

RETROSPECTION.

My fairest page of life is wet
 With bitter, unavailing tears
 I try, but vainly, to forget
 The sorrow of the bye-gone years.
 The sunshine floods the earth again,
 Casting o'er all its golden rays,
 But memories sad I still retain:—
 It shines not as in other days,
 And so, I see in looking back,
 As in some mirror clear as day,
 The girl who started on a weary track,
 But to fall fainting by the way.
 Alas that pride can separate
 The hearts by fondest love united!
 They part: and strangers call it fate.
 Ah, love's sweet flowers are soonest blighted.
 All hearts hold memories of the past,
 Shrouded deep from the world's cold gaze.
 The hopes and loves, too sweet to last,
 Are buried with the bye-gone days
 —Constance Sterling.

EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY'S ADVICE TO HIS PEOPLE.

One of the most thoroughly enjoyable, as well as instructive talks, thus far delivered by the popular pastor of the New England Church, was given last Friday evening, before a very large congregation. After briefly introducing his subject, he talked to the long faced, never laugh Christians, as follows:

"Fathers, don't receive religion into your life and into your households as it was a thing to fast and not a thing to feast with. Levi sets you a good example. You who are beginning to follow Christ, make a feast for Him; do not make a fast. Make your households have a kind of a Christmas-eve look, rather than a Fast Day, funeral look. Religion in our time is very apt to be received into our households as a matter of great solemnity. Not that solemnity has not its proper sphere and realm, but it is not one of those sentiments that may be applied to great joys, comforts and pleasures. Please remember in this connection, that the redemption of a soul is an occasion of great joy—the angels of God look upon it with feelings of joy. Heaven is glad over one sinner that repents, and that gladness is not solemnity, but rather the exuberant, impetuous happiness of sensitive creatures who see that the dove has escaped from the talons of the hawk in mid air, and they scream with delight because it is free. Heaven is not a huge temple of solemn service; but, on the contrary, a place where all the plastic, suave faculties of our natures have legitimate expression. Heaven smiled, or man would never have caught the reflection. God laughs, or He never would know how to create laughter. You cannot get an imitation without first having an original. To my mind, the fact that God made all men and all animals so happy, when they do right, is proof positive, that He must be thoroughly happy Himself. Naturally happy, I mean, not spiritually happy.

Now, I am to speak to you only upon one point, but this one is of vital interest to all of you. A mother writes to me, "I wish you would tell me in some of your Friday night talks how I can keep my boy at home evenings." She probably feels that I must have had such an extensive experience that I must have mastered the most of the points touching the government of children. While I have no children of my own, I have eyes to see other people's children, and when I see some of them I am almost persuaded to be glad that I have none of my own, for of all the sad sights a man can see, a rude child is one of the saddest. If he is healthy, it is all the worse. A boy that is sick and peevish must be excused, but when the little fellow is boisterous and rude, even to profanity, and one has to eat and live with

