

A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was of England's knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water, that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favour of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman, when he exhorted the Phillippian Christians: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the calling of a gentleman, pointedly says, "he should labour and study to be a leader unto virtue and a noble promoter thereof: directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness, by his words and works before a profane world."—*Bishop Doane.*

THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet in childhood, to give back
The Spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin
And down—to garner up its bitter fruits.

—I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round and call-
ed him out

To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber to lie down and die.
'Twas night—he summoned his accus-
tomed friends,

And, in this wise, bestow'd his last bequest:

"Mother, I'm dying now!
There is deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom pressed;
And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my
breath

Comes feebly up. O, tell me, is this Death?
Mother, your hand—

Here—lay it on my wrist
And place the other thus beneath my head
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am
dead

Shall I be missed?

Never beside your knee
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
Nor with morning wake and sing the lay
You taught to me.

Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat;
You will not wait then for my coming feet:
You'll miss me there!"

"Father—I'm going home!
To the good home you spoke of, that blest
land
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do never come.

I must be happy then,
From pain and death you say I shall be free;
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!"

"Brother—The little spot
I used to call my garden, where long hours
We've stayed to watch the budding things
and flowers.

Forget it not!

Plant there some box or pine;
Something that grows in winter, and will be
A verdant offering to my memory.
And call it mine!"

"Sister—the young rose tree—
That all the Spring has been my pleasant
care,
Just putting out its leaves so green and fair,
I give to thee.

And when its roses bloom—
I shall be gone away, my short life done;
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?"

Now, mother, sing the tune
You sang last night; I'm weary, and must
sleep."

"Who was it called my name? Nay, do
not weep,
You'll all soon come!"

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
Came through the open window, freighted
with

The savoury labours of the early spring—
He breathed it not. The laugh of passers by
Jarr'd like a discord in some mournful tune,
But marred not his slumbers. *He was dead.*

ANONYMOUS.

REASONS FOR LEARNING TO SING.

The celebrated William Bird, the author of "*Non nobis Domine*," gave the following very forcible reasons for learning to sing, in a scarce work, published in 1598, entitled "*Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie*:"—First. It is a knowledge easily taught and quickly learned when there is a good master and an apt scholar. Secondly. The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve the health of man. Thirdly. It doth strengthen all parts of the heart, and doth open the pipes. Fourthly. It is a singular good remedie for a stuttering and stammering in the

speech. Fifthly. It is the best means to preserve a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator. Sixthly. It is the only way to know when Nature hath bestowed a good voice, which gift is so rare that there is not one amongst a thousand that hath it; and in many that excellent gift is lost because they want an art to express nature. Seventhly. There is not any music of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of men's voices, when the voices are good, and the same well sorted and ordered. Eighthly. The better the voice is, the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith; and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end.—*Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.*—*Musical Times.*

FEMALE CULTURE.

The great entertainments of all ages are reading, conversation, and thought. If our existence after middle life is not enriched by these, it becomes meagre and dull indeed. And these will prove sources of pleasure just in proportion to previous intellectual culture. How is that mind to have subject matter of pleasurable thought during its solitary hours, which has no knowledge of the treasures of literature and science, which has made no extensive acquaintance with the present and the past? And what is conversation between those who know nothing? But on the one hand, what delight is that mind able to receive and impart, which is able to discuss any topic that comes up with accuracy, copiousness, eloquence and beauty? The woman who possesses this power, can never fail to render herself agreeable and useful in any circle into which she may be thrown, and when she is so, she cannot fail to be happy. A full mind, a large heart, and an eloquent tongue, are among the most precious of human things. The young forsake their sports and gather round, the old draw nigh to hear, and all involuntarily bow down to the supremacy of mind. These endowments add brilliancy to youth and beauty, and when all other charms are departed, they make old age sacred, venerable, beloved.

IDLE DAUGHTERS.

"It is," says Mrs. Ellis, "a most painful spectacle in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease, with their drawing, their music, their fancy work, and their reading; beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but as a necessary consequence of neglect of duty, growing weary of their drooping energies, and blaming their fate, when they blame God for having placed them where they are.

"These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion, (for who can believe it real?) that poor, dear mamma, is working herself to death.

"Yet, no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element; and, in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half as much to do."

EXCELLENCIES OF KNOWLEDGE.

There are in knowledge these two excellencies: first, that it offers to every man, the most selfish and the most exalted, his peculiar inducement to good. It says to the former, "Serve mankind, and you serve yourself;" to the latter, "In choosing the best means to secure your own happiness, you will have the sublime inducement of promoting the happiness of mankind." The second excellence of knowledge is, that even the selfish man, when he has once begun to love virtue from little motives, loses the motive as he increases the love, and at last worships the Deity, where before he only coveted the gold upon its altar.—*Bulwer.*

A SPIRIT ABROAD.

A spirit is abroad—free, bold, uncompromising, and terrible as an army with banners—which is trying the opinions and institutions of the world as by fire. It is the duty of the wise and good to endeavor to guide this spirit, to restrain its excesses, and above all, to imbue it with a sincere love of truth, humanity, and God. But we fear not the issue. We believe that every accession of new light and intelligence will be found to illustrate and enforce the evidence of the Christian revelation, and give to mankind a much deeper and more living sense of its truth and of its reality.—*Walker.*