Family Eircle.

1 efforts fr n of the? THE THREE SONS. y imbv

BY REV. J. MAULTRIE. t. Ev instra, a son, a little son, a boy just five years

lsyg old, eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould. certy tell methat unusual grace in all his ways appears;

hat my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years. I cannot say how this may be, I know his face

is fair, And yet his sweetest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he

loveth me. But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful

fervency; But that which others most admire, is the the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave enquiring speech he everywhere doth find.

Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk; He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.

Nor cares he much for childish sports, doats not on bat or ball. But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all. His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes per-

plexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts'about the next. He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teaches

him to pray, And strange and sweet and solemn then, are the words which he will say.

O, should my gentle child be spared to man

hood's years, like me,

A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be; And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow, I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three: I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be, How silver sweet those tones of his when he

prattles on my knee: I do not think his light blue eye is like his brother's keen, Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his

But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and

tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.

When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks

so mild and sweet. A play fellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful

sport alone. His presence is like sunshine sent, to gladden home and hearth. our mirth. Should he grow up to riper years, God grant

earthly love; And if beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim, God comfort us for all the love that we shall

I have a son, a third sweet son, his age I cannot tell,

For they reckon not by years and months where

he is gone to dwell. To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form his is, what looks he

weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining scraph brow;
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss

which he doth feel, Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.

ut I know (for God hath told methis) that he

is now at rest. Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast;
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load

of flesh, But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy forever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their

And soothe him with a song that breathes of nothing to be gloomy about. Next

heaven's divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear and I,) Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears

from every eyes Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease. Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is

certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever, But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be

ours forever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be;
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss,
and this world's misery;
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and
feel this grief and pain,

O! we'd rather lose our other two than have him here again.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

It was a chilly, foggy evening in autumn. Edith sat by the window, looking out into the gray gloom, in a state of mind something like that of the weather, disconsolate and depressed, she could not tell why. She was not alone in the room; her father was there, and a group of brothers and sisters. "No one takes any notice of agements in his labor, of which you me. or cares if I feel sad," she thought. "Now, when one feels gloomy, it is so pleasant to have somebody come and not of gossip, but of the things of the cheer one up." Conscience whispered, "Do you know what is the matter your brethren, be a centre of warmth, with you? You are a little tired, and not a lump of ice, which you and idle, and cross." She did not wonder there is not heat enough to listen much to the voice. Suddenly thaw. That is the demand of the there darted into her mind the words law; that is the keeping of the Golden which she had taught little Lulu that Rule. morning. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." She did not care to listen to these words either; but they would not be dismissed; they seemed to say in England, from the neighborhood of themselves over and over again in her | Sierra Leone, in 1791. The gentlememory, more times than little Lulu man to whose care he was entrusted say them correctly at school, till at the Bible is the Word of God, and he last she began to see what they meant. received it as such with great rever-"I wonder," she said to herself, "if I ence and simplicity. When he was really must do for somebody else asked what it was that satisfied him everything that I want somebody_else on this subject, he replied: "When I to do for me." She turned from the found all good men minding the window, and went and stood by her Bible, and calling it the Word of God, father's chair. "Father," she said, and all bad men disregarding it, I "you must have had a wet and disather was sure that the Bible must be greeable walk home. Don't you want your slippers?" "Why, yes, I be- God."

Consider how few things are worting fire-flies are plentiful in this country, these should hold to the wast good men call it, the Word of that any but fools should be wrathy. "you must have had a wet and disa then was sure that the Bible must be

lieve I do. I was too tired to think much about it, though. Thank you,

dear. It is pleasant to get home.' The mother just then brought in a lamp. "It was such a gloomy evening, I thought I would light up early,' she said, drawing the curtains.

