

## KEEP THE SABBATH HOLY.

How beautiful the Sabbath day of the spring-time, binding with an unearthly sweetness the toils and cares of the week that was, to the one that now is! Who among us, that has been from infancy accustomed to the sound of the church bell and the voice of thanksgiving, would willingly deny himself these privileges? Among my earliest recollections is the memory of the Sabbath day; ordinary labour and amusements must be suspended, toys be laid aside for the morrow; and the Sabbath school lesson, well studied on Saturday afternoon, must now be reviewed, and the contents of the library book rehearsed. Soon the welcome sound of the church bell, with its silvery tones, called to the house of God; young and old, alike obeying its summons, flocked to the church, there to listen reverentially to the teachings of the Scriptures dispensed by the pastor.

Then, at the close of the morning service, was the Sabbath school, where the childish heart was taught those lessons which were to prove in after life an inheritance inestimable, guarding in the hour of temptation, cheering in the hour of darkness, and supporting under the most trying afflictions. Visit our prisons—how many among those confined there will tell you that Sabbath breaking was the first step that led them to the crime which now confines them to a felon's cell? Throw back, by gentle words and kind looks, the bolts that bind their confidence, and see if, perchance, the tribute of a tear is not paid to the memory of those days when the Sabbath day brought a season of repose and quiet. There is in the human breast an instinctive reverence for a God, and those persons who do not observe the ordinances of the Sabbath day and attend upon His worship, are wont to plunge into scenes of dissipation and vice to forget the promptings of their better nature.

Were it not for this sacred release from toil and care, to what bright spot would the poor, toilworn and weary labourer look? Where would be the sweet union of the family on Saturday night, so anxiously looked forward to by many a son and daughter? How little do those parents who make the Sabbath a day of pleasure realize the influence which they exert over their children, and through them, on the world in future years!

Taught to forget that God's sacred day is holy time, they learn to disregard his commandments, to forget his laws, and set at defiance his providences.

Oh! could the Sabbath day be regarded as holy time throughout the land, how soon would crime be unknown and prisons become churches! Then let every Christian make it a daily work to do something toward the consummation of this great work. Is there not some individual whom, by a constant effort, you can lead from Sabbath breaking to the house of God? By so doing you are doing a work, the extent of which humanity can never comprehend and eternity alone can reveal. Then seek the means, however humble, and your reward is sure.

## THE BIRD AND THE WHEELBARROW.

"Do you hear that dear little bird?" said Mrs. Midgitt. "How deliciously it sings! Did you ever hear such an exquisitely sweet note? It seems to have only that note; but isn't it sweet! What kind of a bird is it, dear?"

"The bird, my dear," answered Midgitt, "happens to be Jones's wheelbarrow; and the exquisite little note you so much admire is its squeaking."

"Why, dear me! now it comes nearer—so it is!" exclaimed the lady, much disgusted. "I wish you would tell him to go farther off with his dreadful wheelbarrow, or else grease it—can't endure the sound! It fairly makes my blood run cold!"

"But it is very delightful music when you thought it was a bird, my dear," quietly replied Midgitt. "And Jones comes no nearer now than he did before."

"Well, now I know it's a wheelbarrow. I can't endure it any way in the world!" said the lady; "for there is nothing I hate as I do a wheel squeaking!"

Midgitt laughed derisively at his wife's unreasonableness. And may be you laugh, too, kind reader. But do you know that there are a good many Mrs. Midgitts in the world? And are you quite sure that you are free from that little trait of human nature she exhibits?

"Who is that playing the piano?"

"That? Why, that is Senator Snooks's daughter!"

"Is it possible! She plays admirably, don't you think so?"

"Yes—but that's not Miss Snooks, af-

ter all! How could I make such a mistake? It's nobody but old Bobbet's daughter! She can't play."

"I see she can't; and I wish such bunglers would let the piano alone."

Who hasn't heard just such conversations as that? Somebody reads aloud an extract from a new book—"Spoonvictuals," by T. Thumb Tibbetts, Esquire, your favorite author. What a splendid passage! What imagery! what tenderness of sentiment and grace of style! You have your mind made up to say all this, and much more, when the reading is concluded; when it turns out to be a passage which T. Thumb Tibbetts, Esquire, has quoted from an author you and he dislike, in order to ridicule it! What a difference that little fact makes in your estimation! How that detestable wheelbarrow squeaks! But did it when you thought it was that divinely singing bird, Tom Thumb Tibbetts, Esquire?

It must be confessed that we are more or less liable to be misled by this sort of imagination and prejudice. But it is nevertheless a sign of weakness. If a picture is good, we ought to be able to see that it is good, and generous enough to acknowledge it, though it is from the brush of our worst enemy. And if it is a daub, we should know that it is a daub, and not pretend it isn't, though our dearest friend painted it. Yet there is so much in the power of association that the most independent judgment may sometimes be excused for giving its evidence according to sentiment, and not according to fact. And, besides, there is a sense of fitness which influences us; what is commendable in one is not so in another; and a note that might be considered exquisite if uttered by a bird, does lose its charm when we hear that it is the voice of an ungreased wheelbarrow.

**HAPPINESS.**—Every person is happy, no matter what his circumstances, who is contented. Happiness does not depend so much on the art of getting much as the art of being contented with what we have.

## THE FOOT OF A HORSE.

The human hand has often been taken to illustrate Divine wisdom—and very well. But a horse's foot is hardly less curious in its way. Its parts are somewhat less complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The hoof is not, as