rather slow in thought and in his sensibilities, but of some discrimination.

I urged him to give his instant and prayerful attention to his salvation; but he did not seem inclined to yield to my solicitation. I pressed it upon him strongly. I recited to him the promises of God, made to them

that seek him; and the threatenings of God against the neglectors of salvation. Still he appeared unmoved. I then concluded to put together, in a manner adapted to his cast of mind, some of the most urgent appeals that I could think of. I commenced. Said I:

"You are already somewhat advanced in life. Your remaining years will be few. You have no time to lose. You have lost enough already. If you do not become a follower of Christ soon, you never will. You have a family of children. You have never set them an example of piety. You have never prayed with them as you ought to have done. Your neglect goes far to destroy all the influence which their mother might have over them. They copy your example. God will hold you accountable for a father's influence. You may be the cause of their ruin——"

"That often troubles me," said he (interrupting me in the middle of what I designed to say).

"It *ought* to trouble you. It is a serious matter for a father to live before his sons without acknowledging God, without prayer, without hope, just as if he and they had no more interest in the matter of religion than the beast, whose 'spirit goeth downward to the earth.'"

"Yes, indeed it is," said he. "And I am now getting to be an old man. I wish I could get religion."

"You *can*. The whole way is clear. God's word has made it so."

"I *will* begin," said he, emphatically. "But I wish you would make a prayer with us. I will call in Mrs. E—— and the boys."

He immediately called them.

After my saying a few words to each of them, and briefly addressing them all, we knelt together in prayer. As we rose from our knees, he said to his children, very solemnly: "Boys, I hope this visit of our minister will do us all good. It is time for us to think of our souls." I left them.

The next Sabbath they were all in church. At the

close of the morning service I had some conversation again with the father. He appeared to be honestly and fully determined to "deny himself, take up his cross and follow Jesus Christ."

He continued very much in this state of mind for some months, sensible of his need of Christ to save him, and prayerful for Divine mercy. I saw him and conversed with him many times. He did not appear to make any progress either in knowledge or sensibility. He did not go back; but he was stationary. He prayed in secret. He prayed in his family. He studied his Bible. He conversed with me freely. He sought opportunity for conversation. Uniformly he appeared solemn and in earnest. But he found no peace with God, no hope in Christ. Evidently he was in deep trouble of mind.

As he was not a man of much cultivation of mind, I aimed to teach him the truth in the most plain and simple manner. I proved everything, and explained everything. It was all in vain. Months rolled on. He continued in the same state. It was impossible to discover or conjecture what kept him from Christ. His condition filled me with solicitude; but I studied it in vain.

I made inquiries about him among his friends and neighbours, to learn, if possible, his whole disposition and his character of mind. But I soon discovered, as I thought, that I knew him better than anybody else.

More than six months after he began to give his prayerful attention to his salvation, as I was riding towards his house, just at a turn in the road, where it wound round a hill, which hindered our seeing each other till we were close together, I suddenly met him. He was riding in his one-horse wagon towards the village. I stopped my horse to speak to him, and I thought he appeared disposed to pass on. But as the road was narrow, and I had stopped my carriage, the wheels of our vehicles almost touched each other, and he could not well get by. We had a long conversation as we sat in

our carriages, in that retired and romantic spot. But I discerned no change in his religious feelings. He was as determined, but as hopeless as ever.

At length my eye happened to rest on a brown jug, which would contain about two gallons, and which was lying on its side, under the seat of his wagon. The thought came into my mind, that he might be accustomed to the use of stimulating drinks, and that that might be an injury and a hindrance to him in his religious endeavours. I had never heard or suspected that he was an intemperate man. Probably the idea never would have occurred to me that strong drink might be his hindrance, had I not been utterly unable to account for his stationary condition in respect to religion. I instantly resolved to speak to him on that subject. But it was an awkward business. I did not know how to begin. I would not insult him, and I did not wish to injure his feelings. He was an old man, near sixty—old enough to be my father. And to suggest the idea, that he might be guilty of any excess, would seem to be cruel and uncalled for. But I thought it my duty to make some inquiry. So I began:—

"Mr. E., where are you going this morning?"

"I am going to the village—to the store."

"I see you have got a jug there, under your seat; what are you going to do with that?"

He cast his eye down upon it, a little confused, for an instant, as I thought; but he immediately replied:—

"I am going to get some rum in it."

"Are you accustomed to drink rum?"

"I never drink any to hurt me."

"You never drink any to do you any good."

"I have thought it *did* sometimes. I do not drink much."

"Do you drink it every day?"

"No, not every day, commonly. We had none to use in the field this year, in all our haying, till we came to the wet meadow; when the boys said we

should get the fever if we worked with our feet wet, and had nothing to drink."

"So you have used it since that time? You carry it into the field, I suppose?"

"Yes; we commonly do in haying and harvest."

