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To my Brother.

In thought, I see thy face—
And it is changed, since other days when we
Joined in the School boy throng and village race,
In youth's wild revelry.

Seasons come and go—
And strangers walk where friends where wont to be;
But o'er the bitter waves of life that flow,
My spirit yearns to thee.

I will not deem it wrong,
Thus to pour forth affections of my soul—
Thus with a love that I have cherished long,
Bid her wide current roll.

Love was not born to die—
"Love is of God"—the man re-born of heaven
His soul is filled with love, for God is nigh,
Even by the spirit through his Son first given.

Again, *love* cannot die;
Oh! blessed words—like balm upon the air—
Like summer rain on buds that withering lie:
Love cannot die, even though a world despair.

Love cannot, cannot die;
The hopes of youth, the day dreams that swept by,
In bright procession over manhood's eye;
Alas! for these, they were all born to die.

Call back the infinite past—
Stand amid ruins—bid the dead arise—
Restore the leaflet borne upon the blast,
And bid it wave again to southern skies.

They heed not thy command—
"Onward! still onward!" peals creation's voice.
The sea to-day rolls where mere once was land,
And they who wept at morn, at night rejoice.

There is no changeless thing,
Save love alone, on earth's arena wild,—
The gathering years are fraught with woe, and bring
Vain sighs for hopes that perished with the child.

But love,—it cannot die;
It came from God—when earth shall pass away
The love that changed not through eternity,
Shall change not through the future's endless day,

"Love is of God, and God is love;"
Life may break down the fiery heart of youth,
And *death* may summon age to worlds above;
But ye are deathless ones, Oh, LOVE and TRUTH.

Ye bore apostles on,
Through fiery paths, and heard the martyr's knell.
Ye stood beside the Cross, and gazed upon
The wondrous woe that saved a world from hell.

Ye stood beside brave men,
Who battled for the right; who died to save
The slaves of error,—mighty were ye then,
And mightily ye triumph o'er the grave.

W. McK.

Sabbath Schools the Hope of Cities.

Great cities are always greatly wicked. There is not a great city on earth at this day, nor did one ever exist from Sodom to St. Louis, from Nineveh to New York, from Babylon to Baltimore, from Persepolis to Paris, that does not exemplify the truth of our remark. When we say greatly wicked, we would not be understood as overlooking the fact, that the world everywhere lieth in wickedness. But a rural population, remote from cities, is much less given to crime, corruption and degradation, than the same number of persons in a city relation. Nor would we intimate that many pious Lots are not to be found in large cities. But Lot and his family in Sodom, scarcely inappropriately represent how far these persons are in the minority. There is scarcely a city on this continent, of any notable magnitude, in which the house of her "whose steps take hold on hell," the gambling saloon, the pestiferous dram-shop and the theatre, do not receive from five to fifty visitors every Sabbath-day, for one who attends an evangelical church. Hence it is, that Christian churches in cities, of all denominations, by recent investigations, are found to be doing little more than holding their own—exerting a feebly conservative, rather than an aggressive influence. Who can contemplate these facts without profound feeling? Especially, as great cities are the natural product of social laws! We cannot do without them. Their existence cannot be hindered, and the more rapid their growth, generally the greater the profligacy of their infancy. And how rapid the growth of cities in this nation needs no mention. But especially does one tremble at the corruption of large cities, in view of their corrupting influence upon the country, recently enhanced a hundred fold by reason of our railroads and other increased facilities for travel. The theatre bill is sent a hundred miles into the country in the morning, and responsive to its call, the incipients—the newly seduced votaries of wantonness and wine—are found where mercenary destruction can place its hand in their pockets and look its infernal charms into their hearts in the evening.

