

## Holiness.

ONCE in Persia reigned a king, who upon his signet ring  
Graved a maxim true and wise, which, if held before his eyes,  
Gave him counsel at a glance fit for every change and chance,  
Solemn words, and these are they, "Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand brought him gems from Samarcand;  
Fleets of galleys through the seas brought him pearls to match with these,  
But he counted not his gain, treasures of the mine or main;  
"What is wealth?" the king would say, "Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court at the zenith of his sport,  
When the palms of all his guests burned with clapping at his jests,  
He, amid his figs and wine, cried: "Oh, loving friends of mine!  
Pleasure comes, but not to stay; even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field, once a javelin pierced his shield.  
Soldiers with a loud lament bore him bleeding to his tent;  
Groaning from his tortured side, "Pain is hard to bear," he cried  
"But with patience, day by day—even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square, twenty cubits in the air,  
Rose his statue carved in stone. Then the king, disguised, unknown,  
Stood before his sculptured name, musing meekly, "What is fame?  
Fame is but a slow decay—Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sear and old, waiting at the gates of gold,  
Said he, with his dying breath, "Life is done, but what is death?"  
Then in answer to the king fell a sunbeam on his ring,  
Showing, by a heavenly ray,—“Even this shall pass away.”

## A Talk to Boys.

THE *Interior* is proud to number among its readers a great army of boys. And while all classes are nowadays being lectured through our columns, it occurs to us that the boys will appreciate a talk that is not grandfatherly, and fatherly, but, as it were, older-brotherly. With that in view, we have been trying in imagination to do what, alas! can not be done in fact—turn back a score and more of years, and construct the boy in whose place we would like to put ourselves. We are going to draw the picture of the kind of a boy we would like to be, and trust that some of our boy-readers may find some traces of their own characters, or, at least, some answer of their own wishes and hopes.

If we were a boy, we would like to be a hard-working boy. All success waits on that. Only fools and gamblers trust to "luck." We will never come to much unless the habit of hard work teaches us the right use of our faculties. As all boys are not especially bright boys, as the rank and file are average sort of boys, with ordinary brains and opportunities, it will be a good thing if we can realize how far hard work will go to make good the lack of gifts

and good chances. Sir Walter Scott was called the blockhead of the school at Edinburgh. Perhaps calling him that waked him up, and he put himself to hard work. Isaac Newton was the dull boy at school. The "smart" boy once kicked this dull boy. That kick stung him to an iron purpose. He went to work, and never let up till the stars were at his feet. Oliver Goldsmith was so stupid that the person who taught him the alphabet was thought to have worked a miracle. So he did. He waked up the boy who could by and by astonish the world by writing "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village." A friend said to us, pathetically, not long since: "I used to long for a library. Now I have it, and cannot use it." But hard work will give us the use of everything that comes to us.

Again, if we were a boy, we would want to be a thorough boy. If it were only to sharpen a lead pencil, we would want to bring it to the very best point—not for fine writing, but for the self-discipline. We are well enough endowed, if we only knew how to use the endowments. A spirit that is self-exacting, and will permit no slight in any kind of work, will soon get the habit of bringing large and difficult undertakings to own its mastery.

Again, we would want to be an obedient boy. Only those are fit to command who have learned how to obey. Grant, after the battle of Shiloh, was disgraced, and ordered to report each morning to an officer his inferior in worth. He touched his hat to that subaltern every morning as loyally, and waited for his commands as deferentially, as if he were standing before the Commander-in-chief. That spirit helped to make him an irresistible commander. The boys who begin life by throwing flags of independence before they are fairly out of the nursery are not likely to come to anything. If we were looking for a captain, we would hunt for him among the boys who never disobeyed their mothers.

If we were a boy, we would want to be a boy with a purpose. We would not loaf or drift; we would set our rudder; we would select some aim worthy of our best energies, and then we would stick to it; and, as Carlyle would say, "Work at it like Hercules." There will be people who will lecture against ambition. But the boy without a good ambition will likely be the boy without a good record. And only high things are worth aiming at. As Emerson said, "Hitch your waggon to a star."

We would also like to be a truthful boy. Truth is a cardinal virtue. In Hebrew it means firmness; in Greek it means that which cannot be hid. A boy at once open and firm commands universal respect. And when business men are looking for a boy whom they may advance in their service, their most important question concerns truthfulness. It makes a good foundation. He can build high who has that for a corner stone.

