



After the confisit, in peace to sit town,

 Nor the feet erer fail, in the brigighest of lands.







## little may's legaoy.

ciap. Ir - Matrarno's wist. That evening, ais litilic May sat on her
father' inooe, on the bench in the porch,
over which bon sion
 what crumbs hifite Robin Redbriast and
Tou been pieking ap to.day at school? Eh,
 about the littlo dark-eyed boy. "Why that
Her father laubbeo, and said, "What,


 deserve, it would be litile eonough,", was;
There was silence for a fow minutes; and then May said, "Father, if I get the book, will you read me over the hymn Iam to
learn for naxt Mronday ${ }^{\text {th }}$,

 clorgyman's wife
the $\begin{aligned} & \text { Feelk before. } \\ & \text { Farmer Somers }\end{aligned}$
 child, whioh I will write down for yout for
I ame sure you will like them.

Tired feet, ane homemand trouding,
Night is welcome-rest $i$ iegool.
"Day in opert babes are sleeping;
Loving eyes their watct are teeping,

Lif, and health, and food posessaing FTjends sod dear, so good and mily?


- Hyve been noted by the Lord.
Dayy is orer; and ${ }^{\prime}$ 'm nearer

To the hour when ifire ball end
Besed savior, bo Tho dearer,
Day by day my constant Friend.


 but r can romember her tuaching me the the
words cThe blood of Josas, Christ His Son
chense
 ed if you leann it well, and mind, you try
to by , good enild, and have Jeans for your
friend."


 thoong, with har reality hed conld no no explain,
the words he had just repeated to his

from all sin.",
May tlay awake thinking for some time
hi her lityo white bed; she wondered where



 sciofanoese of blessings urdeserved, and ad
doep, teder pity for those whod them
not, had now risen in May's yo hang heart.

 the little dark face which bad peered at
her and
hate
 eager to assare herself it was "" quite fine ;"

THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1868.

 ing from the east, ast the sun arose to bless
the glad earth with warmth and light once









 thought to ask -Jim, she 'said,
"Thake it, but stop a ming seemed to be about to sunfle oft is he had
come. «Little boy, would you like to learn
to

"No, sbe's dead", said Jit sbortly
May sighad and thought , "I wili bring

Again ony a grin.
a Well, " Baid May, "I will bring yo
such a proty: picture to-morrow, and toin such a protty pieture to-morrow, and tell
you all about it'" and then as an and



 had, and Jim prepared to go. He came
back once to sbake his fit again, with the
mind, or
mit





## in if da da












 "Why, He saw Wive take it: Godspees
every
dont one every minute. He does, indeed? $\substack{\text { don't you know } \\ \text { Poor Jim ! he }}$
noor taken in vain by had he teard God's holy
amongst whom his lot was cast. He shons

## his head wise of ignorance

 we have no school on Saturd hys. I mast
go now. Good-bye." But a voice was no
 "A little, ragged, very hungry boy,
maiam "; and May, buabing, seemed mach confaged. were yoi saying to him? You
Wast not go to the gate to talle to idle chil-
mater

 card Showing it to him. I want to ohow him
another on Monday pieser
and - Miss Smith was struck with May's ear nestness; she was somewhat of a favorito
with her governess, $-\boldsymbol{a}$ gentle, quiet child
obed
 pupils to cchool for the afterinooin, and Mhiss Talk to the child agoin to sithout "You must not leat
May" May "" and thein went to her doik
stages of civilization. Nomadic tribes make
use of morable tents; savages have holes or bats execrable with fllth. The "House of
Diomede," as it it ealled, at Pompeii, by its
very structure, with so much of court very structure, with so much of court an
corridor, and so little room within, reveal corridor, and so littte room within, revea
the idea of Roman life-out of doors and
public, with small domestic conveniences
Erasm