The city is full of the hopelessly abandoned. Perhaps it is wrong to say any should be considered hopelessly abandoned. Well, we will not discuss the doctrine in the abstract. We would not have Christian zeal cease effort in any direction as hopeless. But it is enough to say, that facts occur in cities daily to justify our assertion, and for ourself we must say, that if a line anywhere is to be found this side of the prison walls of lost souls, beyond which humanity seems to have reached a point in the descending scale of degradation, that hope cannot get down to, it is to be found in great cities. Here, sensuality riots and rots in its excesses. Here, desperation seeks death, and it is not long in finding it. Here, bevies of seductionists, like the web of the spider in every nook and corner of a deserted dwelling, spread out their seen and unseen meshes. Here, the burglar and the robber, under a hundred types of character, watch for their unsuspecting victim and the spoils. Here, the place of drunken revels boils like a pot of fire and brimstone. Before the wine-glass, authority lays down its mace, and the police are often found the patrons and protectors, not of those who should be protected, but of the very nuisances they were commissioned to abate.—In municipal liquor licenses, generic sinning is provided for by law. Regulated sin is systematised damnation. It doubles and twists, multiplies and directs its power like powder in the cannon's throat or steam in the engine. Against this Gibraltar of Satanic power, a few pulpits weekly raise their scathing remonstrance. But, still the great fastnesses of evil remain unshaken.—Those most needy of the expostulations of the pulpit, are most certain to be found beyond its reach. The truth is, there always will be found in cities, so far as mere logic can come to conclusions, large masses of adults who never can be gotten within the embrace of the church. We might offer many reasons for this sad conclusion, but have only space now to name it, and will mention but one. The pulpit has ceased to elicit attendance on the mere ground of novelty or curiosity. It was not always so. When the lost institution of preaching was restored to the Church by the Reformers, when Protestantism first commenced to talk, and talk with a tongue of fire, the pulpit had an influence over the mass, ridiculed and persecuted as it was, that it has not now. These were times, also, when, if the mass heard anything new, they must look to *oral* sources for it. The popular press was not then as now—omnipresent. That the Sunday-morning newspaper is a mighty anti-church-attendance institution, it would be quite easy to show. As to the gratuitous distribution of the religious book or tract among the class we are now speaking of, though they have not lost their power, yet their power is waning, and their very presence begins to excite suspicion. What, then, we ask, can be done for this heaving mass of the population of great cities which the voice of the holy altar cannot reach—this territory of paganism lying under the very shadow of our church steeples? Well, what if we should suppose that we could do very little for many of them, the inference, painful as it is, is no new one. The church cannot save everybody, and when it is said to the faithful, "be of good cheer, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," we will not shroud our pulpits in sackcloth and seek to go to heaven in crape because everybody will not go with us. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers."

But we have one ground of hope left us yet in reference to reaching the church-neglecting families of the city. Ay, we have just planted our foot on this ground. The *family!* yes the family! Wherever the family exists, the church can reach the lost. Not that she will always be successful with the parents, but she need seldom be unsuccessful with the children. Not that she need entertain sanguine hopes of this generation, but she may of the next. It would seem that the Sabbath school was invented and inaugurated just at the proper time to aid the church in this great emergency. If the preacher cannot get at the parents, the Sabbath-school teacher can at the children. With proper diplomacy, he will seldom be denied access, and this, perhaps, is the only way of access to the parents' heart. In our experience, we have found it the Appian way to that citadel. We regard the faithful Sabbath school teacher—the company of laymen who organize and successfully prosecute a Sabbath school enterprise in our cities—as being the first of philanthropists, as exemplifying the ripest of moral and religious sentiment, and as doing a work in which the pastor may aid, but a work that can only be done by them. We consider the Sabbath school as the only hope for city heathenism. The church has no other means by which she can enlighten its darkness, or penetrate its interior. And yet, alas! the lay power of the church is comparatively asleep over this great subject. It is a department of usefulness, in which a goodly degree of success is never doubtful. How pleasing to labor when one is always certain to reap what he sows, and that his harvest will be porportionate to his efforts; and that this is true concerning Sabbath schools, reference need only be made to their history. Churches may be established, seemingly permanent as to their perpetuity and prosperity, and yet they may wane and die out as one of the seven churches of the Apocalypse. But no vigorous Sabbath school ever existed long whose fruits could not be traced, not only many days, but many years hence.

