

The Family.

TWINK MAY AND JUNE.

Here let us rest and sing,
While the warm breezes blow
Over sunlight pastures gay with all the flowers of Spring.

BIBLICAL MISQUOTATIONS

THE literary value of the Bible, and especially of our authorized version of the Bible, has been recognized by almost every great writer of the English race.

From men who have devoted themselves to authorship, and who have won a certain distinction in the world of letters, we may fairly look for an exact knowledge of the authorities they quote, and a more accurate use of it.

Even that charming writer, Walter Besant, Professor Huxley's favourite story-teller, contrives to perpetrate two blunders in a single sentence. In a story called "Children of Gibbon," which is now coming out in Longman's Magazine, he speaks of Mordecai as "a beggar in rags," who was elevated "to a purple robe, a white ass, and the post of grand vizier."

No passage in the New Testament is more familiar and beloved than that "pearl of parables," the Prodigal Son. And there are difficulties of interpretation in the parable of the Unjust Stew and which have drawn much attention to it and fixed it in the public mind.

In Kitty say, "I am like the Prodigal; I cannot work ('dig,' slovenly), and to beg I am ashamed."

Southey's gross blunder, over a blunder of which he hardly assumed Bunyan to have been guilty, is well known to critics, though not perhaps to the general reader. Pages might be written on it, so curious is it, and in many ways so suggestive.

I shall cite only one more instance—scores might be given from almost every newspaper and every magazine—and that not of a misquotation, but of a mortal risk run by one of the greatest orators of the day.

entered into what may be called his political case of Adullam; and he has called about him every one that was in distress, and every one that was discontented. Many queer stories were told at the time of the way in which this biblical allusion puzzled the members of the House, one of whom was said, when asked where that cave of Adullam came from, to have replied, "No, you don't take me in; I have read my Arabian Nights," and had to be informed that Adullam's cave and the cave of Adullam were not precisely identical.

WHAT A MUSSEL-SHELL DID.

In an old record of colonial times is a singular and true story which illustrates the endless chain of results often depending on an insignificant action.

In 1780 the son of a poor widow named Fulton was a pupil in a little country school in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Another boy, who had seen a painter at work in Philadelphia, made brushes for himself of hogs' bristles, and vegetable paints which he kept in mussel-shells.

At last the artist, in a sudden fit of generosity, gave him half the mussel-shells and brushes. From that day Fulton's whole heart was in his work of painting. His mother removed to Philadelphia, and bound him to a silversmith, but the boy, as soon as he was free, became a painter. With his first savings he went to England.

A Quaker artist liked the boy, and took him into his family. He there met Lord Stanhope, a famous mechanic, whose influence induced him to study mechanics. He entered the family of Joel Barlow, and there thoroughly educated himself as a civil engineer. His inventions in submarine navigation brought him both fame and money.

In 1807 he launched in New York a steamboat, the proof of the great success of his life, the application of steam as a propelling power.

Between the mussel-shell and the boat ploughing its way up the Hudson—what a vast space! Yet had his schoolmate been less generous, Robert Fulton might have lived and died a village laborer. The tinder and fuel were ready. It was no accident that supplied the spark.—Youth's Companion.

"Move On."—With the return of warmer weather the "gentlemanly" (?) loafer has reappeared. There are about a dozen of him. He may be seen almost any Sabbath day, before and after service and Sunday-school, standing in front of the church. You may distinguish him from others by these signs: He keeps in a group. He usually carries a little silver-mounted cane. He wears kid gloves. He is almost always smoking a cigarette, the stinking smoke of which he manages deftly to puff into the faces of the people who are coming and going to church; and he offends and outrages young ladies by impudently staring at them. He is the son of respectable parents, and is endeavouring by his good clothes to make the impression that he is a young gentleman.—Words and Weapons.

A GLASS OF BEER.

Forty years ago, in a small New England town among the hills, there occurred one of those strange events which no philosophy can explain or mere human reason comprehend.

In a house so old and dilapidated that only a drunkard would think of occupying it lived Freeman Colton, the best mechanic and the hardest drinker in all the country round. It was a bitter evening in midwinter when he, with five boon companions, sat by a blazing fire in the old-fashioned kitchen, tossing off now and then a glass of New England rum, until the liquor furnished by the generous host was exhausted.

