BELATED BLOOM.

Though late Spring like a miser kept
Much wealth of bloom,
And hoarded half her treasures up
In Winter's tomb,—
Yet 'neath the sway
Of queenly May
Earth seems the richer for delay.

Spring has grown bountiful at last.
Her penitence was wrought
In raindrops ringed with fragile gold,—
The tears that April brought;
With reformation sweet,
In vernal grace complete,
She lays her gifts at Summer's feet.
—William H. Hayne, in Cosmopolitan

THE ENDING OF A FEUD.

"WHERE are you going, Letitia?" demands Miss Banbridge, severely, gazing at the trembling Letitia over a pair of good-rimmed glasses.

"Just out for a little walk, auntie. The day is so delicious," says Letitia, with her most engaging smile. She is thinking what an awful thing it will be if auntie forbids her to go out to-day, of all days, and Jack waiting for her at the top of the meadow.

"Now, once for all, Lettiia, let this be understood between us," says Miss Banbridge; "there is to be no intercourse between this house and that of the Court. You may think I am too old to hear things, but there you are wrong. I have heard a good deal lately about young Hardinge, who has returned to the Court after his father's death; heard, too, with deep regret, Letitia, that you so far forgot yourself as to dance with him a fortnight ago at the Mainwarings's little—"

"Hop," suggested Letitia, who is too frightened by her aunt's allusion to the young master of the Court to remember her society manners.

"Hop! How dare you use such a word?" cried Miss Banbridge. "Good heavens! The manners of the present day! Now, Letitia, hear me. It seems you did dance with this objectionable young man at the Mainwarings' ball. Perhaps you could not help that. But knowing, as you do, of the feud that has lasted for fifty years between their house and ours, I trust you have too much respect for me—for your name—to recognize a Hardinge anywhere."

"But what has he—er"—nervously, "what have they all done?" asks Letitia, her eyes on the marble pavement of the hall, her heart at the top of the meadow.

Good grcious, if auntie only knew that she had been meeting Jack every day for the past fortnight—ever since that long dance, indeed, when—when—well, he wouldn't danse with anyone but her. And it is all such nonsense, too. A rubbishy old story about a right of way that happened fifty years ago, and Jack the dearest, dearest fellow!

"I refuse to go into it," says Miss Banbridge, with dignity. "It suffices to say that this young man's grandfather once behaved in the grossest fashion to your grandfather—my," with a sigh, "sainted father. If you are going out I trust that if you meet the present owner of the Court, you will not so much as acknowledge his presence."

"I shan't bow to him, auntie," says Letitia, in a very small voice.

Detestation of herself and her duplicity is still raging in her heart when she meets Jack Hardingein the old trysting place. She had certainly promished her aunt not to bow to him. Well, she doesn't; she only flings herself into his arms—glad young arms, that close fondly round her.

"Oh, Jack, she's getting worse than ever. She was simply raging about you as I came out. I really thought she was going to forbid me to come at all. She says you're an objectionable young man!"

"Oh, I say," said Hardinge. "What have I done to be called names like that?"

"Nothing, nothing!" cried Letitia, flinging her arms about in despairing protest, "except that your grandfather once punched my grandfather's nose."

"Well, I'm awfully sorry," said Hardinge, and they both laugh. "Would it do any good, do you think, if I were to go down now and apologize for my exceedingly rude old forbear?"

"I shouldn't advise you to try it," says Letitia.

"But what are we to do then?" says Jack, his arm around her.

They are sitting on the grass, safely hidden behind a clump of young trees. The sun is shining madly on their heads; the birds are singing on every branch. It is May—delightful May, the lover's month—and the hottest May that has been known for years.

"I don't know," says Letitia, with deep despondency.

"It's such beastly folly," says Hardinge presently, in an impatient tone. "If I were a fool or a poor man or a reprobate; but I am not—am I, now?"