him, and even to have him around when there is company, such a boy is a terror to any sensitive man. But the majority of children, I have observed, not only among you people who are refined and cultivated, but among the poor and lowly, and those whose opportunities of culture are very limited, are courteous, or have the capacity of being courteous. I am thoroughly convinced that children, as they are born, generally have these qualities in them, and they only need to be guided and instructed in the right way to grow up an honor and a blessing to the household. I understand just the position of the good woman; I can designate several women who may be called by name. There is the timid mother. She was born timid herself, and her father's and mother's care over her, being a girl, strengthened her timidity. She never was allowed to go down to the stage coach and travel twenty miles for the purpose of visiting a friend, until Cousin Ben went with her. She never was allowed to go skating on the ice unless her father took a cut rope with him for the purpose of pulling her out if she fell overboard. She was always afraid to go into a dark cellar or a dark alleyway, and the idea of a girl running out alone at night, for the purpose of calling upon a neighbor, was always regarded with terror. She grew up, got married, and in turn gave birth to a boy. The boy, having been strongly marked by his father, who was a jolly, rollicking, brave man, begins to show the same disposition, and you see very often a modest, mistrustful woman the mother of a boisterous boy. That may be the woman who has written to ask me how to keep her boy at home. I say, in the first place, my good woman, don't try very much to keep him at home. Boys were not made to stay at home, any more than young robins were made to stay in their nests. Boys were made for the street. They were made to wrestle, jump, shriek, scream, kick and get kicked. That is what makes them independent, shrewd, calculating and manly men. A great many mothers should learn to recognize the fact that it is a boy, not a girl, they have to deal with. He is, as I have said, a boy, and, being a boy, is not expected to stay in the house ten hours a day and twelve hours at night. He is expected to stay in the house about thirty minutes in the day at a time—that is long enough for any boy to eat three meals—and about nine hours at night; that is just what any reasonable boy ought to sleep, and that is all, as I understand it, good woman, that your boy, if he be of a certain spirit, ought to be called upon to do. Amuse your boys if you want to keep them at home. Play whist with them. "What?" I hear some of you say, "why, I am a member of Dr. S-and-so's church." Well let him go to the dogs for once; let your church go to the dogs, and save your boy from going. When I was a young man at college, there was a deacon's son there at the same time, and he told me he learned to play "old sledge" on the hay now when his father was reading commentaries. It is a fact, and not a matter of laughter, and that same young man died a drunkard and a gambler. He lived in the Connecticut valley, and I could give you his father's name if I was so disposed. "Bob" told me more than a dozen times if his father had only played some kind of game with him—"if he had only been human with me, Deacon Murray," said he, "I should have been a church member just as you are." I want you to understand I was a deacon then. I think "Bob" was right. So I say to you play whist with your boys, play dominoes or checkers—in fact, any pleasant, healthy game. Read poetry with them, for boys like poetry; if not, read bear stories. Get him to read to you; and here let me say that this is one of the best possible ways to keep your boys at home, and one of the most beneficial in its effect. Teach them to feel that you are dependent upon them for company. There is in every boy a kind of a longing to be older and to be considered manly,

and the moment you teach the boy to believe he can take his father's place, you have fastened that boy to you, mother. The weaker you are, the less capable you are; just in such proportion he will, subtly, but in God's own, sweet-way, assume all of your cares and responsibilities, and be what he was intended to be, a comfort and a blessing. There would be a companionship between you and him, and the sweetest companionship in this world is the companionship of an aged parent with a child in the prime of life. Such a companionship is occasionally seen between a mother and a son. It is exceedingly touching to see the sense of affectionate importance which some boys have in protecting their mothers. This element can be taught to any boy, and, when he has once been educated in this direction, he will stay at home for your sake.

So I say to you, make your home happy in a way that boys like, and not in the way that some churches like. Boys are worth more than church forms, for boys are germs of angels, or else they are the seeds out of which devils spring. It makes little difference, father, what such a deacon may say. If I felt that my boy would eat peanuts in church, that he would go to sleep because he was not interested, I should spend one-half of the day under the hedges or by some running spring. I should preach to that boy in a way that would make him forget his peanuts and sleeping in church. The running spring should remind him of that fountain of living water which flows from the throne of God. If there was a bit of sea, it should remind him of that sea of crystal before the throne of God. If there was an empty acorn, it should remind him of the temple of clay out of which the spirit has departed. All things should be a service to God. The fields and the skies should be the church, and that boy should be a follower of Christ in that way because he is best adapted to that kind of service. That is all I have to say. You are dismissed.

TORCHISMS.

***An epitaph suggested to us yesterday by an undertaker, for a young lady who died from the effects of tight lacing "Waisted away." There is a grave joke concealed here of course will be seen.

***Why is a man who forgets but never forgives an injury like a miser? Because he is always for getting but never for giving.

***It is absolutely necessary that the "Dux" in a medical school should turn out quack doctors? Quene-risotios of literature. The tails of the Chinese.

***Why is a drunken man in convulsions like a coat that is too small? Because it's a tight fit.

***What author was the greatest plagiarist? Steele.

***What author's works are most admired by young ladies? Lover's.

***It is impossible to look at the sleepers in a church without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest.

***PRETTY EXCUSE FOR A WIFE-BEATER.—treasure we value most we hide.

***Gas-tronomical—A light diet.

***What moral lesson does a weather cock teach? It is one to a spire.

***Singular Oar-ganic Remains—A "skeleton" with double "skulls."

***In what month do ladies talk the least? February.

As our circulation is rapidly increasing, our merchants will find the Torch a good advertising medium.