

Family Circle.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother one day;
"He is healing the people who throng Him,
With a touch of his finger, they say,
And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John;
I shall carry the baby Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head, and smiled;
"Now, who but a doating mother
Would think of a thing so wild?
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 't were well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel—"

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall let it there.
If He lay His hands on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing forever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So, over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-trees green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;
Mid the people who hung on his teaching,
Or wait His touch and His word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with like these?
Seest not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth and healeth disease?
Then Christ said: "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto Me!"
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He sat on His knees.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;
As He said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of such are the kingdom of heaven."
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.
—Julia Gill, in *Little Pilgrim*.

THE SOFT SUMMER SHOWER.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

I.
Oh, the rapture of beauty, of sweetness, of sound,
That succeeded the soft gracious rain,
With laughter and singing the valleys rung round,
And the little hills shouted again.

II.
The wind sunk away like a sleeping child's breath,
The pavilion of clouds was unfurled;
And the sun, like a spirit triumphant o'er death,
Smiled out on this beautiful world.

III.
On this beautiful world such a change had been wrought
By these few blessed drops. Oh, the same
On some cold stony heart might be work'd too,
Methought,
Sunk in guilt, but not senseless of shame.

IV.
If a few virtuous tears by the merciful shed
Touch'd its hardness, perhaps the good grain
That was sown there and rooted, though long
Seeming dead,
Might shoot up and flourish again.

V.
Oh, to work such a change! by God's grace to recall
A poor soul from the death-sleep! To this—
To this joy that the angels partake, what were
All
That the worldly and sensual call bliss.

BUILDING CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY JENNY BRADFORD.

The busy crochet needle went slower
And slower, till the pretty pair of hands
Sank down in the drift of white worsted,
And lay still. You could have seen that
They were quite forgotten by those sunny
Blue eyes which wandered away over
The dreamily swaying sea, which dashed
Up and sank back on the beach below.

"Isn't she a beautiful picture?"
Thought Mrs. MacGregor to herself, as
She looked down on her; but like a sen-
sible mother, she only said, "Where
have you gone now, Agnes?"

Instantly Agnes' eyes came home;
The rose deepened a little in her cheek,
The tremulous light of her face con-
centrated into a smile, and her fingers went
briskly to work again.

"Only visiting one of my castles,
mother," she said.

"Dear child, I wish you didn't love
to build them so well."

"Now, mother dear, I really can't
see the harm of it. I know all the wise
people talk as if it was a dangerous habit,
and so sometimes I resolve I will stop;
but the first I know I am floating along
some beautiful reverie, and I cannot see
that it hurts me any."

"On the contrary you find it a great
pleasure, I'll warrant," said her mother.

"That I do!" Agnes exclaimed warmly.

"It is one of the grand comforts
of my life. My castle in the air is my
refuge from all vexations. Now, mother,
don't you think it is a real blessing to
me? Whatever goes wrong I can just
withdraw to it. There the sun always
shines, or else the moon. Oh, you don't
know how delightful it is!"

"Don't I, child? Hadn't I dreamed
dreams and seen visions for twenty years
before ever your blue eyes were opened!"
exclaimed Mrs. MacGregor, with a smile
full of the past.

"Did you, mother? Then I am sure
I may; for if I am ever one-half as good
as my blessed mother, I shall be quite
satisfied."

A shade of sadness glided over Mrs.
MacGregor's sweet face, and she re-
plied seriously:

"My Agnes must make a far stronger
and better woman than her mother, and
I want her to come to it with less pain.
So I do sincerely wish she would quit
dreaming in the day time."

"Now why, mother dear? I wish you

would just explain to me how it can be
bad."

"Do you really want to know, Agnes?
Will it do any good?" asked her mother,
with an incredulous smile.

"Certainly I do. If I could see,
myself, any great harm in it, I think I
should try to give it up, dearly as I love
it; don't you, mother? Don't you think
I am a rather sensible girl, on the whole?"

"Why yes, my dear, looking at her
with a smile that told some other things
she thought, or rather felt, "I do give
you that credit. Well, then, prepare
yourself. First, and worst and chiefly,
because it makes one selfish. Self is al-
ways central and supreme in an air
castle. There every one admires you—
every one loves you—everything bends
to your will. You have lived long
enough, Agnes, to have learned that the
universe is not built quite on this plan."