"Oh, no!" says Letitia. She creeps closer to him and encircles his waist with her arm, or, at all events, tries bravely to do so. It doesn't go half way round, but that doesn't matter. She grasps a bit of his coat and holds on to him so. "Do you know what you are, Jack? The dearest old boy on earth."

"And you—do you know what you are?" says Hardinge, pressing her fingers to his lips.

"No," says she.

"Well, I can't tell you," says he, "because there is nothing on earth fit to compare you with. You are you, and that's all!"

"What a lovely speech! No wonder I love you," says Letitia, naively; "but," collapsing into gloom, "what's the good of it all? Auntie will never let you marry me."

"We could marry without her permission," says he slowly.

"No, we couldn't," says Letitia, with decision. She looks at him earnestly. "I wouldn't marry you without her permission for anything. We would have to run away, and that would break her heart. I am all she has in the world, and, though she scolds me a good deal, I love her. I wouldn't desert her, Jack."

"You could come back again," says he.

"Of course, I know that. But then she would always feel disappointed in me and hurt and— No, no, I shall never do that. She trusts me so."

"Then I don't know what's going to be the end of it," says he.

"We must only wait," says Letitia, despondingly. "And now, Jack, you had better go. She is sure to come up here presently, to see how the men are getting on with that fence. You know what an excellent woman of business she is. If she caught you here—"

"There would be wigs on the green," says Jack, laughing. "Well, good-by—for awhile. I suppose if I come back this evening I shall find you here?"

"Yes—oh, yes! Jack, do take care; the men will see you."

"Not they," says Jack, kissing her again. "And you—what are you going to do while I am away?"

"Think of you," with a little saucy glance at him from under her long lashes. "By the bye, have you got a match about you?"

"What on earth do you want it for?" says he, giving her some wax lights out of a little silver box as he speaks. "Going to have a cigarette?"

"Nonsense! I feel as if I wanted to set fire to some of those dry little bunches of grass; fairy tufts we used to call them long ago. They would burn beautifully to-day, the sun is so hot."

"Well, don't set fire to yourself, whatever you do," says he, thoughtlessly. Once again they kiss, and this time really part.

Letitia stands watching him till he is out of sight, standing on tiptoe as he gets over the wall to blow a last kiss to him. Then coming out of the shelter of her trysting-place, she walks into the old meadow, now beaten down save where the tall, course tufts of grass are growing. Lighting one of her matches she kneels down and sets fire to the tuft nearest her. It used to be an amusement of hers in her childhood, and she is not yet so far removed from those days as to have lost all childish fancies. Sitting down on the side of a tiny hillock at a distance she watches the dancing flames—so small, so flickering, so harmless.

She leans back against the bank behind her and crosses her white arms behind her head. What a day it is!—most heavenly, sweet—quite a drowsy day. Most lovely that light smoke is climbing slowly uphill and fading away among the young beach trees above. And the flames, like fairies dancing. Perhaps they are fairies who dwell in these old, dry tufts. No wonder they are dancing—with rage, evidently. Their stronghold are seized, destroyed by the tyrant man! No—woman this time. Ah, ah! In this case woman has come to the front, at all events. She has been reading about the emancipation of woman last night, and had laughed over it. After all, she didn't want to be emancipated; she only wanted Jack to love her always—nothing more. Perhaps the other queer women only meant that, too, only they hadn't found their Jacks yet. Pouf! How warm it is!

Gradually her head sinks back upon her arms, her eyelids droop over the soft, clear eyes. How delicious it is here! How cosy! Again the eyes open, but very lazily this time. See how the little insects run to and fro over her white frock, hither and thither, all in search of the great want—food. A passing thought makes her laugh indolently. She hopes they will not make food of her. And then the the eyelids close resolutely; she leans back. Sleep has caught her.

So sound, indeed, is her slumber, that she does not know that now the little black insects are rushing over her, not in search of food, but of safety—safety from the tiny hot flames that are creeping every moment closer to the thin white frock. Now they have touched her foot, and have so far penetrated the thin slipper as to make her unplesantly warm, but not enough to waken her. She only turns a little and sighs; but now!

