

THE DANGER OF WINE.

I had a widow's son committed to my care. He was heir to a great estate. He went through the different stages of college, and finally left with a good moral character and bright prospects. But, during the course of his education, he had heard the sentiment advanced, which I then supposed correct, that the use of wines was not only admissible, but a real auxiliary to the temperance cause. After he had left college, for a few years he continued respectful to me. At length he became reserved. One night he rushed unceremoniously into my room, and his appearance told the dreadful secret. He said he had come to talk with me. He had been told during his senior years that it was safe to drink wine, and by that idea he had been ruined. I asked him if his mother knew this. He said no; he had carefully concealed it from her. I asked him if he was such a slave that he could not abandon the habit. "Talk not to me of slavery," he said, "I am ruined, and before I go to bed I shall quarrel with the bar-keeper of the Tertine for brandy or gin to sate my burning thirst." In one month this young man was in his grave. It went to my heart. Wine is the cause of ruin to a great proportion of the young men of our country.

THE FAMILY BOND.

Family ties are formed of the innumerable ramifications composing all the direct and indirect affinities between heart and heart, and preserve to the widest circumference of the increasing circle a portion of the temperature which warmed and illumined the first fireside.

The same blood drawn from the same veins; the same milk, imbibed at the same breast; the same name borne by each, and of which each is bound to maintain the honor (whether obscure or illustrious signifies nothing), and which cannot be tarnished or exalted in one without reflecting on the rest; the common fortune which bestows affluent or narrow means, as it is amassed or subdivided amidst the inheritors, according to the number of children; the same paternal mansion, whether in town or country, whose roof has sheltered heir cradles during infancy, and the shadowy remembrance of which is impressed on the mind to the last moment of existence; the same traditions, that common consent of mind which binds together the religion, customs, manners, and innate sentiments of the hereditary group; finally, the same remembrances of lessons, conversations, hospitalities, ease, weariness, happiness, tears, births, deaths, hopes, and disappointments—sad and joyous secrets of the domestic hearth—all these form, unknown to ourselves, around, our hearts an atmosphere of ineffaceable impressions, which pervades equally our moral and physical senses; from the influence of which escape is impossible, and which, though it does not bear the cold sternness of legislation, displays the irresistible force of nature.—Lamartine.

It was not as the Lord revealed Himself at the end, but as He "opened the Scriptures" to the two Emmaus friends by the way, that their hearts burned within them; and the same thing sets hearts on fire still.—E. Bradbury.

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars of heaven.—Chalmers.

Holy is the Seed-Time.

ALBERT LOWE.

Ho - ly is the seed - time, when the bur - ied grain .

ORG.

Sinks to sleep in dark - ness, but to wake a - gain . . .

Ho - ly is the spring - time, when the liv - ing corn, . . .

Burst - ing from its pris - on, ris - eth like . . . the morn.

II.

Holy is the harvest, when each ripened ear,
Bending to the sickle, crowns the golden year;
Store them in our garners; winnow them with care;
Give to God the glory in our praise and prayer.

III.

Holy seed our Master soweth in His field;
Be the harvest holy which our hearts shall yield;
Be our bodies holy, resting in the clay,
Till the Resurrection summons them away.

IV.

Glory to the Father, who beheld our need;
Glory to the Saviour, who hath sown the seed;
Glory to the Spirit, giving the increase;
Glory as it has been, is, and ne'er shall cease!

NOTE.—The Small Notes are for the Organ only.