"Let us try something different. We have been hard cases a good while. Wonder how it would seem to turn over a new leaf. I promised my wife I'd be home early and get up some wood to burn; but when Colton invited me to help empty his jug I forgot all about the wood."

"Too bad about your wife," responded another, with a sneer. "Cold night to do without a fire. I left plenty of wood for my folks to burn, but I suppose they'd feel better to have me 'round. I promised my old mother I wouldn't drink a drop of liquor for a month; but I can't keep any such promise when Colton has a party."

"I will," he answered quickly—"I will. Will you sign a pledge not to drink another drop of liquor for a year? How many of you will do that?"

"I will, so help me God!" he responded, bringing his hand down heavily upon the table before him. Taking from a cupboard in the chimney pen, ink, and paper, he wrote the pledge, to which he signed his name, and then waited for others to follow his example. Half-intoxicated as they were, the signatures were mere scrawls, but each man would swear to his own; and, as they separated there was a hearty shaking of hands, with promises to be "true and faithful."

Then, throwing wide open the door of the room where his family were sitting in cold and darkness, he bade them come out and hear what he had to tell them. But words failed him, and he could only give the crumpled paper to his wife, who read it, and then passed it to his mother, who exclaimed: "Thank God, my son, and may He give you strength to persevere to the end!"

Then wood was heaped higher in the broad fireplace, and such food as the house contained was brought forward. It was enough for the aged mother that her prayers were answered, enough for the wife that her husband craved forgiveness for neglect and unkindness, but the younger members of the family were eager to satisfy their hunger.

A relative of Freeman Colton advised him to seek employment in the city, offering to assist him with both money and influence. This offer was accepted, and the family soon left the old house for a home among strangers.

In a rapidly growing city the skilful mechanic found his skill appreciated; and, having free scope for his talents, he proved himself a competent architect. Orders flowed in upon him, until he employed a large number of men. His work was thoroughly done; his contracts were fulfilled to the letter. He was accounted a prosperous business man, and the relative who had assisted him felt more than repaid for every effort on his behalf.

Never once had he broken the pledge, which at the end of a year had been renewed for life. As he had accumulated no property, he was still obliged to ask for credit, which was readily granted, with the same name upon his notes as security for their payment.

At last he contracted to build an addition to a large hotel, and while superintending his workmen the proprietor came to him with a foaming pitcher of strong beer with which he proposed to "treat" all present. Mr. Colton declined it firmly, even after much urging and the repeated assurance that it was as harmless as cold water. Most of the men drank, and then there was another temptation for the master-mechanic, to which, however, he did not yield. But the beer was pressed almost to his lips, and, whether by design or accident, it was spilled so that he could not avoid tasting it.

For a moment he looked around as if dazed, then seized the glass and drained it. Another and another was drained, and then he went his way. His pledge was broken. He knew only too well that the beer contained alcohol. He did not attempt to deceive himself in regard to this, and it was not long before he drank the strongest liquors, careful only to conceal the fact as much as possible. He drank after working hours, and his family soon became aware that he was on the downward road.

His business suffered. His workmen were paid less punctually. Notes matured which he could not pay, and his endorser was called upon to meet the demands. His creditors closed up his business. He was bankrupt, while the friend who had done so much for him was greatly embarrassed.

He had lost all except his skill as a mechanic. It had often been said of him that he could do more work than any two men he could hire, so that he could easily earn a competency. But he did not do this. He would work for a few days, and then drink until his money was exhausted. Appeals were made to him in vain. He seemed to have lost all power to control the appetite which had overmastered and was fast ruining him.

Later, when bereft of one after another of his family, there were times when he would abstain

from liquor for weeks, and even months; but with each relapse he sank lower, until he became a wanderer and a vagabond, dying at last in a county almshouse, and only saved from a pauper's grave by the generosity of one who had paid thousands of times over for the glass of beer which proved his ruin.

Talk of beer and ale as "temperance drinks." Talk of the German lager as nourishing and healthy. Brewers count their profits and smile at the credulity of those who can be so easily deceived.—N. Y. Temperance Advocate.

NOT A BAD IDEA.

DEACON SAYRE died. Soon after his death the trustees of the church received a notice from the Judge of Probate to be present at the proving of his will. A single clause is all that need be quoted here:—

"I further devise and bequeath to the trustees of the church, in the village of C—, of which I have been for twenty years an unworthy member, the sum of \$30,000, to be expended in the erection of a house of worship upon the site where the old one now stands.

