ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break low much the flesh may suffer, and not die T question much if any pain or ache Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.

Death chooses his own time; 'till that is sworn All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife-Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel Whose edge seems searching for the quivering

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal That still, although the trembling flesh be torn This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way, And try to fee from the approaching ill; We seek some small escape—we weep and pray-But when the blow falls, then our hearts are Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,

But think it can be borne. We wind our life about another life-

Me hold it closer, dearer than our own; Anon it faints and falls in deathly strife, Leaving as stunned, and stricken, and alone But ah i we do not die with those we mourn, This, also, can be borne. hald, we live through all things-famine

Il was and serrow; life indicts its werst
the soul and body—but we cannot die,
hough we be sick, and tired, and faint, and Le! all things can be berne.

nt, pain; all grief and misery;

ROUCH-ME-NOTS.

Returning from a trip down town

this morning after our church festival. I met my neighbor and sister in the church; Mrs. Joses; and after The first saintations I remarked with probably an interrogation point in way voice: "I didn't see you at our -festival last night. I counted on .von as one of the helpers." "No were not there. No one said anything to me about it, and I didn't , propose to crowd my company or thelp where I was not wanted. "Why," I said, stammering for very earprise, "I thought every body was solicited to bake or contribute something." "Well, yes, I believe the girls did call on me to bake a cake, and I thought then that I would. - but the church just treated us as if - we were not members at all. No one asked me to help or asked my :dvice, or even invited us to attend and I told Mr. Jones if the Church could get along without us I guess we could get along without it, and we staid at home.

But; sister Jones, didn't you hear the announcement from the pulpit, on Sabbath, when the minister invited all to attend?" "Oh yes"with a little tosa of the head; "but we don't go on invitations that were made for everybody, Tom, Dick and were wanted, why didn't somebody say so?" And Mrs. Jones looked the picture of offended dignity.

"Well, I am sure I don't know. I was not on the committee of armangements, but if I had been I would have as soon thought of sending an invitation to myself as to you. This was a church affair, and I thought you were a part of the church, and of course you would not wait for a special invitation." "If my services were worth having, they were worth asking for, and I don't crowd myself on people, as I said before." "I am sure, sister Jones, no offense was intended," I pleaded. "I suppose the committee did not think." "Ch, it didn't matter at all: if they can live without our help it's all right." However, Mrs. Jones' look and tone indicated that it made a great deal of difference to her, and that it would require some coaxing to sooth her injured feelings.

I went home "blue" and out of sorts, for I had considered our festival a success, at least as much so as hard work, late supper, and late hours could make it. "Net receipts \$110, and nobody offended, either,' I had said to my husband, triumphantly, only two short hours before. He, the wiseacre, had smiled a little incredulously and said with a patronazing air, "Wait a little, my dear, the returns are not all in yet." And now here was sister Jones, cross as it was possible for a Methodist of twenty-five years' standing to be, and that we all know is sufficiently cross to be interesting, to say the least. At any rate she had spoiled my peace of mind, as Bridget would say, "intirely.'

How could I tell husband about it? I knew he would only smile as usual, and say, "Of course, such affairs always offend somebody.' And sure enough, when I reported our conversation, for I had to tell some one to relieve my own mind. the made almost the very comment that I had framed for him. "But," { remonstrated, "It is perfectly absurd for sister Jones to expect me to coax her to take part in our church entertainments. She has been in the church longer than any women who worked there all day and nearly all night to make the festival a success. I think it is too ridiculous." The yes, I know it, but she makes the fact of her having been in the church so long the very reason why she should have received special class." "Perhaps that is the reason Bro. Jones doesn't come to class, because you didn't appoint him leader." I said, a little spitefully. "Precisely, my dear; and they make things pretty close for me, because I don't appreciate their talents. My salary will fall short probably, on account of their influence against me. Besides they are making themselves quite unhappy over the slight they imagine they have received from some of the church members."

