

in spite of my shortcomings. You should have been named first in the order of merit."

"Mrs. Yocomb rarely makes mistakes," she replied.

"That confirms my opinion."

"Omens are often ominous."

"I'm prepared for the best."

"Hush!" and she bowed her head, in the grace customary before meals in this house.

I had noted that Mr. Yocomb's bow to Mr. Jones was slightly formal also. Remembering the hospitable traits of my host and hostess, I concluded that the young man was not exactly to their taste. Indeed a certain jauntiness in dress that verged toward flashiness would not naturally predispose them in his favour. But Adah, although disclaiming any special interest in him, seemed pleased with his attentions. She was not so absorbed, however, but that she had an eye for me, and expected my homage also. She apparently felt that she had made a very favourable impression on me, and that we were congenial spirits. During the half hour that followed I felt rather than saw that this fact amused Miss Warren exceedingly.

For a few moments we sat in silence, but I fear my grace was as graceless as my morning worship had been. Miss Warren's manner was reverent. Were her thoughts also wandering? and whither? She certainly held mine, and by a constraint that was not unwelcome.

When she lifted her expressive eyes I concluded that she had done better than merely comply with a religious custom. "The spirit of this home has infected you," I said.

"It might be well for you also to catch the infection."

"I know it would be well for me, and wish to expose myself to it to the utmost. You are the only obstacle I fear?"

"I?"

"Yes. I will explain after supper."

"To explain that you have good cause to ask for time."

"Richard Morton, does thee like much sugar in thy tea?" Mrs. Yocomb asked.

"No—yes, none at all, if you please."

My hostess looked at me a little blankly, and Adah and Silas Jones giggled.

"A glass of milk will help us both out of our dilemma," I said, with a laugh.

"An editor should be able to think of two things at once," Miss Warren remarked, in a low aside.

"That depends on the subject of his thoughts. But don't breathe that word here, or I'm undone."

"Richard Morton," said Mr. Yocomb, "I hope thee feels the better for mother's ministrations since we came home. Will thee pass thy plate for some more of the same kind?"

"Mrs. Yocomb has done me good ever since I followed her into the meeting-house," I replied. "I am indeed the better for her dinner, and I ought to be. I feared you would all be aghast at the havoc I made. But it is your kindness and hospitality that have done me the most good. I would not have believed yesterday afternoon that my fortunes could have taken so favourable a turn."

"Why, what was the matter with you then?" asked Adah, with wide-eyed curiosity, and little Zillah looked at me with a pitying and puzzled glance.

"A common complaint in the city. I was committing suicide, and yesterday became conscious of the fact."

"Mr. Morton must have hit on an agreeable method of committing suicide, since he could commit it unconsciously," Miss Warren remarked mischievously.

"I read in Emily Warren's newspaper this afternoon," said Silas Jones, with awkward malice, "of a young fellow who got a girl to marry him by pretending to commit suicide. He didn't hurt himself much though."

The incident amused Adah exceedingly, and I saw that Miss Warren's eyes were full of laughter. Assuming a shocked expression, I said,

"I am surprised that Miss Warren takes a paper so full of insidious evil." Then, with the deepest gravity, I remarked to Silas Jones, "I have recently been informed, sir, on good authority, that each one instinctively finds and reads in a newspaper that which he likes or needs. I sincerely hope, my dear sir, that the example you have quoted will not lead you to adopt a like method."

(To be continued.)

MISSPENT SYMPATHY.

The penitence of murderers, burglars, pickpockets, sneak thieves and such like condemned criminals can never justify any person or party of people amusing them with pathetic ballads and humorous attempts of any kind in prisons. There can be no doubt, says the Hartford "Times," that good music and good singing have a marked effect upon mankind, and tend to soften the hardened characteristics of criminals. The effect upon animals is soothing. The tiger will be quiet and listen to the music of a violin. The higher spiritual aspirations are strengthened and elevated by singing and music. We may not be surprised if thieves and murderers weep as they silently listen to the music. It is well, then, that prison officers admit on proper occasions—on Sundays, or evenings, and at such times as the working rules of the prisons will permit—the choir who are willing to sing to the prisoners.

But there is another class of the people who are wasting their sympathies upon the worst of criminals, and most dangerous in society. The wife murderer whose shocking crime in stamping the life out of a devoted wife, with iron-heeled boots, sickened the community, is pitied by these philanthropists who have presented him with choice bouquets, and delicacies for the stomach, as if he were a martyr in a righteous cause. A poor family with a sick child, in the same street, receives no aid, no delicacy, no rosebud to cheer a gloomy hour, while the fever preys upon the child, and the mother gets no relief from her constant care and watching. But choice ices, jellies, rare dishes of food, and costly flowers, are sent to the man who butchered his wife, and to the woman who murdered her husband by slow poison, in order that she might be in the presence of a wicked paramour; and these criminals, let loose upon society, would repeat their crimes, or they would slaughter

the woman who sends flowers and luxuries to their cells, could they get liberty and license by such a crime. Kindness to prisoners, care for the poor and sick, charity at all times—these are lovely virtues. But for the good of society, and to promote the ends of justice, may not the devotion and luxurious charities sometimes bestowed upon the worst of criminals, while good people are suffering for the want of little comforts, be overdone—or carried to a point which may result in harm rather than a benefit?

THIRTY-FOLD.

"Some sixty—some an hundred!"—Why Should not such reckoning have been mine?

The seed itself was as divine,

The quickening power as strong; yet I

Bear witness to the increase told—

"Some, thirty-fold."

And was the fallow-ground prepared

By patient mellowing of the clod,

And where the precious rains of God,

So often by the furrow shared,

To yield, with sunshine's added gold,

But thirty-fold?