These reflections were induced, by reading recently in the New York Independent, an account of the remarkable success of a Sabbath school, organized in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Lee Avenue, by sundry zealous laymen of the Reformed Dutch Church. It was organized in May, 1853, but little over three years ago, the school being opened in a little out-house, with eight scholars and three teachers. In less than a year from that time, the school numbered forty scholars and nine teachers. An effort was then made to raise means to build a suitable house for the school, and also one that would answer for a place of worship, when twelve thousand dollars were raised, and a commodious building was erected. Under these auspices, by the beginning of the year 1855, the roll-book of this city suburban school contained the name of twenty-five teachers, and one hundred and fifty scholars. The tide having thus commenced to swell, it rolled on with accelerated force, until we have the following account of its marvelous success, which we here quote from the pen of a participant in this great work, together, also, with some account of the mode of conducting the school:—

"The number of scholars whose names are now on the register is 919; and the number actually in attendence at a session of the school, *in the warm month of July, when Sunday schools show their lowest figures* was as great as 632! The present list of teachers numbers precisely 100, while the average attendance is 77. About 400 of the scholars regularly attend the services of the church, and form no inconsiderable part of the congregation. The library contains 1,600 volumes, a part of which are set aside as the "Congregational Library," for the use of the Sunday school teachers, and of members of the congregation. The contributions by the children for the last year amounted to $500. During the last fourteen months the srholars have recited—in the New Testament, 56,604 verses; in the Sunday school Hymn Book, 40,779; and Scripture Proofs, 4,268—making a total of 101, 651. Such results in a school, which is now only *three years* old, and which at first contained hardly a single element that gave promise of success, are truly gratifying and wonderful, and call for devout gratitude to God for his prospering providence.

"The modes of carrying on the operations of the school seemed to be as complete as possible. Nothing which promises to make the Sunday school more attractive or efficient is left untried. A printed constitution is put into the hands of every one connected with the management of the school, in which his specific duties are clearly defined. Every teacher is furnished with a manual, prepared by the superintendent, containing valuable suggestions and friendly counsel. New scholars, as they are enrolled on the register, are presented with an ornamental certificate, which contains a schedule of the duties which they are expected to perform. When a teacher is not in his seat, a printed note is sent to him by the superintendent, requesting an immediate answer to the cause of absence, that it may be directly entered in the "absentee register." When a scholar is absent, he is visited by the teacher during the week *without fail*, and the result of the visit is reported to the superintendent. Such arrangements, thoroughly carried out as they are, tend greatly to increase the interest of scholars and teachers in each other, and in the school. As a natural result, the attendance is regular and large. The superintendent, in a recent annual report says:

"The children are very much devoted and attached to the school. They *like* to come, and *do* come through almost all kinds of weather. On the Sabbath after a great snow-storm, January, 5th, the attendance numbered upwards of 200. Hardly a shoveled path in the neighborhood was to be found, and yet many waded through the snow over a mile to be at school. Some times they might be seen on the tops of fenses, and sometimes trying to force their way through the almost mountains of snow-drifts on every side."

The superintendent of this great vitality reform school, is Jeremiah Johnson, Esq., one of the three teachers who made the first beginning. He has purposely erected his dwelling in the neighborhood of the Sabbath school, and devotes nearly the whole of his time to the enterprise, together with the proceeds of a liberal fortune with which providence has favored him. Is not this example worthy to be remembered and followed? A recent visitor to this school concludes a communication in these words:

"The Lee-Avenue Sunday school is the greatest marvel to its best friends. No adequate idea can be given of the extent and character of its operations by a simple presentation of statistics. A well known Sunday school visitor exclaimed on seeing it, that he had never seen a Sunday school before. Every stranger who visits it is astonished. It is a growing light, kindled by the good providence of God in a dark place; and we hope that it may not be confined within its own special circle, but shine as a beneficent example over the whole land."—*N. W. Chr. Adv.*

The Unfashionable Furs.

"Now, father, I'll thank you for that five hundred dollars; you promised to give it to me this morning."

"Yes, child, but I have not so much here now; ride down to my office at twelve o'clock, and you shall have the money; I expect some tenants to pay their quarter's rent to-day, and can make up the sum for you by that time."

"Five hundred, and not a dollar less; and you may as well say six hundred," said the gay, laughing girl; she knew her father's fond indulgence.

"Oh! extravagant!" exclaimed he, but whatever of reproof the remark implied, it was completely nullified by the caresses given at the same time.

"Five hundred dollars too much for a set of furs! No, indeed. Why, Clara Morgan's cost eight hundred, and mother thinks those she selected for me very cheap."

