GENERAL READING THE SOWERS.

Ten thousand sowers through the land Passed heedless on their way: Ten thousand seeds in every hand Of every sort had they. They cast seed here, they cast seed there, They cast seed everywhere.

The land a forest straightly grew, With plants of every kind, And kindly fruits, and poisonous, too, In that wood you could find: For trees grew here, and trees grew there, And trees grew everywhere.

Anon, as many a year went by, Those sowers came once more And wandered 'neath the leaf-hid sky, And wandered at the store; . For fruit grew here, and fruit grew there, And fruit hung everywhere.

Then plucked they many a berry bright, None could their right deny; And some ate to their long delight; And some ate but to die; While some plucked here, and some plucked And some plucked everywhere.

Nor knew they in that tangled wood The trees that were their own: But as they plucked as each one should, Each plucked what be had sown. So do men here, so do men there, So do men everywhere.

-Tinsley's Magazine.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

During a lengthened review which took place at St. Petersburgh in the depth of winter, an officer gave his heavy fur pelisse to his servant to hold with strict injunction not to stir from his post. When the review was over he forgot the man, but after a time sent a person to look after his property. The unfortunate serf lay dead in the snow, with the pelisse tightly clasped in his arms: the poor wretch preferred dying of cold to disobeying his master, or even wrapping cloak around him.

During the buring of the winter palace in 1837, a soldier was on duty in a corridor which led to the chapel belonging to the building, when he heard loud cries of alarm outside, and soon saw that the passage was rapidly filling with a dense smoke, which quickly adfolding doors of the chapel were thrown open and several priests appeared, carrying the sacred vases, which they had snatched from the flames. "The palace is on fire," said the soldier: "I see I am not forsaken." He threw himself at the feet of one of the priests, and in a supplicating voice exclaimed, " Father, I am going to die, bless me." "I do not understand you," replied the holy man; " in the confusion they have forgotten you, but you can escape, follow me;" and he pointed to a small door in the passage through which the others had made exit; but this poor victim to passive obedience was deaf to all advice. In vain the priest entreated him not to sacrifice his life to a mistaken sense of duty; he only answered. "As I can not save my body, at least assist me to save my soul." The priest seeing that remonstrance was useless, complied with his request, blessed him, and though much affected left him to his fate. The soldier died, and all that remained of him was a heap of blackened cinders.

At the time of one of those fearful

inundations which frequently take place at St. Petersburg, the Empress Catherine was standing at one of the windows of the palace, contemplating the fearful sight. The river had stolen into the city like a thief in the night, without being perceived for hours. The height to which the water had reached in one of the most crowded quarters is still marked by an iron plate let into the wall. Hundreds of men, women and children were drowned; and it was not until they heard the alarm that people at a distance became aware of their danger. The water swept everything everything before it, but there were many miraculous escapes. An infant, fast asleep in his cradle, was rescued by a boatman; a number of small wooden tenements floated down the river, with all the inmates unburt; and the trees which rose above the inundation were crowded with people waiting for the boats. As her majesty was intently surveying the scene, and feeling great alarm for the safety of the capital, she perceived something rise above the surface of the flood, which was rapidly filling the courtyard. On looking more attentively she saw that the object on which her eyes were fixed was the head of a man, nearly up to his ohin in water, but apparently taking no ful character. How many glad hearts notice of his danger, as he shouldered in the olden time have rejoiced in these notice of his danger, as he shouldered his musket, as if he were on duty among the fishes. The empress immediately dispatched a servant in a boat to inquire why the man remained there at the peril of his life. The soldier explained that he had been placed there

to guard the palace, and that he could not quit his post until his sergeant sent another sentry to relieve him. He had to be dragged into the boat by main force in order to save his life.

PREACHING.

BY J. C. DORMAN.

