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Poetry.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life,
Some lessons for me to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dew must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again,
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous wheel goes:
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain
And a blessing failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

A path that once has been trod
Is never so rough to our feet;
And a lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths may be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

LITTLE CHING FO.

A CHARMING STORY.

Just as the shadows began to grow long beside Laughing Brook, two people stepped aside from the road and sat down upon the green bank, apart from each other, as two people might who have quarreled, as indeed they had.

One was a pretty dark girl with great dark eyes, a wealth of ebon hair, and the sauciest red mouth in the world.

The other, a tall, fair young man, wearing a single-breasted black coat, and with young clergyman written all over him in an unmistakable manner. He was the Rev. Reuben Eden, and the girl at his side was Ada Romer, to whom he was engaged. He seated himself stiffly, and with as much dignity as one can assume upon the grass.

She flounced herself down with a pout, and pulling off her hat, began to pluck at the sticks in a nervous sort of way.

"If you are going to tyrannize over me already, I give you fair warning that I will not bear it,' she said. "I've done as I pleased, and always shall.'

"When I asked you to be my wife—' began Reuben Eden.

"You were glad enough to get me,' interrupted Ade.

"Let me finish if you please,' said the young clergyman. "When I asked you to be my wife, I thought you quite understood that the husband is the head of the house. How will it be with us when you cannot be taught that it must be so? We are not married yet, but you should yield to my wishes. It is your duty. I disapprove of dancing; I highly disapprove of that dissipated and worldly young man with whom you have been flirting. You have, of course, not forgotten that you will one day promise to obey me. How can you do that when you refuse to regard my wishes now?'

"If your wishes are absurd—if your commands should be ridiculous—I shall always refuse regard and obedience,' said the girl.

"Then as I shall be master of my own house, our home shall be a very uncomfortable one,' said the young man.

"So decidedly uncomfortable that I believe it best that everything should be at an end between us,' said the girl, flushing hotly.

"That at least, is a sensible remark,' said the clergyman.

Then she, growing white as death, took from her finger a tiny diamond engagement ring and held it towards him; and he, whiter than she, took it from her and quietly tossed it into Laughing Brook. The hands of a thousand little water-sprites seemed to catch it as the tiny rapids swept it away over the glistening rock beneath. Over each brown head it sparkled and flashed, and then was gone. Then a dignified young clergyman slowly walked one way, and a very pretty young lady, with her round hat very much over her eyes, took the other, without the ceremony of leave-taking.

But O, the rage and pain in her heart, and O, the rage and pain in his.

She loved him dearly, though she was an innocent little flirt, and liked dancing too much, and he loved her as men only can love once, though he was conceited and intolerant, as a very young clergyman often is.

The girl had done no harm. If she had she was frank enough to have owned it and begged forgiveness.

And though a tinge of jealousy had caused her lover to make mountains of mole hills, his rule would have been gentle when the little soul who had begun to dread it was his own.

But there beside Laughing Brook their ways diverged. They saw each other no more for many days to come. The village gossip knew to a woman that the affair was off.

But though months went by, there were no symptoms that "the minister' was looking elsewhere for a wife, nor did Ada bestow any peculiar favor on any of the village beaux.

A year passed—two. The clergyman still lived alone in his parsonage, and Ada Romer kept house for her grand-father in the old mansion at the end of the village. Now and then she would go down to the margin of Laughing Brook, and sit watching the water that had swept away her ring with a very grave face.

But he took long detours to avoid the spot; and when the wind, setting that way, brought the voice of Laughing Brook to the parsonage study, he would rise and shut the windows, and shut it out. He had done this the very day when waking suddenly in the middle of the night, he was aware of a strange flickering vermillion glow across his ceiling, and, jumping out of his bed, saw from his window that the Romer mansion on the hill beyond was one great sheet of flame, and only he seemed to be aware of the fact.

All the village slumbered, and about the house itself no figure moved. They were being burnt in their beds or smothered.—They? Nay! She, his Ada, as he called her at that moment uttering her name for the first time in two years.

Hastily clothing himself, he rushed out of the house and over the hill, crying "Fire!" as he ran. Windows opened at the cry. He heard voices uttering screams of amazement. The alarm was given.—But was it now of any avail? He stood before the house, and saw every window fast shut but one on the second floor. This the flames had not reached. Under a great pear tree stood a ladder. It was a very heavy one. At ordinary times his hands, unused to everything heavier than the pen, could not have stirred it. Now he found no difficulty in carrying it to the window, and placing it so that he could ascend by it. This done, up he went and in at the casement. Great clouds of blinding smoke greeted him as he entered; but he groped his way on, shouting as he went. The flames were bursting through the partitions, the paper shrivelling into scrolls.

