

These biting words stung poor Carlos to the quick again. His temper raged more violently than ever, and he said to himself:

"This is foolishness—it's silly—I'll stand it no longer!"

"Yielding to these thoughts he was about to drop the reins, when his mother's words again flashed upon his burning brain, and a voice in his heart whispered, 'Come, be a man!'"

This whisper acted like a charm. His soul grew calm. The victory was won. The struggle had been hard and long, but it was over now. Carlos was a conqueror. He had done a greater deed than ever general had done on the field of battle. He had overcome himself. The conquest was final too, for, as he wrote ten years later, he never lost the mastery of his passion afterward.

There, Master Quick-temper, what say you to Carlos? His temper was as violent as yours. You say you cannot conquer yours, yet Carlos conquered his. Why can't you win a similar victory? Remember, that what one boy can do, most, if not all, other boys can do also. Up, then, my dear discouraged little fellow! Declare war once more on that vile temper! But, mark me! If you win the victory Carlos won you must adopt his battle-cry. You must enter the field praying:

"O, Jesus, help me to conquer my evil passions!"

W.

THE PURE IN HEART.

A LITTLE girl having one day read to her teacher the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of the Gospel by Matthew, he asked her to stop and tell him which of these holy tempers, said by our Lord to be blessed, she should most like to have. She paused a little, and then said with a modest smile:

"I would rather be pure in heart."

Her teacher asked her why she chose this above all the rest.

"Sir," she said, "if I could but obtain a pure heart I should then have all the other graces spoken of in this chapter."

And surely this was a wise and a right answer. God himself has said, "Out of it (the heart) are the issues of life." It is in the heart that God sheds abroad the graces of his Spirit, and from thence comes that "grace of the lips" which shows forth the right mind within.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

RUSSIAN SLAVES.

You do not see any blacks here? No, the Russian slaves or serfs were not black. They were the poor peasants, the working-class of people. I say they were, for they are not slaves now. They have all been set free within about two years.

I will tell you how they came to be enslaved in the first place. Less than four hundred years ago they were as free as other poor people, in a very poor country. They had no lands of their own, but lived upon and worked the estates of the nobles. And one day it came into the head of one of their powerful czars to forbid them to leave the estates upon which they were then at work, except during a certain week in the year; a short way of putting them all under masters. At first their condition was not very hard, but it gradually became worse. Their privilege of one week's liberty was taken away, so that they were obliged to stay always in the same place, and then they had no certain right to their own earnings. At last Peter the Great, who wanted their services in building his great cities and in working his manufactories, took some of them away from the estates to which they belonged. So it soon came about that they no longer had any surety

against separation from their families. Thus they had some of the worst features of slavery, though they probably did not suffer so much from ill-treatment as do the unfortunate slaves in America.

See, there comes one of the peasants now with his daughter dressed up in holiday costume! They do not look sad.

True, but they are all free now. Shall I tell you how it came about?

"O yes, please!" I hear from scores of voices, and Susie wants to know if they had a war about it as we are having in this country.

Well, my child, I am very happy to say they did not. It was the work of the good czar whom we saw a few weeks ago during our promenade on the

we should fight to keep it. And if it comes home to us again, as it has come lately to thousands of us in the city of New York, I hope we shall take joyfully the spoiling of our goods or the sacrifice of our lives rather than give up any principle of the people's government. Our government is worthy of every sacrifice, for without it we have no safety, no happiness, no certainty of enjoying in peace and quiet the society of the friends we have left. No, my little travelers, this war must go on till slavery is extinguished, till the Union is restored. We must work for it in every way that we can, and the smallest of us can do something if it is only to send a tract to a poor sick soldier. And more than all the rest, we must pray for it, and God will prosper the right. Yes, that is it. "Work, and pray, and trust." That is a motto worth keeping. AUNT JULIA.

A SHARP MANDARIN.

A GOVERNOR of a Chinese province was taken very ill, and refused to admit any visitors into his house. This being told to a mandarin of his acquaintance, the latter was very much concerned, and after many importunities obtained an interview with him. On his entrance he was surprised to find no signs of sickness in his friend, and asked what was the matter with him. The governor at length told him that he had lost the emperor's seal out of the cabinet where it used to be kept, and that as the lock remained uninjured, he was sensible that the seal was stolen. Of course he could transact no business, and must soon be deprived of his government and probably of his life.

The mandarin inquired if he had any enemy in the city. The other replied that he had, and that that enemy was an officer of rank, whom he had offended, and who was disposed to do him an injury.

"Away, then," replied the mandarin; "let your valuable goods be secretly removed this evening; then set fire to the empty premises and call out for help, to which this officer must of necessity repair with the rest, it being one of the principal duties of his place. As soon as you see him among the people deliver him in the

public presence the cabinet, shut as it is, that it may be secured in his possession. If he is the thief he will put the seal in its place; otherwise the fault will lie upon him for having taken so little care of it."

The governor followed his advice, and the next day received back his cabinet with the seal in it, both parties keeping the secret for their mutual safety.

A POINTED REBUKE.

A MINISTER of the gospel occasionally visiting a gay person, was introduced to a room near to that in which she dressed. After waiting some hours the lady came in and found him in tears. She inquired the reason of his weeping; the minister replied, "Madam, I weep on reflecting that you spend so many hours before your glass and in adorning your person, while I spend so few hours before my God and in adorning my soul."

The rebuke struck her conscience—she lived and died a monument of grace.

THE SKEPTIC REFUTED.

"AN," said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, "I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?"

"I do believe the Bible," said the old man; "do you believe it?"

"No, I can have no proof of its truth."



Newski. He has not been czar long, only about five years; but he soon made up his mind to free the serfs. There were forty millions of them then. The nobles, who were all serf-owners, and many others, did what they could to baffle him. They pretended not to understand him; they would not work with him, for there are many things to be attended to in such an undertaking. He wished to have the serfs freed gradually within the space of twelve years, and he wished the master to secure to every family a cabin and a half acre of ground, and to make many other wise regulations. But the nobles made so many difficulties over every trifle that finally the czar just cut the matter short by setting the serfs all free at once. He is now providing the freedmen with means to take care of themselves, and there is no probability that they will ever be enslaved again.

But what is that sigh? Ah, I know. Franklin is thinking that if we could only have found some such way of cutting the knot in this country we might have escaped this wicked war, and then his noble father would have been at home with his loved ones, instead of filling a grave among strangers in the South.

Well, my boy, we will weep with you. Our hearts bleed for the griefs of all our little travelers. But hearken a moment. Would you, even for such a boon, barter the glorious future of this free country into the hands of an absolute monarch, whose laws, good or bad, must be obeyed? I would not, no, never! Our fathers fought to obtain liberty, and