"Indeed, I have!" with a sorry shrug.
"That is the very reason I love my
dreamland so well, where I can have
everything to my mind."

"But what sort of a preparation, Agnes,
for a world where we are sent not to be
ministered unto, but to minister, is this
long dream of selfishness?" asked Mrs.
MacGregor, earnestly.

"But I always imagine everything
charming for you, mother, and all my
friends, and then I often plan how many
beautiful charitable things I will do when
I get into my castle."

"There it is! That is one great thing
I am afraid of—that you will get used
to doing your kind and noble deeds in
the future, instead of the present. You
feel all the glow of one who has really
done a good thing, without any warrant
for it, while a thousand golden opportu-
nities of the present are passing by you
unnoticed. Ah, Agnes," shaking her
head sadly, "it cheats you so, this dream-
ing of heroic and generous actions. It
is a thousand times easier and pleasanter
to sit and admire the future self all noble
and sweet, than it is to keep faithfully at
work making the present self live the
sweet and noble life; and it makes one
far more self-conceited."

Agnes looked sober, but said nothing,
and her mother went on. "Your heart
forms a Paradise for itself, and you call
it yours. Of course, you grant what
everybody says—that we mustn't expect
future happiness, that life is uncertain and
full of disappointments, but down in that
hopeful heart of yours, you smile at it
all. You embrace your beautiful ideal
of life, and say 'it is mine.' All that
future love and happiness you have re-
vealed in so long, you have come to feel
is your right. Then if your Heavenly
Father comes to you, and says, 'This is
not for you, my child; give it back to
Me, O, my darling, spare yourself that
desperate pain! Do not let your day
dreams strike root till it will tear your
heart to pieces to have Providence take
them from you! just trust your future
life with your Father, and take what he
sends you just as it comes. Do not claim
anything; then you will live grateful and
happy."

Mrs. MacGregor spoke with tender,
almost painful earnestness, and Agnes
sat reverently thinking how much deeper
the currents of her mother's being than
her own, how much richer her experience
of life. At length she said,
"It seems as if it would leave my
mind a blank to strike the future out of
it."

"I would not have you strike it out,"
replied Mrs. MacGregor, "but I do not
want you to live in the future, as long
as your duties lie here in the present.
How can you throw yourself into daily
life with spirit and nerve, doing with
your might what your hands find to do,
if the best part of you is away in your
castle? This is one great harm of the
habit; it gets you into a listless, half-
hearted way of meeting life. And then
I dread the intellectual effect of these
day-dreams, Agnes. I am really afraid
you will lose the power of connected,
vigorous thought. I can see now that
your mind revolts from actual work."

"Oh, well, my dear mother, I expect
that will come in time," said Agnes, de-
precatingly; "you mustn't despair of
me. I really don't know how to think
now; haven't the least idea how to begin.
I can't set up an exalted subject, and
make myself reflect upon it for the next
hour."

"Of course not, child," said her mo-
ther, giving her a little playful switch
with the rose spray she held in her fin-
gers; "but there are things you can do,
if you only wish to reform."

"Well, what?" asked Agnes, leaning
her chin on her hand, and looking up in
her face.

"In the first place, you can set your-
self to planning pleasure for others, in-
stead of dreaming pleasure for yourself
—something which can really be done,
I mean. Then you can force yourself
to concentrate your thoughts on the
work in hand, whatever it is. This is
the reason I like you to study mathema-
tics and difficult music—they compel you
to fix your mind to the point before you."

"But you see mother," replied Agnes,
"I do a great many things, like this
crocheting, for instance, that don't re-
quire my whole attention."

"That's true; and the natural current
of thinking, when you are at leisure to
let your thoughts run, will be directed
very much by the books you have been
reading."

"Now, mother dear, please don't come
down upon that!" with an imploring
look.

Mrs. MacGregor only smiled and went
on. "You are two or three days read-
ing a novel, and it fills your thoughts
for that time; but when it comes to an

end you cannot part with it. Your ready
imagination works the story over, and
carries it on. You fancy yourself ming-
led with the characters, you slide into
the place of the heroine, live over all the
adventures and more. By the time this
key-note has spent itself, you get hold
of another romance, and the process goes
over again. Every new story fills your
sails afresh, and sends you floating over
your enchanted sea. Now, for a very
matter-of-fact, prosaic person, consider-
able of such reading may be a good thing,
but for a girl like you, made up mainly
of heart and imagination, it is ruinous."
Agnes was listening, with her head bent
over her work, but with a deepened color
and a conscious smile, which testified to
the truth of her mother's description.
Mrs. MacGregor added:

"It is easy to read romance, to dream
romance, but to live romance—ah, my
child!—that needs the brave heart, the
clear head, the quick self-control which
your reveries are robbing you of. It is
only by bearing well the little daily tests
that we can be ready for the great crises
of life."