anyway? It's enough to provoke a verses. saint," and I grouned in desperation. 'Oh there is nothing very particular the matter with them, only they imagine themselves of greater importance than they really are, and they also imagine there is a conapiracy on the part of the church to depreciate their value; and so they feel called upon to stand guard over their rights and privileges. They are so afraid that others will not on a continual watch for evidence of neglect or lack of appreciation, and so keep themselves in a fume and fret all the time. I have to call on their family about twice as often Not more than two weeks ago she took occasion to hint it was not good policy for the pastor's wife to visit ontsiders oftener than she did the church members. I can't see why people should be so fussy. It just provokes me." And I presume I looked just a little fussy, too, at Whittier was at work in the field.

that time. Husband said soothingly, "1 wouldn't let it provoke me, if I were you. It's just their nature, Lauess. They are over-sensitive and they are not over sensible, and they let little things annoy them, or rather they magnify the motes until they look immense beams, and they are thoroughly unhappy themselves and certain to make a goodly number of the community and church encomfortable if not ainhappy. But why don't you tell them how foolishly they act and try to mend their ways?" "Because they would only take that as additional proof that I was taking sides against them, and would only make matters worse for them and also for myself." "How can you put up with them? Don't they worry you?" and then I laughed just a find here that a wine-making comlittle at the absurdity of my ques-

Of course it worried him. Didn't

remember how awfully solemn he always looked on his return from a visit to the Joneses or Greens. And didn't I know that sisters Jones and Green always made it a rule to talk of their grievances svery time they called at the parsonage, until I felt, after each visit, as if I was just recovering from an attack of worry themselves and every one else about such triffes?" "I think they started wrong in the first place," said husband thoughtfelly, as he took up his pen-a hint of passing time, I suppose. "They seem to have come into the church under the impression that they were conferring a great honor upon it. and therefore they expect special deference to be shown to them. They are 2 sort of spiritual invalids or infants, whom the church is bound to humor and amuse. Instead of being independent and taking care of themselves and working for the advancement of the cause of Christ, they labor for their own advancement. Instead of asking. What can I do to build up the temporal or spiritual interests of the Church?, they are watching to see if their own interests are considered sufficiently by their brothers and sisters. There is an old saying that the happiest people are those who live to make others happy, but the Jones and Green class seem not to appreciate the sentiment if they ever heard of it. The question with them seems to be, Does the church show a proper appreciation of me and my talents? and according to their notion the church is very blind and they are vory unhappy over it. But if I were you I would n't worry over it at all. Just let sister Jones alone and go on your way, and ten years from now you will be just as happy as if sister Jones had been sweet and pleasant" -and with this consoling speech the pastor turned to his writing desk and the pastor's wife to her housekeeping, but she could not help saying, as a sort of last word Well, I wish there were more earnest workers in the church and fewer touch-me-nots."—Central Ad-

WHITTIER'S FIRST POEM. We have before us, in Mr. Whit-

paper then published by William points caused such pain that I in-Lloyd Garrison, in Newburyport. | voluntarily exclaimed "Oh, mercy!" Garrison had just attained his ma- Slowly and searchingly the Doctor venture in journalism. It was many resited on my blushing face. A manuscript to its fate before he face the whole of the class-hour. heard from it. He was then work- As we were passing out he quietly ing on his father's rocky farm, in detained me by catching my hand. Haverhill, and his father was a pat- When alone he asked me: "What he. "Where do you live?" ron of the Free Press. Week by is required in the third commandweek the paper arrived, and the ment?" I replied: "A holy and heart of the young poet sank with- reverend use of God's names, titles, "That's it—names—

