

JUDGE NOT IN HASTE.

NEVER be hasty in your judgment,—
Never foremost to extend
Evil mention of a neighbour,
Or of one you've called a friend!
Of two reasons for an action
Choose the better, not the worst;
Oft—with some—the meener motive
Ever strikes the fancy first!
Then be gentle with misfortune;—
Never foremost to extend
Evil mention of a neighbour,
Or of one you've called a friend!

Judge not with detracting spirit,
Speak not with disdainful tongue;
Nor, with hard and hasty feeling,
Do one human creature wrong!
Words there are that, sharp as Winter,
Strip the little left to cheer:—
Oh, be yours the kinder mission,
Prone to soothe, not cause, a tear!
Then be gentle with misfortune;
Never foremost to extend
Evil mention of a neighbour,
Or of one you've called a friend!

A SERMON FOR CHILDREN.

WHATSOEVER you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great and small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim—
Spotless truth and honour bright!
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who falters,
Twists or alters
Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me;
But believe me,
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong
Love the old if you are young.
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you're angry hold your tongue.
In each duty
Lies a beauty,
If your eye does not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As a kernel in a nut!

Love with all your heart and soul,
Love with eye, and ear and touch:
That's the moral of the whole,
You can never love too much!

OUR NELL.

CHAPTER XVI.

At first, sitting by Walter's side, his protecting arm around her, whirled further and further away from the scene of her misery, Carry was in no condition to realise the consequences of the step she had taken. The sudden relief from paralysing fear, from the tension of nerve with which she had dwelt on the idea of her return home, the unlooked-for escape from the anger and scorn which made that home appear a terrible place, caused her present condition to be one of mere unthinking content. As far as her feelings were concerned, this journey would never end, the two would glide on for ever, and life would be but a blissful resting at Walter's side.

To Walter, on the other hand, every moment added keenness to his consciousness of the folly, the madness of his rash act. Consequences to Carry, to her friends, to himself, revolved themselves over and over again in his brain. Look at it how he would, he could see nothing but misery now and to come. The only way out of it would be, he felt, for Carry to go home again, immediately, as soon as their train arrived at the London terminus. Yet how could it be done? He looked down at her, as she rested on his shoulder. Her eyes

were shut, her face was pale and wan, but there was on it an expression of repose and content, and the tender curves were like those of a tired child.

Remorse stabbed him to the quick. Poor little Carry? The most unselfish feeling he had yet had for her filled his heart and dimmed his eyes with moisture as he gazed. No, he could not send her back. Exhausted as she already was, it would kill her to go through more miserable excitement. And yet, if she were to go back, it must be at once. Yet, how could he risk the shock it would be to her when she discovered that he wished her to leave him? No, having taken the fatal step, he must abide by it; there was no shirking the outcome. But what was that outcome to be? Instincts of duty, wisdom, and prudence, warring with his instincts of affection, love of ease, and shirking from pain, caused a chaos within from which he strove in vain to bring forth some definite plan. At last, after what appeared to him the longest journey he had ever taken, through the darkness outside he perceived the first signs of approach to London. The next quarter of an hour was a very purgatory; and when he jumped out of the carriage into the great terminus, he had no more idea of what was to happen next than if he had never given the matter a single thought.

With a sense of rude awakening from a blissful dream, Carry stood on the platform. The hustling crowds, the glare, the noisy shouts, so unfamiliar, so strange, brought her suddenly to her senses.

How came she here? What did it all mean? Had she left behind her for ever the peace, the sacredness, the familiarity of life? Why had she this confused sense of something wrong, something degrading? Dishonour, shame—she had thought to escape these horrible things; she had thought to cast them behind her for ever, by this leap into a new world with Derwent. And now they dogged her still. It came upon her with a flash that Derwent had not meant to marry her. It had been forced upon him; she, in her weakness, had forced it on him. A gleam of self-respecting pride struggled up through the chaos of feeling. Should her father's daughter be were she was now? Was it so she should be wooed wedded? No, no! all had been wrong, all misery from first to last. Bitter, incomprehensible as it seemed that she should have to suffer thus, yet for the first time in her life she entered into the full realisation of that abiding law of the universe—safety, happiness, lie in the right, and wherever else they may appear to lie, will be found mere mocking "Will-o'-the-Wisps."

Outside the warm shelter of Derwent's presence the world appeared dark and cold, and full of fearful chances; yet in spite of herself, she was urged towards it, urged to rush away into it, away from the love which made a heaven for her. She must flee, at once, that instant, before her resolution failed. He would be angry, he would entreat her to stay, but she would not falter. Whither should she flee? Not home—no, anywhere but there, where there would be cold words and looks, or a torrent of upbraiding. Her mind was made up in a moment. Walter must believe she was going home, or he would not leave her, but in reality she would go far away to some big town, and bury herself there, and be forgotten.

All this took place within her as she stood by Walter's side, while he waited to claim his luggage. When at last he turned towards her, she said—

"Mr. Derwent, I'm going back."
"God bless you for saying that, darling!" he exclaimed, pressing close the little hand that trembled on his arm. "I was never more thankful to hear anything in my life. Painful as the alternative is—it is the only one possible—the poor reparation I can make for my folly. You must go home by the mail train; it leaves in ten minutes, and no one but your own people need never know that you ever left it. I wish I

could take you back myself, darling; but it is better not; it is much better you should go by yourself."

