

ON THE BEACH.

A little band of exiles,
We sit in the faint starlight,
While about us thro' the heat-pulse
Of the sultry southern night.

Above us gleams Orion,
And glimmers the Milky Way;
While on our feet the ocean
Keeps moaning for ever and aye.

There is no sound from landward,
Save the rustle of withered grass,
And the sigh of the bent on the sandhills,
As the warm night breezes pass.

Till one says—"Let us break the stillness
With a song of olden time;
And our hearts will thro' responsive
To the old familiar rhyme."

Oh! strange and deep are the sources
Whence the olden memories come,
For sudden we all are singing
The song of "Home, Sweet Home!"

Oh the sweet old lit' how it echoes
Along the sandy shore,
While the cadences of the ocean
Keep wailing evermore.

And over the starlit waters
We strain our eyes in vain;
While our souls grow sick with longing,
Our hearts with yearning pain.

And we think—"Will the time come over,
When that silver shining foam
Shall bear us back on its bosom,
Away to 'Home, Sweet Home!'"

—Harriet Miller Davidson, in Edinburgh Review.

Select Sermon.

RECKLESS DRIVERS.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAJEE.

"The driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously."—2 Kings ix. 20.

Joram, wounded in battle, lies in a hospital at Jazreel. The watchman, standing in the tower, looks off and sees against the sky horsemen and chariots. A messenger is sent out to find who is coming, but does not return. Another messenger is sent, but with the same fate. The watchman, standing in the tower, looks off upon the advancing troop, and gets more and more excited, wondering who are coming. But long before the cavalcade comes up, the matter is decided. The watchman cannot discern the features of the approaching man, but exclaims: "I have found out who it is: the driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously."

By the flash of that one sentence, we discover Jehu's character. He came with such speed not merely because he had an errand to do, but because he was urged on by a headlong disposition, which had won him the name of a reckless driver, even among the watchmen. The chariot plunges until you almost expect the wheels to crash under it, or some of the princely party to be thrown out, or the horses to become utterly unmanageable. But he always goes so; and he becomes a type of that class of persons to be found in all the communities, who in worldly and in religious affairs may be styled reckless drivers.

To this class belong all those who conduct their worldly affairs in a headlong way, without any regard to prudence or righteousness.

You have no right to shut the door of your office or store against the principles of our holy religion. That ministers of Christ does not do his whole duty who does not plainly and unmistakably bring the Gospel face to face with every style of business transaction. May a man sit in his pew on Sunday night, and sing *Rock of Ages*, and roll up his eyes very piously, who, on coming out at the close of the service, shuts the pew-door, and says: "Good-by, Religion; I will be back next Sunday!" A religion that does not work all the week, as well as on Sunday, is no religion at all.

We have a right, in a Christian manner, to point out those who, year by year, are jeopardizing not only their welfare, but the interests of others, in reckless driving. As a hackman, having lost control of a flying span, is apt to crash into other vehicles, until the property and lives of a whole street are endangered, so a man driving his worldly calling with such loose reins that, after a while, it will not answer his voice or hand, puts in peril the commercial interests of scores or hundreds. There are to-day in our midst many of our best citizens who have come from affluence into straitened circumstances, because there was a partner in their firm, or a cashier in their bank, or an agent representing their house, or one of their largest creditors, who, like Jehu, the son of Nimshi, was a furious driver.

Against all this, it is high time that the Church of God wakes up. Who else will expose the wrongs? Not the law! Almost any man can escape that, if he has money enough. Sheriffs, aldermen, and police-officers have for their work to see that no defrauder of means gets too badly hurt. Once in a while, indeed, a swindler is arrested, and if the case be too notoriously flagrant, the culprit is condemned; but the officials having him in charge must take the express-train, and get to Sing Sing in briefest time, or the Governor's pardon gets there before him. We have feet of lightning when we get on the

track of a woman who has stolen a paper of pins, or a freezing man who has abstracted a scuttle of coal; but when we go out in pursuit of some man who has struck down the interests of a hundred, and goes up along the Hudson to build his mansion, the whole city hangs on our skirts, crying: "Don't you hurt him!"

