

The Family.

THE POET'S DEATH SONG.

THE recent death of Paul Hamilton Hayne, the noblest poet that the south has produced, lends peculiar interest to his lofty strain of final triumph which appeared in the May number of *Harpur's Magazine*. Mr. Hayne early devoted himself to literature, and his name is associated with nearly all the best American Magazines, especially the southern ones, several of which, though short-lived, rose to eminence under his editorship. When the war deprived him of his fortune he still continued true to his standard. His picturesque little home near Augusta, furnished with what ancestral goods he managed to save in the destruction of Charleston, has been the scene of his labours for twenty years. Having experienced all the phases of prosperity and adversity, his lingering decline with consumption made him a calm and fearless student of the coming change. The result is beautifully shown in his poem, which, though written two years ago, by a strange coincidence was published just before the writer was permitted to verify its truth. We repeat it for those who may not have seen it in *Harpur's Magazine*.—*Interior*.

FACE TO FACE.

Sad mortal I couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow,
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
Thou wouldst turn from the Pythian schools
And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the babble of midnight fools
Ere the morning of Truth be born:
But I, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

I tell thee his face is fair
As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gleam in his unbound hair
Like the flush of a thousand springs;
His smile is the fathomless beam
Of the star shine's sacred light,
When the Summer's of Southland dream
In the lap of the holy Night:
For I earth's blindness above,
In a kingdom of holy breath—
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells—
But they hold few mysteries now—
And his pity for earth's farewell
Halt furrows that shining brow.
Souls taken from Time's cold tide
He folds to his fostering breast,
And the tears of their grief are dried
Ere they enter the courts of rest.
And still earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on a light that is love
In the unveiled face of Death.

Through the splendour of stars impelled
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is soaring a world away,
With the souls in his strong embrace;
Lone ethers, unstirred by a wind,
At the passage of death grow sweet,
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flush of his winged retreat:
And I, earth's madness above,
Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath
Have gazed on the lustre of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
In the calm of the central day,
Far voices of fond acclaim
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a touch like flame,
Uncloses the goal of goals:
And from heaven of heavens above
God speaketh with breathless breath—
My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call Death!

LETTER FROM REV. J. WILKIE, INDORE,
INDIA.

THE following letter written to the Sabbath School of Ivan, Ont., has been kindly forwarded for publication in the REVIEW:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—We have often been cheered by hearing of your interest in the dark ones of this land, and have as often been urged to tell you something of the work being done among them. Chanoo and his wife Najoo have been especially cheered and have been much more ready to write you than I was able to translate and send on for them their letters. No lack of appreciation of your kind efforts to encourage Chanoo and Najoo has kept me back. I have been prevented simply by the pressure of work.

The printed reports of Chanoo and Najoo require a word of explanation. Like all official documents they are more or less formal, and to a certain extent unnatural. Had they but given you, as they do me, when I go to see them, a simple statement of their every day work, with the evidence of the truth of their words lying all around me, their report would have been much more interesting. They fall to do themselves justice through a modesty that is pardonable, but sometimes unfortunate for themselves. Amongst a people hardened by sin, in a city literally mad after its idols, and full of the most foolish prejudices, they have succeeded in not only making friends, but even in instilling such an amount of Christian truth into the natives as leads us to hope for the speedy turning to Jesus of one whole caste, even as the head man and some of his family have already done.

Whenever I go to the city of naked Fakirs and lazy priests, I am met at the station by a group of happy boys, escorted to their school, and cheered by hearing not only reading, spelling, etc., but by hearing them sing Christian hymns, and give ready answers to questions about Christianity, and by seeing their reverent attitude and respect during prayer. When I go from place to place it is to be invited here and there by one and another to tell them about Christian truth. All this is the result of only two years' work in a city where the name of Jesus was all but unknown before, and that too by Christians of not more than four years standing. Well do I remember when four years ago Chanoo first came to me to inquire about that religion of which he had read in one of our tracts. He was then a Mohammedan in name, but already had been made to feel the necessity of something better than that system had been able to give. Little by little the truth dawned upon him with power, especially as his wife, who before him had accepted of the gospel in its simplicity, was aiding