There was an old picture in the passage with a wreath of fire for a frame, and as he turned a glance upon it a red tongue licked out the face and powdered hair and white ruffles, and there was nothing left.

This room with red door-posts was hers. He knew it. He stood on the threshold, and saw at first only leaden smoke and scarlet blaze. Then low down on the floor something the flames had not touched yet—a figure in white.

"Ada!' he cried, and seized it in his arms.

Then he sped back again, not knowing whether what he held was a living woman or a lifeless form. His way was now through fire as well as through smoke, but he reached the window at last, and the crowd below welcomed him with cries and shouts as he appeared upon the ladder, his hair burnt, his lashes scorched, his clothing burning upon him.

The next instant he stood upon the grass, and laid his burden down and uncovered its face. The fire had not touched it, and it was the face of a living woman. But as the eyes opened he saw that it was not Ada. He had saved the life of a young servant girl, who had recently come to take service with the Romers.

She—Ada—was still in the burning house.

With a wild cry he dashed towards the door, which had at last been battered down. A sheet of flame rushed to meet him, and he fell senseless to the ground.

The next morning the Romer mansion lay in ashes.

The poor girl who had been saved lay raving in delirium, and unable to give account of the origin of the fire.

And in the darkened rooms of the parsonage the young minister lay suffering and disfigured upon what the doctors had little doubt would be a bed of death.

Three weeks had passed since the fire.—There had been search among its debris, but the bodies of the old man and his grand-daughter had not been found.

There it lay, an unsightly heap, which Reuben Eden was glad that he could not see as he sat in his invalid chair by the window.

The young clergyman was getting better, and one day he would be quite well, but at present he was simply a wreck of his former self. He was unable to take a step alone, and his eyes had been so injured that it would be months before he could read and write. Even the faces of those about him were dim and indistinct to his vision. As for his heart, it would never know peace again, it seemed to him, as he kept saying over and over to himself.

"If I had not quarreled with Ada, she would have been here beside me, safe and well. She would not have been in the old house when the flames destroyed it, for she would have been my wife.'

He was dreadfully miserable, and with the irritability of a convalescent came a delegation of those kind, gossipy matrons, who had nursed him so tenderly and so faithfully. He wished them away with all their inquiries and sick room talk, their camphor and cologne and jellies and good looks. And one day he confided to his friend and fellow clergyman, old Mr. Ormsby, that a man to wait upon him would be a great relief.

"The ladies are so oppressively kind, you know,' he said.

The other understood.

A few days after, a little note was brought to him by Mr. Arlington's wife, who was then presiding over the sick-room, and who, since he could not read it himself, read it to him:

Dear Eden—I think you will find the bearer of this letter a very good nurse and attendant. The —— Mission brought him over. He understands English perfectly, and is as gentle as a woman, and not as talkative. Try him. Yours, ORMSBY.

"Let the young man come,' said Mr. Eden.

And forthwith entered a little creature with a long blue cotton blouse—a costume scarcely masculine in effect, with his long hair braided in a pig tail, and his eyes cast humbly to the ground.

Mr. Eden engaged him at once, and the lady members of the little flock were secretly delighted.

Even a clergyman, when he becomes as cross as Mr. Eden was in his uncomfortable convalescence, grows wearisome.

Ching Fo—a young Japanese—was installed at the parsonage, and in the little slippers which he wore in the house went noiselessly about his work, and petted and nursed his master with a strange tenderness.

He never spoke unless spoken to.

But when he was not busy, he liked to sit on a low stool close to Mr. Eden's invalid chair, and Mr. Eden liked the little man well.

Once as he crouched there, the master's thin hand was outstretched, and rested for a moment on Ching Fo's smooth head.—While it lay there, the Japanese sat quite still, and when it was about to be removed he caught it and pressed it to his lips, and showered kisses on it.

"He has a very tender heart,' thought Mr. Eden.

Winter has gone, spring has come. All the grass about Laughing Brook was green and fresh and tender. The young leaves were on his trees at the window. The young minister, whose vision was yet dim, could hear the lap and ripple of the water over the stones. He did not let it out now. It seemed to him as though the memories of his dead love hung so closely about Laughing Brook, that if spirits could return to earth, her's would revisit that spot of all others.

