Tire Kamily Sircle.

THE CHILD OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY ANNE CASWELL.

The light-house keeper said to his child, I must go to the mainland, dear; Can you stay alone till afternoon? Quite early I hope to be here ".
She tossed back her hair with a girlish grace,
As she lifted to his a brightening face;
"Yes, father; I've nothing to feer.

"With Kit and Fido I'll have a good play
When I've seen your boat glide by;
Then I'll gather shells and sea weed bright, And watch the cloud-fleets in the sky. Of the time will merrily glide away. And when you come, ere the close of day, To get a good supper I'll try.'

"God keep you, daughter!" the father said As he drew her close to his side, His sun-browned hand on her golden head, While the light skiff waited her guide. Then in he sprang and with arrowy flight The little boat sped, like a sea bird bright, O'er the sparkling, shimmering tide.

The child stood still on the wave-washed sand Baptized in the sunlight clear; And the father thought, as he waved his hand Of another yet more dear, Who had watched him, erst, from that gleam

ing strand, Whose life bark had sped to the better land, But leaving her image here.

Quietly, cheerily flew the hours Of the long, bright summer day—
When lo! in the west a storm cloud lowers,
Its shadow is on the bay!
O! father, I hope, will not set sail, In the rash attempt to weather the gale,"
Thought the child, and knelt to pray.

"But what if a ship should pass to-night?"
Then Ellie anxiously said. "But can I—yes—I must strike the light!"
She climbed with a cautious tread, Up, and still up, through the circling tower, And full and clear, till the dawning hour, The lantern's radiance spread. "The mist is thick—the bell must be rang!"

Though the girlish arm was slight,
The woman's heart to to the effort sprung;
And out on the dreary night The bell pealed forth, again and again, While an anxious crew, on that raging main Were toiling with all their might.

The morning breaks, and the storm is past! The keeper sets sail for home— His heart throbs deep, as his boat flies fast Through the dashing spray and foam. It touches land, and the chamber stairs Echo his footfalls, as hearts echo prayers— He turns to his daughter's room.

No shame to his manhood that tears fall fast, As he bends o'er the little bed; And wild kisses bedew the tiny hands, Thrown wearily over her head; For those hands have wrought a mightier deed Than were blazoned in story or song; And the ship, with its wealth of human life, To-day rides safe o'er the billows' strife. Because the child's heart was strong! -Home Magazine,

IT WAS THE LITTLE SHOES THAT DID IT.

The writer once lived opposite a beer-shop called the "Fox and Geese," the customers. One winter's evening to say—it was the little shoes that a shoemaker's boy came into the shop did it." with an assortment of children's shoes and the landlady of the "Fox and Geese," who had a most marvellous shrill voice, began calling to a little, dirty slave of a nurse girl to bring "Ad-

came out of the taproom, passed the pious woman. She used often to talk the sick, or the prisoner, for Jesus' bar, and saw the child stretching out to him about Jesus. She taught him sake, we give to Him." "Inasmuch her feet for her father to see. Now, a the beautiful hymnpoor woman had been hovering about at the corner, peeping now and then timidly into the bar window, and then creeping to the door; she had a child Christians, taught him to say his in her arms, and looked ready to drop prayers at night, and often he would with cold and weariness. I had seen ask them questions about God and the that woman on many a Saturday | "happy land," which they had found night, waiting and watching for her it very hard to answer. husband to come out. Ah! there he | One evening, the little fellow was is, rivetted for a moment, looking at laying on the bed, partly undressed; the child showing her shoes. With a his father and mother were seated by start he rouses himself, and rushes out. the fire. Tommy, as he was called,

the landlady.

eves with one hand, clutched his old to punish him for it. All was quiet looks at him timorously, and half was the matter. swerves aside, as if she feared—what I will not write, lest the manhood of want it there," said he. my readers might be wounded. Something in Bill's look reassures her, and he asked. she goes close to him, feebly but yet coaxingly. He took the child from angels to write down in God's book all her tired arm; the little creature gave the bad things I have done to day. I It drew them swiftly under its poor bitterly, and his father was almost and went on his way with a heavy distressed child with them. stamp, as if he beat his thoughts on tottering, had hard work to keep up minute, if you want." with him. I had a faint suspicion of "How, father, how?" asked Tommy, what was passing in the man's mind. eagerly. From that night I was glad that I saw out of my mind.