Edith looked round on the group, Susie was lying on the sofa, with hot, flushed cheeks. "Poor little girl," said Edith, kneeling down beside her, "you have one of those troublesome headaches, I know. I have something good for you; the nice cologne in the red bottle Aunt Julia gave me." And in a minute she was bathing the hot forehead with it.

Meanwhile she noticed the cloud on her brother Russell's face, as he pored over his school-books. "What's the matter, Russ?" she said, looking over his shoulder.

"Matter enough," he answered. See here! I have eight sums to do, and I cannot get the first one, and I don't know how many hours I've wasted on it."

Not many, Edith suspected, but she did not say so. At any rate, he wasted no more, for a few words of explanation gave him the clue to the solution of all his difficulties.

"I say, Edie," said Max, seeing that she looked propitious, "get me some string, will you? and the bottle of glue?"

O, you inventor!" she said, bringing them. "What are you making now?" "You'll see, when it's done, was his only answer.

Lulu's ever-happy face was full of smiles, as usual; this time at her doll, preparing for bed. Edith laid a caressing hand on the fair curls as she asked. "Where's Fanny, little pet?" "Up-stairs," said Lulu, "please tie Bessie's night gown." As "Bessie" was laid to repose, with her staring blue eyes answer. It was laziness that made the up-stairs to find Fanny, wondering garden so bad. We won't call it by what could keep her there alone in the cold. Fanny was next to herself in age, and shared her room. She was sitting in a little arm-chair in the will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.

Will sing his little song of love, when left to dear," said Edith, "and came to find you." There was no answer, and growing darkness. "I missed you, Edith sat down on the arm of the To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all chair, and asked, "Are you sick?" "No, no!" cried Fanny, bursting into a flood of tears on Edith's shoulder, "but his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for I want to be a Christian, Edie, and I cannot do anything till I know that Christ has forgiven all my sins." Edith was startled; she had not thought of this. "I am so glad, dar-

ling," she whispered.
The bell rang for tea. "Go," said Fanny, "I am not going down, I cannot." Edith lingered, reluctant to leave her, but yet she did not know how to lead her as she would be led. She sent her mother to her as soon as tea was over, staying in the nursery herself to put little Lulu to bed.

A happy family rejoiced that night with one who was beginning to know the joy of salvation, having found Him who taketh away the sins of the those pests come near.

voria. Edith pondered upon her new application of the golden rule. "How selfish I was," she thought, "to sit there moping because no one came to cheer me up, when, after all, I only needed to go and do my duty, and there was time I think I want some sympathy, I'll remember to go and sympathize

withall the rest." It was a good resolution, for she had been in considerable danger of of persons who demand and expect a great deal from others of notice, and consideration, and sympathy, but never seemed to remember that there is just as much reason for them to give all these freely as to require them at the hands of others. And now, as I am closing, let me say a word to you my friend. I know your case well. I have heard it a hundred times. treated you with the distinguished attention which they should; they do not call upon you; the minister has not been to see you for a long time: you miss religious conversation; you feel slighted. Let me give you a word of advice. Call and see your minister this afternoon, not to find fault, but to cheer and encourage him who has many difficulties and discourknow nothing. Then call sociably on your fellow-members, and talk. kingdom of Christ; be friendly with

AN ARTLESS ARGUMENT. Naimbanha, a black prince, arrived

THE TWO GARDENS. A LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:-If you will all come up here, I will show you two gardens just over the way. They are very interesting gardensinteresting because they convey such useful lessons. They are real gardens; but I shall not tell you the real names of the owners, and you must guess

what is meant by the names. Mr. Workwell Thrifty owns one of the gardens. It is a great pleasure to look in upon his garden. Every thing is growing so nicely, and withal in such perfect order. Not a weed is to be seen. On one side is a row of evergreens; on another, a row of maples; on the other two sides are currant bushes. Within, all sorts of vegetables are growing in abundance, to supply the wants of Mr. Thrifty's large family.

