

ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you, and there is none warm; and he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes. . . . Ye looked for much, and, lo, it came to little; and when ye brought it home, I did blow upon it. Why? saith the Lord of hosts. Because of mine house that is waste, and ye run every man unto his own house." They said the times were hard whenever it was for the Lord's house, Jim."

"Really, Mister Horn," said Jim, taking out the two shillings and a penny, "you always do put things in such a dreadful way."

Then Mister Horn changed his tone. "Jim," he cried in a bantering way, "there's one thing that would do you a world of good. Shall I tell you what it is?"

Pausing a moment, Mister Horn went on: "It's just this, to have your butcher's bill for thirteen weeks only come to two shillings and a penny."

"What do you mean?" asked James Niggardly, Esquire, looking up with surprise.

"Mean what I say," Mister Horn continued. "No, not the butcher's bill only, but the baker's bill too, and the brewer's bill, ay, and the tailor's, the lot of 'em coming to two shillings and a penny! Oh, this poor body of thine, how it would fare!" laughed Mister Horn, as he thrust his thumb where Jim's ribs should have been. "This proud flesh of thine would come down, eh, friend? This broad-cloth would look bare, eh? The brewer's supply wouldn't need a dray to bring it, and the baker's bill wouldn't be worth calling for twice. Two shillings and a penny a quarter for Jim Niggardly's body! Oh, no, no, no," Mister Horn laughed; "two shillings and a penny, that's only for his soul, his soul!" Then Mister Horn spake gravely. "Two and a penny, Jim, for the bread of life and the wine of the kingdom, for the white robe and the hope of glory—two shillings and a penny for all!"

"Oh, but really," said Jim, annoyed, "it's absurd to put the two shillings together like that; we don't buy heaven in that style, as if it were sold by the pound or the yard."

"Is it, Jim, is it so very absurd?" and Mister Horn spoke yet more gravely, "What your body would be on two and a penny a quarter your soul is more like than I care to see it, Jim." Mister Horn laid his hand kindly on Jim's shoulder, "You've starved it, you know as well as I do—starved it till it can't hardly get about; starved it till it can't crawl either to prayer-meeting or class-meeting. I knew the time, and you too, when it had decent clothes as ever a soul wore. Kindness, love to God and man; but now it's all rags and tatters, and not so clean as it used to be, eh, Jim? Not so absurd, after all. You're starving it for this prosperity of yours; you know it as well as I do. And look ye, Jim Niggardly, ye'll get the worst of the bargain if you gain the whole world and give in exchange for it even this poor, starved, ragged soul of yours."

Jim was silent. He felt truly enough that it was not so absurd after all.

Mister Horn rose to leave. "Good-night, Jim," he said, holding out his hand; "I came to tell you what I thought as plainly as I could, and I have done it. If you don't see it now, you'll see it all some day, and God grant that it may not be too late in the day to mend."

Then Mister Horn went home to bed, and slept like a man who had done his duty not unkindly. Jim Niggardly went to bed too, but somehow did not rest comfortably—his mind was not at ease.

(To be continued.)

A MANLY BOY.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School-Days" and "Tom Brown at Oxford," relates many anecdotes of the boyhood of his manly brother George, a year older than himself. Many of the most noble traits of the boys of whom the author wrote were first exhibited in his brother George.

The two boys were sent to school at an early age, and before they had been there a week, George shewed the fine stuff he was made of. His younger brother's class had a lesson in Greek history to get up, in which a part of the information communicated, was that Cadmus was the first man who "carried letters from Asia to Greece." When they came to be examined, the master asked Thomas Hughes, "Wha. vas Cadmus?" This mode of putting it puzzled the boy for a moment, when suddenly remembering the word "letters," and in connection with it the man with the leather bag who used to bring his father's letters and papers, he shouted, "A postman, sir." At first the master looked very angry, but seeing the answer had been given in perfect good faith, and that the answerer had sprung to his feet expecting promotion to the head of the class, he burst out laughing.

Of course all the boys joined in the chorus, and when school was over Thomas was christened Cadmus. To this he would have made no great objection, but the blood was kindled in his veins when the word was shortened into "Cad." The more angry he grew the more eagerly some of them persecuted him with the hated nickname; especially one stupid fellow of twelve years old or so, who ought to have been two classes higher, and revenged himself for his degradation among the youngsters, by making their small lives as miserable as he could.