present and gave their testimony to come and help me?" the good effects of sobriety; now and This was a hard the for I never heard how it was that you | sure it's all wiped out?" turned right-about face from the mouth

out with it; it will, maybe, do good." With a thick voice, as if his blotted all out." heart was in his throat, he kept rerassment, heard this sound, and rallied | with?--with a sponge? at once. The light came into his eyes brute and a fool; strong drink had true. So he saidmade me both, and starved me into to suffer; but I didn't suffer aloneno man does who has a wife and a eth from all sin." child, for the woman gets the worst look at her fine new shoes. It was a stowed away in his memory. simple thing; but, friends, no fists simple thing; but, friends, no fists Now, my dear young friends, reever struck me such a blow as those member about these two kinds of fraglittle shoes. They kicked reason into others and let my own go bare?' said time, and the fragments of knowledge. of my little one with a grip, and I | you than you can tell. saw her chilled feet-men! fathers! if the shoes smote me, what must the feet do? I put them cold as ice to my breast; they pierced me through and through. Yes, the little feet of bread and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of that looked up and said :bread all the Sabbath, and went to work like mad on Monday; and from and with pained attention often watched | that time I have spent no more money the doings and heard the sayings of at the public-house. That's all I have

THE PRAYING BOY.

who was an infidel. He never went to lodging. He was made welcome; the dlehead"—as she pronounced Ade church. He had no Bible in the house. It is to have her new shoes tried on. He did not believe that Jesus was a leavest to start stood ready for him; every child wanted him to have his plate; and one battles and the camps. I could see the little creature, who Divine being, or that he died to save was lamenting that his bed was too was at once fine and healthy, sitting sinners. Yet when this gentleman was small for the stranger, who was quite under the gaslight in the bar, and a child he had a pious mother. She touched by such uncommon attentions. kicking and screaming as the shoes made him read the Bible. She filled The little one had been thinking hard were coaxed on her feet. At last a the store-room of his memory with its all this time: pair fitted, and the spoiled pet was precious promises. We shall see pre- "Jesus could not come, and so He lifted up triumphantly in her mother's sently of what use these were to him. sent this poor man in His place—is arms. "Here, do look at her! The This gentleman was married. His that it?" darling has let me get a pair of the wife was not a Christian. They had very best ones on. Look, papa, do!" one child, a bright, intelligent little Every piece of bread and every drink Just then a tall man, very thinly clad, boy. The nurse of this child was a of water that we give to the poor, or

"There is a happy land, Far, far away," &c.

His parents, though they were not

"What, Bill, going so soon?" bawls had not been a good boy that day.

"What is it, my child? what is it?"

"Why, father, I don't want the

"Don't cry, my dear child," he said,

"Why, get down on your knees,

dropped out of my ken, and almost an instant Tommy jumped out of bed, there is little or no prospect of his what splendid flowers! You wait a eternal, or have slidden down into the from ugliness to beauty, and the great and kneeled down by the bedside. sight being restored.

Some months after, there was a meet- | He put up his little hands, and was ing at the temperance hall of the dis- just about beginning, when he looked trict, and many working men were up and said, "O, father, won't you

This was a hard thing to ask. His then they told little bits about their father had never really prayed in his history—about the reasons that led life. But he saw the great distress of them to give up the public-house. his child, and how could he refuse? One tall, well-dressed, respectable. So the proud infidel man got down on looking man listened earnestly, till his knees by the side of his dear boy, one that sat near him said, "Say a and asked God to wipe away his sins. word, William Turner; you've known Then they got up, and Tommy went as much about the mischief as any into bed again. In a few moments he one here or anywhere. Come, tell us, looked up and said, "Father, are you

What a question was this to ask an of hell to the field of hope. Come, man, | infidel! But he felt that he must give up his infidelity, as he answered The young man, thus urged, rose | "Why, yes; the Bible says, if you ask at the first word, and looked for a God from your heart for Christ's sake moment very confused. All he could to do it, and if you are really sorry say was, "The little shoes, they did for what you have done, it shall be