Now she springs to her feet with an affrighted scream. Smoke! Smoke everywhere! And what is this creeping up the front of her gown? A thread of fire. It blows upon her face. She recoils from it, but it follows her. Madly she lifts her hands and tries to beat it back. The men! The men at the fence! Where are they! Alas, they have all gone to dinner. Once again a frantic cry bursts from her lips.

It is answered. At this moment Hardinge reaches her, and flinging off his coat, he catches her in it. Folding it around her, he holds her as if in a vise.

What brought him back (beyond the mercy of God) he never knew, except that those last words of his, "Don't set fire to yourself, at all events," had seemed to haunt him after he left her. A foolish fear about the words had touched his lover's heart, and compelled him to mount a wall and look back. In a moment he had seen.

He quenched the flames in a miraculously short time. Letitia is able to stand up and answer faintly his passionate questions as to her safety, when suddenly a voice strikes upon them that renders both dumb.

It is the voice of Miss Bainbridge. She has been toiling up the hill. She looks almost distraught.

"Oh, sir," cries she, catching Letitia in her arms, "I saw all. I thought I should have died. Oh, my girl—my darling child?" (She spends her whole time in tormenting Letitia, but Letitia for all that is the apple of her eye.) Oh, sir, how can I thank you? The gratitude of my life is yours—the preserver of my pretty child." Then the old lady burst into crying. Half an hour ago she would have died rather thad tell Letitia she was pretty, but now she lays many offerings at her feet. Poor feet. They might have been burned. "If you will add one more service to the immeasurable one you have already done me," says she, softly, "you will help me to get my poor child back to the house."

"But," begins Hardinge. It seems wrong to him, even at this supreme moment, to deceive the old lady—to go into the house under false pretenses. If she knew his name.

A little pressure from the hand of Letitia decides him. How can he have scruples when she is so ill—so frightened?

Silently he passes his arm around her, and with her aunt takes her back to the house. They lay her on a sofa. Miss Banbridge flings a rug over her burnt dress.

"She must rest here a little before going upstairs," says she.

"Miss Banbridge," says the young man, now turning with determination towards her, "I—I wish to say"—

"Sir, it is what I have to say," says Miss Banbridge, with emotion. "I have not half thanked you. How can I? If there is anything I can do—any way in which I can show my gratitude to you—pray, name it. In the mean time, pray tell me the name of the brave man who has delivered my niece from the very jaws of death."

"Hardinge," says he, shortly.

"What!" Miss Banbridge has fallen back in her chair, staring at him with wild eyes.

"Yes, Hardinge," says the young man steadily, if sorrowfully. He pauses. "After all," says he, "I can't help my name."

There is a pause; Letitia draws her breath sharply. "That is true," says Miss Banbridfie, at last, in a severe undertone.

"I can't help having had a grandfather, either," says Hardinge, taking another step.

"No; I suppose not," most reluctantly.

"Most fellows have grandfathers!"

"I cannot contradict you, sir."

"Miss Banbridge," says Hardinge, going closer to her, and gazing at her with all his heart in his eyes, "you asked me just now if there was any way in which you could show your gratitude to me—about—about this thing. I want no gratitude. I would have gladly died to save your niece a pang. But—but you have given me the opportunity to tell you that I want—her! I love her. She loves me. Give her to me."

"Letitia!" says Miss Banbridge in a strange voice.

"Oh, yes! It is true," says Letitia, bursting into tears. "I do love him. I loved him that night at the Mainwarings—and I have loved him better and better every day since." Here her sobs increasing, "he used to come to see me in the meadows, where—where I was nearly burned!"

Whether this allusion to the late catastrophe, that might have ended in a tragedy, stills Miss Banbridge's wrath, or whether her old heart has been softened by Hardinge's plain acknowledgment of his love for her niece, no one can tell. She turns to Hardinge, with a pale face, but not wholly unkindly air.