Mr. Get-up-late Shiftless lives next door, and owns the other garden. It is just as good land as Mr. Thrifty's garden is, but the weeds have choked down all the onions, beans carrots. squashes, potatoes, etc., and I am quite sure there are not enough of them to pay for the gathering. The fences, too, are all down. There are no nice trees about the garden, no currant bushes; and, altogether, the garden is a very unprofitable affair.

Mr. Shiftless has complained a great deal about the weather. It has been too hot, or too cold, or too dry. The cut-worms, he thinks, devoured considerable of the stuff. But none of his talk would do. People would not believe it. There was Mr. Thrifty's garden on one side, and his on the other side. What could make the difference? What do you think could make the difference, my dear friends? Ah! I guess you have got the right any other name; that is good enough. Mr. Shiftless did not enrich his land; did not stir well the soil; did not keep the weeds down. Mr. Thrifty did all these things, and succeeded. Often while Mr. Shiftless was snoring in bed in the late morning, or spending the precious hours with drunken companions at the tavern, Mr. Thrifty and trades which are carried on by the the boys would be hoeing lustily at the weeds—cutting them all down.

Now, dear children, you know what I have told you this for. As I hinted that beasts, and birds, and such like once before, you will come at the carry on trades?" meaning before I get at the explanamay be compared to gardens, where dealer, too; as the farmers and the weeds will grow and choke the good farmers' wives know to their cost." seed if they are not early cut down. If you early cut down the weeds that start to grow in the garden of your minds, the good seed will produce ripe, habits? Cut them down now; let conveyed to his storehouse in the them not have a place in the garden. Is there a worm of sin gnawing into the fruit that you are trying to raise? Kill it at once, and let no more of

In short, endeavor by strict watch ing and earnest prayer to cultivate ermen, though they neither make use good habits. You can not afford to be idle, for if you stop trying to be good and do good, you will be very apt to engage in something mischievous. Keep down all the bad weeds, my little ones.—Rel. Telescope.

ABOUT LILIES.

A friend who has just gone far up into Vermont sends back word that the men." becoming one of that numerous class ponds all along the road are "starred with lilies" forming a milky way the should I have thought of it, if you whole distance. The same white waterlilies are the native queen of the New England summer, afloat in their palaces of ivory and gold, and exacting homage from every passer. Barefoot boys along the road do not covet them with more intensity than the merchantprinces in railway cars, whose overtasked thoughts are refreshed with the The members of the Church have not be found in the sequestered country places where water runs and debouches into ponds and ponds and shallows are made regal with their presence. It is nothing to see middle-aged men suddenly become enthusiasts in their quests, scaling stone walls, trampling through miry reaches of meadow, and wading knee-deep to pull them up by their leathery stems from the mud, with ash or alder poles cleft at the smaller end. They are very beautiful when coiled up in shallow glass dishes on the country parlor tables, but their true beauty is disclosed as they sit on the water with their white garments of royalty about them, opening their bright eyes with the morning sun and shutting up the gates to their golden hearts with the fading day. There is no flower of summer,—no, nor of winter either,-more simply elegant, divinely fragrant, and regally superb, than a "great white water-lily." symbolizes whatever is pure and beautiful in human life and character,whatever is rich and golden in the human heart. The lotus of Eastern streams never could be the flower to us that had repeated them in her anxiety to took great pains to convince him that the pond-lily of New England is, fringing our inland ways of travel with its matchless floating stars, and leading the thoughts along the cool and pleasant recesses where the mornings are full of freshness and the nights come down in peace.—Boston Post.

THE NATION'S DEAD. [READ BY REV. DR. MARCH IN HIS THANKSGIVING SERMON.]

Four hundred thousand men, The brave-the good-the true, In tangled wood, in mountain glen, On battle plain, in prison pen, Lie dead for me and you! Four hundred thousand of the brave Have made our ransomed soil their grave, For me and you! • Good friends, for me and you!