"Well, at other times of the year do you keep it on hand in your house?"

"Yes; I always *keep* it. But it is only a little that I drink; sometimes a glass of bitters in the morning, or when I am not well, and feel that I need something."

"Mr. E., when you are perplexed, annoyed, or in some trouble, do you never take a drink on that account?"

"I am very apt to. It seems to keep me up."

"Well, now, just tell me: for a good many months back, since you have been troubled on the subject of religion, have you been accustomed to resort to it to keep you up?"

"Yes; at times. I feel the need of it."

"In my opinion that is the *worst* thing, my dear friend, that you *could do!*"

"Why, I only drink a *little* at *home.* I have not carried it into the field except in haying time."

"So I understand it. But one question more: have you not often, at home, when you have felt downcast in mind on account of sin, taken a drink, *because* you felt thus troubled?"

"I believe I have done it sometimes. I cannot tell how often. I never thought much about it."

I had become convinced by this time that he was at least in danger; and that it was not at all an improbable thing that his drinking just kept him from repentance. I told him so; and then began, with all my sagacity and power of persuasion, to induce him to quit all intoxicating drinks *for ever.* At first he appeared not to believe me at all. He heard me just as if he had made up his mind, and did not care what I said. His eyes wandered carelessly around, over the

fields and trees, and then turned upon his old horse as if he was impatient to start on, and get out of the way of a lecture which he disbelieved. After a time, however, and while I was stating to him some facts within my own knowledge, to show the uselessness of strong drink, he became apparently interested in what I was saying. He listened, and I went on with my plea. As I explained the effect of intoxicating drink upon the mind, and upon the feelings, and the conscience of men, he hung down his head, and appeared to be lost in thought. After a while, as I kept talking, he cast a glance at his jug; then looked up; and then his eyes fell back upon his jug again. I kept reasoning with him; but he did not look at me any longer—he did not appear to be thinking of what I was saying. He appeared rather to be engaged in deep thought; and his eye often turned upon his jug. By-and-by he slowly reached down his hand and took hold of it. With a very solemn countenance, and without saying a word (he had not spoken for half an hour), he placed the brown jug upon his knee. I talked on, watching his silent motions. He turned his head very deliberately around, one way and the other, as if he was looking for something, his eyes glancing here and there, as if he did not see what he desired. I kept on talking to him.

Just at the spot where we were, the road swept politely round a huge stone, or side of a rock, which rose about ten feet above the path; and as those who built the road could not get it out of the way, the path made rather a short turn round it. This rock was within three feet of his wagon. His eye fixed upon it, and then glanced back to the jug upon his knee. Then he looked at the rock, and then at his jug again, and then at me. And thus his eye continued to wander from one to another of these three objects, as if it could not get beyond them. At first I was in some doubt which of the three was the most attractive to his eye—the rock, the brown jug, or myself. But in a little time I noticed that his eye rested on the brown jug *longer*

than on me. At length *I* was lost sight of altogether (though I continued talking to him), and his eye glanced backwards and forwards, from the brown jug to the rock, and from the rock to the brown jug. All this time he maintained an unbroken silence, and I kept on with my lecture.

Finally he seized the poor jug by its side, wrapping the long fingers of his right hand half round it, and slowly rising from his seat, he stretched up his tall frame to its full length, and lifting the brown jug aloft, as high as his long arm could reach, he hurled it, with all his might, against the rock, dashing it into a thousand pieces. "*Whoa! whoa! whoa!*" (said he to the old horse). "Hold on here. Whoa! whoa! Turn about here. Whoa! We will go home now."—The horse had suddenly started forward, frightened at the clatter of the brown jug, and the pieces which bounded back against his legs and side. The start was very sudden, and as my long friend was standing up, it came near to pitch his tall figure out of the wagon backwards. However, he did not fall. As he cried "whoa! whoa!" he put back his long arm upon the side of the wagon, and saved himself. He soon stopped his old horse, and deliberately turning him round in the street, till he got his head towards home, he put on the whip, and without saying a word to me, or even casting a parting look, he drove off like Jehu. I drove on after him as fast as I could, but I could not catch him. He flew over the road; and when I passed his house, about a mile from the jug-rock, he was stripping off the harness in a great hurry. We exchanged a parting bow as I drove by, and I never spoke to him about rum afterwards.

Within a single month from this time, that man became, as he believed, a child of God. His gloom and fears were gone, and he had peace, by faith in Jesus Christ.

About a month afterwards, as I passed the spot where such a catastrophe came upon the jug, and where my

long friend came so near to be toppled out of his wagon, I noticed that some one had gathered up some pieces of the unfortunate brown jug, and placed them high up on a shoulder of the rock. I saw them lying there many times afterwards, and thought that my friend had probably placed them there as an affecting memorial.—He might have done a worse thing.