A sweet smile passed over the face peating this. There was a stare of of the child as he lay his little head perplexity on every face, and at length | upon the pillow. But presently he some thoughtless young people began sat up again in bed and said, "Fath. to titter. The man, in all his embar- er, what did the angel wipe it out

This was another question which with a flash, he drew himself up, and almost staggered his father. He had addressed the audience; the choking been in the habit of saying that it was went from his throat. "Yes, friends," not necessary for Christ to shed His he said, in a voice that cut its way blood that men might be pardoned. clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever But now he felt in a moment that it you think of it, I have told you the was necessary. He could not answer truth—the little shoes did it. I was a the child's question unless this was

"No, my child, not with a sponge the bargain. I suffered; I deserved but with the blood of Christ. The Bible says, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleans

Then Tommy was satisfied, and soon share. But I am no speaker to en. fell asleep. From that hour his father large on that; I'll stick to the little gave up his infidelity, and became a shoes. I saw, one night, when I was Christian. Here you see how useful all but done for, the publican's child to him were those gathered fragments holding out her feet for her father to of Bible knowledge which he had

ments you are to gather. Begin at me. 'What business have I to clothe once to gather up the fragments of I; and there outside was my wife and Form the habit now while you are child, on a bitter night. I took hold young, and it will be of more value to

HOW JESUS COMES.

One evening the children in Falk's Reformatory at Weimer sat down to walked right into my heart, and supper. When one of the boys had washed away my selfishness. I had a said the pious grace, "Come, Lord trifle of money left; I bought a loaf Jesus, be our guest, and bless what Thou hast provided," a little fellow

"Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask Him every day to sit with us, and He never comes." "Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure He will come, for He

does not despise our invitation." "I shall set Him a seat," said the little fellow; and just then there was a knock at the door. A poor, frozen There was a gentleman in New York apprentice entered, begging a night's

"Yes, dear child, that is just it as ve have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The children sang a hymn of the love of God to their guest before they parted for the night, and neither he nor they were likely to forget the simple Bible comment.—Praying and

A BOY STRUCK BLIND FOR BLAS-PHEMY.

The vengeance of the Almighty was visited on a boy named Richards, she was not kind enough to keep His mother had been telling his father on Sunday week, says an English watch of you? I'm very fond of you, Bill pulled his hat down over his what he had done, and how she had paper, in the most awful and sudden Bob, and I hope you are going to manner. It appeared that the lad, who jacket tighter over his chest, and an for awhile, when suddenly the child is thirteen years of age, and the son of swered the words with a sort of grunt. | broke out in a loud sobbing and cry- parents in the most humble circum- hands full. Why, you ought to be He is outside; there is his wife and ing, which surprised his parents. His stances, was playing in the street with thankful you've got her to look after little one. For a moment the woman father went to him and asked what four or five other lads about his own age, at "cat and dog." Richards and "I don't want it, father—I don't his companions had been playing for me," said Bob, reluctantly. "But why some time, when a dispute arose can't she be different?" between them as to the "notches" (or jumps) Richards had scored. He de- my boy. When you will think for clared that he had made more than yourself, she won't have to think for twenty, and his opponents protested that he had not scored so many. High a short, quick cry of fright, and, as he don't want it there. I wish it would words and bad language were freely lifted it, I saw its little feet were bare. be wiped out." Then he cried again used on both sides. Each boy accused the other of falsehood, and at length frock, but not before the father saw ready to cry with him. What could Richards, failing to convince his comthem. I wish his hat had been off, so he do? I said his father was an infi-panions of the truthfulness of his statethat I might have seen his face as del. But now he put aside his infi- ment, flew into a violent rage, and em- ed. He did not like his uncle so well those two little, blue, chilled feet met delity. He remembered the truths of phatically shouted, "May God strike as before, and felt rather sulky. Seeing his eyes. I noticed that he put them the Bible which his mother had taught me blind if I haven't made more than this, Capt. Wild did not go on with in his bosom, and buttoned his jacket him when he was a child. He turned twenty." He had scarcely uttered the the subject, and began talking about over them, and held his child close, to them now, and tried to comfort his adjuration before he let the "dog" drop out of his hands, and throwing up his arms, exclaimed, "O dear! I the ground. His wife, slipshod and "you can have it all wiped out in a cannot see." His companions ran to him, and finding what he said was true, at his request led him home, they set out for home. As they walked where, on examination, it was found along beside the brook, Bob suddenly sun has quivered on the flowing stream he replied: "I have no secret, madam, that a thick film had overspread each him no more among the frequenters of and ask God for Christ's sake to wipe of his eyes. In this miserable condi the "Fox and Geese." He and his it out, and he will do it."