"There shall be an Annex opening out of the vestibule of the church. Said Annex shall contain one large handsome room, which I hereby direct to be fitted up and furnished as a parlour. I direct that all its appointments be attractive and homelike. I also direct that it be kept open, warmed and lighted at all the regular services of the church on Sunday. I do not direct, but suggest, that the care of the said Annex be in the hands of a committee of ladies, rather than in the hands of the sexton, experience having shown that ladies have an uncompromising hostility to dirt, dust, and spiders' webs. I further direct, and I expressly condition the enjoyment of my said bequest upon a strict compliance with the following, viz. That the pastor whenever he holds a service in the church, shall publicly invite all strangers present, to meet him, immediately after service, in the Annex. I do this, hoping that no stranger can ever be present without inaking the acquaintance of the pastor, if he is disposed to meet him half-way.—Presbyterian Messenger.

Why shouldn't the ordinary vestry be fitted and furnished when necessary, and used as the good deacon decreed his "Annex" should? And why should not the pastor "receive" for a few minutes after every service, not strangers simply, but any who might wish a word with him on spiritual themes, and who might not perhaps find another opportunity?

SAVED BY A SONG.

PRESENCE of mind is always looked for in soldiers and sailors and those who are constantly exposed to danger, but it was recently shown to be the well-developed possession of a minister in Illinois.

A large audience had gathered to celebrate the birthday of Robert Burns in a hall which forms the second floor of a large building, and which is supported from the crossbeam by a bolted iron rod. During prayer the floor began to sink, and a total collapse of the building seemed imminent. The Rev. Mr. White, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, seeing the danger, began to sing. The immense congregation paused, and the interval of inaction saved countless lives, for the next instant the sinking sensation ceased. In accordance with advice then given, the crowds dispersed in small details.

An investigation showed that the thread of the rod had stripped off inside the bolt because of the weight below. If a rush and the consequent disturbance of the floor had followed the settling, the rod must have been wrenched from the bolt and the building wrecked.

A great calamity was thus prevented by the combined coolness and courage of this one man.—Youth's Companion.

A BOY'S LOGIC.

A BOY astonished his Christian mother by asking her for a dollar to buy a share in a raffle for a silver watch that was to be raffled off in a beer saloon. His mother was horrified, and rebuked him. "But," said he, "mother, did you not bake a cake with a ring in it, to be raffled off in a Sunday school fair?"

"Oh, my son," said she, "that was for the church."

"But if it was wrong," said the boy, "would doing it for the church make it right? Would it be right for me to steal money to put in the collection? And if it is right for the church, is it not right for me to get this watch if I can?"

The good woman was speechless, and no person can answer the boy's argument. The practices are both wrong, or they are both right.

THE POWER OF A SMILE.—The Christian, of London, tells a story worth remembering of what can be done by smiles that come from the heart.

A lady of position and property, anxious about her neighbours, provided religious services for them. She was very dear—could scarcely hear at all. On one occasion one of her preachers managed to make her understand him, and at the close of their conversation asked, "But what part do you take in the work?" "Oh," she replied, "I smile them in, and I smile them out!" Very soon the preacher saw the result of her generous, loving sympathy in a multitude of broad-shouldered, hard-fisted men, who entered the place of worship, delighted to get a smile from her as she used to stand in the doorway to receive them. Many more of those who now neglect the church and Sabbath School would be found there if Christians would "smile them in and smile them out."

FATHER HYACINTHE.—A recent refusal of a Protestant church in Paris to open its doors to Father Hyacinthe has caused much surprise there, and called forth the following statement of his relation to Rome, which we gladly welcome, only hoping for something more definite as he comes farther into the light and liberty of Protestant Christianity.—"I am a Protestant; I am so in the general, generous, eternal sense of the protest of enlightened and Christian consciences against the errors which everywhere, both at Rome and elsewhere, men have mingled with the Christianity which is of God. This does not, however, prevent my joining to the name of Protestant—which is rightly negative—another name sacredly affirmative. I mean the name of Catholic. That which from the beginning has been always, and everywhere, believed among us, that alone is truly Catholic. Thus did a Gallo-Roman teacher of the fifth century—Vincent de Serins—express himself; and the symbol of our common faith say: 'I believe in the Catholic Church.'"