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

A GOOD old man, no matter where,
Whether in York or Lancashire,
Or on a hill, or in a dale,
It cannot much concern the tale,
Had children very much like others,
Composed of sisters and of brothers;
In life he had not much to give,
Save his example how to live;
His luck was what his neighbours had,
For some were good and some were bad;
When of their father death bereft them,
His good advice was all he left them.
This good old man, who long had lain
Afflicted with disease and pain,
With difficulty drew his breath,
And felt the sure approach of death.

He called his children round his bed,
And with a feeble voice he said:
"Alas! alas! my children dear,
I well perceive my end is near;
I suffer much, but kiss the rod,
And bow me to the will of God.
Yet ere from you I'm quite removed,
From you whom I have always loved,

I wish to give you all my blessing,
And leave you with a useful lesson,
That when I've left this world of care
Each may his testimony bear
How much my latest thoughts inclined
To prove me tender, good, and kind.
Observe that fagot on the ground,
With twisted hazel firmly bound."

The children turn'd their eyes that way,
And view'd the fagot as it lay;
But wondered what their father meant,
Who thus expounded his intent:
"I wish that all of you would take it,
And try if any one can break it."
Obedient to the good old man,
They all to try their strength began:
Now boy, now girl, now he, now she,
Applied the fagot to their knee;
They tugg'd and strain'd, and tried again,
But still they tugg'd, and tried in vain;
In vain their skill and strength exerted,
The fagot every effort thwarted;
And when their labour vain they found,
They threw the fagot on the ground.

Again the good old man proceeded
To give the instruction which they needed!
"Untwist," says he, "the hazel bind,
And let the fagot be disjoined;"
Then stick by stick, and twig by twig,
The little children and the big,
Following the words their father spoke,
Each sprig and spray they quickly broke.
"There, father!" all began to cry,
"I've broken mine! and I! and I!"
Replied the sire: "'Twas my intent
My family to represent!
While you are join'd in friendship's throng
My dearest children you'll be strong:

But if by quarrel and dispute
You undermine affection's root,
And thus the strengthening cord divide,
Then will my children ill betide:
E'en beasts of prey in bands unite,
And kindly for each other fight;
And shall not every Christian be
Join'd in sweet links of amity?
If separate, you'll each be weak;
Each, like a single stick will break;
But if you're firm, and true and hearty,
The world and all its spite can't part ye.
The father having closed his lesson,
Proceeded to pronounce his blessing;
Embraced them all, then pray'd and sigh'd,
Look'd up, and dropp'd his head, and died.

BABY'S SHOES.

W. C. Bennett.

O those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use!
O the price were high,
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet!

And O, since that baby slept,
So hush'd! how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor,
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face,
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start.

THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST,

AT NIGHT, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

REV. W. L. BOWLES.

THE castle clock had toll'd midnight—
With mattock and with spade,
And silent, by the torch's light,
His corse in earth we laid.

The coffin bore his name, that those
Of other years might know,
When earth its secret should disclose,
Whose bones were laid below.

"Peace to the Dead" no children sung,
Slow pacing up the nave;
No prayers were read, no knell was rung,
As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the Winter's wind,
In many a sullen gust,
As o'er the open grave inclined,
We murmur'd "Dust to dust!"

A moonbeam, from the arch's height,
Stream'd, as we placed the stone;
The long aisles started into light,
And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then,
That shook along the walls,
While the sad shades of mailed men
Were gazing from the stalls.

'Tis gone! again on tombs defaced,
Sits darkness more profound,
And only by the torch we traced
Our shadows on the ground.

And now the chilly, freezing air,
Without, blew long and loud;
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer
Where he—slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor—
No name, no trace appears—
And when we closed the sounding door
We thought of him with tears.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

DEAN SWIFT.

UPON the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human

bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace from brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where, expatiating awhile, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects * whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the rugged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider had adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wits' end; he stormed like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew each other by sight), "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy puppy, is it you that have made this litter here? could

* Beelzebub, in the Hebrew, signifies lord of flies.

you not look before you? do you think that I have nothing else to do but to mend and repair after you?" "Good words, friend," said the bee, having now pruned himself, and being disposed to be droll: "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born." "Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners." "I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance, and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, toward the repair of your house." "Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters." "By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry; to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite, and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

"Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

"I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings, and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good, plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisition, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and cobweb, or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax."

MIND-GLEANINGS.

(Selected by the Editor.)

No man likes to be instructed at the expense of being lessened in his own opinion.

Patience is the courage of virtue.

Emotion turning back on itself, and not leading to thought or action, is the element of madness.

He who conquers indolence, will conquer every other vice in human nature.

There never was a hypocrite so disguised, but he had yet some mark or other to be known by.

Knowledge without charity, is light without heat: it is frosty moonshine.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, and the security of the state.

Man is allied to the invisible and spiritual world by thought; it is the medium of communication between them. But how little worn is the pathway of thought.