tion the unhappy youth has remained the water's edge. Down went his where, and that forever and forever. He did not have to speak twice. In the unhappy youth has remained the water's edge. Down went his where, and that forever and forever. He did not have to speak twice. In the unhappy youth has remained the water's edge. The world the great those steps will be some. They will have taken hold on the life the genius that changes the world the great those steps will be some. They will have taken hold on the life the genius that changes the world the great they are instant.

GETHSEMINE.

This hymn of Bishop Kingo, translated by Rev. J. Jeffrey, with the noble melody to which it is linked, is a popular favorite in Denmark.

Over Kedron Jesus treadeth To his passion for us all; Ever human eye be weeping,

Tears of blood for Him let fall; Round his spirit flock the foes, Place their shafts and bend their bows, Aiming at the Saviour solely, While the world forsake Him wholly.

David once, with heart afflicted, Crossed the Kedron's narrow strand, Clouds of gloom and grief about him, When an exile from his land; But, O Jesus! blacker now Bends the cloud above Thy brow, Hastening to death's dreary portals.
For the shame and sin of mortals.

See how, anguish struck, He falleth
Prostrate and with struggling breath,
Three times on his God he calleth, Praying that the bitter death And the cup of doom may go,
Till, replacing inward woe,
Angel comforts round him gather—
"Not my will, but Thine, O Father!"

See now, in that hour of darkness, Battling with the evil power, Agonies untold assail Him, On his soul their arrows shower; All the garden flowers are wet With the drops of bloody sweat,

From his anguished frame distilling-World's redemption thus fulfilling! But, O flowers so sadly watered By this pure and precious dew, In some blessed hour your blossoms 'Neath the olive shadows grew! Paradise's gardens bear
Naught that can with you compare,
For the blood thus sprinkled o'er ye
Makes my soul the heir of glory.

When as flowers themselves I wither, When as nowers themselves I wither,
When I droop and fade like grass,
When the life streams through my pulses
Dull and ever duller pass,
When at last they nease to roll.
Then, to cheer my sinking soul,
Grace of Jesus be thou given—
Source of triumph! Pledge of heaven!

WHY BOB'S MOTHER SAID "DON'T."

"Dear me!" said Bob Wild, as he sat fishing by the Big Brook, one lovely August afternoon, "I wish everybody was always pleasant, don't you, Uncle Ned?"

It was seldom Bob stopped playing and racing about long enough to think of anything else, so that Uncle Ned was rather surprised at this speech. But if one is going to fish, he must keep still a little while; and Bob had actually been quiet for some minutes. So beautiful was the green bank where he sat, so mellow the sunlight where it shone through the tree-tops and across the rippling water, so pretty the ferns and flowers that fringed the brook-side, that Bob, who never noticed such things much, felt their pleasant influence.

He was happy, too, to have his uncle near by, for Uncle Ned was his oracle. He went to college, and knew everything, as Bob supposed. He could shoot a bird on the wing, and could catch quantities of fish. He was not old and tired out either; he liked to fly a kite for Bob, and would play blind man's buff in the evening. Be-

"Why, Bob," asked this delightful Uncle Ned, "who is not always plea-

"Well," said Bob, "I'm having a good time now, but it isn't so at home. wish mother wouldn't always be talking to me, and stopping everything do. Ever since I can remember, it's been, Bob, don't do this, and Bob, don't do that.' I'm tired of it. Now, if father and mother would always be good-natured and easy like you, Uncle Ned, what fun it would be! Why, mother would not have let me go a fishing this afternoon, if you had not been here; and you see yourself, it's just as safe as anything.'

"O, Bob! I did not know you were such an ungrateful little fellow," answered Uncle Ned, though he spoke with a kindly laugh. "What do you suppose is the reason that your mother takes the trouble to say 'don't' so much? Isn't it because you're such a heedless little chap that you would spoil everything and kill yourself, if grow up into a fine man some day; but I do think your mother has her you, and keep you out of mischief."