"The man of business smiled upon his darling daughter, then left his elegant and comfortable house for the cheerless office in Wall street. At noon, Alice was in Wall street, too. Springing lightly from the carriage, she tripped up stairs, and was at Mr Durand's desk just as a young female turned from it to go out. Having received the six hundred dollars, Alice left immediately, and was soon at Smith's Bazaar, chatting gayly with a young friend whom she met there. Both were looking at the handsome cape and muff which Mrs. Durand had fixed upon for her daughter the day before. They were beautiful indeed, and the young ladies having exhausted the usual vocabulary of epithets in praising them, turned to look at others. Just then a hollow, suppressed cough, close by her, caused Alice to turn, as a young girl passed on her way to the sewing-room. Thither, too, she went, a few moments after, to see if a dress she had making there was finished. The superintendent of work had it in her hand, and was reprimanding some one for coming so late.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Miss Durand," she said, seeing that young lady approach, "but Jane Lester, who is embroidering your dress, did not get here until just now, and it is not yet finished." Then turning, she said, "Here, Jane, you must work fast, and make up for lost time."

As the sewing-girl took the garment she coughed again. Oh, that dismal sound!—It touched the heart of Alice, for she recognised in Jane Lester the one that passed her in the office and show-room. She looked at her a moment, and thought, is it by the labour of such as she that my father's rents are paid, and I obtain money to lavish on costly clothes! She went up to the girl, who by this time was diligently at work, and said, in a kind, low tone:

"Don't hurry at all; I'm not the least in need of the dress."

"Thank you, ma'am, but I will soon have it done; if I am not at work on this, it will be on something else."

"But why do you work at all! With that cough you ought not to come out in such weather as this."

"What would become of us—of father, I mean, and the children—if I were idle?"

"Do you have to support them?" asked Alice, with eager curiosity.

"Not when father is well, but he has been sick all winter, and I paid out the last of his savings this morning; so I must try and earn more than ever." Again that cough.

"Well, if that be the case you must consult a doctor, and do something for yourself, or you will soon be unable to work at all."

Jane shook her head sadly. "No, indeed, we cannot afford to have a doctor for father, and I couldn't think of such a thing myself."

There was a moment's pause—then Alice spoke. "Give me your address, and I will send a kind physician there, who will not charge you anything. But he must prescribe for both, and you must follow his directions."

"Never mind me, Miss, I'm not so bad as you think, and shall be better in a little while. I cough more than usual this morning, from having walked so fast."

Miss Durand returned to the store more thoughtful than when she first entered it. She did not go near the five hundred dollar furs, but took a set at one fifth of the price, and departed—leaving her friend and the clerks astonished at her sudden change of taste.

Great was the indignation of her fashionable mother, when she heard the result of her daughter's shopping.

"Why that is not the set I chose!" said she, when the boxes were opened.

"I know it, mother, but I preferred these."

"You have a strange taste, I must confess. Anybody can get stone-marten."

"Then I shall still be *a la mode*," replied her daughter with a smile.

"Yes, with the vulgar herd," said the lady, scornfully

"These are pretty, equally comfortable, and did not cost near as much as the sable," answered Alice, in extenuation. But her mother was not to be mollified.

"What had you to do with the cost? Didn't your father give you enough to pay for the others?"

"Yes, ma'm, and more, too."

"How Clara Morgan will laugh when she sees these old-fashioned things? And well she may."

"I care not for that, and shall enjoy mine none the less for seeing her with more costly ones."

To avoid further remonstrances, Alice retired to the library, and addressed a note to Dr. Weston, the family physician. She begged him to call that evening at No. 14 Ann street, and prescribe for the two invalids there. Enclosed was a one hundred-dollar bill, from which she wished him to deduct his fee, and appropriate the remainder to the necessities of the family. There was also a request for him to keep the matter secret. He understood and appreciated this, for more than once he had been the almoner of Miss Durand's bounty, and he would not abuse her confidence.

A few days afterwards the dress came home. It was neatly made and beautifully embroidered. As Alice examined the graceful design and elaborate needlework, she thought of the trembling fingers that wrought it."