"But, mother, how can I read learned
books all the time?" asked Agnes forlorn-
ly.

"No one wants you to read learned
books all the time," her mother answered,
"but must I have the mortification of
believing that my daughter can relish no
literature but stories? There is a broad
range of delightful belles-lettres, which
I am sure you would appreciate if you
would make yourself acquainted with it.
If you have no taste for such books,
I beg you will be ashamed of the lack,
and study to form one."

"But you will need to be resolute with
yourself, my dear. Determine that you
will find your reading in something be-
side novels for so long a time—whatever
you really think best for yourself. You
should take them only very rarely, and
then when you do read one, choose care-
fully—not seize the first that comes to
hand—read only those that have such
intellectual and moral tone as to quick-
en your best impulses. If you will only
do this, Agnes—reform your reading—
I think your habits of thought would re-
form themselves."

Agnes, still sitting on the step of the
piazza, at her mother's feet, had laid
down her head in her lap, and was gazing
out over the sea again, but thoughtfully,
not in a dream.

"Oh, I do want you to come out of
Cloudland, and live in the real world, my
darling!" said the mother, stroking fond-
ly her bonny brown hair—"the world
where earnest, self-forgetting women are
sorely needed. I want you to know men
and women as they are, and find out the
meaning and beauty of life as it is. This
element of romance in your nature would
not hurt you; it would throw its mosses
and vines over many a rough spot, and
make you all the happier, if you would
only keep it in its place; but if you give
it a chance, in all these hours of dream-
ing, to overrun everything else, it will
make a silly, craving, dissatisfied woman
of my Agnes.—*Congregationalist*.

A LIE OF HONOR—THE STORY OF A
LAWYER.

On entering college, I promised my
mother, whom I loved as I have never
loved another mortal, that while there
I would not taste of intoxicating liquor,
nor play at cards, or other games of haz-
ard, nor borrow money. And I never did,
and never have since. I have lived
well nigh sixty years, yet have never
learned to tell a king from a knave
among cards, nor Hoek from Burgundy
among wines, nor have I ever asked for
the loan of a single dollar. Thanks to
my mother! loving, careful, anxious for
me, but not over-careful, nor over-anx-
ious. How could she be, when I was
so weak, and ignorant of my weakness,
feeling myself strong, because my
strength was untried, and such a life as
human life is, such temptations as
beset the young, before me.

She did not ask me to promise not to
swear. She would not wrong me by
the thought that I could swear, and she
was right. I could not. How can any
one so insult the Holy, the All-Excel-
lent, our Father and best Friend? Nor
did she ask me not to lie. She thought
I could not lie. Had she thought
otherwise, my promise would have been
of little value to her. And I also
thought I could not. I despised lying
as weakness, cowardice, meanness, the
concentration of baseness. I felt strong
enough, manly enough, to accomplish
my ends without it. I had no fear of
facing my own acts. Why should I
shrink before my fellows for anything I
had done? Lie to them to conceal my-
self or my acts? Nay, I would not
have faults to be concealed. My own
character, my own life was more to me
than the esteem of others. I would do
nothing fit to have hidden, or which I
might wish to hide. I thought I could
not lie and I could not for myself.

During my second college year, there
was a great deal of card-playing among
the students. The Faculty tried to
prevent it, but found it difficult. Though
I never played, my chum did, and
sometimes others played with him in our
room when I was present. I not unfre-
quently saw the students at cards. One
of the Professors questioned me upon
the subject. "Have you ever seen any
card-playing among the students?"

"No, sir," I answered firmly, deter-
mined not to expose my fellows. "A
lie of honor!" I said to myself. What
coupling of contradictions! As well
talk of "honest theft!" "innocent sin."
"You are ignorant of any card-play-

ing in the college buildings, Brown?"

"Yes, sir."
"You can believe you, Brown."
I was ready to sink. Nothing else
could have smitten, stung me, like that.
Such confidence, and I so unworthy of
it! Still I held back the truth.

