

The Family Circle.

PANGE, LINGUA, GLORIOSI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF VENANTINUS FORTUNATUS, SIXTH CENTURY.

Sing my tongue the Saviour's glory;  
Tell His triumph far and wide;  
Tell aloud the wondrous story  
Of His body crucified,  
How upon the cross a victim,  
Vanquishing in death, he died.

Eating of the tree forbidden,  
Man had fallen by Satan's snare,  
When our pitying Creator  
Did this second tree prepare,  
Destined many ages later  
That first evil to repair.

So when now at length the fullness  
Of the time foretold drew nigh,  
Then the Son, the World's Creator,  
Left His Father's throne on high,  
From a Virgin's womb appearing,  
Clothed in our mortality.

Thus did Christ to perfect manhood  
In our mortal flesh attain,  
Then of His free choice He goeth  
To a death of bitter pain;  
He, the Lamb upon the Altar  
Of the Cross, for us is slain.

Lo! with gall His thirst he quenches;  
See the thorns upon his brow!  
Nails his hands and feet are rending,  
See his side is open now!  
Whence to cleanse the whole creation,  
Streams of blood and water flow.

When, O Judge of this world, coming  
In thy glory all divine,  
Thou shalt bid Thy Cross to shine  
Bright above the stars and trophies,  
Be the Light and the Salvation  
Of the people that are thine!

Blessing, honor everlasting,  
To the immortal Deity:  
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Equal praises ever be;  
Glory through the Earth and Heaven  
To the blessed Trinity! Amen.

VIOLET.

"I shall see in heaven, papa dear; God will open my eyes there. Oh, I cannot help longing to go, if it were not for leaving you. I wish we could go together, my own papa." And the deep blue eyes were raised wistfully to his face; then lifting one little hand, she stroked his cheek caressingly.

She felt a tear there. A troubled look came into the sightless eyes. "Do not cry, darling papa; think how much happier I shall be; and we will watch over you, mamma and I, as ministering spirits, and perhaps God will call you soon; then we will come and meet you. Oh, how happy we shall be, united again! And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

They were sitting by a window in his study, the minister and his only child, his little Violet. The balmy air, redolent with the perfume of Spring's sweetest flowers, floated in, gently fanning their cheeks, while merry birds caroled forth joyous little songs. Near by, a gurgling brook, prattled its silvery melody to the thoughtful-looking cows, and frisking, gamboling sheep, who often quenched their thirst in its cool waters.

Long ago, the minister had brought a fair young bride to this little parsonage and its beautiful surroundings. For two years she helped him in his noble work; sharing his troubles, cheering his despondency; always pointing upwards to that bright home above, which was to be the end of all their labors.

Then consumption, with his cold, cruel hand and icy breath, laid his destroying touch upon her.

Still she kept on by his side, no word of complaint escaping her lips. She would not trouble him she said. And so he was allowed to remain in his ignorance; only to awaken suddenly to the cruel shock which would deprive him of what he held most dear on earth, and leave his little darling child motherless.

Gently and slowly the sweet young life ebbed away; till at last one Sabbath evening, just as the bells were ringing for divine service, the pure spirit winged its flight to Him who gave it; borne upwards by bright angels, chanting in low sweet strains: "He giveth his beloved rest."

With her sorrowing husband she left as a legacy little Violet, who already bore a great resemblance to her sainted mother.

After the death of his wife, the young pastor seemed bound up in his little girl. It was an interesting sight to see them together. Often would he take her up to her mother's grave; and there, sitting on his knee, with her large wondering eyes raised attentively to his face, she would listen to beautiful Bible stories, of how Christ came into the world to die for sinners, how he suffered and bled, and then returned to His Father's home to prepare a place for all believers.

The little one loved to hear of her Saviour, and would often say: "Tell me more about Jesus, papa, and tell me of my angel mamma." Too young to feel her loss, her bright happy spirit cheered her father in his loneliness. Her merry ringing laugh, and light joyous step, were heard through the house all day. With her tiny fingers she plucked away the thorns from his path, leaving him only roses to tread upon. Every evening at sunset might be heard her little childish treble, joining his rich manly tones in singing praise to the great Creator.