There is nothing of which people are more jealous than the compliments of their flatterers.

Talent is the comparative facility of acquiring, arranging, and applying, the stock furnished by others, and already existing in books or other conservatories of intellect.

A crowd convulsed by the language of a religious or political fanatic is, for the time, moonstruck.

Mankind moves onward through the night of time like a procession of torch-bearers, and words are the lights which the generations carry.

The prose man knows nothing of poetry, but poetry knows much of him, nay, all that he knows not himself; and how much is that! as well as all that he does know, which indeed is little.

The value of truth lies in its effect upon our moral condition.

Philosophy is amongst the loveliest of faith's hand-maidens.

One dupe is as impossible as one twin.

We perpetually fancy ourselves intellectually transparent when we are opaque, and morally opaque when we are transparent.

Genius is originality in intellectual construction—the moral accompaniment, and actuating principle of which consists, perhaps, in carrying on the freshness and feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood.

There is a certain melancholy in the evenings of early spring which is among those influences of nature the most universally recognised, the most difficult to explain.

Things seem to approximate to God in proportion to their vitality and movement.

The proper office of philosophy is not to suppose an origin and endeavour to prove it by a series of sophisms, but to classify phenomena, and ascertain the laws by which they are regulated.

How little the nobleness of aspect depends on the symmetry of feature, or the mere proportions of form! What dignity robes the man who is filled with a lofty thought!

Perverted genius is almost irreclaimable, because, in general, it is irreligious. An irreligious man, however great, cannot serve any good cause effectually.

No heart is so made as to be insensible to the beauty of flowers.

Bigotry arises from partial and contracted views, from arrogance and selfishness, joined with some portion of rancour and malignity.

Self-denial is the essence of strength of character, which includes a capability of sacrificing present indulgence for more future and distant object of desire.

The best and fairest world of which man can form a

complete and consistent image, is that in which men live.

The seas of human life are wide. Wisdom may suggest the voyage, but it must first look to the condition of the ship, and the nature of the merchandize to exchange.

Truth is an absolute fact: it is not necessary to the constitution of its existence that its existence should be demonstrated; but it is necessary to its practical effect, that both its existence and nature should be revealed.

Judgment, not used to discriminate, or compare objects and ideas, cannot be qualified to adjust the balance of the will, or, in any fair determinate manner, control the movements of the affections.

Enthusiasm is grave, inward, self-controlled; mere excitement, outward, fantastic, hysterical, and passing in a moment from tears to laughter.

The human heart is made for love as the household hearth for fire; and for truth as the household lamp for light.

There are two worlds: the world that we can measure with line and rule, and the world that we feel with our hearts and imaginations.

No evil action can be well done, but a good one may be ill done.

The sympathies of nature are neither exploded by philosophy nor condemned by religion.

Beauty without religion is the most dangerous gift that nature can bestow on woman; and talent, without principle, the most pernicious to man.

To embitter domestic life, maintain your opinion on small matters at the point of the bayonet.

Ever, although a little word, is of immense signification. A child may speak it, but neither man nor angel can fully understand it.

He that makes others fear, has, in his turn, more reason for apprehension than his victims.

He that smarts for speaking truth has a plaster in his own conscience.

It was a beautiful idea of the infant astronomer who said the stars were "holes in the sky for the glory of God to shine through."

The friendship of some people is like our shadow, keeping close while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

Books are the mind incarnate—the immortality of the life that is.

Birds are a poor man's music; and flowers the poor man's poetry.

Philosophy is the drawing off of the mind from bodily things to the contemplation of truth and virtue.

Inquisitive men no more desire another's secrets, to conceal them, than they would another's purse for the pleasure only of carrying it.

Time, patience, and industry, are the three grand masters of the world.

Religion, in the darkest tempest, appears to man as the Iris of peace, and dissipating the dark and angry storm, restores the wished-for calm, and brings him to the port of safety.

When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you, that you may learn contentment.

Half the hopes of this life are delusive; but while they delude us into happiness, let us not attempt to despise them.

If we were offered immortality on earth, who is there that would accept so melancholy a gift.

The proud heart is the first to sink beneath contempt—it feels the wound more keenly than any other can.

The ever active and restless power of thought, if not

employed about what is good, will naturally and unavoidably engender evil.

When the most insignificant person tells us we are wrong, we ought to listen. Let us believe it possible we may be wrong when any one supposes we are; and enter upon renewed examination of the matter with a grateful spirit.

It is from the early hours of sleep, which are the most sweet and refreshing, that the re-accumulation of muscular energy and bodily strength takes place, as well as that of due excitability in the brain indispensable to the operation of our waking hours.

Were it true, as several affirm, that education doth not change the mind and disposition, and that the alterations which it makes are not substantial, but merely superficial, yet it would not be wise, even then, to esteem it unprofitable.