Yielding to the impulse of her heart, she set out immediately for the residence of Mr. Lester. Something told her that she would find Jane at home; and sure enough, she had become so much worse that it was impossible for her to leave the house, yet was she trying to sow that the family might not starve. The doctor had found Jane and her father extremely ill; but as they were in a comfortable house, barely furnished with necessaries, it is true, for not a superfluous article was there, he feared to wound their pride by offering more than his professional services. It is needless to say he returned the money sent by Alice, on the first opportunity. Alice, to whom the contrast between her own luxurious home and the cheerless apartment she was in, suggested real poverty, which the feeble efforts of Jane to continue at work confirmed, felt that something more was needed.

"This, surely, is disobedience to the doctor's orders," said she, gently taking the work from the invalid.

"Now, you must not plead necessity," she continued, "for here is a supply in advance to that argument," and she slipped her purse into Jane's trembling hand.

No word of thanks fell from the poor girl's quivering lips, for the generous aid so delicately given; but her glistening eyes and silent pressure of the hand that bestowed it, told her gratitude.

Many visits, after this, did the child of luxury and wealth make to the dwelling of the sick girl, whom neither her loving care nor physician's skill could save. Gradually she paled away, very gradually her strength failed, but her heart grew stronger all the while—strong to endure the surrendering of sweet ties that bound her to earth—strong to meet the terrors of death, so near. Her father was recovering, so the meek daughter was resigned, since the little ones would have him to provide for them.

Alice was returning home from visiting the Lester family, one day, and had just emerged from the cross street into Broadway, when a decorated sleigh passed, filled with ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance. She did not observe them, but Clara Morgan caught sight of her, and said to a young man by her side—

"Well, if there isn't Alice Durand coming out of Ann street, and on foot, too! What in the world can she be doing there?"

"Not visiting any of her friends, I imagine," said Mr. Benton.

"There is no knowing; she takes very curious freaks sometimes. Only think of her purchasing a set of cheap furs, when, to my certain knowledge her mother wanted her to have some like mine."

"She certainly could afford the most fashionable and expensive."

"Of course; and that's what makes it appear so strange."

It seemed somewhat strange to George Benton, too, for he had heard the circumstances of the purchase, from his sister who was with Alice at the time; but still he believed that she had some good motive for the act—Miss Durand did not often act unreasonably. So thought he, "She has been to see some one in Ann street, where only poor families live. This is fact number two," and he began to make deductions, yet reserved the final inference to be drawn from farther premises. Fact number three was furnished not long after. It was in this wise. He was at a large party, and searching through the crowded room for Alice, whom he presumed to be there, his attention was arrested by the conversation of two young ladies.

"Yes, Bell, it is, as you say, a beautiful dress, but not half so pretty as I intended to have it. You know that elegant embroidered robe of Alice Durant's? Well I determined to have one like it, but the only person I know of who does that kind of work had to get sick just as I wanted her."

"How provoking! That's always the way with these needle-women; they think nothing of disappointing us. I never would employ her again if I were you."

"Nor shall I; Jane Lester has done her last work for me," said the first speaker—no other than Clara Morgan.

"Yes, Miss Lester has done her last work of that kind. You are quite right, Miss Clara."

They both started—it was Dr. Weston who spoke; he had heard their heartless remarks, and there was an unusual seriousness in his tone.

"Why, what do you know of her?" asked one of them.

"That she is very ill, and will not recover. Indeed, I think she would have been in her grave before now, but for the kindest of care."

"I am glad she is so fortunate," said Miss Morgan, with a sense of relief. "It is not every one in her situation that can afford a good nurse."

"Nor could she, but for the goodness of one in similar circumstances to yours."

"Indeed! but you do not mean that any one of *our circle* is exercising such uncalled for condescension?"

"I do mean that there is one young lady of my acquaintance of '*our circle*,' that can both devise and perform generous deeds, however lowly the object.

"Of whom are you speaking, doctor?" now inquired Mr. Benton, who had been an observant listener.

"I must mention no names," replied Dr. Weston, with a smile. "She would not thank me for making public her private charites."

"Yet you have actually done it," said one of the young ladies.

"I have commended the actions without giving to the actor a notoriety she would shun; and let me add, my dear girls, her conduct is worthy of imitation."

"It's plain to be seen some one is to be canonized as a 'saint' or 'sister of mercy,' to say the least," said Clara, as soon as the doctor passed on.