A day or two after, with two or three boys for audience, he shut up 'le Hughes in a corner of the play-ground, and greeted him with the nickname he knew to be so offensive, "Cad, Cad," until the boy's wrath was beyond bounds. Suddenly a step was heard tearing down the gravel walk, and George, in his shirt-sleeves, swept into the circle, and sent the tyrant staggering back with a blow in the chest, and then, with clinched fists, bravely confronted him. Bullies are invariably cowards, and Tom Hughes' persecutor, though three years older, much heavier, and stronger than his assailant, did not dare to face him. He walked off, muttering and growling, much to the disgust of the boys, who, boy-like, had hoped for "a jolly row;" while George returned to his comrades, after looking around and saying, "Just let me hear any of you call my brother Cad again."

It is pleasant to relate that this manly gallant-spirited fellow was a capital student. He rose from class to class until he reached the highest, amongst boys two years older than himself, and in the competition for prizes was invariably successful.—*Harper's Young People.*

WHERE THE NOBLE HAVE THEIR COUNTRY.

Brighter than the glorious sunsets
Which delight this earthly clime,
Than the splendours of the dawns
Breaking o'er the hills of time,
Is the richness of the radiance
Of the land beyond the sun,
Where the noble have their country,
When the work of life is done.

With the deep, mysterious problems
Of their earthly life made plain,
All the bitter turned to sweetness,
All the losses golden gain;
And the new life's heavenly rapture
Far exceeding griefs of this,
Earth's hard toiling all forgotten
In the restfulness of bliss.

And the music of their welcome
From angelic lyres of gold,
Shall full often be repeated,
Yet it never shall grow old;
Music higher than earth's noblest,
Than all eloquence of words,
Than the sweetest of the carols
Of the gladdest of the birds.

—*Springfield Republican.*

GOING HOME.

Heimgang! So the German people
Whisper when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple
Death's familiar tale to tell;
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers' chanting surges,
'Heimgang!' Always going home.

Heimgang! Quaint and tender saying
In the grand old German tongue
That hath shaped Melancthon's praying
And the hymns that Luther sung;
Blessed is our loving Maker,
That where'er our feet shall roam,
Still we journey towards 'God's Acre'—
'Heimgang!' Always going home.

Heimgang! We are all so weary,
And the willows, as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly, dreary,
Woo us to the tranquil grave.
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs and with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
'Heimgang!' We are going home.

THE RELIGION OF CHILDREN.

The religion of children is not so intensely spiritual, but it is intensely sincere. When your little boy says: "Ma, I'll feed the calves, or pick up the chips for you; I'll bring in the water," there is more religion in it than in many a long, cold, formal prayer. When your little girl offers to wash the dishes or sweep the kitchen, she means to be good, and be a Christian, and seeks some way to express it. Children join their faith and works together, and we are too apt to underrate these hopeful signs of a religious life. We think they ought to do these things naturally and willingly, yet we know it is not human nature to be always obliging and accommodating; but, on the contrary, it is natural to be selfish and lazy. So, when the boy of ten who loves fun wants to help the little six-year-old wash his face and comb his hair, kindly puts on his comforter and brings his hat and mittens, then takes him by the hand and the start off together on a slow gallop, just fast enough for the little fellow to keep up and enjoy the fun, set it down as a very hopeful sign that the older boy is a Christian, and the little one soon will be. If we fail to recognize the spirit of the Master in that little boy's conduct, it is because we are blind and cannot see afar off. When the little girl who likes to sleep long in the morning, conquers her desire to please herself, and rises early, helps her mother by taking care of baby and making herself useful, the only true reason for it all is, that she is trying to be a Christian. It is the dawning of a religious life manifesting itself in good works.

How important is this point in the child's history, and how careful we ought to be not to cast a stumbling block in the way. If we fail to see the effort it costs our little ones to do what they are trying to do, and we blame them where we ought to encourage, they soon give up trying to please, and only do what we compel them to do, in a hard, defiant manner, instead of the cheerful, loving way in which they first set about it. While we are in sympathy with them all they do for us is spontaneous, and gushes out like a spring of pure water; but when we push and drive they become sluggish and lose their love, consequently lose their religion—for love is religion and religion is love. Christian parents too often fail to see these beautiful buds of promise, and blast them before they develop into perfectly rounded symmetrical Christians.—*Mrs. Humes.*

WEARY WOMEN.

Nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly wrong than the idea that a woman fulfils her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does

not fulfil her duty, but she most signally fails in it, and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, over-worked wife and mother—a woman *thia* is tired all her life through. If the work of the household cannot be accomplished by order, system and moderate work, without the necessity of wearing, heart-breaking toil, toil that is never ended and never begun, without making life a treadmill of labour, then, for the sake of humanity, let the work go. Better live in the midst of disorder than that order should be purchased at so high a price, the cost of health, strength, happiness, and all that makes life endurable. The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labour is unfitted for the highest duties of home. She should be the haven of rest to which both husband and children turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful, intelligent adviser and guide of the one, the tender confidant and helpmate of the other. How is it possible for a woman exhausted in body, as a natural consequence in mind also, to perform either of these offices? No, it is not possible. The constant strain is too great. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and spirits and hopefulness, and, more than all, her youth, the last thing that a woman should allow to slip from her; for, no matter how old she is in years, she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself. To the over-worked woman this green old age is out of the question; old age comes on her sere and yellow before its time. Her disposition is ruined, her temper is soured, and her very nature is changed by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is dragged along as long as wearied feet and tired hands can do their part. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without the time to train and guide her children as only a mother can, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so over-worked during the day, that when night comes her sole thought and most intense longing are for the rest and sleep that very probably will not come, and, even if it should, that she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let everything go unfinished, to live as best she can, than to entail on herself the curse of over-work.—*Sanitary Mag.*

NEITHER ILL NOR THIRSTY.

A man of temperate habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner-table than wine and spirits were produced and he was asked to take a glass of spirits and water. "No, thank you," said he, "I am not ill." "Take a glass of ale." "No, thank you," said he, "I am not thirsty." The answers produced a loud burst of laughter.

Soon after this, the temperate man took a piece of bread from the sideboard, and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperate man laughed in his turn. "Surely," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry, as you have to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill, and drink when I am not thirsty."

FIFTY years ago it was unpopular for clergymen, professors in the colleges, and teachers in the common schools, *not* to drink intoxicants; to-day it is unpopular *for* them to drink them. Fifty years ago liquors were found upon the mantelpiece, in the pantries and cellars of almost all families. Now it is confined to the drug stores and saloons almost exclusively.

I SEEM to myself in a merciless mood, but I must further protest against the confession of sins, and communication of self-reproach! I speak from experience, that no self-reproach serves the purpose but that which is bound in rigid silence upon the conscience, admitting no alleviating air to lessen the smart. All oral confession partakes of the evil which the Catholic Church has brought to perfection. We even practically confound confession with atonement, and feel lightened of our burthen after apparent humiliation, as if we had done great things towards getting rid of offences by having admitted their existence.—*Baroness Bunsen.*

To blaspheme against the Holy Spirit is not to utter mere ribald words of profane import. It is to outrage the Spirit by refusing it a mission. It is to turn away God from the heart's doors with contumelious rejection of His loving and saving approach. To be accepted is all God really asks from His children: their childish, ignorant, and perverse denials and aspersions of His majesty, with all other wickedness. He can forgive, for His accepted presence will purge all away; but He cannot bless with forgiveness the soul which persists in an attitude of hostile alienation, for He cannot reach it with His healing, reconciling influences, whether in this world or another.—*Jos. May.*

ENJOY the present, whatsoever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future: for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward towards to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition. It is like re-using to quench your present thirst by fearing you shall want drink the next day. If it be well to-day it is madness to make the present miserable by fearing it may be ill to-morrow,—when your belly is full of to-day's dinner to fear that you shall want the next day's supper; for it may be you shall not, and then to what purpose was this day's affliction? But if to-morrow you shall want, your sorrow will come time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its day comes. But if it chance to be ill to-day, do not increase it by the cares of to-morrow. Enjoy the blessings of this day if God send them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day only is ours,—we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow. He, therefore, that enjoys the present if it be good, enjoys as much as is possible; and if only that day's trouble leans upon him, it is singular and finite. "Sufficient to the day (said Christ) is the evil thereof;" sufficient, but not intolerable. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable.—*Jeremy Taylor.*