

So the little Miss early begins to feel aggrieved if she may not dress in a style beyond her means, and possess ornaments too expensive for her condition in life. There are those in every sphere who want that which lies a little beyond the line of prudence. Nothing appears to charm like amusements dangerous to health or morals. We all want what we ought not to have. Hence many ruin themselves under the idea that they cannot be happy without expensive furniture and elaborate ornaments, though they can honestly possess only the humbler comforts of life.

There is a charm about the intoxicating cup. It seems to be "good for food, and pleasant to the eyes, and to be desired to make one wise," while death lurks in its sparkling contents. Oh, the pleasures of sin, how they charm! With a whole Eden of delights—a thousand sources of innocent enjoyment, which social, domestic and religious life afford—we overlook or ignore them all. The forbidden tree fills the whole compass of man's desire.

With plenty of wholesome beverage there is a fancied good in ardent spirits. Men linger near it, taste it, get within the charmed circle, unconsciously move around with the multitude toward the vortex, and are lost. So of fashion, love of dress. Ignoring what is needful and comfortable in their possession, ladies are dazzled with what is fashionable, and are most unhappy if they may not follow it. So once let the sons and daughters of Eve get the giddy dance, with the dress, and the music, and the partners of opposite sexes before their eyes, and what is social comfort? or religious joy? or health? or domestic happiness? They must dance, or be deprived of all pleasure.

Oh, what a glamour the old serpent continues to throw over what is dangerous; he still pleads it is harmless—"Ye shall not surely die." we still believe him who was a liar from the beginning. We prefer the pleasures of sin for a season, and ruin our hopes and happiness for ever. As we believe the father of lies, we lose confidence in His word that liveth and abideth for ever.

PARIS.

W. H. A.

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### A HERO FALLEN.

In affectionate memory of the Rev. Charles G. Finney, late President of Oberlin College, Ohio; one of the most devoted champions of every true reform, and one of the most successful revivalists of this century.

True man of God! the trim lamp of thy life  
 Shall never flicker our earthly altar more;  
 Sounds more congenial than this constant strife  
 Have met thee, hast'ning to the brighter shore.

How great the gap thy passing home has left  
 Amid the hosts, who seek to enthrone the pure!  
 But though we've of thy friendship been bereft,  
 We learn of thee to struggle and endure.

Strong hearts shall rise to catch thy mantle now,  
 Falling while touched with heaven's radiant gleam;  
 And to strained eyes, and throbbing hearts, shall show  
 His blood-stained cross, His robe without a seam.

God's servants die, yet still His work goes on;  
 The niche is filled by some true heart again;  
 And never—till the final victory's won—  
 Shall Truth lack those who'll quit themselves like men.

London, Aug. 23rd, 1875.

R. W. W.