In many a fevered swamp, By many a black bayou, In many a cold and frozen The weary sentinel ceased his tramp, And died for me and you! From Western plain to ocean tide Arestretched the graves of those who died For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

On many a bloody plain Their ready swords they drew, And poured their life-blood, like the rain, A home—a heritage to gain, To gain for me and you! Our brothers mustered by our side, They marched, and fought, and bravely died, For me and you! Good friends, for me and you!

Up many a fortress wall They charged—those boys in blue—'Mid surging smoke, and volley'd ball The bravest were the first to fall! To fall for me and you! These noble men—the nation's pride— Four hundred thousand men have died For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

In treason's prison-hold Their martyr spirits grew
To stature like the saints of old. While amid agonies untold,

They starved for me and you! The good, the patient, and the tried, Four hundred thousand men have died, For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day Our children's children still shall say, "1'hey died for me and you!" Four hundred thousand of the brave Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave, For me and you! Good friend, for me and you!

[The Round Table. TRADES CARRIED ON BY BIRDS, BEASTS, AND INSECTS.

"Please to tell me something to amuse me, uncle, will you?" "Well, if I am to talk to amuse you, it must be about something entertaining. Suppose I tell you of the

lower creatures?' "Trades! Why how can they carry on any trade? Do you mean to say

"You shall hear. The fox is a tion. You know that your minds dealer in poultry, and a wholesale

"That is true, certainly." "Not satisfied with chickens and ducklings, he must needs push on his trade among the full-grown cocks and beautiful fruit. Have you any bad hens; and many a good fat goose is

> "'A wily trader in his way
> Is Reynard, both by night and day."" "And what other creature carries on

> a trade besides the fox?" "The otter and the heron are fishof a line nor a net. It is not very often that we catch sight of the otter, for he carries on his trade, for the most part, under the water; but the heron is frequently seen standing with his long, thin legs in the shallow part of the river, suddenly plunging his lengthy bill below the surface, and bringing up a fish. You cannot deny that the heron and otter are fisher-

"No, that I cannot: but never

had not told me.' "Ants are day-laborers, and are very industrious, too, in their calling; they always seem in earnest at their work.

My heart has been filled with gladness at their work.

And are very them. I out enjoy them. Saw what a great sinner I had been in rejecting the dear Jesus so long. And after she had talked to me awhile, she knelt down and industrious, too, in their calling; they Catch them asleep in the daytime, if of reading such letters. you can. They set us an example of industry.

"'Ants freely work, without disguise:
Their ways consider, and be wise.""

"Go on, uncle; I am not half so

tired as I was." "You seem all attention, certainly, Henry. The swallow is a fly-catcher; and the number that he catches in a day would quite astonish you. Often have you seen him skimming along the surface of the brook and the pond."

"Yes, that I have; and swallows

are as busy as ants, I think." "The beaver is a wood-cutter, a builder, and a mason; and he is a good workman at all these trades. He cuts down the small trees with his teeth; and after he has built his house, he plasters it skilfully with his tail." "Well done, beaver! He seems to

outdo all the rest." "The wasp is a paper-maker, and he makes his paper out of materials which no other paper-maker would use. If ever you should examine a wasp's nest, you will find it all made of paper."

"How many curious things there are in the world that I never thought

"Singing birds are musicians, and no other musicians can equal them in harmony. Hardly can we decide which eth in the name of the Lord," I think has the advantage—the lark, the blackbird, the throstle, or the nightingale. "'On feathery wing they freely rove, And wake with harmony the grove."

"I am afraid that you are coming to the end." "O, never fear. The fire-fly and

Consider how few things are wor- the glow-worm are lamp-lighters. The

flowery banks in other countries.'

not forget the lamp-lighters soon."

"The bee is a professor of geomescientifically, that the least possible King that cometh in the name of the amount of material is formed into the Lord. largest spaces with the least waste of room. Not all the mathematicians of Cambridge could improve the construction of his cells."