When Violet was about seven years old, she was attacked by scarlet fever.

For days the little life hung by a single thread. With terrible anxiety her father watched by her bedside, noting each toss of the bright head, longing for one glance of recognition in the restless eye; and fervently praying that his darling might be spared to him. Often in the stillness of the night would he send up supplications to the throne of mercy.

At last the crisis came. Violet ceased those restless tossings and incoherent ravings, and fell into a deep slumber; so deep that it seemed akin to death. Either she would pass away in that still, dreamless sleep, or she would awaken to life.

Which it would be, only God knew. Anxiously the doctor stood by her bedside, feeling her pulse, gently smoothing the golden curls from the blue-veined temples, and watching the fluttering breath as it came from between the parted lips.

Through the night she slept on; and when the bright morning sun peeped in through the curtained windows, glancing lovingly across the little sleeper, she awoke. O, with what joy did the young minister return thanks to the Giver of all Good!

"Papa," He leaned over her. "What, my darling?"

"Where are you, papa? It is so dark I cannot see you."

Dark, with the sun shining so brightly? The truth, the sad truth rushed with agonizing force to her father's mind. His little daughter's life was saved, but her sight was gone! No more would those soft lustrous eyes recognize his loving gaze! no more would they behold the beauties of nature, the smiling landscape, and the little white lambs of which she was so fond. How would she bear the shock? She was so very weak. How could he tell her?

The low tremulous voice spoke again.

"Come nearer, papa, let me see you. Why is all so dark?"

He must tell her. And he did. Gently and soothingly he told her, with her head resting on his shoulder, his arms clasped protectively around her, as if to shield her from the consciousness of her blindness.

Very bravely she received it, the dear little child; and though the bright hope she had cherished of being a helper to her father was partly shattered, still she felt it was God's will; and so with her little hands tightly clasped together, while big tears rolled down her pale cheeks, she said: "Oh, Lord, help me to bear it, and make me patient, for Christ's sake!"

Very slowly the sweet flower, that had so nearly been transplanted to paradise, returned to health.

Always delicate, now she looked most fragile. The earnest thoughtful eyes seemed gazing into futurity with a look not of earth; the changing cheek had lost much of its roundness, and the dimples were rarely seen now where once they played continuously.

The dancing step was slow now, for with hands grouping in the midnight darkness, each step must be taken carefully. The merry voice had changed its tone for one of plaintiveness; and yet she was not unhappy. Though the bright, beautiful world was shut out from her view, she would often imagine how it looked, and with her sightless eyes turned upwards, think of the time when they would be opened, and she would see with clearer vision.

She always sat on her father's knee when he composed his sermons; for he seemed to gather inspiration from her lovely face upturned to his with that rare, almost holy smile of hers.

Often he would take her round with him when he made his calls on the sick poor of the village. And soon they learned to look for the gentle voice and soft touch of the minister's blind darling.

The little children, too, stopped their noisy play, and crept around her, listening with hushed breath and wondering eyes to her tales of the Saviour's matchless love.

It was a pretty sight to see this little disciple surrounded by those untaught, uncultivated children; to see their devotion to her; they would do anything to please her.

Even the rough rude boys of the village school, with whom all lovers of law and order were in despair, were awed into gentleness; and many were the presents of flowers and fruits that they carried up to the parsonage for their fair young teacher.

The sick and aged people blessed her with their withered hands laid lovingly on the bowed head; and asked her to pray for and with them, which she did simply and trustfully. Who can say that those pure and innocent supplications were not heard at the throne of grace.

And so four years passed away; each year increasing the love that they bore for the tiny floweret, that seemed all too fragile for earth's rough winds and cruel storms. Every day she visited the parish, carrying little delicacies to the sick; singing sweet hymns with her melodious voice, and dropping comforting words as a balm to their wounded hearts. And so this little lamb of Jesus' fold went on her heavenly way; leading many and leaving behind her a beautiful example

and fragrant memory. Her reward was not far distant.