The need of the Church and the world to-day is a sanctified, fearless ministry. The people are looking for leaders. They want to be led to the Canaan of Perfect Love, and not commanded to go. Holiness is power: with it comes Christian boldness. The pulpit has its Jo-nahs to-day, as it had in the days of Nineveh. "Preach the preaching that I bid thee," were the words of the Lord to Jonah, and because of his not obeying this command he brought trouble upon himself and others. In many places so it is to-day. In place of the people being warned of their danger and sin denounced, polished essays are read and smooth sermons are delivered. leaving the people pleased with themselves and praising the preacher. At one time, after listening to a sermon of this kind, as we were passing out of the church we heard a lady remark (alluding to the preacher): "What a beautiful smile he has." So much for the impression made upon her mind by the sermon. Such preaching may entertain the people, but it produces no conviction. The temptation is great to preach so as to please men, to avoid persecution, and to get their good will. But is it the Gospel that they preach? As long as the Church preaches the Gospel, it must suffer persecution. Is not this the reason why the Church is being so little persecuted to-day? St. Paul asked himself the question: "Do I seek to please men? for if I yet pleased men I should not be the servant of Christ." The Gospel is in bonds in many places to-day because the preacher is "bound over to keep the peace." The standard of preaching should be

higher. It does not meet the requirements of God. For fear of offending and driving from the Church some ofour members, the tendency is to compro mise and to lower the standard of Christian experience as set forth in the Scriptures. Hence, we hear very little said about practical duties, such as private prayer, family worship, attending vanced toward the spot where he was class, etc. Also about the things we standing; he was half-stifled with the are forbidden to do as found in our heat of the fire, which had already "General Rules," such as dancing, atreached the chapel, and the falling of tending theatres, pleasure-riding on the the walls threatened him with instant | Sabbath, and taking such diversions as destruction; but the military discipline can not be used in the name of the forbade him to leave before his officer | Lord Jesus. Where these things are came to relieve him. Suddenly the not faithfully preached, indifference, neglect of duty, lukewarmness, backsliding and apostasy are sure to follow. An eminent divine has said that it requires three things to make a good preacher: "Study, temptation, and prayer." "The latter, no one that lives near to God can neglect; the former, no man who endeavors rightly to divide the Word of Truth will neglect; and with the second, every man will be more orless exercised whose whole aim is to save souls. Those of a different cast, the devil permits to pass quietly on in

> To be a successful Christian minister man must feel the immense value of immortal souls in such a way as God alone can show it. This comes from a heart cleansed from all sin and filled with the power and unction of the Holy

their own indolent and prayerless way."

GOOD OLD TUNES.

"The good old tunes," which are too often discarded, or their place usurped by "nice new tunes," both in the church and in the Sunday school, are, after all full of hallowed memories, as well as of sweetness, harmony and inspiration. There are good new tunes, and they should be used in worship; but there are also many good " old tunes." and they richly deserve to be continued in the service of the sanctuary in which the whole congregation can heartily and freely unite in swelling the praises of God. So also in the devotional services of the Sunday-school, The "old" should be freely used with the new." The more the congregation and the school will harmonise in the use of the same hymns and tunes, the better will be the success of the singing in each, and the stronger will be the inducement to the scholars to attend and join in the worship of the sactuary, resulting in full church membership and in active interest in the

cause of Christ. We affirm, for ourselves, with another. that to us, there is more touching pathos, heart-thrilling expression, more feeling displayed, in some of the old psalms or church tunes than in a batch of modernisms. The strains go home, and the foun tain of the great deep of unfathomable feeling that lies far below the surface of the world-hardened heart; and as the untoward yet unchecked tear starts in the eye, the softened spirits yield to their in-fluence and shake off the load of earthly care, rising purified and spiritualized into a more pure atmosphere. Strange inexplicable associations brood over the mind, mingling their chaste melody of the musings of a still subdued, more cheer-

LANGUAGE OF THE HAIR.

All our features have their languageseyes, nose and mouth. And now some one discovers even the hair has its own indications. Curly hair denotes quick temper.

Frizzly hair set on ones head as if each individual hair was ready to fight its neighbor denotes coarseness.

Black hair indicates persistent resolution in accomplishing an object, also a strong predisposition to revenge wrongs and insults, real and fancied.