"Well, of course she takes care of

"Just because you are not different, you. You would be in hot water every day of your life, if it wasn't for

Here was a disappointment for poor Bob. Even Uncle Ned was not pleasant, after all. It seemed he had always got to be talked to, and correctthe bait.

and putting up their fishing-tackle, spied on the opposite bank a beautiful cluster of lady's slippers, hanging over appeared—those steps will be some
many never learned, and don't succeed many never learned, and don't succeed many never learned, and to Labor is minute, Unele Ned."

Before his uncle had fairly turned down the bank, and was leaping from stone to stone, across the bed of the brook. The water was not deep, but the stones were slippery, and as Bob jumped boldly on from one to another, his foot slipped, and he fell down

headlong into the water. Capt. Wild was after him in a moment, greatly alarmed because he made no outcry. He lifted him up, and bore him quickly back to the bank, but Bob was quite senseless. His uncle was used to accidents and dangers, and did everything to restore him. By God's blessing he succeeded. The poor little fellow's forehead had struck upon a stone, but the blow was, providentially, just one side of that spot upon the temple where it would have been death. His forehead was badly cut and swollen, but he was alive. After a while, when he began to feel better, his uncle took him in his arms, and carried him gently along till he was able to walk himself.

It was growing dark as they came in sight of home, and Bob saw his mother looking out of the window, as if watching for their return. He leaned closer and heavier upon his uncle's arm, and a low sob escaped his lips. He had not cried at all before.

"Well, Bob, my man," said Uncle Ned, kindly, "after all, mother would not have been so far wrong not to let you go fishing alone, would she?"

"I might have died in the water," said Bob, brushing away the tears. "I have been a bad boy, and mother is good, and so are you, Uncle Ned."

"We'll talk about that to-morrow," replied his uncle. "You are too tired now; but you must thank God tonight, Bob, that He has saved your life, and that he gave you a faithful mother." -- Congregationalist.

FOREVER.

It is related of a late emment ser vant of God, who resided in the north of Scotland, that in his youth he was often employed in tending a flock of sheep. The pasture to which he led them, from day to day, was in a field pleasantly situated near a river. Once, as he lay on the bank of the stream admiring the ceaseless flow of the waters, he suddenly recollected having heard somewhere in a sermon "that a river was like eternity." He felt now, as he had never before, the force of the illustration. Still gazing on the constant torrent, he said to himself: When I die, I must go either to heaven or hell. If I go to heaven, my happiness will be like this river-always, always flowing; and if I go to hell, my misery shall be like this riveralways, always flowing." The thought clung to his mind, as hour after hour the stream flowed calmly by. It was the crisis of his life. No loud call and could tell capital stories about the length he returned home, but he could the key of the ricketty d Holy Spirit awoke him to the conthought-ETERNITY!

ceived the sense of forgiveness through | N. Y. Observer. a believing apprehension of His cross, and thenceforward found the thought of future endless existence a source of comfort rather than alarm. Subsequently, he was called to the ministry of the Gospel, and became a upon the unseen and eternal.

well." The poet writes:-

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea— Thy tribute wave deliver; No more by thee my steps shall be Forever and forever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea, A rivulet, then a river; Nowhere by thee my steps shall be Forever and forever. But here will sigh thine alder-tree,

And here thine aspen shiver; And here by thee will hum the bee Forever and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee, A thousand moons will quiver; But not by thee my steps shall be Forever and forever.

charm of these verses—the tender, paof nature and the fugitive, vanishing awaits your coming.—Dr. Guthrie. · When the sun was getting low, they existence of nature's lord. But here had caught enough of the pretty little the reflection ends. The poet tells us "shiners" to make a nice breakfast; where his steps shall not be forever and forever, but he fails to say or hint once asked Turner, the celebrated where they shall be. After the last English painter, what his secret was, abyss, in either case never to return, curse to a great blessing."

Ah! forever and forever is a thought round, the careless boy had jumped which contains something more than poetry for a responsible being. Visitor.

THE BLARNEY STONE.