At least those fond remembrances that, if they are not the spirits of those we have lost, have us in their stead, would find his shady heart beside its margin, and he might beguile himself into a fancy that he was waiting, as he had often waited, for her coming step. At last he determined that he would go thither.

"Ching Fo,' he said to his little Japanese, "can you wheel me as far as the brook yonder."

The servant replied by retreating behind his master's invalid chair, and no more was said until, by quiet paths, they had come to the side of Laughing Brook—nay, to the very spot where he parted from Ada, where he had thrown her troth-plight ring into the water.

Then she stood beside him living, young and beautiful. Then he was strong and active, and full of vigor. To-day she lay dead, ashes amidst the ashes of her ruined home, and he a helpless, half-blind invalid, sat there alone. And all might have been so different.

He put his head down upon his hands and the tears would not be crushed back from the weakened eyes. "If I could only have died with her," he said to himself, "it would have been so much better."

Meanwhile Ching Fo, who must have had some sorrow of his own, cried softly behind his chair. But Ching Fo's eyes were bright even when wet with tears, and as he wiped them away, he caught sight of something amongst the pebbles that glittered and flashed with strange brightness, and leaving his master's side, he crept forward and stopped with a low cry and caught it, and hid it in his bosom.

"O, I have found it!" he cried.

"And Reuben Eden, starting from his bitter reverie, said:

"What have you found?'

"A little ring, sir,' said Ching Fo.

"A ring,' said Mr. Eden. "Give it to me.'

"Pardon,' said Ching Fo, "I found it. Let me keep it.'

"Not if it is what I think it is,' said his master, "I will give you another ring, or more than its value in money. But if it is a woman's ring set with a diamond, with 'Ada from Reuben,' engraved within, I must have it.'

"It is the ring,' said the Japanese. He advanced and put it into his master's hand.

"Ching Fo,' said Reuben Eden, "you are a good, tender-hearted fellow. Let me tell you why I love this ring so well. It belonged to the girl who should have been my wife. She is dead now. I tried to save her, but in vain. I—O, I was cruel to her—cruel, cruel—and that was all I have left. I deserve it—I deserve it.'

He dropped his head passionately upon his hands. But two smaller arms lifted it up. A soft cheek pressed his. Lips touched his scarred forehead.

"O, Reuben!' cried a voice, full of all tenderness of love, 'you did love me after all."

It was Ching Fo who spoke—Ching Fo who showered these kisses on the aching eyes, and fondled and caressed him—Ching Fo, and not Ching Fo.

"In heaven's name speak again!' cried Reuben, "Tell me who you are."

And though the voice only answered, "No, no, let me go,' it was enough.

"Ada,' he said, and held her fast, "Ada, no, I will never let you go again. Since you are not dead, but living; since you have stooped to minister to me in this disguise, you must love me. Take the ring again—put it upon your finger. I have made a fool of myself, but God only knows how bitterly I have paid for it.'

"I never meant you should find me out,' said she. "I heard that you could scarcely see, and you believed me dead. I grieved for you so bitterly, and grandpa who could not bear to come to the old place, sent me down when he heard what had happened. We were not in the house when the fire broke out; we were away on a visit, and before Gretchen, whose life you had saved—was sensible enough to tell people that, her friends had taken her home. When I came down here I met the little Japanese, who had been sent to you by chance, and he really looked like me, and was much my size.

I told him you would not be a kind master, and sent him to some one I knew who has wanted a servant for a long time, and I bought two of his suits and got a recommendation, and grandpa thinks I am visiting Jane Lorne, and O, indeed, I meant to go away before you could guess at the truth, my poor blind darling.'

"And you must go before any one else guesses it,' said the man, with a sudden remembrance of evil tongues. "But you will come back to me in your own person? You will promise me that, Ada—you will be my wife?'

Ada promised, That night the Japanese servant disappeared.

The next day the village was astonished by the news that Romer and his pretty grand-daughter were alive, and long before he was strong of limb and eyesight again the minister had a wife, over whose wedding ring glistened the diamond that Laughing Brook had kept for two long years.

Personal Integrity.