One afternoon, returning late from her self-appointed duties, by her father in a sudden shower. A violent cold ensued, which resulted in a rapid decline.

She knew she was dying, and she looked forward with happiness to her removal to that spirit land where all is peace, and joy, and love. All that troubled her was her father, she knew how lonely he would be, how he would miss her, and she wished they were going together; but no, there was more work for him to do below. God would call him in his own good time.

They often had long talks together, the young pastor and his dying child; talks that did them both good.

"You must not cry for me, dear papa, when I am gone," she would say, "it is only for a little while that we shall be parted; soon you will come too, and then how much happier we shall be than we ever were on earth!"

Calmly and peacefully the sun went down on that pure young life; fitfully the flame flickered, glancing brightly for a time, and then burning so dimly that it seemed almost gone.

She had no acute pain; it was the dreadful weakness and lassitude which she found so hard to bear; but not a word of complaint escaped her lips; she floated down life's stream, with hands clasped and eyes looking upwards, piercing the veil that hung before them; gazing far beyond to that beautiful world which she was soon to enter.

When she was stroped enough, her little class of children went to the parsonage, and then she continued her lessons of love. They never forgot them; all through their after lives they looked back to those gentle teachings, and with reverent lips blessed that angelic child as the means of their salvation.

It was touching—the leave-takings between Violet and the village children. She gave an appropriate text to each, and begged them to meet her in heaven. She asked them to join in singing

"There is a happy land, far, far away."

Some were too much overcome to trust their voices, but most of them with a mighty effort mastered their emotion, and tremblingly sweet strains arose, gathering power as they continued. Then Violet's own voice, though very weak, mingled with theirs; and at last they all sang, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, paying their last obedience to the dying one. She felt their tears upon her cheek as they leaned over her for a last kiss. It seemed to trouble her. "Do not cry," she said, "I am going to be very happy; only meet me there."

Then her powers of endurance seemed almost exhausted; her eyes closed wearily, and she lay for some time motionless; they thought she was gone.

Once more the blue eyes opened, she raised herself up, with one hand pointing towards heaven, a glorious smile shone with celestial brightness on her face, only for a moment: the little form fell back upon the pillow.

Little Violet could see.—N. Y. Observer.

AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN ON TEMPERANCE.

A temperance meeting was lately held at Surrey Chapel, London. After addresses by the Rev. Newman Hall and Mr. Murphy, and narratives by three working men of the misery into which drink had brought them, and of their present health, prosperity, comfort, and religious hopes, through total abstinence, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the chairman, said that he felt the greatest respect for the good men who had so candidly referred to their own history both as a warning and an encouragement. He was happy to know, from a paper recently laid before the House of Commons, that the amount of drinking did not keep pace with the increase of the population, but was considerably under the proportion of twenty years ago. The temperance reformers might not have succeeded as much as they desired, but they might be assured the blessing of God rested on these and all other efforts to produce a sober, decent, and religious people. He had been struck with the statement of the gentleman who had just spoken, and who was announced as an ostler, who said he had secured £30 for his wife, in case of his death, and intended to make it £60. All he could say was, that in case he (Lord Shaftesbury) should become a widower, and that lady was a widow, he should know where to look for a comfortable provision! (Loud cheers.) His Lordship went on to urge self-help. There was nothing equal to the dignity of a sober, happy, religious fireside. A man might be a king at home, wielding absolute power in the spirit of gentleness. He might be a priest in his own family, offering prayer to God. What grandeur there was in a man, with nothing in store, pressed by danger, difficulty, and want, trusting in Providence, while diligently using proper means. Nothing was so much to be desired for the country as the sobriety and godliness of the people; for it gave stability to the nation, added citizens to the Queen, and made the empire secure within and without.

PUNCH'S PECCAVI.