But I left the Professor's room an-
other person than I entered it, guilty,
humbled, wretched. That one false
word had spoiled everything for me.
All my past manliness was shadowed
by it. My case of mind had left me,
my self-respect was gone. I felt un-
certain—unsafe. I stood upon a lie,
trembling, tottering. How soon might
I not fall. I was right in feeling un-
safe. It is always unsafe to lie. My
feet were sliding beneath me. One of
the students had lost a quarter's allow-
ance in play, and applied to his father
for a fresh remittance, stating his loss.
His father had made complaint to the
College Faculty, and there was an in-
vestigation of the facts. The money
had been staked and lost in my room.
I was present.

"Was Brown there?" inquired the
Professor.

"He was."
The Professor's eye rested on me.
Where was my honor then? my manli-
ness? and where the trust reposed in me.
Did any say "we believe you, Brown,"
after that? Did any excuse my lie?
any talk of my honor then? Not one.
They said, "We didn't think it of you
Brown!" "I didn't suppose Brown would
lie for his right hand."
It was enough to kill me. But there
was no help. I had to bear my sin and
shame as best I might, and try to out-
live it. No one trusted me as before.
No one could, for who knew that my
integrity might not again fail? I could
not trust myself until I had obtained
strength as well as pardon from God,
nor even then, until I had many times
been tried and tempted, and found his
strength sufficient for me.—*Congrega-
tionalist*.

AN ECONOMICAL PUMP.

An amusing illustration of ingenuity
appears in a story of an Italian gen-
tleman who devised a plan of keeping his
pump at work with but little expense to
himself: "The garden wall of his villa
adjoined the great high road leading from
one of the capitals of Northern Italy
(Turin), from which it was distant but a
few miles. Possessing within his garden
a fine spring of water, he erected on the
outside of the wall a pump for public use,
and chaining to it a small iron ladle, he
placed near it some rude seats for the
weary traveler, and by a slight roof of
climbing plants protected the whole from
the mid-day sun. In this delightful shade
the tired and thirsty travelers on that
well-beaten road ever and anon reposed
and refreshed themselves, and did not
fail to put in requisition the services of
the pump so opportunely presented to
them. From morning till night many a
dusty and way-worn pilgrim plied the
handle, and went on his way, blessing the
liberal proprietor for his kind considera-
tion of the passing stranger. But the
owner of the villa was deeply acquainted
with human nature. He knew in that
sultry climate that the liquid would be
more valued from its scarcity and the
difficulty of acquiring it. He, therefore,
to enhance the value of the gift, wisely
arranged the pump so that its spout was
of rather contracted dimensions, and the
handle required a moderate application of
force to work it. Under these circum-
stances the pump raised far more water
than could pass through its spout; and to
prevent its being wasted, the surplus was
conveyed by an invisible channel to a large
reservoir judiciously placed for watering
the proprietor's own houses, stables, and
garden—into which about five pints were
poured for every spoonful passing out
of the spout for the benefit of the
weary traveler. Even this latter por-
tion was not entirely neglected, for the
waste pipe conveyed the part which ran
over from the ladle to some delicious straw-
berry beds at a lower level."

PROFANITY A SIGN OF IGNORANCE.

The vulgar sin of profanity is more
common than formerly in the streets.
We wish all addicted to the habit could
understand how vulgar it is, and how
generally it is accepted as a proof of an
empty head and a weak will. The
North American Review says well:
There are among us not a few who
feel that a simple assertion or plain
statement of obvious facts, will pass for
nothing, unless they swear to its truth
by all the names of the Deity, and blis-
ter their lips with every variety of hot
and sulphurous oaths. If we observe
such persons closely, we shall generally
find that the fierceness of their profanity
is in inverse ratio to the affluence of
their ideas.

We venture to affirm that the profan-
est men within the circle of your
knowledge all are afflicted with a chronic
weakness of intellect. The utterance
of an oath, though it may prevent a
vacuum in sound, is no indication of
sense. It requires no genius to "swear."
The reckless taking of sacred names in
vain is as little characteristic of true in-
dependence of thought as it is of high
moral culture. In this breathing and
beautiful world, filled as it were with
the presence of the Deity, and fragrant
with incense from its thousand altars of
praise, it would be no servility should
we catch the spirit of reverent worship-
ers, and illustrate in ourselves the sen-
timent that the Christian is the highest
style of man.

THE LAST HOURS OF PRINCE ALBERT.

