

His own joyful one. They forget that the showing forth of God's praise will be a witness for Him...

And Jesus Christ is all in all. If the trusting single-hearted Christian is not happy, who dares to be? If the possessor of a rich domain may not rejoice in his prospects, how can they rejoice, who have no abiding treasures laid up in earth or heaven?

The Worsted Stocking.

A TRUE STORY. Father will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he, mother? said little Tom Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night, answered his mother, and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys—it's so risky;—thy father's to be the last up.

En, then, but I'll go and see him, and help 'em to give a shout afore he comes down, said Tom.

And then, continued his mother, if all goes right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take out our ferns, and spend all the day amongst the woods.

Hurrah! cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him, and he went merrily whistling down the street, and then she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in, and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom, with light heart, pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went round to see how his father was getting on. James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys, which, in our great manufacturing towns, always supply the place of other architectural beauty. This chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected; and as Tom, shading his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, looked up to the top in search of his father, his heart almost sunk within him at the appalling height. The scaffolding was almost all down; the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top. He looked all around to see that everything was right, and then waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long, loud cheer; little Tom shouting as heartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a very different sound. "The rope! the rope!" The men looked round, and, cooled upon the ground, lay the rope, which before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the top of the chimney, for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down, without their remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough, or skilfully enough, to reach the top of the chimney; or if it could, it would hardly have been safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help, or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seeming every moment to grow more fearful, and the soil a farther and farther from him. In his sudden panic, he lost his presence of mind, and his senses almost failed him. He shut his eyes, he felt as if, the next moment, he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day had passed as industriously and swiftly as usual with Tom's mother and her. She was always busily employed for her husband and children, in some way or other; and today she had her hands as usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished all her preparations, and her thoughts were silently thinking of God for her happy home, and for all the blessings of life, when Tom ran in; his eyes were all red, and he hardly could get his words out, and he hardly could get his hands out of his pockets.

"Mother! mother! he canna get down." "Who, lad? Thy father?" asked his mother.

"They've forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak.

His mother started up horror-struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed; then pressing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected round the foot of the chimney, and stood there quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow.

"He says he'll throw himself down," exclaimed they, as Mr. Howard came up. "He is going to throw himself down." "These men don't do that, lad!" cried the wife, with clear, helpful voice; "these men don't do that, lad! Take off thy stockings, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost hear me, Jen?"

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak; and, taking off his stockings, unravelled the worsted thread, low after low. The people stood round in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but at last reached the outstretched hands that were waiting for it. Tom held the ball of string, while his mother tied one end of it to the worsted thread. "Now pull it up slowly," said she to her husband; and she gradually unrolled the string as the thread drew it gently up. It stopped—the string had reached her husband. "Now hold the string fast, and pull it up," cried she; and the string grew heavy, and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened the thick rope to it.

They watched it gradually and slowly unrolling from the ground, as the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. "Thank God I thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and tremblingly which it would be used; by the time all right; but she was husband was able to make use of them. It would not be the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him, as to prevent him from taking the necessary mea-

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There was a great shout. "He's safe, mother; he's safe," cried little Tom. "Thou'st saved me, Mary," said her husband, folding her in his arms. "But what ails thee? Thou seem'st more sorry than glad about it."

But Mary could not speak; and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up, she would have fallen to the ground. The sudden joy, after such great fear, had overcome her.

Tom, said his father, "let thy mother lean on thy shoulder and we will take her home."

And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God for his great goodness; and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been through. Tom, a worthy link to connect the R. Formers, in the person of his patron Jewell, with the memory of Usher, in whom genius and devotion, learning and apostolic zeal were grandly combined, and whose large, liberal and Christian spirit placed him in sympathy with all true men within or beyond his own church. To them he leaves his falling mantle, while Cromwell, with a greatness of soul that does him honor, gives fitting rest to his bones in the Abbey where sleep England's mighty dead.

CHILLINGWORTH.—And now Chillingworth stands before us, his Bible the gazette of Protestants in his hand, gazing upon the great and mighty Rome, almost afraid to ask whether Rome yet lives, though his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long, loud cheer; little Tom shouting as heartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a very different sound. "The rope! the rope!" The men looked round, and, cooled upon the ground, lay the rope, which before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the top of the chimney, for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down, without their remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough, or skilfully enough, to reach the top of the chimney; or if it could, it would hardly have been safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help, or think of any means of safety.