The following self-reproach and manly retraction of the *London Punch* has for some weeks met our eyes in one and another of our exchanges; but having so long lain upon our files, we might now have dropped it entirely but for the request which our London correspondent, in last week's paper, makes for its appearance.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865.  
You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,  
You who with mocking pencil went to trace,  
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,  
His length of shambling limb, his furred face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,  
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,  
His lack of all we mean as debent as we,  
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,  
Judging each step, as though the way were plain:  
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,  
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet  
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,  
Between the mourners at his head and feet,  
Say, scurril-jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,  
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—  
To make me own this kind of princely peer,  
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,  
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,  
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,  
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how hopeful he could be:  
How in good fortune and in ill the same:  
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,  
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few  
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—  
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,  
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,  
That God makes instruments to work his will,  
If but that will we can arrive to know,  
Nor temper with the weights of good or ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side  
The few felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,  
As in his present boyhood he had plied;  
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,  
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,  
The rapid that o'erbars the boatman's toil,  
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—  
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:  
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,  
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

If he grew up, a destined work to do,  
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years  
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report lived through,  
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The faunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,  
And took both with the same unwavering mood:  
Till, as he came to light, from darkling days,  
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,  
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—  
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,  
Those gaunt, long-labored limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,  
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,  
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse  
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,  
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!  
Sore heart, so stopped when at last best high,  
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck be-fore  
By the assassin's hand, wherof men doubt  
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;  
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,  
Whate'er its grounds, stonily and nobly strive;  
And with the martyr's crown, crownest a life  
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

THE EVENING LESSON.

"Brush up the stove hearth, Jenny," said Mrs. Goodwin, "and wipe up the zinc nicely. Take all those clean clothes, wet and dry, and lay them in the basket, and make the room look as cheerful as you can, before father and the boys get home."

"Well, mother," said Jenny, a little discontentedly, "I don't know that it is any worse for them to have a little discomfort once in a while in doors, than it is for us to have so much trouble all the time. They have no idea how hard it is to get up clean clothes for them every week, nor how much discomfort we have to put up with."

"Neither do we know how hard it is to work all day in the fields to get food for us all at home. But you are tired to-night, my dear, and you never can feel very happy with your hair in such disorder. Run right away and bathe your face, and brush up a little, and you will find your spirits wonderfully enlivened."

Jenny went away with a reluctant step, to do as she was bid; but after a while she came down again, looking fifty per cent, at least, better than she did before. Her hair was brushed back smoothly from her rosy sun-kissed cheeks, and her plain calico dress and gingham apron looked better than many an elegant ball-room costume. She did not need to be told now to make the room as tidy as possible; she stepped about lightly here and there, putting to rights one little nook and another—drew father's arm-chair up to the sun-set window where he loved best to sit; and saw that the lounge was cleared of all incumbrances, so that Ned might throw himself down and rest after his favorite fashion.

"I knew that it would rest you, if you put yourself in better trim," said mother, "even though you were tired. I need not ask you if you do not feel better; your looks tell very plainly.

It always pays to be neat and orderly. It is worth more than a great sum of money to have home the pleasantest spot in the world to fathers and brothers. It never would be, if we adopted Mrs. Halsey's plan."

"No, indeed, mother, I cannot even bear to go there on an errand. I do not see how her family can endure to live in a home so constantly 'in the suds.' She never dresses up herself unless she goes to a funeral; and her children are little frights, with thin outgrown soiled dresses on, half the summer. I used to pity them when they went to school."

"Well, Jenny, every time we permit an untidy room that could be put to rights as well as left, or allow supper-time to find us with a soiled work-dress on, when we might put on a clean one, we take a step in that direction. Untidy people do not become so all at once; but bad habits grow faster than cucumbers. You cannot hold them in check, unless you fairly root them out. All the little delicacies and refinements of life that we cultivate are good for the heart as well as the body. They make us more gentle and thoughtful of the comfort of others, and help us form nobler and more beautiful characters, and that is our great life-work here, my daughter—the formation of right characters. Nothing is trifling which bears upon this great work."