It is, therefore, left to the Church of God to make these things odious and penal. Everybody knows that there stand in the membership of our churches, men who devour widows' houses, and digest them, and for a pretence make long prayers. There are stock-gamblers who are trustees of churches; in the eldership, those who grind the faces of the poor; and while the church will expel from its membership the drunkard or the libertine, which of our churches has risen up to the courageous point of saying that a defrauder, be he great or little, president of a bank or keeper of a cigar-shop, worth a million or a bankrupt, shall not come unchallenged to our holy communion? The Church of God wants nothing so much to-day as to be swept out. But an ordinary sweeping will not do the work. It needs to be scrubbed. The time must soon come when the church will see that this great load of obliquity will break her down. If a teamster, passing down the street, dashes heedlessly along, and runs down a child, the authorities catch him; but for the reckless commercial drivers, who stop not for the rights of others, and who dash on to make their fortunes over the heads of innocence, virtue, and religion—no chastisements.

Some time ago, in the city of New-York, a young man in a jeweller's store stood behind the counter, offering gold rings to a customer. He said: "Those rings are fourteen carats." The lady replied, "I want a ring of sixteen carats," and not getting what she wanted, went away. The head man of the firm came and said to the clerk: "Why did you not tell her that these rings were sixteen carats?" He replied: "I cannot deceive anybody." The head man of the firm severely reprimanded him, and said: "You never can get along in this way. It is lawful in business to make these little misrepresentations." Who was the young man? A hero! Who was the gentleman representing the firm? A deacon in a Brooklyn church! Not this church, bless the Lord!

Meanwhile, this class of defrauders increases—more during the war than before it; more now than in "war-times." In those days of large contracts, and convulsions in the gold market, and salterships in the army, multitudes of men got so in the habit of cheating that they cannot stop. In those days they bought very splendid houses and their roan span, and formed acquaintanceship with the high families on the best square; and means must somehow be obtained to continue in the same style, for keep that house they ought, and drive that roan span they will, and walk the beach at the watering-place with the Astors they must. Clear the track for these reckless drivers!

Firms not worth a dollar dazzling a whole city with their splendor of equipment! Officials having in charge public funds investing them in private speculations! Debts repudiated! Property surreptitiously put out of one's hands! Members of our State Legislature with small salaries helped into great extravagances by railroad monopolies. Three fourths of the country in debt to the other fourth! Fortunes made in three weeks! Honest men derided as imbecile, and as not living up to their privileges! New York Common Council men, with no salaries, getting rich! All the cities falling into the same line! All our streets, alleys, and courts filled with the thundering wheels of reckless drivers!

When I see in the community, men with large incomes, but large out-goes, rushing into wildest undertakings, their pockets filled with circulars about gold in Canada, and lead in Missouri, and fortunes everywhere, launching out in expenditures to be met by the thousands they expect to make, with derision dashing across the path of sober men depending upon their industry and honor for success, I say: "Here he comes, the son of Nimshi, driving furiously!"

When I see a young man, not content gradually to come to a competency, careless as to how often he goes upon credit, spending in one night's carousal a month's salary, taking the few hundred dollars given him for starting, in the purchase of a regal wardrobe, ashamed to work, anxious only for display, regardless of his father's counsel, and the example of thousands who, in a short while, have wrecked body and mind, and soul in scheming or dissipation, I say: "Here he comes, the son of Nimshi, driving furiously."

I would that on the desk of every counting-room, and on the bench of every artisan, there were a Bible; and that by its instruction all business-men were regulated, and that they would see that godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come; and that business dishonor is a spiritual disaster; and that a man may be the leader of a

Methodist class, or the trustee of a Baptist church, or an "example" in a Quaker meeting-house, or a vestryman in an Episcopal parish, or an elder in a Presbyterian church, and yet go to perdition.