"It must be Alice," mused George Benton. I know of none other to whom Dr. Weston's words can apply, and I half suspect it is some charitable mission that keeps her from here to-night."

It was a spring morning in April. Jane Lester's couch had been drawn to the window, that she might share in the sweet influences of that glorious morning. She lay there, calmly thinking of the present and the future, when Alice Durand entered the room.

To her kind inquiries how she had passed the night, and how she felt this morning, Jane replied—

"Oh, comfortably—quite comfortably; much pain, but patience to bear it; little sleep, but many pleasant thoughts."

"I have brought you the first spring flowers from our garden. Are they not beautiful?"

"They are, indeed. I thank you for them, and oh, much more for the flowers of peace and hope with which your kindness has cheered my pathway."

"Think not of that, dear girl," said Alice, with deep feeling; "I have been far happier for the little I have done than it could possibly render you."

"I will tax your kindness with but one more request; it is that your father will permit us to remain in his house until I am gone. You know that next week we should move, as father must take a smaller dwelling now."

"That is all arranged; he will not move at all, but stay here free of rent; and I will come sometimes to see the children. They shall not want."

"God bless you—he will bless you.—But they will not be dependent on your charity; as soon as father is able."—

"Call it not charity; it is only help which the stronger should give the weak in time of need."

A look of grateful satisfaction overspread Jane's pale face. She clasped her hands, and closed her eyes a moment, as if in silent prayer, then whispered, "Now you will read to me."

Alice had already taken from her pocket the little Bible whose precious contents had long been the sewing-girl's solace, and which she had requested Miss Duarnd to keep as a memorial of her.

"Is there any particular chapter you would like to hear?" she asked.

"This morning reminds me of the resurrection; read if you please, the fifteenth of 1st Corinthians."

Alice complied, and while she was reading that sublime argument on the doctrine of a future life, Mr. Lester and the children had quietly entered the room. When she came to the words, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave where is thy victory!" the dying girl repeated after her those exulting words with such an energy as to cause all to turn their attention to her, and lo! with that triumphant exclamation on her lips, the breath had left her mortal body! Her freed spirit had "put on immortality."

The first of May came. Jane Lester's father and bereaved sisters remained in the same dwelling; she whose only anxiety had been for them, was removed to her heavenly mansion.

Her last days on earth had been rendered comfortable and happy, by her whose still active and self-denying benevolence continues to relieve the sufferings of many who yet remain in our midst to impress, as it were, the hearts, of those who have means, with the God-given truth, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."—*N. Y. Examiner.*

The Found Pocketbook.

"Tom Jackson says he does not believe there is a God; he says he never *saw* him; and I don't know as I believe—I never saw him," said John Clary, just come in from out-doors, and I suppose from the society of Tom Jackson.

"I do," said his mother; and she said nothing more.

A week or more after this, John burst into the kitchen, with Tom at his heels. "See, mother," he cried, "what I found—*such* a handsome pocketbook!"

"Where did you find it?" asked his mother.

"In Pine grove; now, who do you suppose it belongs to?'

"I reckon it grew there," said his mother,

"Grew there!" exclaimed John, lifting up his eyebrows with a great surprise; "a pocketbook grow in the woods! Who ever heard of such a thing? It could not be."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Why not?" replied the boy;" the pocketbook was made *on purpose*. Look here," opening it; "here is a place for bank-bills, and here is a little out-of-the-way spot, with a snug fastening, for gold dollars; and a memorandum-book, and a pencil-case, and such a beautiful gold pencil. Look, mother, with a pen and a lead, both; it was *made for a man to use.*"

"Some contrivance here, certainly," said his mother, putting down her work, and taking it into her hands for further examination. "It is one of the most useful pocketbooks I ever saw; if it did not grow there, perhaps it made itself."

Both boys stared at her more and more. "Why, mother, you talk foolish," said John, with a sober and puzzled look; "there must have been a man with a mind, to have made this." "A man that *knew how*—a pretty neat workman," added Tom Jackson.

"How do you know? you never saw him," said Mrs. Clary.

"No, but I've seen his *work*, and that's enough to convince me; I am just as certain that somebody made it, as if I saw him."

"You are," said Mrs. Clary; "how so?"