It often happens that those are the best people whose characters have been most injured by slanderers; as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

A good man is the best friend, and, therefore, soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained, and, indeed, never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen.

A poor man that hath little, and desires no more, is, in truth, richer than the greatest monarch who thinks he hath not what he should, or what he might, or who grieves there is more to have.

Nobility may exist in name, the sovereign may confer titles, the herald blazon out the descent, but true glory and real greatness are inseparably connected with virtue.

Those only who have felt what it was to have the genial current of their souls chilled by neglect, or changed by unkindness, can sympathize in the feelings of wounded affection, where the overflowings of a generous heart are confined within the limits of its own bosom.

Written learning is a fixed luminary, which, after the cloud that had hidden it has passed away, is again bright in its proper station.

Tradition is but a meteor, which, if it once fall, cannot be rekindled.

Man is not an isolated creature: he is a link of one great and mighty chain, and each necessarily has a dependence on the other.

Memory once interrupted, is not to be recalled.

Mutual endeavours require to be preserved by our endeavours to amuse, and to meet the wishes of each other; but where there is a total indifference either to amuse or oblige, can it be wondered if affection, following the tendency of its nature, becomes indifferent and sinks into mere civility?

Conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

Every moment is a perfumed flower. Let its fragments be dispensed in blessings on all around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its beneficent Giver.

The heart wants something to be kind to, and it consoles us for the loss of society, to see even an animal derive pleasure from the endearments we bestow on it.

The vile are only vain, the great are proud. A perfect simplicity is often the greatest refinement of diplomacy.

The errors of great men are only specks that arise for a moment on the surface of a splendid luminary, consumed by its heat, or irradiated by its light, they soon purge and disappear; but the perverseness of a mean and narrow intellect is like the excrescences that grow on a body naturally cold and dark.

Integrity is the foundation of all that is high in character among mankind. Other qualities may add to its splendour, but if this essential requisite be wanting, all their lustre fades.

The evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghost of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the perpetrator.

Every man of original genius has his mannerism more or less; once thoroughly understood, it becomes our only care to forget it.

All children are by nature antiquarians and relic-hunters; what treasures, to them, often lie hid in those quaint odds and ends which the elder generations have discarded as rubbish!

It may be, that human sagacity has never ascertained the hundredth part of the purposes of any one of the great agents of nature.

The whole surface of the globe gives striking evidence of design, and of design contemplating the service of man.

In the course of social transition, professors, like dogs, have their day. A calling honourable in one century becomes infamous in the next; and vocations grow obsolete, like the fashioning of our garments or figures of speech.

How absurd it is to accuse the climate of engendering a malady which seems to be courted by all the efforts of the people, with the entire concurrence of their rulers.

A man may turn whither he pleases, and undertake anything whatsoever, but he will always turn to the path which nature has once prescribed for him.

Human policy never fixes one end of a chain round the ankle of a slave, but divine justice rivets the other round the neck of his tyrant.

A "knowledge of the world" is another name for imputing the worst motives to others, and of expecting the worst construction to be put on our own.

What an easy thing ridicule is; so many excel in it who can do nothing else well.

Injuries may be atoned for and forgiven, but insults admit of no compensation.

If it be your lot to reach the chill, cloudy, and com-

fortless evening of life, you will remember the sorrows of your youth but as the light shadowy clouds that intercepted for a moment the beams of the sun when it was rising.

The world is the stage, men are the actors; the events of life form the piece; fortune distributes the parts; religion governs the performance; philosophers are the spectators; the opulent occupy the boxes; the powerful the amphitheatre; and the pit is for the unfortunate; the disappointed snuff the candles; folly composes the music; and time draws the curtain.

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh.

Be ignorance thy choice when knowledge leads to woe.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is a good action, done as it ought to be, without any cold suggestions of interest lurking at the bottom of it.

Pleasures of short duration seem to present themselves only to punish us with regret for their departure.

When all is not lost, all is ultimately retrievable.

When a resolution is once formed, the mind gains a sort of composure from the anticipation of putting it into effect, and from the expectation of the event proving favourable to its wishes.

The day which makes a man a slave takes away half his worth; and he loses every incentive to action but the base one of fear.

A tyrant against man is a libeller of God.

Whatever turns the soul inward on itself tends to concentre its forces, and to fit it for greater and stronger flights of science.

Books are faithful repositories, which may be awhile neglected or forgotten; but when they are opened again, will again impart their instruction.

Of all human vanities, family pride is one of the

weakest. Reader, go thy way; secure thy name in the book of life, where the page fades not, nor the title alters or expires; leave the rest to heralds and the parish register.

All the insidious grimaces of public life are nothing compared with the smiles of friendship, which smooth the rugged road, and soften all our toils.

It is the common feeling of an ambitious mind to overrate itself; to imagine that it has, by the caprice of fortune, been defrauded of the high honours due to its supposed superiority.

Private credit is wealth: public honour is security; the feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.