THERE is much sweet and efficacious intercourse between Christ and his people in little time. Mary was addressed and wept. Jesus said "Mary," and Mary said "Rabboni," and all was well.—Goodwin.

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN. XI.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

Freddie says, "I PRAY THAT I CAN FIND JESUS."

This little fellow, only ten years old, you see is anxious to find the dear Saviour. He does not use good grammar, but no matter; we know what he means. He sees other little boys coming to the dear Jesus. Haven't you, my little friends, often felt just as little Freddie does, and wished some one would pray for you, and tell you how to find Jesus? Well, I will pray for you, and will try and help you to find the dear, precious Jesus. Can you, like this little Freddie, say: "I pray for myself?" If not, do not sleep till you ask God to help you to find Jesus; ask Him to show you how He died on the cross for you, and how He can now pardon you for Jesus' sake. He will do it for you. You see little Freddie knows that he is not a Christian. Yes, little children can tell whether they are Christians or not. Are you a Christian? Do you love Jesus?

Freddie's letter is very short, but it means a great deal. If you could only see his hand-writing, you would know how much work it was for him to write. It looks as if it was the first letter he ever wrote. He says:—

I have not found Jesus, yet so I have not got hold of the first link of the golden chain; but I am trying to get it. I ask you to pray for me while I pray for myself too, that I can find Jesus. A friend of mine thinks he has found Jesus, and I wish that I could think the same.

Your little friend,  
FREDDIE, aged ten years.

If you, my little friend, feel as Freddie did when he wrote his letter, then here is another from a Sabbath-school scholar, which may help you more than any words of mine. A hundred years ago, after George Whitefield had been preaching to thousands in the open-air at Moore-fields, near London, he went to his great church with hundreds of letters in his pockets, and spent the evening in reading them to a great congregation. He knew that letters like the one you will now read, have been very useful to help those who were seeking Jesus to see the way to be saved.

I hope you, too, will find the truth of these words:—

"IT IS VERY EASY TO COME TO JESUS, IF WE ASK HIM TO HELP US."

I think that I can tell you how I feel. It is better to tell you in this way, because you always seem to be busy trying to lead the others to the Saviour in the meetings. I thank the Lord every day for these good meetings, and I am happy to say that I think I found the dear Saviour, who died and shed his precious blood for poor and needy sinners as we are. Oh, why should we not come to Jesus just now? He is waiting to receive us. It is very easy to come to Jesus, if we only ask him to help us, for we can do nothing without his help. The first time I saw you was in our morning Sabbath-school. You spoke to me about the dear Saviour. You asked me if I found Jesus. I could not keep from crying to think how wicked I was. After Sabbath-school we went to church, and during the church time I felt like crying all the time. When we came home, I felt so bad to think what a wicked sinner I was. My mother asked me what was the matter. I could not tell her at that moment. I have a very kind and pious mother. She said she prayed many a time for me, and she said she had faith in the Lord, and she believed that there would be a time coming that her prayers would be answered. And now I feel so happy that I got hold of the first link of the golden chain, and I will cling to it, with God's help, until I reach the last link.

"I CAN SAY NOW THAT I LOVE JESUS."

That's a great thing to say. The moment one can say that, their names are written in God's book of life. Have you felt your need of Jesus? You do need Him, and you will never be happy without Him. His precious

blood alone can wash away your black sins.

This letter is badly written and full of mistakes—but no matter; it makes me happy to read it. I think I can remember when I couldn't write much better.

"When I first came to the meetings I did not have any interest in them. So I thought I would come again, and I stayed to the enquiry meetings. I shall never forget that night I felt very anxious About my soul. Then all my sins came up before me. I felt I came one night, and I stayed to enquiry Meetings, and Mr. Hawley came and spoke and prayed with me, and I thought I could not go out of the Church without I had gave my heart to Jesus, and I did and I think he gave me a new heart. I can say now, that I love Jesus, which I could not before. I love to read my bible now. The Good word still goes on, and it increases every day. I am glad that there's so many young Men coming to Christ. I don't want to run away from Christians now. I am afraid that I don't love Him enough. Hee is such a Good Saviour to Come to this world to die for us. I hope all the Children will come to Jesus just now. I love Jesus! yes I do. I do love Jesus. He, my Saviour Jesus, smiles and loves me, I've cast my deadly doing down, down at Jesus' Feet. I stand in him, in him alone. Glorious and Complete. I would not give Him up For the whole world. Pray for me.

