

"HONOR ALL MEN: LOVE THE BROTHERHOOD: FEAR GOD: HONOR THE KING."—1 Pet. 2. 17.

"A CHIP FROM THE OLD BLOCK."

There is no disputing this fact; it shines in the face of every little child. The coarse, brawling, scolding wife will have coarse, vicious, brawling, fighting children. She who cries on every occasion, "I'll box your ears—I'll slip your jaws—I'll break your neck," is known as thoroughly through her children as if her unwomanly manners were openly displayed in the public street.

These remarks were suggested by the conversation in an omnibus—that noble institution by the student of men and manners—between a friend and a schoolmaster. Our teacher was a man energetic and sharp. His white dashed like the polished edge of a diamond, and kept the world in awe.

"I am a 'warrior.' The entire community of idlers—and whores is intimate with these conveyances

to form a pretty good idea of our numbers—inclusive

of the "one more" so well known to the fraternity,

turned their heads, eyes, and ears one way, and finally

our teacher said:

"I can always tell the mother by the boy. The mechanic draws back with bashfulness and ingests at his playmate, if he looks at him again, has a very question

able mind. She very fied him and clothe him, cradles

him with swaddlings and coax him with promises, but if she says mad, she fights. She will pull him by the jacket, she will give him a knock in the back; she will drag him by the hair; she will call him all sorts of

wicked names, while passion plays over her face in hambone flames that curl and writhe at the corner of her eyes.

"And we never see the courteous little fellow with smooth, looks, and gentle manners—ever when delicate

and soft, loving, and quiet. If she reproves, her language is, 'My son—not you little wretch—what

plagues of my life—you torment—yon scamp!'

"She hovers before him as the pillar of light before the wandering Israelites, and her voice is synonymous with everything pure, noble, and beautiful. He is an artis-

tan after life, the man that with holy radiance shines on his countenance is the mother's face. Whether she smiles his path with sunny smiles and soft, low voice,

will bring mother's image freshly to his heart. She

is like my mother, will be the highest mood of his

praise. Not even when the hairs turn silver and the

eye grows dim will the majesty of that life and presence

desert him.

"But the ruffian mother—she that there are such

will form the ruling master of the man."

We wonder not there are so many awkward, ungainly men in society—that they have all been trained by some one who knew not nor cared for the holy nature of their trust. They have been made bitter to the heart's core, and that bitterness will find vent and lodgment somewhere. Strike the infant in anger, and he will, if he cannot reach you, vent his passion by beating the door, the chair, or any inanimate thing within reach. Strike him repeatedly, and by the time he comes to his senses he will become a little devil. His hands that doubt, for fight as naturally as the oxen whose heads have been taken to teach him strength of hand, will be the hands of a

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"My Shepherd is the living Lord,
I therefore nothing need;
He seteth me to feed."

Lastly, observe that Elian, though so very poor, "was rich in faith, and an heir of the Kingdom which God had promised to them that love him." James ii. 5. It is a fine answer that she gave to the person who asked her health: "Aye, either health, or death, I have it." It is what she had said: "I hope and pray for health; but if it please God, afflict me with sickness, my condition is so poor and so dependent, however, that shall have little to do with the world, that I wish for heaven." And I know what I wish for the world on which I hope for it: "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16. Through great love he believed in him. I have found "redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of my sins, according to the riches of his grace." I have come to lay aside his hands because "he loved me, and gave himself for me!"

"I hope for heaven."

Rader, in whatever condition of life you are, pray

that this may be your happy experience. Then, "If you live, you will be a member of the church; and whether you die, you will die unto the Lord. And whether you live, or die, you will be the Lord's." Rom. xiv. 8.

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