"Do thyself no harm," is an injunction of wide application. A man who would wantonly cut off any of his members, by persisting in such a course would eventually find himself disabled, and degraded to a position of helplessness and dependence;—and he who does violence to moral nature does himself a still greater wrong. Desires, appetites, and passions may be conquered and trampled under foot; but he who crushes his conscience; who violates his sense of right; who suffers himself to do wrong to others, and does not make haste to repair that wrong, has done himself an injury much greater than that which others have suffered at his hand.

A consciousness of integrity gives moral strength; an erect man can carry a heavier load than one who stoops; and an upright man has a strength which those who have bowed down to false gods know nothing of. A hollow heart makes a feeble hand. Whenever we try to pursude ourselves that wrong is right, that duty is unimportant, that the thing we wish to do we may do, even though it be forbidden of God; we may bewilder our conscience, and blind our eyes, and drift away from the path of God's providence and our own duty; we are laying up sorrow for ourselves. And when the day shall come that will demand all our courage, fortitude, and faith, we shall find that we have cut the sinews of our strength, and done ourselves an injury which we are powerless to repair.

The man whose conscience is void of offence, can stand unmoved amid the storms of sorrow, and can face the slings and arrows of adversity, strong in the confidence that God is with him. But when he has violated conscience and has departed from God, his sources of strength are tried up; like Sampson despoiled of his locks, he is weak as other men are, and goes down in the general wreck, feeble when we might have been strong, defeated when we might have been a victor, dishonored when he might have been crowned with glory, lost when he might have been saved.—*Christian.*

A Brave School Mistress.

A little town, no matter what its name, in Canada, has a school mistress who should never lack for a situation in case she is permitted to leave her present one. One of her big boys asked to escort her home from singing school one night, and was politely mittened. He tried to get even with the teacher he loved, but could not do it by playing tricks in the school house, neglecting his studies putting pins in the seats of his fellows, and running away to slide down hill. The mistress bore with him till patience was exhausted and then called him up and gave him a sound flogging. The boy made complaint at home, and told the cause. The parents could have said amen to the whipping, but that a country school mistress should give their son the sack was too much. They sued the teacher and obtained a judgment for three dollars and a half, which she paid. The next day, in opening school, she made this neat little speech:

"I have whipped a booby soundly, which pleasure cost only three dollars and a half. Now if any others of my scholars are inclined to imitate him they will have the kindness to step forward, receive the money and the flogging, and then we will go on with our studies. I am here to instruct you, not to be courted."

There has been no trouble in that school since, nor any attempts by the school lads to play the gallant with the teacher. She begins a new term soon with a salary increased and on the crest of public favor.

Brought in By a Smile.

A London minister said to a friend, one Monday morning: "Seven persons were received into my church yesterday, and they were all brought in by a smile."

"Brought in by a smile! what do you mean?"

"I will explain. Several months ago as I passed a certain house on my way to church, I saw, held in the arms of its nurse a beautiful infant, and as it fixed its large eyes on me I smiled, and the sweet child returned the smile. The next Sabbath the babe was again before the window, and again I gave it a smile, and as before it gave an answering smile. The third Sabbath as I passed by the window I threw the little one a kiss. Instantly, its little hand was extented and a kiss thrown back to me. And so it came to pass that I learned to watch for the baby on my way to church, and as the weeks went by, I noticed that the nurse and baby were not alone. Other members of the household pressed to the window to see the gentleman who always had a smile for the household pet.

"One Sabbath as I passed, two children, a boy and a girl, stood at the window beside the baby. That morning the father and mother said to those children: "Make yourselves ready for church, for we think that the gentleman who always smiles to the baby is a minister. When he passes you may follow him and see where he preaches.'

"The children were quite willing to follow the suggestion of their parents, and, after I had passed, the door opened, and the children stepped upon the pavement, and kept near me, from street to street, until I had entered my own church, where they followed me, and seats were given them.

"When they reached home, they sought their parents, and exclaimed, eagerly: 'He is a minister, and we have found his church and he preached a beautiful sermon this morning. You must go and hear him next Sabbath.' To pursuade the parents was not difficult, and guided by their children they found their way to church. They, too, were pleased, and other members of the household were induced to come to the house of God. God blessed to them my ministry, and seven men members of this household have been led to give their hearts to Jesus, and unite with the people of God, and I repeat what I before said to you:—"They were all brought in by a smile."

"No one is too poor, too full of labor and care, to give a smile and kind word.—The loving Saviour makes use of means so simple to bring souls into his kingdom."