Brown hair denotes fondness for life, a friendly disposition, ambition, earnestness of purpose, sagacity for business, reliability in friendship, as the hair is fine. Very fine hair indicates evenness of dis-

position, readiness to forgive with a desire

to add to the happiness of others. Persons with fine light brown hair inclined to curl or frix, are quick tempered, and are given to resentment and re-

Light brown hair, inclined to redness with a freckled skin, is said to be a certain indication of deceit, treachery, and disposition to do something mean by a friend who can no longer be used to ad.

All of which may be news for fortune-

FAMILY READING.

THE PRAYER.

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud The thunders roar above me. See, I stand Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand, And through the gloom, lead safely home

The day goes fast, my Father, and the night Is drawing darkly down—my faithless sight Sees ghostly visions, fears a spectral band, Encompass me. O Father! take my hand And from the night lead up to light

The way is long, my Father, and my soul Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal: While yet I journey through this weary land, Keep me from wandering, Father, take my hand, Quickly and straight lead to heaven's gate

The path is rough, my Father, many a thorn Has peirced me, and my weary feet—all torn And bleeding—mark the way: Yet Thy command Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand, ds me press forward. Father,
Then safe and blest, lead up to rest—
Thy child.

The throng is dark, my Father: Many a doubt And fear, and danger compass me about, And foes oppress me sore: I cannot stand Or go alone. O Father! take my hand, And through the throng, lead safe along

The cross is heavy, Father. I have borne It long, and still do bear it. Let my Worn and fainting spirit rise to that blest land Where crowns are given. Father, take my Hand, and reaching down, lead to the crown Thy child.

THE ANSWER.

The way is dark, my child, but leads to light; I would not always have thee walk by sight; My dealings now thou can'st not understand: meant it so, but I will take thy hand, And through the gloom, lead safely home My child.

The way is long, my child, but it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee.
And thou shalt know at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how 1 did take thy hand,
And quick and straight lead to heaven's gate
My child.

The path is rough, my child, but O! how sweet Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet When thou shalt reach the borders of that land To which I lead thee as I take thy hand: And safe and blest with me shall rest

The throng is great, my child, but at thy side Thy Father walks, Then be not terrified, For I am with thee—will thy foes command To let thee freely pass. Will take thy hand And through the throng lead safe along My child.

The cross is heavy, child, yet there was one Who bore a heavier for thee—My Son, My well beloved. For Him bear thine and stand With Him at last, and from thy Father's hand, Thy cross laid down, receive a crown
My child.

NOT FAR.

Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Yet in the shadow of sin, How many are coming and going, How few are entering in!

Not far from the golden gateway, Where voices whisper and wait; Fearing to enter in boldly, So lingering still at the gate. Catching the strain of the music

Floating so sweetly along, Knowing the song they are singing, Yet joining not in the song. Seeing the warmth and the beauty, The infinite love and the light; Yet weary, and lonely, and waiting,

Out in the dark and the danger. Out in the night and the cold: Though he is longing to lead them Tenderly into the fold.

Out in the desolate night!

Not far, not far from the Kingdom, 'Tis only a little space: But it may be at last, and forever, Out of the resting place.

A ship came sailing and sailing Over a murmuring sea, And just in sight of the haven Down in the waves went she

And the spars and the broken timbers . Were cast on a storm-beat strand: Not far, not far from the land! -English Congregationalist.

reason for going?" she could not help crying. She asked us, too, if we did not go to our day-school in rainy weather; and she said, while we must obey our parents, if we ask them pleasantly to let us go, they would likely be willing. Mamma, will you please let me go to-day?" "Well, I am willing my dear, if you wear your school-suit. Go and get ready." But the mother no longer took any interest in her book, but said to her husband (a lawyer), who came in from the library, "Lucy is going to Sab-bath School to-day because it rains, so that her teacher may be encouraged by the presence of at least one pupil. Suppose we go to chapel for the same reason, if not for a better." "Agreed. I never could plead a cause to an empty court-room, and the minister must find it hard work to preach to empty pews."-Youth's Companion.

MILTON'S BOYHOOD.