There is nothing in language can express the deep humiliation of being received with coldness when kindness is expected—of seeing the look, but half concealed, of strong disapprobation from such as we have cause to feel beneath us, not only in vigour of mind and spirits, but even in virtue and truth.

What a consolation it is to have a second self, from whom we have nothing secret, and into whose heart we may pour our own with perfect confidence. Could we taste prosperity so sensibly if we had no one to share in our joy with us? And what a relief it is in adversity, and the accidents of life, to have a friend still more affected in them than ourselves.

He who indulges in negligence will soon become ignorant of even his own affairs; and he who trusts unreservedly to others will sooner or later be fatally deceived.

Praise is the shadow of virtue; men seek for the shade, while they neglect the substance to which it owes its existence.

If rashness is the vice of youth, immoderate care is the sin of advancing years.

None are truly independent while in pursuit of objects which are attainable only by the pleasure of another.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

W. H. Longfellow.

When the hours of day are number'd,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumber'd,
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perish'd,
Weary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more.

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depress'd and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

PEACE.

GEORGE HERBERT.

SWEET peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
Let me once know;
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if peace were there;
A hollow wind did seem to answer, no;
Go, seek elsewhere.

I did; and going, did a rainbow note;
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of peace's coat;
I will search out the matter.
But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial: "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell."
But when I digged, I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

At length I met a rev'rend good old man:
Whom when for peace
I did demand, he thus began:
"There was a prince of old
At *Salem* dwelt, who liv'd with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes,
But after death out of his grave,
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;
Which many wond'ring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

"It prosper'd strangely and did soon disperse,
Through all the earth:
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That virtues lie therein;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you:
Make bread of it; and that repose
And peace, which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there!"

THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D.

Up and away; like the dew of the morning
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name and my place, and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won—
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away; like the odours of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on,
So be my life—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes; like the fragrance that wanders in freshness
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone,
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record—
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for, let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed; if my life hsa bean bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season,
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed; if another succeed me
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown,
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying—
So let my name be emblazoned, unknown—
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall yet be remembered—
Yes, but remembered by what I have done.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

FAITH.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

OH, Faith—thou spring of life! the well
Within whose living waters dwell
The sources that alone can bless,
And lead to realms of happiness!
Ne'er let me dash the cup aside
All hallowed by thy crystal tide!
Ne'er let me seek to analyse
The mystery that in thee lies!
Enough for me, thy waters flow,—
A fount of good to all below;—
Enough for me, to see the spring
Its sweetest flowers around us fling;
Enough—at summer's glorious noon
To bless the Giver of the boon,
That filleth nature's bounteous horn
With ripening fields of yellow corn!
Enough—when Autumn bends the trees
With fruits whose fragrance fills the breeze—
Or when bleak Winter's breath has bound
In icy chains the streams around—

To feel that while I pace the sod,
These spring but from one living God;
Nor seek that lesson to forego
Which telleth—"Thus much ye may know!"

Romance of the Dreamer.

The young, who recoil from impositions, sometimes say, "I have no proof of invisible things. I will believe nothing which my reason does not show me."

The differences between men lie in their power and scope of rising above the senses into the region of the invisible. All men in action, if not in profession, recognise this life beyond the senses. The material man says, "I believe in nothing which I cannot see," and so he goes about collecting facts from observation. But what does he do with them? He sublimes them into a principle, and that is invisible.

You may unscrew and take off the end of a telescope, and you will have only a magnifying glass with which you can examine the objects about you. Return it to its place, and new powers will be added to it, and things which are remote will begin to lift themselves with marvellous clarity. Draw out the tube, and you can pierce yet further the distance, till at length your vision sweeps the stellar universe. Now, we can employ our reason upon the material things about us; and it is reason still, only in a higher form, when we draw it out and give it a successional power, and behold through it that which lies beyond the region of the senses; and when we extend it to its utmost capacity, and the lenses are all right, we can look through it into heaven itself, and the magnificent background is the glory of God Almighty.

That state of mind in which a man is impressed with invisible things, is faith. It is the use of the mind and the soul power, in distinction from the body power. Men have such a narrow view of what faith is, that they look for it as one would look for a diamond; whereas they should look for it as treasure. Treasure may