"The bee is much more clever than I thought he was."

"The caterpillar is a silk-spinner, we see, we are indebted to the silkworm. With what wonderful properties has it pleased our heavenly Father to endow the lower creatures!"

"I shall be made wiser to-day, uncle, than I have ever been before." "The mole is an engineer, and forms a tunnel quite as well as if he had been instructed by an engineer. The nautilus is a navigator, hoisting and taking in his sails as he floats along the water, and casting anchor at his pleasure."

"I should never have believed that any one could have made things out so clearly."

"Let me finish, then, by observing that the jackal is a hunter, the hawk excellant surgeon, and the monkey the best rope dancer in the world."

an hour longer without being tired." "Whether you remember what I

have told you or not, about God's goodness to his lower creatures, you will do well not to forget his greater goodness to mankind, in his gift of reason, his gift of his holy word, and his gift of the Saviour, by whom alone a sinner can be saved. And now, as can a sinner can be saved. And now, as can and I felt I must came and talked with me, and I felt I must came and I tried to prove you are learning all you can as a give up, I must love Jesus. I tried to pray, scholar, let me advise you to set up at felt so happy, and so different from what I once the trade or calling of a school-did when I first came into the room. I went master, by teaching with humility and kindness those around you who may happen to know less than yourself.

We all should be corrected to the We all should be carrying on the my life. Sometimes I felt perhaps I have calling of a schoolmaster, teaching not found Jesus, after all, perhaps I was only calling of a schoolmaster, teaching others by precept and example,-

""Without a rod or angry word,
To love and glorify the Lord."" [Religious Tract Society.

"I DID IT WELL."

A noble saying is on record of a member of the British House of Com mons, who, by his own industry and perseverance, had won his way to

you can only say of any useful work, "I did it well," it is to your credit; it is honor enough. Perhaps you remember the couplet that runs thus:

| Toung Jesus, and ne is nenceforth determined to be a Christian." O, those words! how happy they made me. I felt that surely I should trust, for Jesus had answered my prayers and made me happy. I ask your prayers, that I may continue to be happy

'Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part, there all the honor lies.'

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS—2D SERIES. IX.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.*

THREE HAPPY CHILDREN.

Among a pile of letters on my table, from children and young converts, I have just found three, which I am going to put together and let you read them. You can't help but enjoy them.

for His sake, have had new, singing, happy hearts given to them.

I think there must have been a great many happy children on earth when Jesus was here in the flesh. I think there is but one place in the Bible where Jesus is said to have "rejoiced;" that is in Luke x. 21: "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Jesus seems to have rejoiced that very little children, as young as three years, could understand the way of salvation.

Dr. H. C. Fish, of Newark, was greatly struck in hearing the children in Rochester all over the city singing "I love Jesus," and such little hymns of praise. The reason was, hundreds there had just found Jesus and were happy.

I wonder if the children of Jerusalem did not sometimes go about the streets singing such hymns? When "the whole multitude of the disciples began to praise God with a loud voice, saying Blessed is the King that comthere must have been some children among the number. And that may have been the reason why the wicked Pharisees said to our Saviour, "Rebuke thy disciples." But I am glad He would not do it. He loved to see them so happy, and so "He answered and said unto them, I tell you that if these should hold their peace the very

as the glow-worms do the grassy and stones would cry out." Also, while on this triumphal procession to Jeru-"Yes; I have seen them. I shall salem, I think there must nave been some little ones who "took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet try; for he constructs his cells so | Him, crying Hosanna! Blessed is the

There are some people, now-a-days, a little like those Pharisees. They seem troubled when they hear little children with joyful hearts

"Sing the praise of Jesus' name."

I, too, sometimes have been a little troubled when I have seen a number and far before all other silk-spinners in of children manifesting a great deal creation. For the richest dresses that of joy in large children's meetings; not but that I love to see them happy, but because I have feared that some good men who had just come in to the meeting to look on, might mistake such great joy for levity. We are commanded to "rejoice in the Lord always," but we should take care to avoid "the appearance" of trifling lightness.