He was sent at an early age to St. Paul's school, which stood then, as now, in the rear of the great cathedral, a few steps distant from his father's house; and in these daily walks it is quite probable that the school-boy sometimes saw Shakespeare and Ben Jonson on their way to those famous "wit combats" at the Mermaid tavern in Bread street. At school Milton studied Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and finally added Italian to the ordinary studies, in all of which he excelled.

I have said that the home influences of his childhood were of a gloomy kind, but there was one bright and cheerful element in the solemn household in Bread street from her moorings, and, with a feeling -Milton's father loved Music; he had composed a great deal, for that day, and was a skilful performer on the organ and bass viol. Young Milton learned them of his father, and the two passed many happy hours in the "sweet harmonies of sound" which Milton loved all his life. Above the scrivener's shop was a room devoted to various domestic uses: there the father and son shared their music, and perhaps to this tuneful side of his boyhood he owed his first impulse to write verses. He must have begun very young, but his real fame came late in life. In 1625 he was sent to Cambridge Uni-

versity, where his extreme beauty of person attracted immediate attention, and the students dubbed him "the lady." He must have been marvellously handsome at this time. He never lost a certain beauty, both or feature and expression, but in his beautiful, gentle youth, than its reality. He was tall and finely made, though slen. der, with a fair complexion, perfect regularity of feature, and light brown hair parted in the centre and falling to his shoulders, according to the fashion of the day. His dress was simple, of black velvet with the broad linen collar, and upturned wristbands of the period. He was soon known at college for his verses. Of his short pieces written at this time, one was on Shakespeare, with whose works, then recently published in book form, he was very familiar. Among his other pieces were: "At a Solemn Music," "On the morning of Christ's Nativity," etc., all showing the extreme delicacy and refinement of Milton's mind.

Indeed he is a striking figure when we look at the University of those days. Most of the students led rollicking, lawless, self-indulgent lives. Milton, with his gentle, pensive countenance, his grave demeanor, and his growing genius, seems to stand apart; does he not? When he left Cambridge, he says himself, he ows and rolling hills, with every variety of wild flower blooming in the hedgerows and fields. All this delighted young Milton, and he soon found congenial society in the neighborhood. Ludlow castle, the residence of the Earl of Bridgewater, was near by, and not only was the family of the Earl a pleasant one, but Henry Laws, the musician, taught music in the household, and came frequently as a guest, to Milton's house. On one such occasion be told them of an accident which had happened to the young people of the Earl's family: while passing through Haywood forest on their way home. Lady Alice and her brother were benighted, and the young lady was for some time lost in the wood. This incident suggested to Milton his masque of Comus. He wrote the poetry, Lawes composed the music, and the Earl had it performed at the castle. The young people themselves taking part.—Mrs. LILLIE in October Wide Awake.

BE SOMETHING.

It is the duty of every one to take some active part as an actor on the stage of life. Some seem to think that they vegitate, as decision, "Man proposes, but God disit were, without being anything in parti- poses." cular. Man was not made to rust out his life. It is expected that he should "act well his part," He must be something. He has a work to perform which it is his duty to attend to. We are not placed here to grow up, pass through the various stages of life, and then die without having done anything for the benfit of the human race. It is a principle in the creed of the Mahommedans that every one should have a trade. No Christian doctrine could be better than that. Is a man to be brought up in idleness? Is he to live upon the wealth which his ancestors have GOOD INFLUENCES.

"I suppose that you won't go to Sabbath School to-day, Lucy," said a mother one stormy Sabbath morning, settling herself to read. "Please let me go to-day, mamma; I want to go because it rains."

