

side from the water, affording a kind of natural causeway by which one can penetrate some distance into the interior. A wonderful sight it is, worth a long journey to see; overhead the sombre roof, on either hand the walls of massive columns, while through the doorway the sun sparkles brightly on the water, and the Atlantic waves, green as chrysopease, come surging in with a rhythmic motion, and break with booming noise in the recesses of the cavern, as though its columns were the pipes of some giant organ.

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“BRIGGS DID DO IT.”

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Lord Macaulay's definition of politeness, “Benevolence in trifles,” was once impressively illustrated by that good Governor and excellent Christian gentleman, George N. Briggs, of Massachusetts.

One day, while walking on the main street of Pittsfield, he was overtaken by a shower. Stepping into a store he stood in the doorway, umbrella in hand, waiting for the shower to pass away.

Just then a young coloured woman came along. She was well dressed, but apparently was too timid to seek the shelter offered by the open stores. As she stood, irresolute, Governor Briggs noticed her distress, and stepping forward spread his umbrella over her, and insisted upon her taking it.

A few days after the Governor's death this incident was mentioned at a social gathering by a gentleman who had witnessed it. One of the company—a young man, who did not sympathize with the general admiration which the anecdote excites—exclaimed, petulantly:

“Why, anybody could have done that!”

“Yes,” rejoined the witty Dr. John Todd, “but Governor Briggs *did* do it!”

The silence of the youth showed that he apprehended the force of Dr. Todd's emphasis on the “*did*.”—*Central Christian Advocate*.

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JUDGMENTS are prepared for scorners.

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

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I once stood at the foot of a Swiss mountain which towered up from the foot of the Visbach Valley to the height of ten thousand feet. It looked like a tremendous pull to the top. But I said to myself, “Oh, it will require but one step at a time.” Before sunset I stood on the summit enjoying the magnificent view of the peaks around me, and right opposite to me flashed the icy crown of the Weissborn which Professor Tyndall was the first man to discover, by taking one step at a time. Every boy who would master a difficult study, every youth who hopes to get on in the world, must keep this motto in mind. When the famous Arago was a school boy he got discouraged over mathematics. But one day he found on the waste leaf of the cover of his text book, a short letter from D'Alembert to a youth discouraged like himself. The advice which D'Alembert gave was, “Go on sir, go on.” “That little sentence,” says Arago, “was my best teacher in mathematics.” He did push on steadily until he became the greatest mathematician of his day, by mastering one step at a time.

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A RICH MAN.

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What is a rich man? A peer of the realm? A gentleman who lives in a splendid mansion? Perhaps not. A clerk in one of our city establishments may be richer than both of these, and many more, who could be easily named. He only is rich whose income is more, and continues to be more than his necessary expenditure. It is better, however, to be poor and remain poor, than to acquire wealth in a wrong or improper manner. Dishonest wealth and honest poverty; the latter, when compared with the former, is as the sunlight to the glow-worm, or the noble river to the stagnant pool.—*Dr. M'Auslane*.

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LITTLE children, love, honour and obey your parents.