"I must have time to think," says she. She hesitates and then says: "This is very painful to me, Mr.—Hardinge." It seems certainly painful to her to pronounce his name—the name so long tabooed in her household. "I must have time—time." She grows silent. The hearts of the lovers sink. Suddenly she looks up again.

"Perhaps you will do me the honor to dine with me to-morrow night?" says she. Her tone is icy, but the two listening to her feel their cause is won. To ask Mr. Hardinge to dine—to accept hospitality at her hands! Oh, surely the old feud is at an end.

A little sound escapes from Letitia.

"You are cold," says Miss Banbridge anxiously, who had thought the sound a shiver.

"A little," says Letitia, who, indeed, is shivering from her late fear of what her aunt might say.

"I shall fetch another rug," cried the old lady, running out of the room.

"An opportunity once lost is never to be regained," says the ancient copybooks. Hardinge and Letitia make up their minds not to lose theirs. His arms are round her in an instant, her cheek is pressed against his.

"It is all right. She will give in. I feel as if I loved her," says Hardinge.

"Oh! Jack," says Letitia; "wasn't it a good thing I was nearly burned to death?"

"Oh! hush, darling—hush. Letty! I can't bear to think of this day."

"Well, I can," says she, laughing feebly. "I shall think of it always. It has given us to each other forever."—Philadelphia Times.

The Eaves Swallow.

The cliff swallow, or eaves swallow is irregularly distributed over the United States, breeding abundantly in many localities where suitable nesting sites are found, and being rare in other districts. They fly over upland meadows and pastures, often skimming along the surface of the ground to catch the numerous leaf-hoppers and other insects that are there. A single specimen that was shot by Professor King while the bird was skimming over a wheat field contained twelve leaf-hoppers, seven two-winged flies (including one large crane-fly), six small beetles and two medium sized ichneumon flies. This bird has been reported to catch numbers of small grasshoppers; and six specimens taken in Nebraska after Western locusts had begun to fly had eaten 229 of these these insects—an average of thirty-eight to each bird. Five specimens studied by Professor Forbes had eaten ants, wasps, inchneumon flies, ground-beetles, fungus beetles, curcullos, leaf-beetles, two-winged flies and certain bugs. The benefits derived from this bird appear to be much greater than any injury it may do in eating predaceous or parasitic insects.—New York Voice.

The Earl of Dunmore has arrived in Constantinople on horseback from the Pamirs, which he left in February, 18 92. He rode the whole distance.

OUR HOME RELIGION

TALMAGE ON FAMILY PRAYERS.

Domestic Devotion Is Not a Thing to Hide From Your Company.

TEXT: *"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."*—Joshua xxiv., 15.

Absurd, Joshua! You will have no time for family religion; you are a military character, and your time will be taken up with affairs connected with the army; you are a statesman, and your time will be taken up with public affairs; you are the Washington, the Wellington, the McMahon of the Israelitish host; you will have a great many questions to settle; you will have no time for religion. But Joshua, with the same voice with which he commanded the sun and moon to halt and stack arms of light on the parade ground of the heavens, says, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Before we adopt the resolution of this old soldier we want to be certain it is a wise resolution. If religion is going to put my piano out of tune, and clog the feet of the children racing through the hall, and sour the bread, and put crape on the doorbell, I do not want it in my house. I once gave $6 to hear Jenny Lind warble. I have never given a cent to hear any one groan. Will this religion spoken of in my text do anything for the dining hall, for the nursery, for the parlor, for the sleeping apartment?

It is a great deal easier to invite a disagreeable guest than to get rid of him. If you do not want religion, you had better not ask it to come, for after coming it may stay a great while. Isaac Watts went to visit St. Thomas and Lady Abney at their place in Theobald and was to stay a week and staid thirty-five years, and if religion once gets into your household the probability is it will stay there forever.

Now, the question I want to discuss is, What will religion do for the household? Question the first: What did it do for your father's house if you were brought up in a Christian home?