"Why, mother," said John, very much in earnest, "you see the pocketbook *had* to be planned to answer a certain purpose; now, it *must* have had a planner, that's the long and short of it; and I know it just as if I saw it planned and done by the man himself."

"That is," said his mother, "it shows an intelligent design, and it must have had an intelligent designer. Somebody must have made it, and thought beforehand *how* to make it."

"Just so!" exclaimed both boys at once. "And it would be foolish to think otherwise," added John.

"I think so," said his mother. "And it is just *as* foolish," she continued, with a great deal of meaning in her eye, as she looked into the boys' eyes, "when you see the wonderful contrivance in the beings and things around you, the design with which they were put together, for you to doubt or deny that there is a *God who made them.*—Who planned your eyes to see with, your ears to hear with? Can eyes make themselves? Can a man make a bird? Who created the sun, and planned night and day? Did your mother or your father plan your fingers, and make them grow? You never saw *who* does all these things, but you know perfectly well that a great somebody *thought beforehand*, designed and contrived the eye, and the ear, and the sun, and your fingers—all things, and all beings which are around you. And that great somebody is God, the eternal Mind, and great Maker of us all."

The boys did not expect to be condemned from their own mouths, in this way.

"Can you see my mind?" asked Mrs. Clary.

"I can see your body," said Tom Jackson.

"How do you know what my mind is?"

"I can only tell by what you do and say; I can't see it," answered John.

"But do you think I have a mind, a spirit?" asked Mrs. Clary.

"O, yes," exclaimed the boys; "you show it by your actions."

"Now, as you can see my spirit only as I act it through or with my body, so you can see God, the great Spirit, only as he shows himself to you by the wonderful things which he has made; but you are just as certain of one as the other."

The haymakers now came into the kitchen and interrupted the talk. The boys went off wih thoughtful looks. The next day when John brought in a mess of beans, which he had been picking from the vines, "Mother," said he, "I shall never, never say I do not believe there is a God, again; the little tendrils of the bean, curling and clasping round the poles, show it. Why do vines have them, and not other plants?—Somebody planned it, I reckon."

And that somebody is God.—*Child's Paper.*

The Midnight of England.

The period when Popery was supreme in England was a period of utter spiritual darkness. The depth of superstition in which our worthy forefathers were sunk, is enough to make one's hair stand on end. No doubt there were many Lollards and followers of Wycliffe scattered over the land, who held the truth, and were the salt of the nation. But the fierce persecution with which these good men were generally assailed, prevented their making much progress. They barely maintained their own ground. And as for the mass of the population, gross darkness covered their minds.

Most of the priests and teachers of religion were themselves profoundly ignorant of everything they ought to have known.—They were generally ordained without any adequate examination as to learning or character. Many of them, though they could read their breviaries, knew nothing whatever of the Bible. Some, according to Strype, the historian, were scarcely able to say the Lord's Prayer, and not a few were unable to read the Ten Commandments. The prayers of the church were in the Latin language, which hardly anybody understood. Preaching there was scarcely any, and what there was, was grossly unscriptural and unedifying. Quarterly sermons were prescribed to the clergy, but not insisted on. Mass, according to Latimer, was not to be omitted for a single Sunday, but sermons might be omitted for twenty Sundays together, and nobody found fault.

Huge nests of ordained men were dotted over the face of England in the shape of abbeys and monasteries. The inhabitants of these beautiful buildings were seldom very holy and self-denying, and were often men of the most profligate and disreputable lives. Their morals were just what might have been expected from fulness of bread and abundance of idleness. They did next to nothing for the advancement of learning. They did nothing for the spread of true religion. Two things only they cared for, and those two were, to fill their own pockets, and to keep up their own power. For the one purpose, they persuaded weak and dying people to give money and land to the church, under the specious pretence that they would in this way be delivered from purgatory, and their faith proved by their good works. For the other purpose, they claimed to hold the keys of the kingdom of heaven. To *them*, confession of sins must be made. Without *their* absolution and extreme unction, no man could be saved. Without *their* masses, no souls could be redeemed from purgatory. In short, they were, practically, the mediators between Christ and man, and to injure them was the highest offence and sin. Old Fuller tells us, for example, that in 1489, a certain Italian got an immense sum of money in England by "having power from the Pope to absolve people from usury, simony, theft, manslaughter, fornication, and adultery, and all crimes whatsoever, except smiting the clergy and conspiring against the Pope."—(1., 532, Tegg's Edition.) Such were Romish priests when Popery was last rampant in England. To say that they were generally ignorant, covetous, sensual, and despotic tyrants over the souls and bodies of men, is not saying one jot more than the truth.