Watching For Ravens.

Mrs. Rogers was a poor widow woman who had four little children; the eldest was about eight years old. One evening, in the midst of winter, her children were hungry, and she had no food to give them. But she loved and served God; and trusting in him to provide for their daily bread, she kneeled down to tell him of their wants and ask him to supply them.

At the close of the prayer, the eldest said to her, "Mother, doesn't the Bible say that God once sent ravens with bread to a man who was hungry? Don't you think God can send us some ravens with bread now, just as well as he did then? I'am going open the door, or they can't get in.

A few minutes after the village magistrate passed and glancing through the open door, said to Mrs. Rogers, "My good friend, how does it happen that your door is standing open this cold winter's night!"

"It was my little boy who opened the door a moment ago, in order, as he said, "that the ravens might come in and bring us some bread."

Now it so happened that this gentleman was actually dressed in black from head to foot.

"Ah, indeed!" said he laughing; Richard is right. "The raven has come, and he is a pretty big one, two. Come with me, my little man, and I will show you where the bread is."

WINNING A SOUL.—A Christian man, deeply devoted, and wise to win souls, made it a rule to speak to some unconverted person every day on the subject of his soul's salvation. One night as he was about retiring to rest, he bethought himself that he had not fulfilled his vow that day. He immediately put on his attire and prepared to go in quest of a soul. But where should he go? was the question. He concluded to make a visit to a grocer with whom he was in the habit of trading. He found him engaged in closing his store.—When the errand of his customer was made known he was surprised. He said all sorts of Christian people traded with him, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, etc., but no one had ever spoken to him about his soul. The night-visit of his customer, and his earnest pleadings, made such an impression upon his mind that it led to his speedy conversion. Reader, go thou and do likewise. There are many souls that sit in darkness waiting for light from above. Can you not lead some of them to see the light of life?

A witness for the prosecution in a murder case was thus questioned by his honor:

"You say you saw the man shot at and killed?'

"Yes sir."

"You said, I think, that the charge struck the deceased on his body between the diaphram and the duodenum?'

"No, sir; I didn't say no such thing I said he was shot between the hog pen and the wood house."

"Jesus Did It."

At one of Mr. Hammond's meetings in California, Elkanah Beard, who was for many years a missionary, told the following story about a little girl in the city of Benares in Hindoostan. He said that he knew the father and mother of the child, and he knew every word of it to be true, and he believed that God answered the little girl's prayer. In that city lay a mother sick. For months, he said, she had not left her bed, and that all she looked forward to was slow death. Her little daughter was eight years old. She loved her mother and was almost broken-hearted.—She took the New Testament and read the promises of answers to prayer. Going to her mother, she said:

"Mother, dear, can't Jesus make you well?"

"Yes, my child; but it is not his will."

"Mother, why not? Have you ever asked him to heal you?"

"O, no, my child; but—"

"Mother, you pray to God, I know."

"Yes, darling."

"What kind of prayers, mamma?"

"O, my child, I am in such agony I cannot talk to you of it; go and play."

She dropped her head sadly, and went out under a tree in her father's garden, for her father was a postal official in that large city, and had a home with beautiful surroundings. She sat there and thought and prayed. Suddenly she returned to the bed side of her mother, and kneeling, said:

"Mamma, I am going to try Jesus anyhow. He says, 'Ask.' Yes, I am going to ask him. Now mamma, pray with me. Oh Jesus, dear, good Jesus, I've no happy days now, since my mamma is sick these three months. She is so sick she can't talk to her little girl. Oh, Jesus, she is so sick. Oh, God, make my poor mamma to get well. Oh, God, you can, you will.—Mamma loves you, her little girl loves you."

Suddenly she sprang to her feet, and clapping her hands, cried, "He will, mamma, he will, he will."

That self-same time the lady, who had not moved her limbs for months, arose from her bed and went about her household duties, healed and praising God. Her husband met her at the door that day, and overwhelmed with the event, went down on his knees and prayed God to make him worthy of the blessing that had fallen on his house; while his little girl stood by him, her face radiant with holy joy, exclaiming, "Oh, papa, Jesus did it, Jesus did it!"

Little Jack.