When Carry was safe in a first-class carriage, under the care of the guard, when he had torn himself away from her with a last tender kiss, when he recollected how composed she was, how perfectly resigned, as it seemed, to parting with him, Derwent drew a great breath of relief.

"She will be at home the first thing in the morning," he said to himself, and then the poor child will get rested and comforted. They'll not be angry with her, not they; they'll be only too glad to get her safe. I can fancy the tears of joy and the petting, when the pretty bird flies back to her nest. Lucky girl! There's no one to care what becomes of me."

It was a necessity of Derwent's nature to be on pleasant terms with himself, as well as with the rest of the world, and it was not long before he began to feel a returning sense of self-complacency. It is, however, to be observed, to his credit, that shame remained sufficiently strong in him to cause an abiding shrinking from the recollection of his life at Hazlewood, and a sense of fitness which forbade him to communicate with Miss Lettice for many a long day to come. Derwent was not of the stuff out of which saints and heroes are made, but it is probable that he was never again entirely the same man that he had been before these events. They had at least revealed to him the possible fruits of idleness, for, ere long, he procured himself a commission in the army, in a regiment which was ordered out for active service.

(To be continued)

DO YOUR CHILDREN GO TO CHURCH?

It is one of the weaknesses of our modern religion, that so few children are seen with their parents at the public service of God's House. Church members are quite too prone to think it enough to send their children to the Sunday-school, whilst they leave them at home with servants, or suffer them to run loose upon the streets or about the neighbourhood, when they themselves attend public worship. The children do not care to go to church, and parents allow them to have their way, if only they go to Sunday-school.

Now, Sunday-school is well enough in its way, but it will never do as a substitute for the regular public services of the great congregation. It is too lax, and gay, and free a place, for children to be impressed with the high reverence and solemnity of public worship which needs to be taught them and rooted in their souls from the very beginning.

Not to take children to Church is a great mistake, and a great mischief. What if they can't understand all the sermon? What if there is some trouble and annoyance connected with bringing them, and the keeping of them in proper order? The value to them of the habit of being present at public worship is ample compensation for all the trouble. It will teach order, reverence, and good behaviour, which, alas, is not generally the case with Sunday-schools. And if nothing more is accomplished, this surely is a great deal. But it will do infinitely more. It will early plant the habit of church-going which will follow them in after years. It will serve to make them familiar and at home with sacred services and holy worship, so that they will not feel like strangers and outsiders as they must if they only begin to come later in life. Children are also capable of deep and solemn impressions, even when they have not the understanding to comprehend it. They, however, understand much more than most people suppose. The child-mind is not so blank a thing as may be thought. Children observe more than grown people; and they also reason and think. What they see does not fail of its impression on their young natures, even though they do not comprehend it at

the time. It excites them to inquiries which open the way for the clearest and most lasting instructions. And even when they do not like, as the natural heart does not, there still will be good influence exerted that is likely to change the heart, taste and appreciation, which they certainly cannot have if they are allowed to stay away at their own pleasure.

There is much also in public worship and the regular Church services which children can understand. Words in the texts, in the sermons, in the hymns, in the prayers, and even in the appointments, will necessarily arrest their attention, awaken thought, excite remark, and lead to instruction, helping often to much beyond all that we can trace or know. Many of the Scripture Lessons are so vivid, clear and plain, and the young child brought to listen to them must get some important impressions from them. And if no definite knowledge of sacred truth is taken in, still a good discipline has been in exercise, and a good thing has been accomplished, in that they were present, and under the restraints and solemnities which pertain to sacred services. Certainly no ill is done, and nothing bad is learned; which cannot be said in case they be left to romp and carouse at home, with free opportunity to put their attention where it had better not be, whilst their parents are away at Church.

When the child Samuel was young, his good mother took him with her to Shiloh, and a better man than he became, was not in all Israel. We cannot begin too young with children to teach and train them for God and good: neither can we be too strict in insisting on their early and constant attendance with us upon the divine services of God's holy house.

IT NEVER DRIES UP.

"I was once stopping," says a lady, "at a village on the Welsh coast, where the people had to bring all their water from a well."

"Is this well ever dry?" I inquired of a young girl who came to draw water.

"Dry? Yes ma'am; very often in hot weather!"

"And where do you go for water, then?"

"To the spring, a little way out of town."

"And if the spring dries up?"

"Why, then, we go to the stream higher up, the best water of all."

"But if the stream higher up fail?"

"Why, ma'am, that stream never dries up—never. It is always the same, winter and summer."

I went to see this precious brook which "never dries up." It was a clear sparkling rivulet, coming down the high hill—not with torrent leap and roar, but soft murmur of fulness and freedom. It flowed down to the highway side. It was within reach of every child's pitcher. It was enough for every empty vessel. The small birds came down thither to drink. The sheep and lambs had trodden down a little path to its brink. The thirsty beast of burden, along the dusty road, knew the way to the stream that "never dries up."

It reminded me of the waters of life and salvation flowing from the Rock of Ages, and brought within the reach of all men by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Every other brook may grow dry in the days of drought and adversity, but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow.

Thirsting soul, you may come and drink. Wearied and fainting, lingering around the broken cisterns of hopes and consolation, Jesus calls you to himself. "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." The water from Jacob's well was refreshing, but it was hard to obtain; but to the sinful woman there Christ offered living water. Jesus said to her, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

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