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John Hows.—And among others mark that princely form, with a brow like the clear heaven, where commands, lofty thought, noble aims, and full-souled devotion seem visibly enthroned. This is Oliver Cromwell's chaplain, John Hows—his very selection one of the highest testimonies to Cromwell's character. You should have seen him as he stood in the pulpit, calmly earnest, portraying like a being of some higher sphere the scene on the Mount of Olives—"the Redeemer's tears were over his soul," in those strains of the grandest pathos of which he was master—or speaking of "De-fall" while you knew that the fullness of his flowing eloquence came from the far deeper fountains of his own experience—or turning to the believer with his commanding rebuke, "Can you wink Hell into nothing?" or holding up before you the grand ruins of that "living temple," the soul of man, on whose frontal pillar still exist the words "Here God once dwelt," but now the great inhabitant is too clearly fled and gone or discarding to you of "the blessedness of the righteous," and closing up his persuasions in a tone of Miltonic grandeur, that almost tempts you to say as was said of Christ, "Never man spake like this."

Or if this is not enough, you should stand in Cromwell's place when Hows comes to ask the favor of an act of justice or mercy toward another and hear Cromwell reply—"You ask favors for others, I wonder when you will ever ask anything for yourself."

There were two great men in England then, Cromwell and Hows. Hows was the greater of the two.—English Cor. of Am. paper.

What a glorious "picture gallery," the gathered life-features of the "Old Masters" of the pulpit would make! And who would undertake for the pen-artist to seize the spirit of their life and work, and embody it in breathing words. Would that the attempt could be made on a fit scale! After the giants of the Reformation slept, the church had new tasks on her hands scarcely less arduous. To meet these, God raised up men of mighty intellect, of glowing zeal, of profound thought, whose memory is blessed, and whose works will live till the English tongue dies. The name of the brave and noble Hooker, a worthy link to connect the R. Formers, in the person of his patron Jewell, with the memory of Usher, in whom genius and devotion, learning and apostolic zeal were grandly combined, and whose large, liberal and Christian spirit placed him in sympathy with all true men within or beyond his own church. To them he leaves his falling mantle, while Cromwell, with a greatness of soul that does him honor, gives fitting rest to his bones in the Abbey where sleep England's mighty dead.

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Methodism and the Masses. Bishop Hopkins, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in a Convention Address, congratulates his Church, on what she is, and what she has done. He seems to think, considering her humble beginning in the revolutionary times, she has done marvellously well—numbering as she does, at this time, 35 acting Bishops and 1,650 clergymen; and asserts that she still far below the numbers of several other Christian sects, her ratio of increase has greatly exceeded theirs. As a further effort against superstitious numbers of other denominations, he calls attention to the quality of their members. The character of our people, he says, "stands in the highest rank for position and intelligence." They are not of the "ignoble vulgar." "Witness," he says, "the fact that out of thirteen Presidents of the United States, Washington, Monroe, Madison, Harrison, Tyler and Taylor were Episcopalians. Witness also the fact that Calhoun, Clay and Webster were members of the Church, which constitutes the noblest living light of the nation. It is also certain that our services are the most acceptable, because they are best adapted to the army and navy—And the movements of our Church are regarded with much more general interest through the land, than those of any other." Well Bishop Hopkins must have felt specially comfortable while penning and delivering this part of his address as doubtless many of his brethren did in listening to it. But here the bishop is perhaps best known—where he studied and practiced the law of Massachusetts, the object of special attention—it will be allowed that excessive modesty, or a disposition to self-depreciation, were never suspected of being among the number of his faults. He was always sufficiently disposed to magnify his office, and attach a suitable importance to its results. But the editor of the New Orleans Christian Advocate seems somewhat disturbed by this seeming disposition of the Bishop to enlarge himself beyond his proper measure, and in his last issue has taken him to task. Among sundry other reflections on the subject he says: "Where the gospel is offered, let the law of Moses be the object of special attention—it will be allowed that excessive modesty, or a disposition to self-depreciation, were never suspected of being among the number of his faults. He was always sufficiently disposed to magnify his office, and attach a suitable importance to its results. But the editor of the New Orleans Christian Advocate seems somewhat disturbed by this seeming disposition of the Bishop to enlarge himself beyond his proper measure, and in his last issue has taken him to task. 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