

SELECTED.

Wield the Right.

BY JAMES J. MAXWELL.

Human lives are shadows drifting
On the turbid sea of life;
Ever changing, ever shifting,
As the year 's with seasons rife:
Drifting onward, idle-handed,
To the ocean's farther shore,
Where a thousand barks have stranded,
And are lost forever more.

O, how many hearts are bleeding
Just for one misstep in youth!
Turning from a mother's pleading,
Walking blindly from the truth.
Surely many lives are wasted
In a worse than useless strife;
And a thousand buds are blasted,
In the April of this life.

Shall we thus be swiftly guided
Down the darkly-rushing flood,
While our hearts, by sin divided,
Basely turn away from God?
We are turning from the Fountain,
Feeling when no sound is heard;
Like the hart upon the mountain,
When the forest leaves are stirr'd.

Comes there not a voice of power,
Whispering softly in thine ear,
In the silent midnight hour,
When no other voice is near?
Tells it not of angels bending
Lowly o'er us in our sleep,
With a tenderness unending,
As they nightly vigils keep?

Shall we yield in life's young morning,
Ere the tender thoughts decay?
Or despise the spirit's warning,
And in hardness turn away?
Never! "while our hearts are beating
Funeral marches to the grave,"
Never while our time is fleeting,
And we have a soul to save!

Hopes are born but to be smitten;
Lilies bloom but to decay;
Death on every leaf is written—
Are we favored more than they?
Let our work be never ending,
Faithful still to wield the right:
Heart, and will, and spirit blending,
Onward, upward with the fight.

Killed by Whisky.

A letter from Hornellsville, N.Y., Says. "The curse of intemperance was forcibly illustrated in the death of Eli Carter. He was a farmer, twenty-five years of age, with a wife and three children, and had but recently taken possession of a small farm in which he had invested his all. Yesterday he drove to Hornellsville with a load of bark, and having sold it proceeded, in company with his hired man, Ira Dickinson, to visit numerous drinking places where they imbibed freely of whisky. Carter soon became very much intoxicated and was dumped into his wagon and covered over with a horse blanket, while Dickinson, who was comparatively sober, proceeded to drive him home. Nothing unusual was noticed in Carter's conduct till the wagon was within a short distance of his widowed mother's farm house, when Dickinson was startled by his hard breathing and groans. He at once raised the suffering man's head and held it on his knee till the house was reached, when he called for assistance. The mother responded, but only to see her son gasp and fall dead from the effects of whisky. Coroner Parkhill was summoned and assisted in a post mortem examination, which established the fact that death had been caused by drink."

School Emulation.

What could be more besplitting, in its permanent effect, than such a narrow system on the mind of the pupil? A boy of nineteen knows so little of the vast extent of the world and life and its duties and chances that he blows his brains out because he fails to get an average number of marks in a paltry school-room! What kind of a generation is this which trustees, teachers and parents are training to control the world thirty years hence!

The worst element in this wholly fictitious system is the introduction of the stimulant of notoriety into the schools. The poor little Elner boy who died the other day reciting his lesson in his delirium and scribbling problems on his pillow, was urged on for mouths by the hope of seeing his picture in some school journal. With others it is a medal, a premium, or the publication of a high average. One girl, to get a prize for regular attendance, went to school while her mother lay dying, and at last dead, at home; aye, and was given the prize, too, with high commendation. It is not the thorough, quiet comprehension of their studies, or the gradual increase of mental power, or the development of high principles or finer feelings and the establishment of solid character, which is the aim of education with either teacher or pupil, it is these trivial distinctions, the mere getting through the school at a certain time.

Who shall interfere? The little fellow who died of over work recently in this city had an intelligent teacher and a father and grandfather who were physicians. All these protested vehemently against the system—after he was dead. Our Readers need not suppose that these cases will work any reform. Americans are apt to follow their leaders like sheep; but in no path do they go with wide open eyes to such ruinous conclusions as in this of popular education. Perhaps when the children now being trained so unwisely become in their turn parents and teachers, the reaction will come, and we shall have common sense in our school-rooms at least.—*New York Tribune.*

The Haunted House.

Old Aunt Huld's was prone to tell, with half-frightened look and bated breath, of the "terrible secret of the old Benson well," and of the unpardoned soul that was doomed to "haunt the arth tell the Angil Gabriel should blow his horn."

What is the secret of that overwhelming depression that weighs upon one's being when in the presence of an old deserted house? It overpowers you. You may strive to laugh it down, but the echo of that laugh is a weird reproof and mockery. You may strive to reason it away; but it is not obedient to the intellect; it is not the slave of reason. Come with me to that old house in the shadows of the twilight, and see how quickly are the smiles of ridicule dispelled.

I sought this ruin upon an autumn evening; I picked my way through its wilderness of weeds, following the beaten path of some prowling tenant that had his chosen path to door and cellar-way. I saw the yawning roof; I saw the yellow leaves of twenty years that had been whisked in at gaping sashes, and had been whirled by the blustering wind into great piles in the damp corners. I looked out upon the high weeds and mildewed lilacs that swayed against the window-sills. The drop of the squirrel's nut rattled on the rafters overhead, and every sheltered corner was festooned with heavy cobwebs laden with the dust of generations. I saw the chimney-place, the old brick oven with its empty void, and in the fire-place below an ashy ember of an old back-log lying upon the hearth that once was radiant in its glow. Here were worn hollows in the floor that seemed to speak—imprints of the old arm chair that told whole volumes of past cozy comfort at this fireside; here a nick in the plastered wall, and a round spot above, which, with the testimony of the dents in the floor beneath, told plainly of the evening pipe and the figure in the tilted chair. There was a cupboard door with its worn spot about the knob; here a rusty nail with the shadow of its hanging coat still plainly visible upon the wall—a hundred things and each seemed trying to tell its story in some mysterious language of its own.

I sought out its nooks and cupboards, and I remember at length finding myself lost in a deep day-dream merely at the sight of a mildewed fragment which I had kicked upon the