Who has not heard of the Blarney Stone? Irish blarney is quite as familiar a term as Irish wit. Yet there are not many who know where and what is the Blarney Stone, that gives to the Irish who kiss it the persuasive power of the tongue, the all-prevailing flattery, that is said to distinguish them as a race. Five miles from the City of Cork stands the Dojnon Keep and the ruins of the ancient Blarney Castle, where, in olden time, dwelt the Mc-Carthys, Barons of Blarney. It was built in the fifteenth century, and the majestic strength and proportions of the work show that in its day, before our modern means of war were in use, it must have been a mighty affair. In the midst of the wall on the north side, and supported by two timbers, several feet below the highest outlook of the castle, was a stone, which could not be reached unless you were held by the heels and so let down till you could touch it with your lips. This stone fell from its place a long time ago, and now another is pointed out on another side of the castle, to be reached in the same way. I confess that I assisted in thus suspending two or three young Americans from Philadelphia, who were ambitious of adding to their other accomplishments this Irish endowment; and a lady of the party, who had no need of it, was content to reach it with her hand, and take the charm on her lips from the ends of her fingers. And that none may be unable to kiss it, with true Irish liberality, a third stone is provided, warranted to be the original one that fell from its place, and this is placed on the ground, at the door of the castle; and you have only to stoop and touch it with your lips, and the virtue is precisely the same as that imparted by the one which is one hundred and twenty feet in the air. Whence this silly tradition arose, nobody knows. Father Prout's Reliques gives the best account of its miraculous power:---

"There is a stone there, That whoever kisses. O! he never misses To grow eloquent. "'Tis he may clamber To a lady's chamber, Or become a member Of Parliament. "A clever spouter, He'll sure turn out, or An out and outer
To be let alone! "Don't hope to hinder him, Or to bewilder him,

Sure he's a pilgrim From the Blarney Stone." Around the old castle are the lawns, yet beautiful, though the ancient dwelfrom heaven, no alarming providence, lers here are gone, and the halls are no pathetic appeal stirred his soul; deserted and in wretched ruin. A nothing but the still, small voice from smart old Irish woman, who had apsides, he had been a soldier in the war, the bosom of the tranquil river. At parently lived on Blarney stones, keeps not shake off the impression. The shows the ruins, of which the glory has departed forever. The enchanted sciousness of his immortality, and lake, close by, is said to have the constrained him to ponder whether family silver in the bottom of it, and that immortality should be an endless the oldest son, from generation to river of pleasure at God's right hand, generation, receives the secret of its or a ceaseless scream of anguish from hiding-place from his father, and when the lake of fire. Day after day he the castle is restored to the McCarthys, returned with his flock to the pasture, he will fish it out. The "Groves of but every fresh glance at the river Blarney" are still flourishing, growing recalled to his mind that one towering from year to year, for they are God's works; while towers and palaces and At last he could endure it no longer. temples, made with hands, perish with He fled for refuge to the Saviour, rethose who made them.—S. J. Prime in

THE MEASURELESS LOVE.

I can measure parental love-how broad, how long, and strong, and deep it is; it is a sea—a deep sea which distinguished blessing to the Church, mothers can only fathom. But the The circumstances which, under Di- love displayed on yonder hill and vine guidance, originated his career, bloody cross, where God's own Son is gave the tone to all its subsequent perishing for us, nor man nor angel course. He habitually dwelt, not has a line to measure. The circumferupon the seen and the temporal, but ence of the earth, the altitude of the sun, the distance of the planets-these The contrast of sentimentality and have been determined; but the height, spirituality upon this momentous depth, breadth and length of the love theme cannot be better expressed of God passeth knowledge. Such is than by quoting one of Tennyson's the Father against whom all of us have earlier minor poems, entitled "A Fare sinned a thousand times. Walk the shore where the ocean sleeps in the summer calm, or, lashed into fury by the winter's tempest, is thundering on her sands; and when you have numbered the drops of her waves, the sand on her sounding beach, you have numbered God's mercies and your sins. Well, therefore, may we go to Him with the contrition of the prodigal in our ears and his confession on our lips—"Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." The Spirit of God helping us thus to go to God, be assured that the father, who seeing his son afar off ran to meet him, fell on his neck and kissed him, was but an No one can fail to feel the exquisite image of Him who, not sparing His own Son, but giving Him up to death thetic contrast between the constancy that we might live, invites and now

LABOR IS GENIUS.—When a lady