Uncle Moses repairing the stone long-suffering and graciousness were fence by the highway, he going al- attributes of Deity; spoke of many ong on the outside, replacing the "minced oaths" as abbreviated stones knocked from the wall by prayers," "idle words," &c. Such sheep that had scrambled over it. expressions as "La me!" While so engaged the postman mercy!" "Oh, my!" and many came along on horseback, and to others were parts of sentences, and save going to the house with the really prayers; while others were finally persuaded him to go with and now and then an apple of paper he tossed it to young Whittier. It was opened with trembling must give an account on the Day of recognize their rights that they are fingers. The surprise of finding his poem at the " head of the corner" was so bewildering that he was dazed by it, and he says that he stood looking at it a long time, and is sure that he did not read a word. as any others, or they feel neglect- At length his uncle called him back ed." "Wes, I know that, and sister to his senses by bidding him to Jones counts every call I make at keep at work. No success in future Mrs. R's, just opposite the Jones'. years has ever stirred such a tumult of emotion, as may well be be-

Garrison was so impressed with his new contributor's work that he sought him out, coming up to Haverhill on horseback to interview him. When Carrison called young He was told a gentleman was at the hause inquiring for him. Nobedy had ever called for him before, and he felt like running away. But he got into the house by the back deer, slicked up." and soon stood in the presence of the young editor, who encouraged him to make good use of the talent he had displayed. Whittier's father came in during the interview, and begged Garrison not to put such notions into the head of his son. But it was too late; the damage was done! This was the first meeting of the two men, afterward so intimately associated in anti-slavery work .- Fort-

HOME-MADE WINE.

Says a man in California: "We munity is a community of drunk-Said a man of tifty to mea man who drinks liquor whenever he wants it, and always has: "My neighbors when they commenced making wine were sober men; they are now drunkards. I have a small vinayard, and make a little wine, and last winter I used a keg of it. It was very nice; but I noticed that our youngest son, a lad of seventeen. liked it better than any of us. I neur dria. "Why will such people watched him a few days. I said to my wife, 'If we want to make Edward a drunkard, we had better keep wine in the house.' That was the last wine we ever had, and we mean to have no more.'

Another friend says: "I know a man whose house is a perfect paradise for outward beauty. His trees, oranges, olives, English walnuts, number by thousands, besides figs, etc., and vines without number. Said he to me: "If I had my life to live again, I would never plant a vine except for table use. And he wine or brande while he lives. And why? Because the mischief has come down on his own head, and the miseries of drinkenness have entered his household. I have visited another county-I will not copy the names—and everywhere I tind the wine-makers and winedrinkers are drunkards, and-the wine is pure! This experience, which they may rely upon, may save some people time, troude, and perhaps sorrow, in making the experiment for themselves. So we leave it." Such are some of the considerations which impel me to depreciate the introduction and use of home-made wines. Will those still in favor of home-made wines think for a moment of the winemade homes? - Pacific Censor.

IDLE WORDS.

Some weeks ago "Well-Wisher." through the ladies' department of your paper, requested that "some one would give her ideas of the propriety of using such words as goodness,' 'mercy' and the like. Allow me to relate an incident of my girlhood that may help to answer her. When I was about fifteen I attended Anderson's Female author of "What is Calvinism?"

titles-attributes," he slowly said. One day he was at work with his Then he told me goodness, mercy, idle, unmeaning words, of which we her. placed his hand upon my head, repeating as a blessing the words found in Numbers vi., 24-26. I tearfully promised, with God's help, I would be careful in future. And when I stood by his coffin, only a few months later, while tears fell fast, I felt thankful, indeed, I had never again used by-words in any form. To this day an involuntary shiver passes over me when I hear so many slang phrases used by our cultured and refined young ladies. Now, "Well-Wisher," I had not expected ever to intrude my poer effusions upon the public; but your request struck a tender chord on my memory, and I ventured timidly to reply. -Cor. N. Y. Witness.

HERE AND THERE.

We sit beside the lewer feast to-day, She at the higher. Our voices falter as we bend to pray; In the great cheir.
Of happy saints she sings, and does not tire.

We break the bread of patience, and Of tears we share; She tastes the vintage of that glorious vine, Whose branches fair Set for the healing of all nations are.

wonder is she sorry for our pain, Or, if grown wise, She wondering, smiles and counts them idle, These heavy sighs,

These longings for her face and happy eyes. Smile on, then, darling, as God wills is best. We loose our hold. The safer fold, To joy's immortal youth while we grow old ;

Content the cold and wintry day to bear The icy wave, And know thee in immortal summer these, Beyond the grave, Content to give thee to the Love that gave.

