

dark age,—and his free and noble action and perfect docility shall prove his gratitude and the wisdom of my theory. But what do I say? I shall not drive him. Though I am the guide and manager to whom he has been entrusted, I shall delegate my authority, and office to these gentlemen, my friends. They are not drivers by profession, but literary men, poets and philosophers. But the perfect docility of this noble animal—without bit or rein—even in the hands of men untrained in the art of driving, shall the better illustrate the truth of my system."

Well—at first view there is no denying that the absence of restraints does give the creature a free and graceful look. "But," says a thoughtful-looking bystander, "do you see the spark of the demon in his eye? This animal comes of a bad breed from the very beginning, most treacherous when most relied on. One of the stock in years gone by, in France, by kicking his drivers to death showed how far he could be trusted without restraints. Another is now shewing the peculiarities of this breed in Germany, another in the United States, and another in Natal. Without the bit and reins of organizations and creeds, they have never yet kept the straight road. Indeed we have it on the best authority that "as soon as they are born they go astray," if left to their own guidance."

"But," says the Professor, "we shall have the Book of directions for the road in the carriage, and can guide this animal with the voice. We have also the long bow-whip of Public Opinion, wherewith to admonish him." "Ah!" returns the other, "some of these amateurs to whom you intend to entrust the driving, care very little for the Book of directions, i.e. the Bible, and as for public opinion, many of them glory in disregarding it. One of them—that poet—as his writings show, is a licentious man and a drunkard—another is a notorious sceptic—all have a rather suspicious disregard of restrictions in their favourite wanderings. Wait until you are passing the bye-lanes that lead off towards the favourite haunts of your amateur driver, when there is a sympathy between him and the steed,—a common preference for the wrong turn."

"Away!" cries the Professor. "You are an alarmist and a Pharisee! Step into the vehicle, gentlemen, I will insure your safety." Soon the seats are filled with adventurous spirits. For a little space all goes well,—the pace, to be sure, is a trifle fast—the jolting a little uncomfortable. The horse warms to his work—the old flash lights his eye. The demon is now the driver—the amateurs are in ecstasies with their skill. The straight road is abandoned—the way is on a descending grade. A strange stupor comes over drivers and passengers. At a sudden turn near the edge of a precipice the tremendous pace cannot be checked, and in a moment horse, carriage and all are launched into the yawning abyss of Infidelity.

THE NOBLE YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.—A young midshipman, on entering his ship, was scoffed at by his messmates and ill-treated for saying his prayers before retiring to his berth. As the persecution became hotter, the matter was reported to the captain, who ordered the ringleaders and the object of their taunts to be brought before him. The little fellow, however, would make no complaint against his comrades; and the effects of his example—for he persevered in his prayers—ultimately led to nearly all his comrades joining with him and reading the Bible and nightly devotion. This was entirely owing to the example of a child.