

Boy. "But, sir, I always calls 'en my father. I always thought as how he was."

Priest. "But who is the father of all! In *my* parish all the people call *me* father. Now, who is the father of all the little boys in this parish!"

Boy. (*Silent—staring with profound wonderment, AS WELL HE MIGHT.*)

Priest. "Why, Mr. — [the rector]: he is the father of all the little boys in this parish."

Boy. "Please, sir, I didn't know that!"

Priest. "Now, who is Mr. — [the rector's] wife!"

Boy. "Mrs. — —" [naming the rector's wife].

Priest. "O, no, my boy: that is not right."

Boy. "Well, sir, I always hears her called Mrs. — —."

Priest. "Yes, my boy: but Mr. — — is married to the church—the church is his bride."

And so ends this sickly aping of Romanism in a protestant church in this year of grace 1879. But this cannot last long; and if churchmen were earnest, the end would speedily come. Should not all good and true men join in bringing about such a consummation?

THE POWER OF HABIT

SELECTED.

Habit in a child is at first like a spider's web; if neglected it becomes a thread of twine, next, a cord of rope, finally a cable—then who can break it? There are habits contracted by bad example or bad management, before we have judgment to discern their approaches, or because the eye of reason is laid asleep, or has not compass of view sufficient to look around on every quarter.

O, the tyranny, the despotism of a bad habit! Coleridge, one of the subtlest intellects and finest poets of his time, battled for twenty years before he could emancipate himself from his tyrant,—opium. He went into voluntary imprisonment. He hired a man to watch him day and night, and keep him by force from tasting the pernicious drug. He formed resolution after resolution. Yet, during all the best years of his life, he wasted his substance and his health, neglected his family, and lived degraded and accursed because he had not resolution to abstain. He would lay plans to cheat the very man whom he had paid to keep the drug from him, and bribed the gaoler to whom he had voluntarily surrendered himself. Terrible, terrible is the despotism of a bad habit. The case of Coleridge is an extreme one of course. But there are many, whose eyes these lines will meet, who are as truly the slaves of a perverted appetite as he. Their despot may be opium, tobacco, drink, or worse; but they are so completely under the dominion of their master, that nothing short of a moral war of independence, which should task all their own strength, and all they could borrow from others, would suffice to deliver them.