our efforts. Chanoo is of a very modest, telling nature, whereas his wife is very active, energetic and pushing. Being thus more or less the counterpart of each other, they naturally assist and restrain each other. Neither of them is very learned. In fact, Najoo only learned her letters and began to read after she became a Christian. But in their own simple way they do most effective work. Come with me in imagination to their school. As they see us coming up the hill-side, on the top of which the school stands, little wild boys and girls come out to meet us scampering about on all sides. None of them wear much clothing, many being almost naked. The school itself is a small room about fourteen feet by eight, with walls and roof of mud, and roofed with single tiles. For me a chair or stool is provided, for they will not allow us to sit on the ground as they do, and until we are seated they all remain standing. You must not, however, form too high an opinion of their cleanliness and order. Many of them are very filthy and covered with vermin, which is a necessary result of their ignorance of the gospel; for we are indebted to the light of God's truth for even the comforts of the present life.

Round the room Chanoo has hung up several scripture tracts and Sabbath school cards, but otherwise you have nothing to relieve the sameness of bare walls but bare legs and interesting, though even mild looking faces. By this time the report has been circulated that we have arrived, and so the atmosphere that was before very unpleasant, becomes even more stifling, for the door, which is the only aperture for the admission of air and light, has become closed with a mass of strange faces, all intent on what is going on inside. By taking a place in the door itself and inducing those outside to sit down, a slight improvement is made for us at least. But what about those sitting inside as closely as they can be packed? We begin by asking God's blessing and singing a hymn, Chanoo leading; the singing by beating on a small drum, and the priest after accompanying by striking two pieces of hardwood together, much as the bone-player would in Canada. There is no danger, you see, of the introduction of an organ ever creating a disturbance in that congregation. Arithmetic, reading, writing, dictation, geography, etc., follow each other, and then the catechism and bibio are produced, and we are much pleased with their ready answers. Next the headman of the district comes forward and announces us with native perfume, puts garlands of roses round our neck and wrists, and gives us nuts, oranges, and such like fruit. To all this we must cheerfully submit or give grievous offence.

In the midst of the closing ceremonies one of the scholars (perhaps not less than twenty years old), will bring in a large black cobra snake and cause it to go through a series of performances all for our amusement and to show their respect for us, and their gratitude for what Chanoo has done. Of course we took all this as an evident sign of friendship. I carry with me Sabbath school cards, tracts, small books, etc., all bearing on Christianity. These I distribute, and though they know their character, yet they all receive and read them greedily. One of the principle text-books is the Bible, and all the hymns sung are Christian hymns. But this is only one side of the work. The Brahmins, and those who consider themselves better educated pass Chanoo with a scowl, and often reproach him with bitter words. But with a patience often sorely tried, and a most consistent Christianity walk they continue on their way together doing what they can to teach their benighted heathen the glorious truths concerning the way of life.

But I must reserve further details for another letter. When I tell you that it is one hundred and ten degrees in the shade as I write this letter, with not a breath of wind blowing, you will be able to overlook its imperfections. Thanking you for your kind interest in the work.
Indore, June, 1886.

THE ELDER'S SERMON.

WHERE THE DEACON FOUND EVERY WORD OF IT.

"I REALLY wish, deacon, that you would tell me what your candid opinion of our minister is."

Deacon Brown looked meditatively at the speaker, a small, wiry-looking man, whose features were almost as sharp as the sharp black eyes fixed so intently upon him.

"I don't know, Brother Quimby, as a candid opinion of our minister would do him any good."
"I dare say not," responded Mr. Quimby, darkly; "but then it would do me a great deal of good to hear it."
"I don't know as to that either."

"There is no one in the church whose opinion I think more of," continued Mr. Quimby, "Not that I approve of giving it to every one. But you needn't be afraid of saying just what you think to me, deacon, for it won't go any further, and it might serve to clear up some doubts that troubled me."

