

THE OLD HYMN.

A PROVERBIAL SONG.

Now when I see the way that I have taken, that I have chosen, I am glad, for I have seen that the very angels seem their allowed breath to bring.

So draw your chair up closer a little to the light, While I describe, as best I can, a battle field by night.

The sun, the stars, viewed the scene, and smiled upon the dead, The evening stars, the stars appeared, and twinkled overhead.

I lay upon a little hill, and from it I could see, As far as my tired sight would reach, our women's company.

Some men lay dead, while others lay and groan, And now and then a hero died upon that dismal plain.

One of the "bravest of the brave" was Sergeant Thomas Gray, We used to call him "Parson Tom" because he loved to pray.

But as I saw him lying there, his leg was shot away, I tell you, Jane, I cried for him, I sobbed for Thomas Gray.

He heard the sound and faintly smiled, he could not raise his head, "Is that you, John? Keep courage, lad, I'll sing a hymn," he said.

And then with clear, though feeble voice, he sang the good old song, "When I can read my title clear," The sound rolled far along.

And as these words our brave boys heard, they fell in one by one, And the white field seemed clear until the hymn was done.

But then again they sang it, and so through all the night, The music of that wonderful hymn to heaven took its flight.

I sometimes think the angels heard, and round the gateways came, To welcome in each weary soul that left its worldy frame.

And so it is I love that hymn, and sing it day by day, Until in heaven I see the face of Sergeant Thomas Gray.

FOR OUR BOYS.

TRUE MANLINESS.

"It takes more than a cane to make a boy manly," said Hannah, kneeling her head with dutiful, steady hands, but gazing toward the door where Dick stood admiring a little ivory-headed rattle which had just been given him. "Some boys don't know it, though. They want to be manly, and they try all sorts of plans—just as folks try all sorts of receipts for bread-making—and can't get ahead of the good, old-fashioned way at last."

"What sort of receipts do the boys try?" asked Dick after a moment's pause. He rather liked to hear Hannah's talk when she was not too personal, and he could not think of any point open to attack just now.

"Well, some of them try smoking—seem to think a man should have less sense than a boy, and that everybody must know they are getting to be men when they have cigars in their mouths. Some try swaggering. Some take a patronizing tone toward their mothers and snub their sisters because they are only women, poor things! and can never hope to be anything so lordly as a man."

Dick laughed.

"Oh, there are no end of plans,"

perjured Hannah. "Some think it is very manly to act as if they had such important business on hand that all the little duties ought to fall on some one else. They can't be bothered with running errands to the store any longer, or with bringing in wood and water when they are needed. They grow too consequential to be useful."

Dick winced a little. "Well, what is your good, old-fashioned, yesteraid plan?" Hannah laughed. "It was of no use to be vexed with Hannah; she would speak her mind when she spoke at all."

"What is the genuine article?" "I know it when I see it, and I do see it sometimes," answered Hannah, nodding her head. "I saw one manly boy on the street car the other day. He stood up and gave his seat to a woman—not a pretty young girl, nor a handsomely-dressed lady, but a tired-looking old colored woman with a heavy basket—and, too, he pleasantly and politely passed her fare up."

"My boy she was his old nurse," suggested Dick mischievously. "George Washington had a good many of them."

"They made a good man of him, or somebody did; and he was a manly boy too, I'll warrant," declared Hannah. "But this old woman was a stranger to the boy, for she turned and asked me his name after he left the car. A manly boy shows deference to womanhood and respect for old age always—not just now and then when there is somebody to notice and he wants to show how polite he can be, but always and naturally, because he feels it."

"The manly boy is honest and open in all his dealings. He does not cheat his way through games or through school, nor expect to cheat his way through life; he does not want what is not fairly won. He is brave too—not in the bullying, fighting way that many boys mistake for bravery, and which is nearly always cowardice—but in daring to do what he thinks is right whether others do it or not. He is not afraid to show his colours. He can defend himself when it is necessary, and he is always ready to protect those who are weaker and more helpless than himself. You never see a manly boy abusing dogs, standing with or tormenting little children. He doesn't think it weak or foolish to be gentle or kind."

"The bravest are the tenderest, The loving are the daring."

It is strange how long it takes some boys, and men too, to learn that!

"The manly boy isn't afraid of good hard work either; and he doesn't mind order or difficulties."

"Can he stand good hard lectures too?" inquired Dick, looking up beseechingly.

"Well, yes; he is pretty good at that," admitted Hannah, her face softening. "I have great hopes for you, Dick; only," she added softly, "I don't well see how one can be a thoroughly manly boy except by being a Christian boy." — Kate W. Hamilton.