When priests were men of this stamp, you will not be surprised to hear that *the people* were utterly ignorant of the true religion. It would have been miraculous, indeed, if it had been otherwise, when they had neither sound preaching to hear, nor Bibles to read. A New Testament could not be brought for less than £2 16s. 3d,, and the buyer was in danger of being considered a heretic for purchasing it. The christianity of the vast majority was, naturally enough, a mere name and form. The Sabbath was a day of sport and pastime, and not a day of solemn worship. Not one in a hundred, perhaps, could have rightly answered the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" or given the slightest account of justification, regeneration, sanctification, the office of Christ, or the work of the Spirit.—A man's only idea of the way to heaven generally was to do as the priest told him, and to belong to the church. Thus the blind led the blind, and all wallowed in the ditch together.

All the practical religion that the mass of the laity possessed, consisted in prayers to the Virgin and saints—pilgrimages to holy places—and adoration of images and relics. The list of their superstitious practices would make an appalling catalogue. They resorted to St. Rooke in times of pestilence. They prayed to St. Pernel in an ague.—Young women desiring to be married, sought the help of St. Nicholas. Wives, weary of their husbands, betook themselves to St. Uncumber. One hundred thousand pilgrims visited the tomb of St. Thomas a Becket, at Canterbury in one year, in order to help their souls toward heaven. In one year, at Canterbury Catheral, there was offered at Christ's altar only £2 2s. 6d; whilst on the Virgin Mary's there was £63 5s. 6; and on Thomas a Becket's £832 12s 3d. The images worshipped were often gross cheats as well as idols. At Bexley, in Kent, there was a famous crucifix, on which the figure of our Lord would move its head, hands and feet, roll its eyes, move its lips, and bend its brow. It would hang its lips when silver was offered to it, and shake its head merrily when the offering was gold.—And all this was thought miraculous. At length it was discovered that the image was full of springs and wires, and that the movements were caused by priests or their agents secreted near it. The relics worshipped were as monstrous and absurb as the images. At Hales, in Gloucestershire, there was shown, in a crystal phial, what was called the blood of Christ, but it was at length discovered to be the blood of a duck. At Reading, there was shown an angel with one wing, who brought over the spear that pierced our Lord's side. At Bury, in Suffolk, the coals that roasted St. Lawrence, the parings of St. Edmond's toe-nails, and St. Thomas a Becket's penknife and boots were all religiously adored. As to wood of the true Cross, enough was found in the churches, when relics were finally cast out, to have made two or three crosses. As to the bones of saints, there were whole heaps, which had been venerated for years, which proved at length, to be the bones of pigs.—These are dreadful things to tell, but they ought to be known. All these things the Church of Rome knew, connived at, sanctioned, defended, taught, and enforced on her members. This was the state of religion in England three hundred and fifty years ago, when the English Reformers were raised up. This was English Christianity in the childhood and youth of Hugh Latimer.—*Priest, Puritan and Preacher.*

Church Efficiency.

The true evidence of the efficiency of a church will not lie in the refined scholarship, the rationalistic lucubrations, the ritual and sensuous tendencies of a clergy; but in their faith in the evangelical system, a plainness of speech suited to the state of the people, and the adaptation of means to their necessities. A process of evangelization which begins at the *top* of society, must be long in extending its leaven through the mass, if it is ever accomplished; but, on the other hand, to begin at the *bottom* to adapt a system to the wants of the common people, and to work upwards from this level, is to impregnate the whole with the seeds of truth, and to gain a progressive elevation. In the social state, those who have the management of affairs, who command armies and fleets, or who are engaged in the productive avocations of life, have neither genius nor time for rectifying old truths, or elaborating new theories. So those who are actively engaged in the salvation of a ruined world, have neither taste nor talent for preparing new editions of Christian doctrine.—*London Quarterly.*

No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.—*Swift.*