"What doubts?"
"Well, about various things. But you haven't told me what your opinion is, deacon."
"I have only one opinion of Elder Wakeman, and that is that he is a man who tries to do his duty in all the relations of life."

This was evidently something that Mr. Quimby had neither expected or desired to hear, and he stared blankly at the speaker. But quickly recovering himself, he said:

"Ha! I think I understand you, Deacon. What you say is very well put indeed. I have thought that he might have been a little more willing to take advice; but there is no question in my mind but what he tries to do his duty, as you say. But is he sound?"
"Perhaps not. Some ministers are all sound."

The merry twinkle in the good deacon's eye found no reflection in the solemn visage opposite him.

"It's no laughing matter, deacon," responded Mr. Quimby, with a rebuking shake of his head. "I am surprised that you should speak so seriously a subject with such unseemly levity. I referred to being sound in doctrine. I have been a good deal exercised in my mind in regard to this ever since I heard his sermon on 'Justification,' which is no justification at all, as I understand it, and as good old Dr. Seavor used to lay it down. Dear old man! I wonder what he would say if he could come back and hear the new fangled ideas that are taught from the pulpit where he preached such good old-fashioned doctrines nigh on to twenty years."

"If he is where I think he is, he doesn't want to come back. I only hope that some things he used to preach about are clearer to him now than he ever succeeded in making them to me."

"There is no merit in believing where everything is made clear. There are mysteries of faith,

deacon, that nobody has any right to try to understand. Now, Elder Wakeman is forever preaching about what we ought to do, as though such poor weak creatures as we can do anything toward effecting our salvation. As for me I am free to own that I don't consider anything I have done, or am doing, of the least account whatever."

"A man ought to know better than anyone else the quality of his own works, Brother Quimby, so I won't dispute you on that score. So far as I am concerned, I feel that the Lord will have quite enough to do in effecting the work you allude to if I help Him all I can."

"Well, deacon, I wish I could have my mind cleared up in regard to Elder Wakeman. What did you think of his sermon last Sabbath morning?"

"There is one thing I might say about it, if I thought it a prudent thing to do. We can't be too careful speaking, especially if it's anything that's likely to effect the character and usefulness of a man like Elder Wakeman."

"Very true, deacon. But you needn't be afraid of my telling; I'm not one of the leaky sort. I knew, as well as I wanted to, that a man of your sense couldn't approve of such doctrine as that."

"Oh, I've nothing to say against the sermon; it was a very good discourse—you won't often find a better. But the fact is, every word it contained—I really don't know as I ought to mention it, though; if it should get about it might make trouble."

"I'll never slip a word of it to any living soul," was the eager response.

"Well"—here the deacon lowered his voice to a very impressive whisper—"I have a book at home which has every word of it in."

Here the train for which Deacon Brown was waiting came rushing up to the depot.

"Is it possible?" ejaculated Mr. Quimby, with uplifted eyes and hands. "But you haven't told me—"

Deacon Brown was already up the steps, smiling and waving his adieu from the platform of the rear car, which rapidly disappeared around a curve in the road.

He was absent for nearly a week. When he returned he found not only the church but the whole village in a state of excitement and commotion.

He had not been home more than an hour when Elder Wakeman called on him, and in the course of the day he was waited upon by two deacons and several church members, to say nothing of being interviewed by various of his acquaintances and neighbours, all of whom were anxious to ascertain if there was any truth in the rumour of the grave charge made against his pastor.

Deacon Brown, though somewhat startled at first by a result so little anticipated, took all this with his usual calmness and serenity. He was very reticent on the subject, asserting that he had said nothing that he was not both able and willing to prove when the proper time came to do so. His interview with Elder Wakeman was a private one, but it was noticeable at its close that the countenance of the latter had a serene, almost smiling aspect. But as the Elder took no measures to prevent the meeting of investigation that had been called, no particular importance was attached to this. He didn't seem disposed to talk much about it, merely saying that he thought the deacon ought to have an opportunity to prove or explain what he had every reason to believe he had said about him.