Thus far, my discourse may not have touched your case, and I consider that sermon a failure which does not strike every one somewhere. I have no desire to escape personal preaching. What is the use of going to church if not to be made better? I never feel satisfied when I sit in church unless the preacher strikes some of my sins, and arouses me out of some of my stupidities. Now, you may, in worldly affairs, be cautious, true, honorable, and exemplary, but am I not right when I say that all those who are speeding toward eternity without preparation—flying with years, and the months, and the weeks, and the days, and the moments, and the seconds, toward an unalterable destiny, yet not certain as to where they speed, are reckless drivers? What would you think of a stage driver with six horses and twenty passengers, in the midnight, when it is so dark that you cannot see your hand before your face, dashing at full run over bridges and along by dangerous precipices? Such a man is prudent compared with one who amid the perils of this life, dashes on toward an unknown eternity, not knowing where he goes. If, in driving you come to the forks of a road, and one goes to the right and the other to the left, you stop and make inquiry as to which road you ought to take. To-night you have come to the forks of a road. One leads to heaven and the other to hell. Which road will you take? The road to the right is a little rough—yea, you may find it very rough. It has been much cut up with the hoof-marks of the cavalry of temptation. There are a great many steep hills. You will see where torrents of tribulation have washed the road away. The bones of the martyrs are scattered along the road. I will not deceive you—some have found it a very rough way; but I tell every hearer to-night that it is the right way. It comes out at the right place. There is a great house at the end of it built for you. As you come up, you will see Christ ready to greet you. At the gate, you will find enough of the waters of the Jordan to wash the sweat from your cheek, and the aching from your brow, and the dust from your feet. Talk about castles of marble and granite! This one is cleft of amethyst, and chalcedony, and pearl. Talk of banqueting! The spoils of the universe are gathered at this table, and all who sit at it are kings and queens.

But notwithstanding the brilliant terminus of the road, you halt at the forks, because the left-hand road is a great deal smoother; and so some of you will drive in that way. I see multitudes of people who do not stop at the forks to make inquiry. The coursers behind which they go are panting with the speed, nostrils distended, foam dropping from the bit and whitening the flanks, but still urged on with lash and shout and laughter; the reins drawn; the embankments unwatched; the speed unnoticed. Alas for the reckless drivers! They may after a while see the peril and seize the reins, and lay back with all their might, and put on the brakes, and cry for help until their hands are numb and their eyes start from their sockets, and the breath stops, and the heart chills, as over the rocks they plunge, courser and chariot, and horseman, tumbling in long-resounding crash of ruin.

Some are drawn along by sinful pleasures—a wild team that ran away with all who have persisted in riding behind them. Once fully under way, no sawing of the bit can stop them. They start at every sudden sight or sound; and where it needs a slow step and great care, they go with bound terror. Their eyes are a flame with terrors, and their hoofs red with the blood of men whose life they have dashed out; and what is worse, the drivers scourge them into more furious speed. We come out and tell them of dangers ahead, but with jeers they pass on. The wild team smoke with the speed, and their flying feet strike fire; and the rumbling of swift wheels over rotten bridges that span awful chasms is answered by the rumbling of the heavens: "Because I called and ye refused, and stretched out my hands and no man regarded, therefore I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh!"

When this world gets full power over a man he might as well be dead. He is dead! When Sisera came into the house of Jael she gave him something to drink, and got him asleep on the floor. Then she took a peg from the side of her tent, and a mallet, and drove the peg through the brain of Jael into the floor. So the world feels a man and flatters a man, and when it has him sound asleep, strikes his life out.

