

ket, and, unobserved, left the scene of my triumph and disgrace, with a heavy heart, for my home! "My folks were poor—and my father was a drunkard." But why should I be reproached for that? I could not prevent my father's drinking, and, assisted and encouraged by my mother, I had done all I could to keep my place in my class at school and to assist her in her worse than widowhood.

Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved never to taste of liquor, and that I would show master G. if I was a drunkard's son, I would yet stand as high as he did. But all my resolves could not allay the gnawing grief and vexation produced by his taunting words and haughty manner.—In this frame of mind—my head and heart aching, my eyes red and swollen—I reached home. My mother saw at once that I was in trouble, and inquired the cause. I buried my face in her lap, and burst into tears. Mother, seeing my grief, waited until I was more composed, when I told her what had happened, and added passionately, "I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so we could be respected as other folks."—At first, mother seemed almost overwhelmed, but quickly rallying, said:

"My son, I feel very sorry for you, and regret that your feelings have been so injured. G. has twitted you about things you cannot help. But never mind, my son. Be always honest; never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor; study and improve your mind. Depend on your own energies, trusting in God, and you will if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man. I wish your father, when sober, could have witnessed this scene, and realize the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son. Remember you are responsible only for your own faults. Pray God to keep you, and don't grieve for the thoughtless and unkind reproaches that may be cast on you on your father's account."

This lesson of my blessed mother, I trust was not lost upon me. Nearly forty years have passed since that day, and I have passed many trying scenes, but none ever made so strong an impression on my feelings as that heartless remark of G's. It was so unjust and so uncalled-for. Now, boys, remember always to treat your mates with kindness. Never indulge in taunting remarks toward any one, and remember that the son of a poor man, and even of a drunkard, may have sensibilities as keen as your own.

But there is another part to this story. The other day a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I did not recognize him. I told him I did not. "Do you remember," said he, "of being at a spelling school at a certain time, and a rude, thoughtless boy twitting you of poverty, and being a drunkard's son?" "I do most distinctly," said I. "Well," continued the gentleman, "I am that boy. There has not probably a month of my life passed since then, but I have thought of that remark with regret and shame, and as I am about leaving for California, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without first calling on you, and asking your forgiveness for that act." Boys, I gave him my hand as a pledge of forgiveness. Did I do right? You all say Yes. Well, then, let me close as I began. Boys, never twit one another for what he cannot help. **UNCLE JOSEPH.**

From the Pacific Recorder.

INDIVIDUALISM.

One of the strongest tendencies of the day is towards associated effort. Acting upon the acknowledged truth that in "union is strength," men are disposed to act in masses, and only so. The present is an age of "Societies," of "Unions," of "Associations." There is scarcely an avenue of enterprise,

moral or religious, that is not covered by one or more organized bodies, designed for its exploration and occupancy. All this is well, and so far as thus combining the active energies of those whose sympathies and sentiments flow in the same channel, such organizations are the most efficient means for acting on the world. But, beneath the apparent and the real good connected with them, there lurks a serious danger; it lies in the almost unavoidable merging of the individual into the mass; the weakening of the feeling of personal responsibility, and the disposition to perform duty by proxy. We may see that feeling displayed in connection with almost every religious or moral effort. Who now thinks of seeking out the orphan? There are Societies that take the charge of that work, and if we give our annual contribution to the asylum, we feel as if all our duty, in that direction, was performed.—But what have we known of the joy of doing good, when we have thus performed the labor? And it is so through nearly the entire range of moral and Christian effort. Now, we do not object to such organizations—on the contrary, we believe them to be necessary and efficient agencies for good; but what we regret is, the evident lessening of that feeling of personal responsibility which it is the first aim of the gospel to impress upon the heart. We would see more of individualism in society; we would have men feel that their duties are not all performed by giving dollars (or quarters) for others to do good with, but that each man himself should be a centre of influence, a direct actor in labors for the good of man.

We are mistaken if our churches, and even our families are not already disastrously affected by the weakening of this spirit of individualism. Parents give up the religious training of their children to the Sabbath school; Christians turn over the conversion of men to the church, and the church in turn relinquishes much of her appropriate work to Societies, and every where one leans upon another. Men wait for influences from without to move them, when those influences should spring within themselves, and should, through them, move others.

Our great hope for the church, and for the world, is through the widening and deepening of this principle of individualism: when men shall feel their personal obligations to act and their individual responsibility to God, and when oftener from the Christian heart shall arise the prayer of Saul of Tarsus—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Correspondence of the London Times.

THE OPIUM TRADE AND MISSIONS.

"Sir,—There is one item of deficiency in the Indian revenue, as stated in the House of Commons, which deserves more notice than was given to it on that occasion.

"The deficiency of nearly half a million sterling in the opium revenue is said to be owing to the disturbances in China having checked the consumption for a time only. But the Indian Government expressly stated, on the opening of the China trade in 1833, that they retained this monopoly not with a view to revenue so much as to restrain the use of this pernicious drug. It might therefore reasonably be expected that the quantity annually produced in the Company's territories would be kept down: instead of which it has been increasing so rapidly, contrary to their original humane intentions, that in 1840 the quantity imported into China had risen to 40,000 chests, and in 1854 to upwards of 70,000, almost exclusively from India.

"But while the East India Company is securing