The meeting in question was held at the vestry, which was filled to its utmost capacity before the two chiefly interested, Elder Wakeman and Deacon Brown, entered, and who appeared to be the least excited ones present.

Mr. Quimby was there, full of importance, and with an exultation of look and manner only thinly veiled by the gravity which overspread his countenance. He was standing by the stove, the centre of an interesting and curious circle, when the two entered, but he avoided meeting the eye of either.

At the motion of Elder Wakeman, one of the deacons called the meeting to order, briefly explained its objects, the serious nature of the imputation under which their pastor rested, and appealed to Deacon Brown to put a stop to the talk it had occasioned, by either denying or proving the assertion.

Rising to his feet, Deacon Brown looked around upon the excited and curious faces that were directed toward him.

"Behold, brethren, how much mischief the tongue can do! I said a few words to one of you, under a pledge of secrecy. I think it was under a pledge of secrecy, Brother Quimby?"

"I considered it to be my duty to tell what you told me," said the individual addressed, turning red.

"You are to be commended for having performed your duty so thoroughly," continued the deacon; "a very painful duty, as it is easy to see. I understand you said that I told you Elder Wakeman stole his sermon from a book in my possession; are you sure I used the word 'stole,' Brother Quimby?"

"You said that you had a book that had every word of it in. Where's the difference, I'd like to know?" was Mr. Quimby's prompt and triumphant rejoinder.

"There might be none at all, and again, there might be a great deal," responded the deacon.

"I did use the language ascribed to me by Mr. Quimby," continued Deacon Brown, addressing the rest of the assemblage; "moved thereto by his evident desire that I should say something to our pastor's discredit, and without a thought that it would lead to this trouble and excitement. I declare, furthermore, that I have seen a book containing every word of his sermon in Elder Wakeman's own library. I have taken the liberty of sending for it, and will offer it as evidence as to the truth of my statement."

Taking a ponderous volume from the hands of his son, who had just entered, Deacon Brown laid it on the table before the presiding officer, who carefully adjusting his spectacles, opened it.

Giving one glance at its outspread pages, he raised his eyes to the serene and kindly face opposite.

"Why this is a— dictionary!"
"Very true," responded Deacon Brown. "But you'll find every word of Elder Wakeman's sermon in it—if you look long enough."

"I must confess, however," added the deacon as soon as the general laughter and astonishment had subsided a little, glancing smilingly across the table at Elder Wakeman, "that there are not many that can string them together so as to form such an interesting and instructive discourse."

Here the elder and deacon shook hands, which was the signal of general hand-shaking, congratulations and good feeling. No one was dissatisfied, with the exception of Mr. Quimby, who, mortified and confounded at the unexpected turn affairs had taken, had slunk from the room.—*The Christian*.

JOHN JONES'S MONUMENT.

JOHN JONES began at the age of fifteen to build a monument, and finished it at fifteen. He worked night and day, often all night long, and on the Sabbath.

They say he came home one day and was about to take the blankets that lay over his sleeping baby to keep it warm, and his wife tried to stop him; but he drew back his fist and knocked her down, and then went away with the blankets and never brought them back, and the poor baby sickened and died from the exposure. At last there was not anything left in the house. The poor, heartbroken wife soon followed the baby to the grave. Yet John Jones kept working all the more at the monument. I saw him when he was about fifty years old. The monument was nearly done; but he had worked so hard at it that I hardly knew him, he was so worn; his clothes were all in tatters, and his hands and face, indeed his whole body was covered with scars which he got in laying up some of the stones. And the wretched man had been so little in good society all the while that he was building that he had about forgotten how to use the English language; his tongue had somehow become very thick, and when he tried to speak, out would come an oath.

That may seem strange; but I have found out that all who build such monuments as John's prefer oaths to any other word.