The trouble is, that most reckless drivers do not see their peril until it is too late to stop. Young man! go to the almshouse hospital, and see the fostering, disgusting end of those who have surrendered themselves to sensualities. There is no low place on their

body for disease to place another mark. Their nails dropping loose; their limbs rotting off; their nostrils eaten away; their eyes quenched; their breath the odor of a charnel-house—they writhe in the consuming tortures of a libertine's death-bed. Do they like it? Oh! no! If they had the value of the whole universe in one coin, they would cheerfully give it up if they could buy but an hour's release from the horrors which this moment shrike over the couch, where the tears of their anguish mingle with the bloody ichor that exudes from their ulcers.

Young man, before you mount the chariot of sin, go and see the end of those reckless drivers. They once had as fair a check as you, and as many a brow as you, and as stout a heart. They stepped very gradually aside. They read French novels. They looked at bad pictures. They went into contaminating associations. Out of curiosity, and just to see for themselves, they entered the house of sin. They were caught in snares that had captured stronger men than they. Farewell now to all hope of return! Farewell to peace! Farewell to heaven!

Perhaps there are some here who say: "Would God I could stop my bad practices! But I cannot stop. I know that I am on the wrong road, and that I have been a reckless driver; but I try to rein in my swift appetites, yet they will not heed." I tell such that there is an Almighty Hand which can pull back these will racers. He whose beck the stars answer, and at whose mandate the chariots of heaven come and go, is more than a master for these temptations. Helpless yourself, and unable to guide these wild coursers, give Jesus Christ the reins! Mighty to save unto the uttermost!

Better stop now. Some years ago, near Princeton, New-Jersey, some young men were skating on a pond around an "air-hole," and the ice began to break in. Some of them stopped; but a young man said: "I am not afraid! Give us one round more." He swung nearly round, when the ice broke, and not until next day was his lifeless body found. So men go on in sin. They are warned. They expect soon to stop. But they cry: "Give us one round more." They start, but with wild crash break through into bottomless perdition. Do not risk it any longer. Stop now. God save us from the foolhardiness of the one round more!

I thank God that I have met you to-night, and been permitted to tell you which is the right road and which the wrong road. You must take one or the other. I leave you at the forks: choose for yourselves!

And may God have mercy upon all reckless drivers!

THE EVEN TEMPER.

The other day I was waiting on the wharf, when, at the last moment after the cables were loosened, and the wheels were beating the water, and the ship was on the very point of sliding away, I saw a gentleman, who for some time I had remarked as anxiously awaiting something which did not arrive, hand his wife and children over the side, and descend the plank from the ship to the wharf. The moment they were off the plank it was raised, and the next moment the ship glided into the stream, a gun boomed over the water, and she was on her way over the ocean.

The gentleman and his family watched the ship disappear, in which for many weeks their passage had been taken, and which they had left so reluctantly the last moment. I in turn watched them, not intrusively nor impudently, I hope, but because I saw in the gentleman's face no signs of anger, nor, indeed, of very serious disappointment. While I was admiring his self-command—for I have seen people surly because dinner was delayed—a truckman with a heavy load of baggage drove rapidly along the wharf. He saw the situation in a moment, and was confounded and frightened. The gentleman pointed to the receding ship, and said quietly to the truckman, "You have prevented our going." There was no anger, no harsh or scolding tone. The gentleman evidently did not choose to loose his temper as well as his passage, and his mildness and generosity brought tears to the delinquent's eyes. The truth was, not that he had not lingered, but that, thinking he had time enough, he had turned aside to send a physician to his wife, and had then been impeded upon his way to the ship.

