

twelve or fifteen years of a child's life, father and mother are like God to it. Except in cases of great wickedness, children do not believe their father or mother can sin. The things you do are the model after which your children pattern. You are, by your words, your deeds, and the flow of your conduct, the interpretation of the Bible in your own houses. Your whole life is a silent teaching and preaching to those around you.—*Beecher.*

THE STRENGTH OF SILENCE.—It is a great art in the Christian life to *learn to be silent*. Under oppositions, rebukes, injuries, *still be silent*. It is better to say nothing, than to say it in an excited or angry manner, even if the occasion should seem to justify a degree of anger. By remaining silent the mind is able to collect itself, and call upon God, in secret aspirations of prayer. And thus you will speak to the honor of your holy profession, as well as to the good of those who have injured you, *when you speak from love to God.*

SELFISHNESS.—"Selfishness always travels towards self. The selfish man says 'I will give nothing to foreign missions, I am in favor of home missions.' Ask him for home missions, he will then be in favor of associational missions. Ask him for this object, and he will be in favor of supporting his pastor. Ask him to support his pastor, and he will refuse, saying he must support his family."—*Biblical Recorder.*

DON'T WAIT.—"Let no one who has enough conviction honestly to desire to forsake sin, and to understand that in Christ lies *all* his help, wait for more or for deeper feeling. If you want to come to Christ, *come*, don't wait *for anything*. If you can't feel as bad as you want to do, don't stop on that account. When you've learned to love God, you'll feel more than you can even imagine now."

Poetry.

THE TRUTH-SEED.

LITTLE SEED! thy hidden virtue
 Stirs Time's womb;
 The bright promise thou art heir to
 Lights the tomb.
 Now the unnoticed dust thee covers,
 Soon, the sought of many lovers,
 Thou shalt bloom.

SIMPLE TRUTH! while brilliant blunders
 Fools achieve,
 Thou thy quiet chain of wonders
 Wisely weave;
 Where strong hate to love surrenders,
 From the strife that pride engenders,
 Work reprieve.

From the hard rock let the fountain
 Blithely dart!
 Clear the foul mist, move the mountain,
 Faithful heart!
 Let the stony, frozen regions
 Blush with life, by high religion's
 Magic art.

BLACKIE.