And then, as including everything else, if we were a boy, we would be a Christian boy. We would be quite sure it would help us in the battle of life. As we look around among the successful men of our acquaintance, we do not know of one whose success was not helped by his Christian principles. We have the feeling that the saints are going to possess the earth within the next fifty years, and if we were a boy, with a chance for seeing the dawn of the next half century, we would want to stand on the Lord's side.

Great things are going to be done in the lifetime of the boys; and if we were a boy, we would want to get the best tools for helping to do them. Among them are the things we have named; however small our gifts or our privileges, we should feel pretty sure that our small gifts, wrought out by hard work and discipline, directed to a great aim and uplifted by a true Christian spirit, would give us a good and successful standing in the lists of the battle.—*Interior*.

## Marguerites.

BY RACHEL E. MOORE.

THERE are flowers more bright, and blooms more rare

Than the lissom marguerite;  
But where will you find a flower more fair,  
Or one more modestly sweet?

On their slender stems the white disks blow  
In a sweet, contented way,  
As if it were pleasure indeed to grow  
And blossom from day to day.

In field or on lawn, it matters not,  
They bloom in beauty the same.  
Nor trouble about the soil or spot;  
Or whether they're winning a name.

Each marguerite as its leaves unfold,  
Imprisons a sunbeam bright;  
And there in its heart, like a bit of gold,  
It glitters day and night.

Ah, ministry hidden, tender and sweet,  
In the petals of daisies fair,  
There are souls who need their lesson replete  
With his gracious love and care.

There's a natural sun for the daisies bright,  
But a Sun divine for you;  
The daisies' sun goes out at night.  
But yours shines always true.

And whether you live to be great or not,  
Or ever are known to fame,  
Let quiet contentment be your lot,  
His love is ever the same.

Open your heart to the Sun divine,  
One ray of the heavenly light,  
And your life, as the daisy, will glow and shine,  
In darkness as well as light.

If the traffic in ardent spirits is immoral, then of necessity are the laws which authorize the traffic immoral. And if the laws are immoral, then we must be immoral if we do not protest against them.—*Gerrit Smith*.

WHAT I wish to do is to lift the temperance idea to the level of its patriotic significance. But there is one thing that law can do, which the safety of our institutions demands, and that is to shut the door of the drinking saloon.—*Wendell Phillips*.

## The Right Sort of a Boy.

ROBERT dropped a fine, red apple out of the front window, which rolled very near the iron railing between the grass-plot and the street. Robert forgot to pick it up. Shortly afterward two boys came along.

"Oh," cried one, "see that bouncing apple! Let's hook it out!"

The other boy nudged him, with a whispered, "Oh, don't; there's somebody looking;" and on they went.

A little girl next passed. She spied the apple, and stopped, looking very hard at it, then put her hands through the rails, and tried to reach it. Her fingers just touched it. She looked around; a man was coming down the street. The girl withdrew her hand and went away. A ragged little fellow came by soon after. "That boy will steal the apple," I said to myself, peeping through the blinds. His bright eye at once caught sight of it, and he stopped. After looking at it a moment, he ran across the street and picked up a stick. He poked it through the rails, and drew the apple near enough to pick it up. Turning it over in his grimy hands, I could not help seeing how he longed to eat it. Did he pocket it and run? No. He came up the steps and rang the bell. I went to the door to meet him.

"I found this big apple in your front garden," said the boy, "and I thought may be you had dropped it out, and didn't know it was there; so I picked it up, and have brought it to you."

"Why did you not eat the apple?" "Oh," said he, "it is not mine."

"It was almost in the street," said I, "where it would have been hard to find its owner."

"Almost is not quite," replied the boy, "which, Mr. Curtis says, makes all the difference in the world."

"Will you tell me who this Mr. Curtis is of whom you speak?"

"My Sunday-school teacher. He has explained the eighth commandment to me, and I know it," and he handed me the apple.

"Will you accept the apple?" said I. "I am glad you brought it in, for I like to know honest boys. What is your name?"

He told me. I need not tell you, however, only I think you will agree with me that he is the right sort of a Sunday-school scholar. He squares his conduct by the faithful Christian instruction which he gets there.—*Presbyterian Banner*.

I AM thoroughly, heartily, and honestly of the conviction that the traffic in strong drink prevailing in our land, resulting from custom supported by appetite and entrenched in party, cannot be overthrown until the Christian people of the land are taught the duty of using their political influence, as they have been taught to use their moral influence, for its overthrow.—*James Black*.