> I wonder if my little reader knows what it is to be happy in the love of Jesus? Estelle, who lives on the shores of Lake Michigan, whose letter you will now read, says:

"I NEVER KNEW WHAT HAPPINESS WAS TILL I FOUND JESUS."

I am so very happy. I have found Jesus and learned to trust in Him. I used to think an expert bird-catcher, the leech an I was happy, but I have found that I never knew what happiness was, until I found Jesus as my friend. I have attended most Well done, uncle! you have all of your meetings, and at first was not very much interested in what was said. I amused me, indeed. I could listen stayed to the inquiry-meetings, and some one would come and talk and pray with me, and I would feel sorry at the time; but when they would leave me I would try and forget what they had said, and go on as before. But the time came when I saw and felt how very sinful I had been, and that I must become a Christian. It makes me shudder to think how I had rejected that blessed Jesus who died for me. It was three weeks ago and very soon I seemed to see light, and indulging a false hop. One day a gentleman speaking in the meeting said, among his remarks to young converts, "Satan will tempt you ofttimes, and tell you that you are not a Christian your are not a Christian—you are only deceiving yourself. And," said he, "if you are not careful, you And," said he, "if you are not careful, you will believe him, and not look to Jesus." Ah! thought I, that is just what I have been doing. I have been listening to the voice of Satan. I fully resolved to trust in Jesus from that time, and I have been happy ever since. Yesterday it seemed to me I must tell everybody about Jesus. For the last week I perseverance, had won his way to that high position. A proud scion of the aristocracy one day taunted him with his humble origin, saying, "I remember when you blacked my father's boots." "Well sir," was the noble response, "did I not do it well?" This is worth remembering. If you can only say of any useful work. and love Jesus more and more. Pray for my brother also. From your loving friend,

In that city where Dr. Fish heard so many, as he walked the streets, singing "Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away," lives this little pilgrim Alice, who says:

"I FEEL VERY HAPPY."

I have been to most all your meetings. At first I did not feel much interest in them; but finally, after you had been talking about the love of Jesus to sinners, and asked those who thought they had found the dear Jesus to raise their hands, I was not one of them. This was on the 14th of April. When the inquiry-meeting began, a young Christian began to tell me about the love of Jesus. I prayed for me; and after she had prayed for There is no sight in the world so beautiful to me as a company of children who have truly given themselves up to the blessed Saviour, and who, for His sake, have had new, singing, and I love to pray to the dear Jesus, and I love to sing about Him. Now I feel very happy and have done, since I have had a new heart, and I have loved to work for Him, and I hope that everybody will love Him. I am thirteen years old but I must Him. I am thirteen years old, but I must close. Yours, truly,

A little Jersey girl, of twelve summers, writes:

"I FEEL HAPPIER THAN I EVER DID BEFORE."

I think I have found the dear Jesus, and He is very precious to my soul. I think I feel happier than I ever did before. I love to pray more, and read my Bible more. I am very glad that I have a Friend, so when I am in trouble I can go and tell all to Him. I feel just as if I would like to keep singing and praying all the time.

From your little friend, twelve years old.

Do you, my little friend, know what it is to be really happy? Do you love to pray and to read your Bible? If not, do not rest till you go and ask God to take away that naughty heart, that makes you so often unhappy and miserable. He will do it for you for Jesus' sake. Will you not, then, offer

PRAYER?

Heavenly Father, show me, by thy Spirit, what an unhappy sinner I am. Show me how Jesus left his happy home, and led a life of sorrow, and suffered a dreadful death, that I might have my sins all forgiven, and be made happy here, happy when I die, and happy through eternity. This I ask, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Ambition often plays the wrestler's trick of raising a man up merely to fling him down.