Now come with me and I will show you John's monument, it stands in a beautiful part of the city where five streets meet. Most men put such things in a cemetery. But John had his own way, and put it on one of the finest lots to be found.

"Does it look like Bunker Hill monument?" asked little Amy Arlott by my side.

Not at all. John didn't want to be remembered that way. He might have taken that \$50,000 and built an asylum for poor little children that have no home, and people would have called the asylum his monument.

But here we are at the front door. It is a grand house! It is high and large, with great halls and towers, and velvet carpets, and elegant mirrors and a piano, and I know not what all; so rich and grand.

This is John Jones's monument! and the man who sold John nearly all the whisky he drank lives here with his family, and they all dress in the richest and finest clothes.

Do you understand it?—*Elli Perkins's "Wit and Humor of the Age."*

DOES THE PRECOCIOUS CHILD MAKE
THE DISTINGUISHED MAN?

THE idea that genius reveals itself early in life does not at once recommend itself to common sense. Observation of nature as a whole suggests, first of all, perhaps that her choicer and more costly gifts are the result of a long process of preparation. And, however this be, there is certainly more of moral suggestiveness in the thought that intellectual distinction is the reward of a strenuous adolescence and manhood than in the supposition that it can be reached by the stripping at a bound by sheer force of native talent. And it may not improbably have been a lively perception of this ethical significance which fostered in the classic mind so wide-spread a disbelief in early promise of great intellectual power. We find a typical expression of this sentiment in the saying of Quintilian: *Illud ingeniorum velut praeox genus non temere unquam pervenit ad frugem*. That is to say, the early blossom of talent is rarely followed by the fruit of great achievement.

It is evident that this saying embodies something like a general theory of the relation between rank of talent and rate of development. Where superior intellectual ability shows itself at an early date, it is of the sort that reaches its full stature early, and so never attains to the greatest height. On the other hand, genius of the finer order declares itself more slowly.

In order to estimate the soundness of this view, two lines of inquiry would be necessary. We should need to ask, first of all, what proportion of those who had shown marked precocity have afterwards redeemed the promise of their youth; and, secondly, what number of those who have unquestionably obtained a place among the great were previously distinguished by precocity.

These two lines of investigation are, however, in a measure distinct. It may turn out that a large proportion of clever children never attain to anything but mediocrity in later life, and yet that the majority of great men have been remarkable as children. Hence, we may confine ourselves in the present essay to the second branch of the above inquiry, the retrogressive search for signs of precocity in the early life of those who have attained distinction.—*From "Genius and Precocity," by James Scully, in Popular Science Monthly for August.*

THE chief difference between agreeable and disagreeable people, in this world, between those whom everybody loves and those who are loved by nobody, is in the place given by them respectively to self, in their thoughts, in their words, and in their actions. Those persons who give the first place to themselves, cannot well be pleasing to others. And those persons who, lovingly, give the first place to those whom they meet, cannot be generally disagreeable, whatever they say or do. If a person thinks of himself, thinks of what he can say of himself, thinks of what the other is likely to think of him, thinks of the impression he will make on the other, he is sure to stand in his own light, when he meets another. But if he thinks first of the other person, thinks of the other's good side, thinks of what he can say that will gratify the other, or that will help the other, and if he speaks and acts accordingly, he is sure to be a means of light and cheer to others. If in short, you find that you are commonly disagreeable, or are commonly counted so; but if you are thinking of others than yourself, you have no thought on this subject; so this point does not concern you.—*S. S. Times.*

A LITTLE peasant girl in Italy knitted a pair of stockings and sent them as a present to Queen Margherita on her fete day. With characteristic kindness the Queen sent the girl in return another pair of stockings, one containing gold coin, the other, bon-bons, and a note asking her to say which of the stockings gave her the most pleasure. "Dear Madam, the Queen," wrote the child in reply, "I have had nothing but trouble with the stockings. My father took the one with the gold pieces, and my brother the one with the sweets."

GIVE what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.—*Longfellow.*