

thinks it no shame to expose her own daughter to shame. v. 22.

If a good mother is one of the richest of heaven's blessings, what a curse a wicked mother must be! v. 24.

A drunken promise is a foolish promise. v. 25.

Would that all sons and daughters were as prompt to obey their parents in what is good, as this girl was in evil! v. 25.

It is well to remember, before doing wrong, that being sorry for it will not save us from its consequences. v. 26.

If we have promised to do a wrong thing, the sooner we break our promise the better. It is a bad thing to make a wrong promise; it is a worse thing both to make it and carry it out. v. 26.

When Theodore Parker was in his fourth year, he was tempted to ill-use or kill a little spotted tortoise that was sunning itself in shallow water, but when the stick was raised to strike it, he thought he heard a clear voice say, "It is wrong." He hastened home and told it to his mother, and asked what it was that said, "It is wrong." The mother wiped away her tears as she took little Theodore in her arms, and said, "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, it will speak clearer and clearer; but if you turn a deaf ear and disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you in the dark without a guide. Your life depends on heeding that little voice."

"We return, through what we regard as the ruins of the magnificent castle palace of Herod, to the highest and strongest part of the defence—the eastern keep or the citadel, on the steep slope, one hundred and fifty yards up. The foundations of the walls all around, to the height of a yard or two above the ground, are still standing. As we clamber over to examine the interior, we notice how small this keep is—exactly 100 yards in diameter. There are scarcely any remains of it left. A well of great depth,

and a deep cemented cistern, with the vaulting of the roof still complete, and—of most terrible interest to us—two dungeons, one of them deep down, its sides scarcely broken in, 'with small holes still visible in the masonry, where staples of wood and iron had once been fixed!' As we look down into its hot darkness, we shudder in realizing that this terrible keep had for nigh ten months been the prison of that son of the free 'wilderness,' the bold herald of the coming Kingdom, the humble, earnest, self-denying John the Baptist."—Edersheim.

When John was put in prison, and afterwards beheaded, it may have seemed to his disciples that his life had been a failure, and that all his words had come to nothing. And, indeed, as the world counts success, John was a failure. In the same sense was Jesus Christ, who ended his life on a cross, as John ended his in prison. Robertson, of Brighton, used to say: "Heaven is made for those who are failures on earth." The lesson from the life of John is that it is not required of us that we be successful, but that we be faithful. Among the Beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount, we do not read, "Blessed are the successful," but "Blessed are the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the persecuted." It is what we are, far more than what we achieve or what we get, that counts in heaven. The gates of heaven open wide for those who are brave and resolute enough to be counted as failures here.

It is said that it was "for their sakes which sat with him," that Herod would not refuse the request of the daughter of Herodias. He feared their ridicule and scorn if he should take back his word after having once passed it. And certain it is that many are kept from taking the stand which they know to be right by the fear of the scornful laugh or biting sneer of companions. Let those who are mastered by this fear learn a lesson of courage and manliness from William Ewart Gladstone, who, while he was a school-boy at Eton, at a club dinner, when the time came for a coarse toast that was