

stitution and laws, but the "righteousness that exalteth a nation," and is the true stability of our times. England keeps this year the jubilee of its Queen. Many hearts in America beat in responsive sympathy. There are many proposed methods of celebrating it. Let this be one: promoting fresh triumphs for temperance. Then, as when the Jewish trumpets proclaimed jubilee, alienated estates went back to their former owners, exiles returned home, and slaves were set free, so the spread of temperance will mean the recovery of property, reputation, and position to many whom drink has degraded; it will mean food for the hungry, health to the diseased, solace for the sad; the building up of ruined homes, the gathering of scattered families, the healing of broken hearts; it will proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. "The wilderness will rejoice and blossom as the rose," and the jubilee of the Queen will be the jubilee of the people too.

HEROIC LIVES AT HOME.

The heroism of private life, the slow, unchronicled martyrdoms of the heart, who shall remember? Greater than any knightly dragon slayer of old is the man who overcomes an unholy passion, sets his foot upon it and stands serene and strong in virtue. Grandier than Zenobia is the woman who struggles with a love that would wrong another or degrade her own soul, and conquers. The young man, ardent and tender, who turns from the dear love of women, and buries deep in his heart the sweet instinct of paternity, to devote himself to the care and support of aged parents or an unfortunate sister, and whose life is a long sacrifice, in manly cheerfulness and a majestic spirit, is a hero of the purest type—the type of Charles Lamb. I have known but two such.

The young woman who resolutely stays with father and mother in the old home, while brothers and sisters go forth to happy homes of their own; who cheerfully lays on the altar of filial duty that costliest of human sacrifices, the joy of loving and being loved—she is a heroine. I have known many such.

The husband who goes home from everyday routine and the perplexing cares of business with a cheerful smile and a loving word to his invalid wife; who brings not

against her the grievous sin of a long sickness, and reproaches her not for the cost and discomfort thereof; who sees in her languid eyes something dearer than girlish laughter, in the sad face and faded cheeks, that blossom into smiles and even blushes at his coming, something lovelier than the old-time spring roses—he is a hero. I think I know of one such.

The wife who bears her part in the burden of life—even, though it be the larger part—bravely, cheerfully, never dreaming that she is a heroine, much less a martyr; who bears with the faults of a husband not altogether congenial, with loving patience, and a large charity, and with noble decision hiding them from the world; who makes no confidants and asks no confidence; who refrains from brooding over shortcomings in sympathy and sentiment, and from seeking perilous "affinities;" who does not build high-tragedy sorrows on the inevitable, nor feel an earthquake in every family jar; who sees her husband united with herself indissolubly and eternally in their children—she the wife in very truth, in the inward as in the outward, is a heroine, though of unfashionable type.—*Grace Greenwood.*

BEGIN AT ONCE.

Begin at once to do whatever your Master commands. Begin to practice religion. A child would never learn to walk by a hundred talks about the law of gravitation; it must use its own feet, even at the risk of many a tumble. Wait not for more feeling, or more pungent convictions, or for anything that you read of in other people's experiences. These are all snares and hindrances, if they keep you from doing at once the very first act that will please Christ. Have you never opened your lips to an unconverted friend, either to avow your own feeling or to do that friend some good? Then try it; you will strengthen yourself, and may bring an unexpected blessing to him or her. In short, you must begin to obey a new Master; to serve a new Saviour; to strike out a new line of living, and rely on God's almighty help to do it. When you give yourself to Christ in this whole-hearted and practical fashion, he will give you a thousandfold richer gift in return. Yes, he will give you himself! When you possess Christ you have every thing.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*