I saw my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old bureau this evening, and I went softly out and wandered up and down until I knew she had gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of Kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article. There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with part of the rim gone, some stockings, pantaloons, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip and several toys. Wife, poor thing, goes to that drawer every day of her life, and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles; but I dare not go. Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving.—Sometimes, when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child in the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever. It is still and quiet now. I look up to the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout, and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound.—There is no one to search my pockets, and tease me for presents; and I never find chairs turned over, the broom down or ropes tied to the door knobs. I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulders; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call "good-night" from the little bed now empty. And wife, she misses him still more. There are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say, no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to awake at midnight and look across to the crib and see our boy there as he used to be. So we preserve our relics, and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

"PRAY ON MY PLATE TOO."—A little bright eyed three year old was seated in his high chair at the dinner table. Mamma had arranged the little uneasy, while for the moment sprightliness and fun had made him the observed of the family. She had placed him snugly up to the table, pinned on his bib, and succeeded in getting the little mischievous hands quiet, and making him 'hush,' when father proceeded to ask the blessing. While this was in progress our little chubby made a discovery.—It was that all the plates on the table except his own little plate, were in one pile at "papa's place," and as it seemed to him were put there to get the benefit of the solemn ceremony. So, scarcely waiting for the Amen, he held out his own plate in both hands saying: "Please, papa, pray on my plate, too."

Fighting with Beasts.

Try to abate any vice, and you will soon know by experience that there is still such a thing as figting with beasts. Zealously advocate peace, temperance, purity, and the beasts that are interested in war, in drunkenness, and in debauchery, will instantly rage and roar against you. Throw yourself into any cause that is not popular, and the beasts will come, and according to their respective natures, they will come cackling, hissing, howling, barking, or biting. In political strifes there is good deal of fighting with beasts; so much of it, indeed, that men of sense who wish to keep clear of the claws of one, the teeth of another, and the dirt that stands thick upon a third, hesitate about going into the conflict at all, and so in many cases, the beasts contrive to elect one themselves.—And as it was in St. Paul's time, so now; some of the beasts infest the church, while others prowl about in the world. Any great ecclesiastical agitation discovers the fact that there are beasts in the Church.—"In what church?" asks one. In all sorts of Churches, we reply. Men, as crooked in their goings as a serpent, as unpleasant in their manners as a pig, as little to be trusted as a fox in a poultry yard. It is often with great care and management that a church assembly of any sort, in which discussion takes place, is kept from being a perfect bear-garden. We have ourselves, within a recent date, witnessed some scenes of church life, and had others credibly reported to us, which called to our mind the apostle's words, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus." Well, God speed the time when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together."—All these creatures are to be found in churches, but they are not always on such pleasant terms as those described by the prophet.

Good Maxims.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Keep good company or none.—Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Never listen to loose or idle conversation. You had better be poisoned in your blood than in your principles.—Your character cannot be essentially injur-except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him. Drink no intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income.—When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day. Never speak lightly of religion. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it. Earn your money before you spend it. Owe no man anything. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Never think that which you do for religion is time or money mis-spent. Read some portion of the Bible every day. Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

VALUE OF A TRADE.—Many a young man has been ruined for life because he neve learned how to do anything. "My father," once said an intelligent young friend, who found it extremely difficult to earn a scanty livelihood by his pen, "did not think it worth while to learn any trade or business." He had been unexpectedly thrown on his own resources, and although a man in stature and years, he was a mere infant in his capacity to earn a living.—There are too many men of his class floating around the world—men who have talents, but do not know how to apply them. Such cases lead us to look upon the culpability as very great, of any parents, who bring up a son without having been practically and thoroughly instructed in some way of earning an honest living. Every man should have some profession or trade; should know how to do something. Then, whether he steadfastly pursues it or not, he at least has an occupation to which, in an emergency, he may resort for the support of himself and others who may be dependent on him. Of all men the practical know-nothing is most to be pitied.

HOME BEAUTY.—A tasteful woman can make a garret beautiful and homelike, and at a little cost; for the beauty of home depends more on educated and refined taste than upon mere wealth. If there is no artist in a house it matters little that there is a large balance at the bank. There is usually no better excuse for a barren home than ignorace or carelessness. A little mechanical skill can make brackets and shelves for the walls. A thoughtful walk in the woods can gather leaves and lichens and ferns for adorning the unpictured rooms. A trifle saved from daily expenses can now and again put a new book upon the table or shelf. The expenditure of a few shillings can convert the plain window into a conservatory. In these and fifty other ways can a plain, bare room be converted into a scene of beauty.

Those men are worthy to be remembered who have left the world better than they found it.