

best pleases it, feeds them with sunshine, strengthens them with storms, and moulds them perfectly, were not the same which builds our lives up; knowing not, if we live passively as they do, in His hands, we, too, should

grow up perfect in His sight, through good and evil, and our star of faith, for every night of woe, would lengthen out, a rainbow pavement, which our souls might climb to grasp the light beyond.—V. J. Teacher.

Home Duties and Home Enjoyments.

"There is a class of blessings so quiet and peaceful, that men seldom pause to take note of them; and yet no others on earth are so precious. I mean social blessings. But, invaluable as they are, their history is unwritten. The achievements of armies, the machinery of governments, and the lives of great men, are nearly all that the historian has recorded. In fact, most that makes up the social life of people cannot come before the public eye. It lies in the shadow of more imposing objects, and the veil of privacy covers it. But should their history be written, they would be found to have governed, unseen, those greater events on which men gaze with wonder. The great ones, who have led in public affairs, and stamped their impress on their age, have themselves come from the bosom of social life, and from the shaping power of its silent influences. They have been borne up on the flood they seemed to guide. They were the index, not the contents of their age.

But if much of private life is insignificant to the world, and much too dark to look upon, still, it might present some of the brightest pictures, which it were refreshing to study. If it does not show us heroes in the battle-field, and kings in palaces, it might exhibit many a peaceful community thriving in all arts of industry; many a neighbourhood consulting its common interests in unpretending council, or gathering in smiling circles of friendship; and many a hamlet and cottage sprinkling valley and hill-side; every day the centres of honest toil and pleasant cares, and every even-

ing gathering a joyous company around a cheerful fire to mingle the voices of innocent mirth, and song and praise—the homes of affection, and virtue, and peace. You might see greatness without its show, worth without its pretence, and every kindly feeling of humanity rooting itself in warm hearts, and blooming out in its own freshness and beauty.

We are all made for society. The best virtues are dwarfed, the best sympathies dry up, and man's whole nature becomes one-sided and selfish when he isolates himself from common interests and the common weal. He needs to link himself to the living trunk of human society, or, like a severed branch, he falls withered and useless. The vitality of our nature must flow into it through those various ties which hold men together in a social life. Every natural tie feeds some natural affection; every affection is a source of some new joy; and thus all social ties were intended to enter into one still higher, stronger, and happier, that binds us to the beneficent Author of every joy.

But, like all other natural gifts intended to bless, if perverted, they may bring a curse. It is, then, an important question, how the advantages designed to grow out of the social relations may be secured.

The social enjoyments of a people depend upon their social character; their social character is very much the result of social training, and this training is mostly in the household—the family at home. And if we notice, also, the wider relations of society branching out through all its depart-