That whole scene has vanished, but it comes back to-day. The hour for morning prayers came. You were invited in. Somewhat fidgety, you sat and listened. Your father made no pretention to rhetorical reading, and he just went through the chapter in a plain, straightforward way. Then you all knelt. It was about the same prayer morning by morning and night by night, for he had the same sins to ask pardon for, and he had the same blessings, for which to be grateful day after day and year after year.

The prayer was longer than you would like to have had it, for the game at ball was waiting, or the skates were lying under the shed, or the schoolbooks needed one or two more looking at the lessons. Your parents, somewhat rheumatic and stiffened with age, found it difficult to rise from their kneeling. The chair at which they knelt is gone, the Bible out of which they read has perhaps fallen to pieces, the parents are gone, the children scattered north, east, south and west, but that whole scene flashes upon your memory to-day.

Was that morning and evening exercise in your father's house debasing or elevating? Is it not among the most sacred reminiscences? You were not as devotional as some of the older members of your father's house who were kneeling with you at the time, and you did not bow your head as closely as they did, and you looked around and you saw just the posture your father and mother assumed while they were kneeling on the floor. The whole scene is so photographed on your memory that if you were an artist you could draw it now just as they knelt.

For how much would you have that scene obliterated from your memory? It all comes back to-day, and you are in the homestead again. Father is there, mother is there, all of you children are there. It is the same old prayer, opening with the same petition, closing with the same thanksgiving. The family prayers of 1840-50 as fresh in your memory as though they were uttered yesterday. The tear that starts from your eye melts all that scene. Gone, is it? Why, many a time it has held you steady in the struggle of life. You once started for a place, and that memory jerked you back, and you could not enter.

The broken prayer of your father has had more effect on you than all you ever read in Shakespeare and Milton and Tennyson and Dante. You have gone over mountains and across seas. You never for a moment got out of sight of that domestic altar. Oh, my friends, is it your opinion this morning that the 10 or 15 minutes substracted from each day for family devotion was an economy or a waste of time in your father's household? I think some of us are coming to the conclusion that the religion which was in our father's house would be a very appropriate religion for our homes. If family prayers did not damage that household, there is no probability that they will damage our household.

"Is God dead?" said a child to her father. "No," he replied. "Why do you ask that?" "Well," she said, "when mother was living, we used to have prayers, but since her death we haven't had family prayers, and I didn't know but that God was dead too." A family that is launched in the morning with family prayers is well launched. Breakfast over, the family scatter, some to school, some to household duties, some to business. During the day there will be a thousand perils abroad—perils of the street car, of the scaffolding, of the ungoverned horse, of the misstep, of the aroused temper, of multitudinous temptations to do wrong.

Somewhere between 7 o'clock in the morning and 10 o'clock at night there may be a moment when you will be in urgent need of God. Besides that, family prayers will be a secular advantage. A father went into the war to serve his country. His children stayed and cultivated the farm. His wife prayed. One of the sons said afterward, "Father is fighting, and we are digging, and mother is praying." "Ah," said some one, "praying and digging and fighting will bring us out of our national troubles.

We may pray in the morning, "Give us this day our daily bread," and sit down in idleness and starve to death; but prayer and hard work will give a livelihood to any family. Family religion pays for both worlds. Let us have an altar in each one of our households. You may not be able to formulate a prayer. Then there are Philip Henry's prayers, and there are McDuff's prayers, and there are Philip Doddridge's prayers, and there are the Episcopal church prayers, and there are scores of books with supplications just suited to the domestic circle.

"Oh," says some man, "I don't feel competent to lead my household in prayer." Well, I do not know that it is your duty to lead. I think perhaps it is sometimes better for the mother of the household to lead. She knows better the wants of the household. She can read the Scriptures with a more tender enunciation. She knows more of God. I will put it plainly and say she prays better. Oh, these mothers decide almost everything! Nero's mother was a murderess. Lord Byron's mother was haughty and impious. You might have guessed that from their children.