"Why, Lucy, that is my excuse for stay."

acquired by frugal industry? Is he placed here to pass through life an automaton? Has be nothing to perform as a citizen of the world? A man who does nothing is a mere cipher. A man who does nothing in a boat of the world? A man who does nothing in a boat of the world? A man who does nothing in a boat of the world? A man who does nothing in a boat of the world? A man who does nothing in a boat of the world? A man who does nothing in a boat of the world? A man who does nothing in a boat of the world? A man who does nothing in a boat of the world? A man who does nothing in a boat of the world? A man who does nothing in the danger—" what harm we have been if we had all been land the other side?" This faith is the chor' which "entereth into that in the yail."—Congregationalist. acquired by frugal industry? Is he plac-

ing at home. How can you make it a work that was given him to do. He is a "Our teacher al- mere blank in creation. Some are born ways goes, mamma, in all weather, al- with riches and honors upon their heads. though she lives so far away. She told the But does it follow that they have nothing class that one Sabbath, when she went to do in their career through life? There through the storm and did not find even | are certain duties for every one to perform. one scholar, she was so discouraged that Be something. Don't live like a hermit and die unregretted .- Tem. Union.

> MAN PROPOSES, BUT GOD DIS. POSES."

Thirty-seven years ago, the eleventh day of March, the steamer "President" lay in New York harbor ready to start. for Liverpool. Right beside it lay a sailing vessel, the "Sir Isaac Newton," also on the point of leaving, bound for Germany. A foreign gentleman and his family, who were going home to Hamburg, had engaged their passage on the sailing vessel, and their baggage was already on board. When, however, the family came on board, the gentleman noticed with surprise a large engine strapped upon the deck. It was a locomotive being sent to Australia, as the United States at that time supplied them with railroad engines; and this one, proving too large for the hold, had been secured upon the deck.

"I do not like the looks of that engine," said the foreigner, uneasily. "In case of a storm it might be loosened from its position and make trouble aboard.

There was but a moment to decide. He looked at the "President," a large fine-looking steamer, and made up his mind to embark on her. Instantly he gave orders for the transfer of his baggage, which was no sooner accomplish. ed than the "President" was freed of relief in having secured the change, he and his family gladly turned their faces homeward. No whispered oracle told of the coming doom: Just when the vessel yielded to the power of the terrific storm which two days later it encountered, whether suddenly or with prolonged agony its many passengers met their awful fate, no one was saved to tell. The vessel started. It never reached the destined shore. Between these two facts its terrible secret lies hidden until the day when "the sea shall give up its dead." The friend who recently told me this incident embarked on the sailing-vessel, which left at the same hour as the "President," encountered the same storm, but reached her destination in safety.

There are mysteries in life which it is in vain for us to attempt to explain. We call them providences, and we well may, for they are certainly not the work of man. We plan and act for what seems our best good, and the result proves the exact opposite of our intentions. It may be to our destructionit may be to our salvation. Instances similar to this may come to the recollection of many who read it. I once stood with a mother as she bent in agony over the grave of her first-born son with a grief which found vent in the reiterated expression of her one thought, "I did it!" He was about leaving her after a vacation spent at home, and after the good-by was said, she followed him to the gate, and in the sorrow at parting, begged him to remain "one day longer." Although disturbing his plans, he yielded, staid one day longer, and left her the next morning to meet his fate before sunset -one among many victims of a fearful railroad disaster.

One other incident will never be forgotten. I was spending an evening many years since with a party of young people, when, in the midst of a game, the hilarity was hushed by the announcement, The "Monongahela has sunk!" Many faces turned pale, and, hurrying home, spent the night in bitter weeping. A party of friends, some of them brothers and sisters, had written that they would return on that boat, and were expected the next day. In this case the sorrow was turned into joy. The friends came home safely, and the singular explanation followed: Our trunks were put on board the Monongahela and we had no other thought than to return by that boat, when some one of the party, almost thoughtlessly, proposed spending a day longer in P. After a little talking and laughing over it, this was decided upon, the baggage taken off, and the party saved." God, after all, is in the

While we tremble to take any such responsibility into our own hands, if we "commit our way unto him," we shall be led aright. It is a fearful thing to venture alone upon the great sea before us all; but here we may be sure of being brought into a safe haven. If God is our guide, even a wreck like that of the "President" will bring us into this port safely.

"What harm," said Archbishop Leighton, after having been barely saved from drowning in a boat on his way to Lambeth, when spoken to by a fellow-passenger on being so calm during the danger—" what harm would it have been if we had all been landed on the other side?" This faith is the "an-chor" which "entereth into that with-

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