ONE WHO LOVES JESUS."

"WHEN I HEARD YOU TELL OF THE LOVE OF JESUS, I COULD NOT STAND IT ANY LONGER."

Little Laura, who wrote these words, was only eleven years old, and yet she says, "I have been under serious impressions a long time."

Some older people think that children of this age cannot understand much about religion; but I know they do. Haven't you, my little friend, often wished you were a Christian, and longed to go to heaven when you die? Haven't you sometimes wished you knew more about Jesus, so that you might learn to love Him, and be His happy little child?

I once got lost on the top of the Catskill Mountains. It was getting dark, and I was much alarmed lest I should not find the right path, but little Charlie Beach, only eight years old, was with me, and he took hold of my hand saying, I know the way; I will lead you "straight down to father's house," and so he did. He had been all over the mountain a great many times, but I had never been there before, and so I felt it was safe to trust him; and soon we got where we could see the burning lights in the hall windows of the hotel. Oh, how glad we were to hear the joyous music in the parlors.

I should think from the reading of this letter, that this little pilgrim of eleven years had started in the way to heaven. Try and follow her. If she has told of Jesus' hand she will get by and by where she will hear them singing in heaven—"Worthy, worthy is the Lamb that was slain." She says, "I gave myself up to Jesus." That was right; for Jesus says, "I AM THE WAY." And if you, my anxious little friend, lost as you are on the dark mountains of sin, will only give yourself "right up to Jesus," he will take hold of your little hand, and you will find Him "THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO HEAVEN."

"I have been under serious impressions for some time. I have now given my heart to the Saviour. The way I gave my heart to the Saviour was this: I went to your meetings and then I gave my heart to the Saviour. When I heard you tell of the love of Jesus, I could not stand it any longer, so I gave myself up to Jesus. I prayed this morning that he would take me just as I was. I can now sing with all my heart, I love Jesus, yes I do. I feel a great deal happier now. My age is eleven years. I am very sorry you are going away. I shall never forget you. I hope you won't forget me. Pray for your little friend. From your little friend, Louisa."

CLOSER LOOKING.

A walnut-tree stands before my window, sturdy and solid, clothed in its summer garb of green, from crown to lowest branches. I look at it, and see a symmetrical tree, with summer wealth of vitality and grace—a tree through which the wind sweeps, and the sunlight plays, from early dawn till twilight. But I look closer, and lo! the tree is full of life; for here on the lowest branch, a bird looks out upon me with bright, confident eyes; and there one nestles deeper in among the boughs; and above, one swings upon a tuft of leaves. The tree is full of them—feathered bundles of bird-life. Early in the morning, they sing from the topmost boughs, where winds rock them in time to their tunes. The tree-top is their orchestra—their centre is their sanctuary. At night, again, they go up and sit and sing through the twilight, chanting the day out. But through the day, when the summer heat is beating down, you would not believe that tree was tenanted, except for the soft, low-chirping, and gentle, joyous twitter, and occasional flitting in and out.

So we look upon certain people, seeing that the exterior and the outline of the character. But how often does a closer look, and an ear attent, reveal a rich inner life—an under current of patience and faith! Under the steady blaze of noon we see no sign, we hear no song; but let the morning light of God's countenance rest upon them, or let the shadows of some dark affliction creep over them, and from the mount of faith and trust goes up the calm, sweet melody of song.

It has been well suggested that people's excuses for neglecting duty, are not generally their reasons for such neglect. The excuse is very commonly the method of concealing the true reason.