Walter Scott's mother was fond of poetry. Washington's mother was patriotic. Samuel Badget's mother was a thorough Christian. St. Bernard's mother was noble minded. So you might have guessed from their children. Good men always have good mothers. There may once in ten or twenty years be an exception to the rule, but it is only an exception. Benjamin West's mother kissed him after she had seen his first wonderful sketch with the pencil. Benjamin West afterward said, "That kiss made me a painter."

A young man received a furlough to return from the army to his father's house. Afterward he took the furlough back to the officer, saying, "I would like to postpone my visit for two weeks." At the end of the two weeks he came and got the furlough. He was asked why he waited. "Well," he replied, "When I left home I told my mother I would be a Christian in the army, and I was resolved not to go home until I could answer her first question." Oh, the almost omnipotent power of the mother! But if both the father and the mother be right, then the children are almost sure to be right. The young people may make a wide curve from the straight path, but they are almost sure to come back to the right road. It may not be until the death of one of the parents.

How often it is that we hear some one say, "Oh, he was a wild young man, but since his father's death he has been different!" The fact is that the father's coffin or or the mother's coffin is often the altar of repentance for the child. Oh, that was a stupendous day, the day of father's burial. It was not the officiating clergyman who made the chief impression, nor the sympathizing mourners. It was the father asleep in the casket.

The hands that had toiled for that household so long, folded. The brain cooled off after twenty or forty years of anxiety about how to put that family in right position. The lips closed after so many years of good advice. There are more tears falling in mother's grave than in father's grave, but over the father's tomb I think there is a kind of awe. It is at that marble pillar many a young man has been revolutionized.

Oh, young man with cheek flushed with dissipation! how long is it since you have been out to your father's grave? Will you not go this week? Perhaps the storms of the last few days may have bent the headstone until it leans far over. You had better go out and see whether the lettering has been defaced. You had better go out and see whether the gate of the lot is closed. You had better go and see if you cannot find a sermon in the springing grass. Oh, young man, go out this week and see your father's grave!

Religion did so much for our Christian ancestry, are we not ready this morning to be willing to receive it into our own households? If we do receive it, let it come through the front door, not through the back door. In other words, do not let us smuggle it in. There are a great many families who want to be religious, but they do not want anybody outside to know it. They would be mortified to death if you caught them at their family prayers. They would not sing in the worship for fear the neighbors would hear them. They do not have prayers when they have company.

They do not know much about the nobility of the western trapper. A traveler going along was overtaken by night and a storm, and he entered a cabin. There were firearms hung up around the cabin. He was alarmed. He had a large amount of money with him, but he did not dare to venture on into the night in the storm. He did not like the looks of the household. After awhile the father, the western trapper, came in, gun on shoulder, and when the traveler looked at him he was still more affrighted.

After awhile the family were whispering together in one corner of the room, and the traveler thought to himself: "Oh! now my time has come; I wish I was out in the storm and in the night rather than here." But the swarthy man came up to him and said: "Sir, we are a rough people; we get our living by hunting, and we are very tired when the night comes; but before going to bed we always have a habit of reading a little out of the Bible and having prayers, and I think we will have our usual custom to-night, and if you don't believe in that kind of thing if you will just step outside the door for a little while I will be much obliged to you."

Oh! there are many Christian parents who have not half the courage of that western trapper. They do not want their religion projecting too conspicuously. They would like to have it near by so as to call on it in case of a funeral, but as to having it dominant in the household from the 1st of January, 7 o'clock a. m., to the 31st of December, 10 o'clock p. m., they do not want it. They would rather die and have their families perish with them than to cry out in the bold words of the soldier in my text, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

There was, in my ancestral line, an incident so strangely impressive that it seems more like romance than reality. It has sometimes been so inaccurately put forth that I now give you the true incident. My grandfather and grandmother, living at Somerville, N. J., went to Baskinridge to witness a revival under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Finley. They came home so impressed with what they had seen that they resolved on the salvation of their children.