VAMPIRES.

In speaking of Shylocks, moneymongers, monopolists, etc., the term is frequently used. The following description of the real vampire will not only preve interesting, but show how apt is the name when applied to the above classes: Probably no Whole herds of cattle are sometimes destroyed by this venemous bat. It was lo. g a matter of conjecture how the animal accomplished this insidious and deadly work; but scientific men have now decided utterly refuses to make any more that the tongue, which is capable of considerable extension, is furnished at the extremity with a number of papille, which are so arranged as having tubercles symmetrically arranged. Fastening themselves upon the outskirts of the city. The wegroes and Indians especially dread them, and there are numerous superstitions among the natives in regard to them.

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

BY REV. A. W. M'LEOD, D. D.

A lively boy, six years old, wandered one afternoon from his home in one of our large cities, looking Seminary, New Albany, Indiana. as he went on into the windows of The Rev. Wm. D. Smith. D. D., the beautiful stores, and gazing at the pretty things so temptingly diswas then professor there, and I en- played, Every half hour took him in his wagon, giving the whip un- to dwell in; hearts that, first of tier's handwriting, the first poem of joyed the privilege of being a pupil. further from home. At length, as mercifully to his poor, half-starved all, are full of love to him, and then his that was ever published. In the privilege of being a pupil. extention. She and her sister, Mrs. his that was ever published. In One evening in classroom a young the sun was setting, he was awak- horse. Another moment, in turn- hearts that lead you to try every Freen, will not come to Sabbath 1826, when he was in his nineteenth lady playfully pressed my hand ened from his dream of pleasure by ing the corner, the wagon was up- day and every hour, to do what is school because the superintendent when he was in his nineteenth lady playfully pressed my hand ened from his dream of pleasure by ing the corner, the wagon was upschool because the superintendent year, he left under the door of the very tightly, on which I wore a a rude boy pushing against him. set, and the horse broke into a run. pleasing to God. —Child's Paper.

has not solicited them to take a office of the Free Press, a weekly new, tiny, chased ring. The sharp He looked about and was startled. The wagon was broken to not solicited them to take a office of the Free Press, a weekly new, tiny, chased ring. The sharp he looked about and was startled. The wagon was broken to not solicited them to take a office of the Free Press, a weekly new, tiny, chased ring. The sharp has not solicited them to take a office of the Free Press, a weekly new, tiny, chased ring. The sharp has not solicited them to take a office of the Free Press, a weekly new, tiny, chased ring. The sharp has not solicited them to take a office of the Free Press, a weekly new, tiny, chased ring. at finding himself in a strange place. and the man thrown out and b How many corners he had turned, ed. Next day the vicious or through what streets he had pass- was offered for sale. Willie Garrison had just attained his ma-jority, and this paper was his first looked around till his mild eyes ed, he knew not. He became alarm- ther bought the horse to plant to each and began to ery appealing to Willie where to plant to the horse to plant to the horse to plant to the horse to plant the horse the horse to plant the horse ed and began to cry, appealing to Willie, whose tender heart was weeks after young Whittier left his sad, grieved look remained on his the passers by to take him home. of pity for the poor animal, No one heeded him until a kind eld- will be so kind to him that he we erly woman stopped and asked his want to be bad, papa," name. "James Thompson," said agreed to follow Willie's plan, I don't know. Please take me began to drive the horse. Pens home, kind lady. Mamma will thank you so much."