A boy was asked which was the greater evil, hurting another's feelings or his finger. "The feelings," he said. "Right, my dear child," said the gratified questioner; "and why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them," answered the child.

TEMPERANCE.

I HAVE known many persons destroyed by ardent spirits, who were never completely intoxicated during the whole course of their lives.—Dr. Benjamin Rush.

If what has been said of the nature and essential properties of alcoholic liquors be correct, there can be no such thing as a temperate or moderate use of them as beverages. No man in the enjoyment of health and vigour can imbibe them, whether in large or small quantities.—Horace Credly.

Light wine—noting so treacherous! They inflame the brain like fire, while melting on the palate like ice. All inhabitants of light wine countries are quarrelsome.—Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

All wine districts are poor, and the French peasantry were always more healthy where there was a scarcity of wine.—Smollett.

In those districts where most wine is made, there also is the greatest wretchedness, and the most frequent appeals to the government for aid.—Duke of Orleans in 1838.

I do not think that water-drinkers will upset the world, and turn it around with a much better face to us when they have done with it.—Richard Cobden, M.P.

Never shall my hand or voice be lifted against so-called temperance fanatics. If ever a cause justified fanaticism, the temperance cause does. To me there is nothing more disgusting, or more disheartening to the cause of humanity, than the selfish, ease-loving, luxurious man indulging in dissipation and denouncing temperance fanaticism.—Rev. Phillips Brooks.

Abstinence is easy, moderation impossible.—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you? For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to my experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood.—Charles Lamb.

HOME-SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

BY OLIVER OLDBOY, JR.

There are many isolated country houses whose inmates never get to Sunday-school. This is a privation, but one which would not be felt if the Sunday-schools were once introduced into the home. I have in my mind a school of this kind. It was composed of a mother and three daughters. Regularly each Sabbath they met in the family sitting-room and with the aid of magazine, quarterly, and commentaries studied the same lesson which schools all over the land were studying. Perhaps the lesson would suggest to the mother some grand sermon heard long years ago, which her faithful memory had stored away as a permanent possession; or, may be one was selected from Wesley or some of his worthy followers. Again, some book of travel was read in connection with the lesson. Not infrequently some member of the class gave to the others a charming bit of description, or a tender little poem picked up in

the week's reading, and laid aside as especially appropriate to the subject of study for Sunday.

It generally transpired that the hour for Sunday-school extended into half a day of most delightful study—the little ones lending and borrowing the best thoughts and purest sentiments of which each mind and heart was capable.

This little school met for the last time the Sunday before the home was broken up. To its members who are still in earth's training school, it is a sweet and tender and sacred memory.

[We commend this most excellent example to the prayerful consideration of every Christian in all the land. Let preachers and correspondents make special mention of it from pulpit and desk. Where schools are compelled to close during the winter let this plan be urged upon the attention of every family, and pledge them to its adoption. God's law demands this of us. "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."—F. D. VISITOR.]

THE "CHAPEL OF BURIAL" AT JERUSALEM.

ONE who visited the reputed places of Christ's death and burial at Jerusalem thus writes concerning the "Chapel of Burial":

"Beyond this close an chamber there now is seen a low, narrow door leading into the place of the burial itself. As one stoops to enter, his eyes are blinded with the sudden blaze of forty-two lamps, golden and silver alenate, lighting the small, uncomfortable inclosure very brilliantly.

The reputed tomb is a mere mass of rock some three feet high from the floor, running across the space. The sepulchre is six feet by seven, domed overhead. On the top of the grave lies a broad slab of marble, cracked in two in the middle, and actually much worn away now with the kisses of the devotees. The sects of worshippers resident there hold this as common ground among them, and make use of the grave as an altar. Two of the most execrable pictures I ever saw, and several more almost as bad, wretched ornaments of dirty, gilt and bronze, render the spot distasteful to the highest degree. Incense blankets the walls, and a bad smell of a hundred abominations is within the miserable caricature of a tomb. I saw, as I entered the narrow inclosure, and tried to be seriously minded in looking upon what millions believe to be the very grave of Jesus, one priest mumbling his prayers before the tawdry images, while another priest, squat on the floor was counting money he had received, I suppose, as gratuities, half a hundred various coins of gold and silver, and he was actually ripping them to test the metal upon the marble slab of the sepulchre!

MIND THIS.

ATTENTION to strangers is one of the first points of Christian courtesy. This should not be overlooked in church. To share your pew, not grudgingly, but gladly, with the stranger, even if you must seek a seat elsewhere. Hand him a hymn-book. Speak to him after the services are over. Let him go away feeling that there are warm Christian hearts in that church.