be precious stones, or gold, or raiment, or fragrant woods; treasure is a hundred things, diamond is but one; so faith is not a special thing, as many people make it. It does not apply to religion alone, but to all the departments of life. It is simply such a carriage of the soul as lifts it into the realm of the invisible, so that the man lives by his higher faculties, rather than by his lower. Even in the most practical matters, that man succeeds best who has the most of this element. The difference between a merchant prince and a petty trader is, that the trader can work only so far as he sees. He must be able to put his hand on cask, and box, and bale, while he whom we call the merchant prince, disdains to stop at what he can see and handle, but goes beyond and deals with the relations of things, and anticipates results, and taking into account time, and space, and quality, and quantity, and seasons, and races, and latitudes, he makes the whole earth minister to his need. This is commercial faith. In affairs of state, the man who looks only at forms of law, and at the daily routine of government, is but a politician; while he who comprehends those great, stately principles which walk, known or disguised, through all things, and who looks forth with clear vision to see the bearing of the present upon the future, is a statesman. This is political faith. There are many people who are so refined in their tastes,—and by refinement I mean the passage of a thing from a gross form to its evanishing point in the immaterial,—that they live in the ideal rather than in the actual. Such have an æsthetical faith. They have so cultivated their eye for colours that they can almost see the gleaming of the precious stones in the wall of heaven; and they have taught their ear so to appreciate harmonious sounds, that they can almost hear the celestial bells ringing sweet invitation to them; and they have so strengthened and purified their social natures that the fiery edges of heavenly affection almost touch theirs, as cloud lightning touches cloud lightning. How wretched will

such be, when through death they really enter the realm of the invisible, to find that they have failed of the highest faith, the faith of the moral nature, which alone will admit them to the companionship of God.

May all of us have that faith in the Lord Jesus Christ which availeth, that faith which worketh by love, and so, though we have begun in the egg on earth, yet, through God's brooding, before we know it, we shall chip the shell; and though we have lain so long, coiled up and helpless, we shall begin to put forth plumes; and, disdaining the nest, and finding the ground chilly beneath our feet, with every gathering feather we shall pine for the air, and, pining, begin to try those notes which we are yet to learn; and, at length, in some bright and beaded morning, we shall spread our wings, and rising above the tangle and the thicket, soar through the blue, singing to the gate of heaven!

CHRIST AN EXAMPLE.

REV. R. HALL.

THE imitation of Christ comes recommended to us *by its being the only perfect standard of moral virtue.* It has this advantage over every other example, however excellent, that it is excellence without the admixture of any contrary principle. His freedom from the taint of original sin was secured by his immaculate conception; and, with respect to all the actions of his life, we have the most abundant proof that "he did no sin," and that "no guile was found in his mouth." The standard of morals which he has exhibited is perfect: we need never fear that our imitation of him can be carried to excess. In proportion as we are found walking "in his steps," we are walking in the path of excellence, pursuing the principles of unerring rectitude, and aiming at perfection in holiness.

In order to obtain a just view of the excellence of

Christ's character, it is necessary to make it our constant study. It is not by a cursory glance that objects of perfection impress our minds with an idea of their excellence: there is something generally pleasing in them—there is nothing that can possibly offend; and hence the impression made by the casual observation of them has no peculiar force. Indeed, it very frequently happens that objects of the most perfect symmetry strike our minds less than those which are deformed. The *first* impression made on our minds by the contemplation of the Saviour's excellences, is not always that of astonishment. It is that sort of moral excellence which requires to be diligently studied and patiently examined: it will never strike the eye of a careless and indifferent spectator. The imperfection of our judgments, the depravity of our natures, cannot be brought to this contemplation of purity and perfection: there must be a wish to behold, a disposition to admire, its beauty; and the very wish, the very attempt to understand it, will go far to purify our hearts.

We cannot be sufficiently thankful for such a standard of moral excellence. All human examples, however excellent, are perfect only in parts; they exhibit some striking excellences, but they exhibit also defects. But when we contemplate the excellences of the Son of God, we see nothing defective; we can conceive of nothing which might be added. Let us but meditate on the character of Christ as we ought, and we shall not fail to make the most rapid progress in that holiness which is the peculiar characteristic of "the inheritance of the saints in light." In him there is the marvellous union of majesty and meekness—of greatness and condescension: his humility was always tempered by grandeur, and his grandeur was always softened by humility. Every part of his character was sustained in like manner: each virtue, each excellence, had its due proportion; and the whole exhibited a perfect standard of moral excellence, such as was never before exhibited to the world.

THE WIDOWER'S ONLY CHILD.

MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

OH, Friend! who ev'ry joy endears,
Who makes each sorrow less;
Attend! and let me all my fears
And all my hopes express,—
Nor chide the anxious father's heart,
Which hath to act both parents' part.

My hopes are all for her who now
(With purity's untarnished brow),
Looks up to heav'n,—on Heav'n doth call
To read her heart, to read it all,
Conscious no thought is harboured there
Which might not form into a pray'r.

My fears are all for her as well,
Who doth in virtue so excel;
Dreading lest she should deviate,
And shame for that same worth create,
Which kindles equal love and awe;
So perfect, so without a flaw.

Thus, thus alternate hope and fear
Awakes the smile, calls back the tear;
And chequers with uncertain light
The pathway she alone makes bright,
My little girl, my motherless!
Sole source of ecstasy—distress.