And yet the tiller watched the growth,

And lopped with constant care away

The noxious tares that, day by day,

My heart-soil nurtured, nothing loth

Thereby the stinted gain to hold

To thirty-fold.

The strengthening of the winter frost

Was not denied, thro' which the root

Might strike with deeper, downward shoot,

And back and forth the blade was tost;

Yet what the count when all is told?

Just thirty-fold!

The Master's lowest measure!—When

He walks his field another year,

To guard and gauge the ripening ear,

Pray Heaven he may not find again,

That mine lifts upward from the mould

Still thirty-fold!

O Sower of the seed divine,

Make it an "hundred!"—Nevermore

May I be shamed in counting o'er,

Amid the swath, these grains of mine,

To see the harvest handsel hold

But thirty-fold!

PROFITABLE POLITENESS.

The Boston "Traveller," in commenting on the prevalence of rudeness, tells the following incident that happened some years ago: There was a very plainly dressed, elderly lady who was a frequent customer at the then leading dry goods store in Boston. No one in the store knew her even by name. All the clerks but one avoided her and gave their attention to those who were better dressed and more pretentious. The exception was a young man who had a conscientious regard for duty and system. He never left another customer to wait on a lady, but when at liberty he waited on her with as much attention as if she had been a princess.

This continued a year or two, till the young man became of age. One morning the lady approached the young man, when the following conversation took place: Lady—"Young man, do you wish to go into business for yourself?" "Yes, ma'am," he replied, "but I have neither money, credit nor friends, nor will anyone trust me." "Well," continued the lady, "you go and select a good situation, ask what the rent is, and report to me," handing the young man her address. The young man went, found a capital location, and a good store, but the landlord required security, which he could not give. Mindful of the lady's request, he forthwith went to her and reported. "Well," she replied, "you go and tell Mr. — that I will be responsible." He went, and the landlord or agent was surprised, but the bargain was closed.

The next day the lady again called to ascertain the result. The young man told her, but added, "What am I to do for goods? No one will trust me." "You may go and see Mr. —, and Mr. —, and Mr. —, and tell them to call on me." He did, and his store was soon stocked with the best goods in market. There are many in this city who remember the circumstance and the man. He died many years ago, and left a fortune of \$300,000. So much for politeness, so much for treating one's elders with the deference due to age, in whatever garb they are clothed.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This definition is both refined, and as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called the comforts and conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment—his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company, he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which

may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, and too well employed to remember injuries. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable; to bereavement, because it is irreparable; to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes, he knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province, and its limits. If he be an unbeliever he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness, not effeminacy, of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization.—*Cardinal Newman.*

MARTIN LUTHER AND THE ROLL.

After a time of great trial, Luther tells us he was seeking rest in sleep; and he saw, as sleep came to him—in his dream he saw—Satan standing at the foot of his bed. And Satan jeeringly said to him: "Martin, thou art a pretty Christian! Hast thou got the impudence to assume that thou art a Christian?" "Yes," said Martin, "I am a Christian, Satan; because Christ has allowed me, as any sinner may, to come to Him." "What!" said Satan, "thou a Christian? Thou art a pretty Christian, Martin! See what thou hast done?" And Satan took a roll and began to unroll it; and there at its head Martin Luther saw some sins set down that had passed away in the dim distance of childhood. He had forgotten them. Martin shrank as it struck his sight, but the roll was unrolled, leaf after leaf, foot after foot, and, to his horror, he saw sin after sin he never knew anything about at all, written down there, complete in every detail—an awful list; and in his dream, he says, the sweat of mortal agony stood on his brow. He thought, "In truth, Satan has got right on his side. Can such a sinner as this be just with God?" He said, "Unroll it! unroll it!" and Satan jeeringly unrolled it, and Luther thought it would never end.—At last he came nearly to the end, and, in desperation, he cried, "Let us see the end!" But, as the last foot of the paper rolled out, he caught sight of some writing, red as blood, at the end, and his eye caught the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanseth us from all sin." And the vision of Satan floated away, and Luther says he went to sleep. Ah, yes, dear friends, that is it. The Saviour deigns to wash away even the unknown defilements of His child's soul. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin."

"THAT was a good sermon, was it not, that we had last Sunday?" "True for you, yer honour, an illigant one! It done me a power of good intirely." "I'm glad of that. Can you tell me what particularly struck you? What was it about?" "Oh, well," scratching his head, "I don't rightly—not exactly know I—a—where's the use telling lies? Sure I don't remember one single 'dividual word of it, good or bad. Sorra a bit of me knows what it was about at all." "And yet you say it did you a power of good?" "So it did, sir, I'll stick to that." "I don't see how." "Well now, yer honour, look here. There's my shirt that my wife is after washing; and clean and white it is, by reason of all the water and the soap and the starch that's gone through it. But not a drop of 'em all—water, or soap, or starch has staid in, d'ye see. And that's just the same way with me yer honour, an' its dried out of me; but all the same, just like my Sunday shirt, I'm the better and the cleaner after it."—*Chambers' Journal.*

WHEN Rev. Dr. W. Lewis Green was Professor in the Western Theological Seminary he related an incident which was fixed, never to be forgotten, upon the minds of some of the students. He said that in a company of ministers one of them started the inquiry, What text in all the Scriptures, during the course of their lives, had made the deepest impression upon them? Some of them were men of eminence. One and another mentioned texts which had been used by the Spirit of God to affect their hearts and conduct at important turning points in their history. "Prepare to meet thy God," was spoken of as a sentence which had arrested the evil course, and often come up to influence the life of one present. Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge said that the passage which his observation of the events in society, the experiences of his own life, and the lessons of God's appointment in nature and in grace, had led him to feel beyond all others was this: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."—*Dr. Spurr.*