There has reached us from abroad a
most interesting extract from a letter
which was written by a member of the
Queen's Household shortly after the
death of Prince Albert. The extreme
confidential position which the writer
held at the time not only gives the as-
surance of perfect reliability, but invests
the following lines with very special
interest. After describing the grief and
fears of the whole household for the
Queen, the writer speaks of the personal
loss sustained in the death of Prince
Albert:

"How I shall miss his conversation
about the children! He used often to
come into the schoolroom to speak
about the education of the children, and
he never left me without my feeling
that he had strengthened my hand, and
raised the standard I was aiming at.
Nothing mean or frivolous could exist
in the atmosphere that surrounded him;
the conversation could not be trifling if
he was in the room. I dread the re-
turn of spring for my dear Lady. It
was his favorite time of the year—the
opening leaves, the early flowers, and
fresh green were such a delight to him;
and he so loved to point out their beau-
ties to his children that it will be terri-
ble to see them without him. The chil-
dren kept his table supplied with
primroses, which he especially loved.
The last Sunday he passed on earth
was a very blessed one for the Princess
Alice to look back upon. He was very
ill and very weak, and she spent the
afternoon alone with him, whilst the
others were in Church. He begged to
have his sofa drawn to the window, that
he might see the sky and the clouds sail-
ing past. He then asked her to play
to him, and she went through some of
his favorite hymns and chorals. After
she had played some time, she looked
around and saw him lying back, his
hands folded as if in prayer, and his
eyes shut. He lay so long without
moving that she thought he had fallen
asleep. Presently, he looked up and
smiled. She said, "Were you asleep,
dear papa?" "Oh no," he answered;
"only I have such sweet thoughts."

During his illness, his hands were often
folded in prayer; and when he did not
speak, his serene face showed that the
"happy thoughts" were with him to the
end. The Princess Alice's fortitude
has amazed us all. She saw from the
first that both her father and mother's
firmness depended on her firmness, and
she set herself to the duty. He loved
to speak openly of his condition, and
had many wishes to express. He loved
to hear hymns and prayers. He could
not speak to the Queen of himself, for
she could not bear to listen, and shut
her eyes to the danger. His daughter
saw that she must act differently, and
she never let her voice falter, or shed a
single tear in his presence. She sat by
him, listened to all he said; repeated
hymns; and then when she could bear
it no longer, would walk calmly to the
door, and then rush away to her room,
returning soon with the same calm and
pale face without any appearance of the
agitation she had gone through.

I have had several interviews with
the poor Queen since. The first time
she said, "You can feel for me, for you
have gone through this trial." Another
time she said how strange it seemed,
when she looked back, to see how much
for the last six months the Prince's
mind had dwelt upon death and the fu-
ture state; their conversation had so
often turned upon these subjects, and
they had read together a book called
"Heaven our Home," which had inter-
ested him very much. He once said to
her, "We don't know in what state we
shall meet again; but that we shall
recognize each other and be together in
eternity I am perfectly certain." It
seemed as if it had been intended to
prepare her mind and comfort her—
though, of course, it did not strike her
then. She said she was a wonder to
herself, and she was sure it was in
answer to the prayers of her people that
she was so sustained. She feared it
would not last, and that times of agony
were before her. She said, "there's
not the bitterness in this trial that I felt
when I lost my mother—I was so re-
bellious then; but now I can see the
mercy and love that are mixed in my
trial." Her whole thought now is to
walk worthy of him, and her greatest
comfort to think that his spirit is
always near her, and knows all that she
is doing.—*London Paper*.

THE SABBATH A BOON.

It seems to me that we put Sabbath-
keeping generally on too low ground.
We call it duty when it should be privi-
lege. The Sabbath is a feast, and not a
fast. It is less a command than a boon.
It is granted to us, above and beyond
being imposed upon us. It is our great
rest-day, given us that we may not faint
from over-much weariness. After a
week's toil of body, or mind, or both, God,
in his fatherly love and tender care,
presses upon us this great gift that our
souls may live. He stays the sweeping tide
that we may take our soundings, reckon
our latitude and longitude, find where we
are and whither we are steering. In the
dizzying whirl of life we need—O how
greatly do we need, and how sorely do
we suffer without it!—this regularly re-
curring interval of quiet, that we may
look gratefully back over all the way
which the Lord our God hath led us, and
trustfully forward through all the future
till the end come.—*Stumbling Blocks*.