Both too intense for hearts to know,
Which pleasure have not learnt through woe;
Both too affecting and refined
For any save the grief-schooled mind;
That blends with ev'ry joy a tear,
Anguish and bliss so mingle here!

She hath an aptitude for good,
Integrity beyond childhood;

And, strong in faith, in reason strong,
From principle, avoideth wrong;
Seeming in very pride to scorn
The crimes with fallen Nature born!

To fear for such, seems God to doubt,
Who compasseth His own about;
And can the pure He guards below
Preserve as pure for heav'n also,
And will, for who on Him relies
No sudden error can surprise.

To hope for such, heart, be not bold;
For lo! it penetrates each fold
Of human vanity to deck
Our bosom's idol.—Lord! then check
The hope that e'en for only child,
Our confidence in Thee beguiled!

Presumptuous hope! dejecting fear!
No more shall sway,—but, one so dear,
(With unfeigned love, unshaken faith),
I'll leave alone to Him who saith,
"Who trusts in Me shall never fail;
For who against Me shall prevail?"

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE BETTER LAND.

MRS. HEMANS.

I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother, oh! where is that radiant shore?—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?
Not there, not there, my child!

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Not there, not there, my child!

Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother! that better land?
Not there, not there, my child!

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there,
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—
It is there, it is there, my child!

"ARE WE ALMOST THERE?"

ANONYMOUS.

"ARE we almost there—are we almost there?"
Said a dying girl, as she drew near home.
"Are those our poplar trees which rear
Their forms so high 'gainst the heavens' blue dome?"

Then she talked of her flowers, and thought of the well,
Where the cool water splash'd o'er the large white stone;

And she thought it would soothe like a fairy spell,
Could she drink from that fount when the fever was on.

While yet so young, and her bloom grew less,
They had borne her away to a kindlier clime—
For she would not tell that 'twas only distress
Which had gathered life's rose in its sweet spring time.

And she had looked, when they bade her to look,
At many a ruin and many a shrine—
At the sculptured niche, and the pictured nook,
And marked from high places the sun's decline.

But in secret she sighed for a quiet spot,
Where she oft had played in childhood's hour;
Though shrub or floweret marked it not,
'Twas dearer to her than the gayest bower.

And oft did she ask, "Are we almost there?"
But her voice grew faint, and flush'd cheek pale;
And they strove to soothe her, with useless care,
As her sighs would escape on the evening gale.

Then swiftly, more swiftly, they hurried her on;
But anxious hearts felt a chill despair;
For when the light of that eye was gone,
And the quick pulse stopp'd, she was almost there!

THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

PHŒBE CAREY.

Oh, beautiful as morning in those hours,
When, as her pathway lies along the hills,
Her golden fingers wake the dewy flowers,
And softly touch the waters of the rills,
Was she who walked more faintly day by day,
Till silently she perished by the way.

It was not hers to know that perfect heaven
Of passionate love returned by love as deep;
Not hers to sing the cradle-song at even,
Watching the beauty of her babe asleep;
" Mother and brethren"—these she had not known,
Save such as do the Father's will alone.

Yet found she something still for which to live—
Hearths desolate, where angel-like she came,
And " little ones " to whom her hand could give
A cup of water in her Master's name;
And breaking hearts to bind away from death,
With the soft hand of pitying love and faith.

She never won the voice of popular praise,
But, counting earthly triumph as but dross,
Seeking to keep her Saviour's perfect ways,
Bearing in the still path his blessed cross,
She made her life, while with us here she trod,
A consecration to the will of God!

And she hath lived and laboured not in vain:
Through the deep prison cells her accents thrill,
And the sad slave leans idly on his chain,
And hears the music of her singing still;
While little children, with their innocent praise,
Keep freshly in men's hearts her Christian ways.

And what a beautiful lesson she made known—
The whiteness of her soul sin could not dim;
Ready to lay down on God's altar stone
The dearest treasure of her life for him.
Her flame of sacrifice never, never waned,
How could she live and die so self-sustained?

For friends supported not her parting soul,
And whispered words of comfort, kind and sweet,
When treading onward to that final goal,
Where the still bridegroom waited for her feet;
Alone she walked, yet with a fearless tread,
Down to Death's chamber, and his bridal bed!

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

LIFT not thou the wailing voice,
  Weep not, 'tis a Christian dieth,—
Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
  Ransom'd now, the spirit flieth;
High, in heaven's own light, she dwelleth,
Full the song of triumph swelleth;
Freed from earth, and earthly failing,
Lift for her no voice of wailing!

Pour not thou the bitter tear;
  Heaven its book of comfort opeth;
Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,
  But, as one who always hopeth,
Humbly here in faith relying,
Peacefully in Jesus dying,
Heavenly joy her eye is flushing,—
Why should thine with tears be gushing?

They who die in Christ are bless'd,—
  Ours be, then, no thought of grieving!
Sweetly with their God they rest,
  All their toils and troubles leaving:
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth!

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