It was after all, a little thing—the gentleman and his family had only missed their passage. It was merely an inconvenience, a derangement of plans carefully laid, with the general absurdity of all baulked endeavors of the kind; but it was, for all that, a sudden and sharp test of temper. That of some of us would have snapped; and I pity that truckman, if he should ever bring the baggage of most of us too late for the ship. I saw the new Maltese minister promenading in the sun yesterday, arrayed in now and wonderful trowsers; and just as he was lifting

his hat and saluting in choice French the beautiful Maria Grunter, heiress of the whole Boar property, a butcher's waggon dashed along, and the horse threw mud upon those trowsers. But if his Excellency's soul had been soiled by the circumstance, he could not have been more furious. And as his airy salute to Miss Grunter instantly changed to an angry shaking of his fist at the rude butcher boy, who cried, derisively, "Hi! Hi! I could not help regretting that a gentleman should wear wonderful trowsers who cannot endure these misfortunes with equanimity. I have since learned that Miss Grunter has stated to a friend that his Excellency had made a serious impression upon her heart, but that it had been effaced by the lamentable spectacle of his fury upon this occasion.

It is, indeed, very possible that a man who would fall into a passion if his trowsers were spattered with dirty water, might be very calm and courageous in the presence of sudden and great danger. But life is made up of small occasions. We wish to be ready for the stinging of mosquitoes and the tickling of flies, as well as for earthquakes and strokes of lightning. It would be no satisfaction to me, if I were a married man, and my wife were always worried about saucers, and milk pans, and spots on the window, and a hue of gloves that jarred with the shade of a curtain, to know that if a squadron of the enemy's cavalry should surround the house and summon a surrender, she would be equal to the occasion. The occasion will not arise. There is no enemy; and if there were, I defy his squadrons of cavalry. Would it be any satisfaction to me when, on the most perfect of May mornings, my wife, in the freshest and fairest muslin, sat pointing and beating her foot upon the floor, to know that if I were just dying in my bed, she would be a very marvel of composure and resignation? I should not die every morning, but I should eat breakfast, and I should wish my wife's manners to be as admirable at the breakfast-table as the death-bed. And I hope she would wish mine to be the same. What satisfaction would it be to her to know that I had made a prodigious speech and saved my country the evening before, and sat absorbed in my paper at breakfast, hushing the gawgity of the children, and snarling at the coffee? Indeed, I am inclined to believe that the boys in school can spell words in six syllables, if they can spell these in two. If your temper is equal to little annoyances, I will trust it to great emergencies.

But what is it that puts it into repair and keeps it so? Is the secret what we call temperance, merely? Is one man born placid and another irritable, and is that the end of it?

Is the minister from Malta just as admirable when he rages at the butcher-boy for spluttering his trowsers, as the gentleman who lost his passage when he mildly tells the truckman that his negligence has caused such enormous inconvenience? I knew two saints, one of whom says that his own virtue is the fruit of long toil, but that the virtue of his friend comes by nature. "I have more struggles every morning before breakfast," he says, "than my friend ever had in his whole life."

If, indeed, we are born heroes, let us be grateful. But if we are not, let us repair the defects of birth. You know that what is a conscientious effort at first, becomes an involuntary habit. When my uncle was a little boy, he slammed the door whenever he went out of a room; but one day his mother called him back, and compelled him to close the door quietly. And every time that he forgot it he was recalled, until very soon he would no more have shut the door with a crash than he would have kicked it open. My great-aunt was very careful of the manners of her children; and when she made my uncle close the door quietly, she began to teach him that he need not lose his temper because he had lost his passage to Europe, and that his manners under all circumstances were within his own control.—G. W. Curtis, in Harper's Bazar.

SING SONG.

Seldom "can't,"
Seldom "don't,"
Never "shan't"
Never "won't."

It is a sign of Christian manhood when one, though all the selfish instincts of his nature impel him to do otherwise, thinks mercifully, and waits to be gracious, and, if he cannot form an opinion without severity, withholds his judgment till he can form one that shall have more mercy in it. Take care of the secret thoughts of the inward judgments which you form of men.—Beecher.

If there is some little thing I can do for Christ, though my minister will not know about it, though the deacons and elders will not know, and nobody will know, and if I leave it undone nobody will suffer any calamity because of it; but if I do it, it will please my Lord, and I shall enjoy the sense of having done it to Him, therefore will I attend to it, for it is no slight work if it be for Him.—Spurgeon.