IN SEASON.

"I am very sorry I kept you waiting,
uncle," said George with a blush, as he
took his seat in the carriage for a drive.
"I hope you have not been here long."
"Just thirty-five minutes," said the old
gentleman, looking at his watch. Then
carefully folding up his newspaper, he
gathered up the lines, and gave them a
little admonitory shake.

"I am very sorry, indeed; but you see,
I was detained, and could not get off be-
fore." He would have colored still
deeper, if obliged to explain the frivolous
cause of his delay. "If it could not be
helped," said the other, "of course it is
all right; but if it might have been avoid-
ed, why then it is another matter. Half
hours are precious things, my boy, and
you will find them so if you live long.
Punctuality must be a young man's
watchword, if he ever hopes to make any
thing of himself or his opportunities. I
had a young friend in New Haven once,
who went into business for himself, just
as you hope to next fall; but he had
this standing failing—he was always a
little behind time."

"I remember once he had need of a
thousand dollars, to make a payment on
a certain day. He could have gathered
it up easily enough, if he had begun in
time. But the day had arrived, and he
was in great perplexity. Still there was
an easy way out of the difficulty. He ran
around to an obliging neighbor, and bor-
rowed the sum for three days. Well, he
felt quite at ease after the bill was paid,
and the three days slipped by thought-
lessly, and he was no more ready to pay
the borrowed money than he had been
the other."

"It could make no difference to the
merchant, he was sure, and he hastened
to him with abundant apologies.

"It will make no difference at all
with me," said the gentleman, blandly,
"but it will make much difference with
you."

"How so?" asked the other.
"I shall never lend to you again,"
he said as politely as if it were a pleas-
ant fact he was communicating. "I was
young then, and I always remember the
little circumstance, and have often been
influenced by it. Poor E. did not suc-
ceed well. Business men will soon lose
confidence in you, George, if you are
not always as good as your word, and
everyone needs the good-will of his fel-
lows. Perfect punctuality should be your
lowest aim in this respect. You will lose
untold amounts of time for want of it,
and cause others to do the same. And
that is the worst kind of pilfering. Stolen
gold can be got back or re-
placed, but no power can bring back a
lost half hour."—*Chronicle*.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S REVERENT USE
OF THE SCRIPTURES.

One of our Boston exchanges justly
rebukes our literary men for the irrever-
ent manner in which they use the Scrip-
tures, by misquotations, misapplications,
association with trivial and ridiculous
circumstances, &c. We are reminded of
the very different and honorable course
of the greatest of American orators to-
wards the inspired volume. Says Mr.
March, in "Daniel Webster and his co-
temporaries:"

"While Mr. Webster's public produc-
tions and private conversations attest how
deeply he is imbued with the spirit of the
Scriptures, neither the one nor the other
ever contained the slightest irreverent
allusion to any passage in them—anything
in the way of illustration, analogy or
quotation, that would seem to question
their sanctity. He has been scrupulously
delicate in this regard; and therein
differs widely from most of his cotem-
poraries in public life on this continent:
for it is made matter of reproach to us,
as a nation, that our public speakers, in
Congress particularly, take the grossest
liberties with the most sacred texts of
the Scriptures, use them to garnish the
most ordinary topics, or illustrate their
own ignoble pursuits and histories; and
in fact, pay them no more regard than
profane books. It is not so in England.
Good taste if not a religious sense avoids
any such irreverence."

MORAL COURAGE.

Young man, would you become moral-
ly strong? Would you grow up perfect-
ly competent to resist every foe to your
happiness, every enemy which may dis-
pute your progress in the way of noble
manhood? Would you fit yourself for
usefulness in this world and for happi-
ness in the next? Then listen to the
feeblest voice of conscience, calling you
to duty and to right. There is no more
certain method of cultivating and pro-
moting moral strength than by heeding
continually that light which "lighteth
every man which cometh into the world."
When some specious temptation is pre-
sented before you, when there is thrown
over it the witching gauze of fashion and
show, do you not hear that gentle and
precious voice bidding you look away
and shun the specious temptation? That
voice is soft as the whispers of angels,
and as kind as the melting tenderness
of a mother's pure love. You cannot
disregard it but at your imminent peril.
Every time you listen with attention
your ear becomes keener to hear an-
your strength more competent to resist
temptation. It will soon become easy
to do right. The charm of temptation
would lose its power over you.—*Morn-
ing Star*.