There were so many Thompsons ed, stop instantly at "Whoa," in the city that Mrs. Somerville low his master, come at his call and was at a loss which way to go. rub his head on his shoulder, 'Come with me and remain at my home to-night, and I'll try to get you to your mother to-morrow.' "Oh, what will mother do? She'll

die if I don't go home to-night. But Mrs. Somerville thought it ed; never whipped, kicked, or sold impossible to find his home, and ed. Kind words were given his

There was sorrow in Mrs. Thomp-Judgment. Many kind words of son's home that night. Her boy road. counsel Dr. Smith spoke to me as a was lost. Where was he-what professing Christian; and then he had become of him-was he dead knelt and prayed with me, holding or alive-would she ever see him my hand all the while. Rising, he or hear his pleasant voice again? bed-time came he had not returned were questions that tortured her Thinking he would not be hom heart. She was a stranger-she had not long resided in the city, her husband had died only a few months before. She sought intelligence of ing out of bed he ran to the window her child in vain. Nobody knew and there was Ben at the door with anything about him. She paced the out his father. In a few moment floor all through the night, weeping | the family were aroused, and William and wringing her hands in agony.

The morning came, the day waned away and no tidings of her child. She was almost frantic. A week passed away and still her son had not appeared.

Meantime Mrs. Somerville had made enquiry of all the Thompsons swoon. When he was taken how she knew, but with no success. At he soon recovered, and told the length she advertised that a boy calling himself "James Thompson," had been found by her in such a part of the city, on such a night, but no application was made. What more could she do?

One morning Mrs. Thompson had purchased at a grocery a small article which was wrapped in a piece of newspaper. As she was returning home, her eye happened. provi- ponies. They found that the sur dentially, to fall on the parcel, To way to manage them was by her great amazement and to her great joy, she saw Mrs. Somerville's advertisement respecting her lost boy. Her heart bounded with joy and gratitude-she did not walk but run, not homewards, but towards Mrs. Somerville's distant residence. "He's found!" burst from her lips frequently as she hastened

"That woman is crazy," said s finely dressed lady to a gentleman on whose arm she was leaning. She had never lost a child, and she knew not the big joy that was beating wildly in that mother's heart.

The meeting between the mother and the child we need not, we cannot describe. Did you ever lose a child, and, after despairing to find him, did you receive intelligence of his being alive and kindly cared for? If so, you can form an idea of the meeting between the one who boy, do you love God best and fin sought and the one that was found, for all; that is the question. Go

Children 1 Never stray from part of Brazil is more afflicted than home. If you do, you may not find portion of the province of Bahia in your wanderings a lady so kind with the acourge of vampires, and considerate as Mrs. Somerville to care for you.

The event above recorded was mercifully overruled to the spiritual good of Mrs. Thompson. It led to intercourse between her and Mrs. Somerville who was eminently pious. The latter spake freely to the former on the importance of re- dience, you are not giving him wis ligious experience, exhibiting her lost condition as a sinner, and ento form an organ of suction, the lips forcing the mecessity of being " facind in Christ. From the sufferings she endused when she supposcantle, these dreadful animals can ed her child lost, and from the joys draw blood from their victims. The she experienced when he was found, weised, made prebably from the she was the better prepared, and the guage, is worse than the boy who small needle-like teeth, is a fine, more inclined to profit by the faithround hele, the bleeding from which ful monitions and the encouraging at the heart, and he says that a is difficult to stop. It is said that directions of this newly raised up the wings of this deadly but fly friend. "The Son of man is come around during the operation of to same that which was lost"—were wounding and drawing blood with words that came to her heart with great velocity, thus farming the vic- peculiar significance. In a short tim while the terrible work is in time, led on step by step by her progress. Some of these creatures friend, she experienced their truth measure two feet between the tips and power, being made happy in the of their wings, and they are often Saviour's love. In that leve she found in the deserted dwellings in continued to live, and under its influence, she, in turn, became the instrument of training up her child "in the fear nurture and admonition of the Lord." She was accustomed to say-truly

"God moves in mysterious way His wonders to perform." Baltimore, U. S.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

CURED BY KINDNESS.