The young people of the house were to go off for an evening party, and my grandmother said:

"Now, when you are all ready for the party, come to my room, for I have something very important to tell you." All ready for departure, they came to her room, and she said to them, "Now, I want you to remember, while you are away this evening, that I am all the time in this room praying for your salvation, and I shall not cease praying until you get back." The young people went to the party, but amid the loudest hilarities of the night they could not forget that their mother was praying for them. The evening passed, and the night passed.

The next day my grandparents heard an outcry in an adjoining room, and they went in and found their daughter imploring the salvation of the gospel. The daughter told them that her brothers were at the barn and at the wagon house under powerful conviction of sin. They went to the barn. They found my Uncle Jediah, who afterward became a minister of the gospel, crying to God for mercy. They went to the wagon house. They found their son David, who afterward became my father, imploring God's pardon and mercy. Before a great while the whole family were saved, and David went and told the story to a young woman to whom he was affianced, who as a result of the story became a Christian, and from her own lips—my mother's—I have received the incident.

The story of that converted household ran through all the neighborhood from family to family until the whole region was whelmed with religious awakening, and at the next communion in the village church at Somerville over 200 souls stood up to profess the faith of the gospel. My mother, carrying the memory of this scene from early womanhood into further life, in after years was resolved upon the salvation of her children, and for many years every week she met three other Caristian mothers to pray for the salvation of their families. I think that all the members of those families were saved—myself, the youngest and last.

There were 12 of us children. I trace the whole line of mercy back to that hour when my Christian grandmother sat in her room imploring the blessing of God upon her children. Nine of her descendants became preachers of the gospel. Many of her descendants are in heaven, many of them still in the Caristian conflict. Did it pay for her to spend the whole evening in prayer for her household? Ask her before the throne of God, surrounded by her children. In the presence of the Christian church to-day I make this record of ancestral piety. Oh, there is a beauty, and a tenderness, and a sublimity in family religion!

There are but four or five pictures in the old family Bible that I inherited, but Dore never illustrated a Bible as that book is illustrated to my eyes. Through it I can see into marriages and burials, joys and sorrows, meetings and partings, Thanksgiving days and Christian festivals, cradles and deathbeds. Old old book, speak out and tell of the sorraws comforted and of the dying hours irradiated. Old, old book, the hands that held thee are ashes, the eyes that persued thee are closed. What a pillar thou wouldst make for a dying head. I salute all the memories of the past when I press it to my heart and when I press it to my lips.

Oh, that family Bible! The New Testament in small type is not worthy of being called by that name. Have a whole Bible in large type, with the family record of marriages and births and deaths. What if the curious should turn over the leaves to see how old you are? You are younger now than you will ever be again. The curious will find out from those with whom you have played in your childhood how old you are. Have a family Bible. It will go down from generation to generation, full of holy memories. A hundred years after you are dead it will be a benediction to those who come after you. Other books, worn out or fallen apart, will be flung to the garret or the cellar, but this will be inviolate, and it will be your protest for centuries against iniquity and in behalf of righteousness.

Oh, when we see what family religion did for our father's household, do we not want it to come into the dining-room to break the bread, into the nursery to bless the young, into the parlor to purify the socialities, into the library to control the reading, into the bedroom to hallow the slumber, into the hall to watch our going out and our coming in? Aye, there are hundreds of voices in this house ready to cry out; "Yes! Yes! As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

There are two arms to this subject. The one arm puts its hand on all parents. It says to them: "Don't interfere with your children's welfare, don't interfere with their eternal happiness, don't you by anything you do cut out your foot and trip them into ruin. Start them under the shelter, the insurance, the everlasting help of Christian parentage. Catechisms will not have them, though catechisms are good. The rod will not save them, though the rod may be necessary. Lessons of virtue will not save them, though they are very important. Becoming a through and through, up and down, out and out Christian yourself will make them Christians."