MR. BeECHER AND THE DRAMA.
During the past few weeks a curious con trast has appeared in the advertising co
mns of the New York City and Brookly dailies; so very curious, indeed, that it is
not at all surprising to learn that a grea nany good people are still perplexed t many good people are scin perplat lang
know whether they ought rather to
or cry at it. In one of the colamns, the reader's eye
would easily fall on this pleasant advertise ment: "Just issied, Prayers from the Ply
mouth Palpit, By Rev. Henry Ward Beecher Phonographically reported. Pablished by
Scribner \& Co." Then down a little lowe in the same column, or in one adjoining, si as to bring the two advertisements side by
side, as if the bad been so arranged b
some practical jester, would be found th following in flashing characters:' "Ne
York Theatre. Norwood. Dramatized by the speëcal permission of Rev. Henry War
Beechêr. The Worrell Sisters, Rose an Alice. Seats may.be secured a week in advance:"
A fact, which gives special emphasig, to this contrast, is, perhaps, not generally
known" outside the city" This " New York Theatre" is a charch building of a mos
churchly aspect, in which, until lately, di vine services wère regularly held. It was
built and consecrated for church purposes came in possession of it. Across the tower in which the old "bell probably still hangs,
is stretched the name, in great letters, "New York Theatre." Over the main entrance through which for years maltitudes have
crowded to worship God, in still larger chan acters, is the same name. The vestibule where the pulpit nsed to stand, and is about
the same height. So that in this theatre n another way than the intredaction of and stage brought to the same level.
No doubt, strong-minded and well-ex perienced men, are able to look npon this
church building, with itit flaming theatrica incriptions, the stage occupying the place nishing the play there acted, without feel
ing that the stage and pulpit are not near ing that the stage and palpit are not near
so far apart as they were educated to bo
lieve. It would be cause for no lititle gratitude were this the only building where this class could see it
We would not erty to employ, as seems to him besst, the
wondrous talente with which God has so oyally endowed him: Yet the mightie tions and words should be serutinized. The
feeble locomotive which can draw but a few alf empty cars, at no faster rate than five miles an our, wo track or off No "Lake
whether on the the
Shore Disaster" would await its passetigers it is the powerful engine that renders neces axles, aind the setting of switches with care
We do not think for a moment that Mr We do not think for a moment that Mr
Beecher, when to gave hise consent (Mr.
Bonner ingists he would never Bonner insists he wonld never have per
mitted this use of "Norwood," withont the positive consent of the author, and that $h$ h hiolds a letter. granting this consent in th
most anequivocal terms,) to the dramatiza tion of his story, anticipated faly its re-
sults. Yet has he designed muich by this sults. Yet has he designed much by this
step. In our hearing, as well as in the
hearing of many others, has he often, with n the past few months, declared that th
vhole subject of a amisements has to be redis wissed. "Neive experiments must be madde, their botuon:"
frst frait of Beecher is not the man to lay his hand to
the plow and look back. Many more steps in various directions will follow this one.
The Church should study carefully the ro-salts- of these bold and hazardous experi
ments.
This first step is, we fear; a very sad mis This first step is, we fear, a very sad mis
take. By it theatre-going has received an impetus no dozen other men in New York
City or Brooklyn conld posibily have given
it. No man is more devotedly followed by Young men than is the idolized pastor ó
Plymouth Church. Beaides, many thou ands who never followed him before ar drawn from his example, and areyreedily imi-
tating that "foolishest of birds,","with which tating that "foolishest of birds, with which
he used to quaitlyy compare the theatre-
goer. 3 Few of these men will stop with having heard the bady-played Norwood
The head of the cammel is admitted, and
howrwe cannot see ho Mr. Mr. Beecter can
telp but make room for the body and log


## WHAT BREAKS DOWN YOUNG MEN.

 From, tables of the mortality of Harvard the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly d first ton years after graduation iss fonnd it that portion of each class inferior in schola.ship. Every one who has been tirongh th political economy injure one, late hours an
ram punches use up rum punches use up a dozen, and that t t
two litle fingers of Morpheus are heavi
than the lin than the loings of Enclid. Dissipation is
sure and swift destroyer, and every youn man who follows it is the aearly flower ex
posed to untimely frost. Those who hav
been inveigled into the pith of named legion, for they are many-enough
to convince every novitiate that he has-no
security that he shall escape a timilar A few hours of sleep each night, high livi and plenty of 'smashos' make war upo
every tunction of the human boy. Th
braing, the heart, the lungs, the liver themaking the most of this anfair. We are are
old that never before were the theatres,
tom the flthhest-of the filthy ones in th
odery to the filthier flack ones in the
orithe estabwith crowds. The managers are in ectacies
Shrewd fetlows. They refased o advertise
in the "Heratd" becañe it was "too wickeddience. The theatrical mangagrs arranged
it so that in the same lace on tho following
evening the play, Nor wood f wastactod. Th


## A PABTING WORD.

BY BEV. MRWMAN HALL. Now! A short word; a shorter thing
Noon uttered; sooner gove.
Now:-A grain of sand on a boundles: lain. A tiny ripple on a measureless ocean! ver toat ogean: we are ealing, but the only
part of it we possess is that on which orr
vessel at this moment floats. From the stern we look backwards and watch tho
ship's wake in the waters; but how short a distance it reaches, and how soon every
trace disappears!. We see slao some land. marks fapther off, and, then the horizon
closes the Fiow batbeyond, that ocean still rolls far, far away, Memory contemplates
the fer years of our individual life; bistory
shows as a dim ontine of nountains ; scishowe ng a dim outline of monntains; sci ence tilis us that still forthor back, out of
sight, stretches that vast bea; reason as
sures us that, like space, it hath no bounda-

$\qquad$