"You oughtn't to do so," shouted Willie, as the butcher dashed past make your hearts fit for the Saviour

Before long Mr. Ely and Wilk were surprised at the change him. He would go as slow as de

The poor horse had been ber kicked, and starved before, and starved more and more stubborn. Nov. was well-fed, well-bedded, welltered; not over-driven or over-load piece of sugar. No gentler, or more faithful horse went on the One night Mr. Ely was are

from home. He had taken h early in the afternoon, but we that night, the family closed a house and retired. About midnight Willie heard Ben's neigh. Jun brother hurriedly opened the done No sooner had he done so than he turned around and trotted off h ward the road. He followed hi quickly. Ben led him a quarter s mile, and then stopped. The Mr. Ely lay on the ground in that when he was riding throught woods he struck his head again the overhanging branch of a ten and fell from the horse, He as stunned by the blow, and did as remember any thing more After that night Ben was the hero of the village. And a good many of W lie's little friends began to place his way of treating their dogs a

AM I A SINNER!

"Papa," said Richie one

ness.—Selected.

am I sinner ?" "Yes, my son," said the fath "But, papa," continued the by 'I don't steal or lie; I never ed anybody; I sandy hard I lim to go to church and to Sunday school. Why am I a sinner?

"My boy, you must remem that God looks at the heart can see what your companions your parents even cannot. The ble says that our hearts ' are name and open to the eyes of Him will whom we have to do.' When speak of anyone being a sinner, are speaking of the way in whi God looks at him. Now, my standard is a very high one. says not only that you must me steal, but that you must not ere wish for that which belongs to other; not only that you must me kill, but that you must not be

any one. And so all the way through. And then God asks if that love and obedience of every one, small and great, and if you not give Him that love and of he has a right to ask, and that i sinning against him. To say 15 one is a sinner is not to say that is is as bad as he can be. The lim the murderer, is worse than man who obeys the laws; the who uses profane and filthy one can enter heaven whose her is not right in his sight. Do m see, Richie, what I mean?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do. In mean that I must ask how I look! God, and not to you, or my schoo mates.

"Yes, that is it. And then, " boy, if you find, as you will, the Four heart is not as God wants see it, you must ask the Saviour change it. When you feel that you cannot make yourself better, be that he can, and then just ask Him to take possession of your hear, why He will change it from a hard, wicked heart that does not love Him, to a good heart in which he can dwell.

I hope that Richie went and prayed to the Saviour to give him 5 new heart. I hope that all of you, dear children, though you may be kind and loving and obedient, will see that you need to ask God to

SUNDAY JULY

THE COMING

born infant a go gazed upon it w s mother's love must have been ordinarily beau shout the face for it produced upon the mind came a tradition proved by two
sages (Acts 7:
see did not disa his infancy. hopes were real youth who ma court, and as th

ther to suffer a of God than to sin for a season as proud of him beautiful babe such delight Have we realize mother's hopes the highest am to cherish-to highest : but wholesome amb to the highest, that a foud, has ever hoped become.

2. That ther erly fondness ment of her ba evident from t in the passage tributes her life, not to mot faith. " Stephen sa

was 'exceeding renders it 'fai peculiar loveling tenance of the glory smote hi his babyhoud. save to the ope faith. The natural beauty dinary human the 'second that he was ' hand as upor bed's estimate just. Faith deliverer of be faith inspired when she bel taith suggeste hope of down-

The first pla caping the infant, and be But she soon practicable t steps with wh iar. In the pla chebed showed She knew the danghter wa rightly judgit ber sympathi she contrived plan of placin tight ark, at the river's b sure to attra event fell out would. But h her faith. ed, as, undou

Ways 18. 3 The over these incident This child wa er of the Israe specially need -a thorough Egyptian co with strong God. As be er and lawgiv desirable that ed in all the All these en his adoption and the appo under the in ther, and thu stilled into h enabled him influences o court; while as the recogn princess, he

> vantages to Thus we se special work agents to ac all circumst complishmet The Listory world are fu

> > 4 The inc

tirement of not be misu fered between and the vict ably not wit him, but the Egyptian o ready had would be ce the incident king; and the occurre whom he b the secret. served to si been mispla safety only had not yet prepared to be, himself. of an alto what he ha sed from S.

> Often th ful in the e fools in the