The other arm of this subject puts its hand upon those who had a pious bringing up, but who as yet have disappointed the expectations excited in regard to them. I said that children brougat up in Christian households, though they might make a wide curve, were very apt to come back to the straight path. Have you not been curving out long enough, and is it not most time for you to begin to curve in?

"Oh," you say, "they were too rigid." Well now, my brother, I think you have a pretty good character considering what you say your parents were. Do not boast too much about the style in which your parents brought you up. Might it not be possible that you would be an exception to the general rule laid down, and that you might spend your eternity in a different world from that in which your parents are spending theirs?

I feel anxious about you; you feel anxious about yourself. Oh, cross over into the right path. If your parents prayed for you twice a day, each of them twice a day for 20 years, that would make 29,000 prayers for you. Think of them!

By the memory of the cradle in which your childhood was rocked with the foot that long ago ceased to move, by the crib in which your own children slumber night by night under God's protecting care, by the two graves in which sleep those two old hearts that beat with love so long for your welfare, and by the two graves in which you, now the living father and mother, will find your last repose, I urge you to the discharge of your duty.

Though parents may in covenant be
And have their heaven in view,
They are not happy till they see
Their children happy too.

Oh, you departed Christian ancestry, fathers and mothers in glory, bend from the skies to-day and give new emphasis to what you told us on earth with many tears and anxieties! Keep a place for us by your blissful side, for to-day, in the presence of earth and heaven and hell, and by the help of the cross and amid overwhelming and gracious memories, we resolve, each one for himself, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

Civilization Brings Short Sight.

The subject of shortsightedness in animals was under consideration at a meeting of the Paris Academy of Medicine, when M. Motals, of Angers, maintained that this defect in vision is one of the products of civilization. An unexpected proof of this view was found in the condition of wild beasts, as tigers, lions, etc. M. Motals, having examined their eyes by means of the ophthalmoscope, discovered that those captured after the age of six or eight months retained the long sight natural to them, but that those made captives before that age, and those born in a state of captivity, were short-sighted. Some time since a case was published of a horse in this country that wears spectacles. The farmer who owned him, having come to the conclusion from various symptoms that the horse was shortsighted, got an oculist to take the necessary measurements, and had a pair of spectacles manufactured for him. They were made to fasten firmly into the headstall, so that they did not shake out of place. At first the horse appeared startled by this addition to his harness, but he soon got used to the glasses and liked them.

"If fact," said the owner to a Brooklyn Eagle man, "when I turned him out to pasture he felt uneasy and uncomfortable without his goggles, and one Sunday he hung around the barn and whinnied so plaintively that I put the headstall and goggles on him, and he was so glad that he rubbed my shoulder with his nose." It is thought that the vice of shying, which spoils so many otherwise valuable horses, is induced by shortsightedness. The animals cannot see some particular object sufficiently plainly to feel sure that it is of a harmless nature, and so shies away from it. Owners of dogs may often prove that their pets suffer from short sight, and it will often be found that a dog is unable to recognize people with whose appearance it is most intimate when they are a little way off, while another dog at the same distance has no difficulty whatever in recognizing them. Dogs have been provided with spectacles in the same way as the farmer's horse alluded to, and have been conclusively shown to have derived great benefits from them.—New Orleans Picayune.

Why He Didn't Tell Him.

George Butler, Canon of Winchester Cathedral, was the son of Doctor Butler, the head master of Harrow. The boy grew up to be a dignified and serious man, a power in philanthropy and the church, but that he had a demure sense of humor is shown by one anecdote of his earliest years.

Doctor Butler wore a fine suit of black, with knee breeches and cloth gaiters, and with his powdered hair was a figure calculated to move any schoolboy to admiration and awe. One morning little George watched him as he set out for school, and observed that his father wore only one gaiter. When Doctor Butler returned he said to the lad:

"You were here, George, when I went away this morning. Didn't you see that I had only one gaiter?"

"Yes, papa."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"Because," answered George, innocently, "I thought it would amuse the boys."—Philadelphia Record.

Nero was fond of music and attained great proficiency in the art.