The Pamily.

TWINT MAY AND JUNE.

Here let us rest and sing.
While the warm treezes blow.
O'er sanight gastures gay with all the flowers of Spring,
Where dapplied herds all day agrazing go.
Or lie in shadow where the boughs hang low.

The year is in its prime, io chaim la orcibionni Ah, pushee stay thy sands, thy golden sands, old Time!
Pass on to other lands, till our young tirds are flown
Leave us with joy a little while alone! What does thy haste avail,

When all for once goes well?

Old traitor! thou can't creep as slow as any snall,

If a poor heart doth weep, or passing bell

Ring for some vanished hope the funeral knell.

Grant us a brief delay,
Now when our souls are frin
With longing, as we drink the summer-hours away,
And, dreaming on the brink of heart-sweet pain,
Ponder the cuckoo's liquid low refrain. It may not be, alas !-

It may not be, stas:—

Faster than blossoms fall,

The honey-laden hour will vanish, fade and pass:—

Fly sweet! come sour! That butterest pang of all

Is spared us—when that perfect jey deth fail. -Goal Words.

BIBLICAL MISQUOTATIONS

Tite literary value of the Bible, and especially of our authorized version of the Bible, has been confessedly, the two chief sources of whatever is pure, noble, and musical in the English style, and by so much as the books of the Bible are more dear, sacred, and widely read than the works of Shakespeare, the former must be regarded as the more potent and abundant source of the two. And yet, although almost every author of the first rank tacitly or explicitly acknowledges the immense debt he owes to the Bible, although many a master of style would bid those who wish to trite well study the Bible and Shakespeare night and day, although our novelists are stealing the very titles of their tales from this sacred repertory of noble and taking phrases-too often vulgarizing what they steal, nothing is more common than to find authors, and authors of some distinction, betraying an ignorance of the Bible, and even of its most familiar incidents and parables, which is all but incredible; or quoting it with a looseness and inaccuracy of which they would not dare to be guilty were they citing Homer or Horace, Milton

or Tennyson.

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 exacter knowledge of the authorities they quote, and a more accurate use of it. What, then, are we to say when so pleasant an essayist and so accomplished a story-teller as James Payn, twice in a single story, betrays an ignorance of Scripture for which he would infallibly be plucked were he to go in for any of the examinations at which our senior Sunday scholars compete for prizes? Yet, in "The Luck of the Darrells" (Vol. 1, p. 253) we read: "There are some things of a very commonplace kind, such as 'the way of a ship on the sea,' that even Solomon professes himself unable to understand." "Solomon indeed!" I think I hear some of the stern young critics who have just carried off a prize exclaim; "why the man liad only to look at the first verse of the very chapter he quotes to see that it was not written by Solomon, but by Agur (whose wish has passed into a byword), the son of Jakeh !" And the only plea I could urge on his behalf would be that even Phil Robinson, who really does know a good deal about the Bible, has fallen into the selfsame blunder, and writes, in the current number of Harper's Magar nym for political mutiny and disaffection.—Samuel writes, in the current number of Harper's Magagine (April), that "one of the very few things Cox, D.D., in The Christian World. which Solomon did not understand was the way of a ship in the sea."

Even that charming writer, Walter Besant, Proessor Huxley's favourite story-teller, contrives to perpetrate two blunders in a single sentence. In a story called "Children of Gibeon," which is now coming out in Longman's Magazine, he speaks of Mordecal as "a beggar in rags," who was elevated "to a purple robe, a white ass, and the post of grand vizier." Now" white ass "would not be a bad guess for a man who did not know, since asses of that colour were, it is said, reserved for royal use. But why should Mr. Beaant guess? He had only to turn to the book of Esther to learn it was not an ass, but "the horse on which the king rode," to which Mordecai was "elevated." And why should be conceive of Mordecal as "a beggar in rags," unless, indeed, he had been reading a well-known parable, as well as the book of Estuer, and 'combined the information" he derived from the two? It is true we are told that Mordecal sat in, not at, the king's gate; but whatever else or and bound him to a silversmith, more the curious phrase "sitting in the king's suon as he was free, became a pagate" may mean—and probably "gate" is here! first savings he went to England. used in a similar sense to that in which we use the word "porte" in such phrases as "the Sublime Porte," or " the Ottoman Porte"—it cannot mean less than that, after the elevation of his cousin Esther, Mordecai held a place in the royal service. He is expressly mentioned (Esther iii, 2) as one of "the king's servants," and the only one who had so little of the "beggar" in him that he would not prostrate himself before Haman, the allpowerful vizier. And if he were not one of the king's statesmen and had no political function, if he were only one of the royal bousehold, yet it is precisely these gilded butterflies of a court who are most gorgeously arrayed. In fine, if Mr Besant had not had in his mind some reminiscence of Lazarus "lying in rags and sores" at the rich man's gate, it is difficult to understand how so accomplished a writer should have spoken of any f servant of that splendid and profuse despot, Xerxes, as " a beggar in rags."

No passage in the New Testament is more familiar and be oved than that "pearl of parables," the Produgal Son. And there are difficulties of interpretation in the parable of the Unjust Stew ard which have drawn much attention to it and fixed it in the public mind. It would seem even more impossible that any good author should confound the two than that he should confuse the "parts" of Poiloctetes and Ulysses, or transfer one of Cressida's wanton speeches to the lips of to church; and he offends and outrages young Imogen, or put Mark Tapley's speeches into Tom | ladies by impudently staring at them. He is the Pinch's mouth. Yet a bright and taking writer, and of respectable parents, and is endeavouring by M. Betham Edwards, accomplishes this well-nigh his good clothes to make the impression that he is impossible feat, and makes one of the characters ayoung gentleman.—Words and Wenpons.

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

Southey's gross blunder, over a blunder of which to 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 cutious is it, and in many ways so suggestive. But here it will be enough to say that, in his Pil-grim's Progress, Bunyan speaks of a certain Hemon who, like Hezesiah and David, well-nigh lost his faith in God toward the close of his career; and that Southey, when he brought out a new edition of that immortal dream, assumed, first, that Heman, of whom he seems never to have heard, must be a misprint for Haman; and then assumed that when he wrote Bunyan must have meant Mordecal; and so printed Mordecal, instead of Heman, in his edition of The Progress, where it stands to this day? He did not pause to reflect that Mordecal himself was but a sorry and dubious example of the heroes of faith, and that we have no hint that such faith as he had was ever "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of doubt." He did not take the trouble to consult a concordance or a biblical dictionary, which would have told him that Heman was a sage of the time of David and Solomon, who was almost as wise as Solomon himself.
And he did not know, as many students of the
Bible to this day do not know, though Bunyan had
somehow found out, that Heman was the author of one of the saddest and most scepical pasims (88) in the whole Paalter. Hence, while elevating himself above Bunyan, and presuming to correct him,

he fell into a ludicrous blunder. 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 recognized by almost every great writer of the the day. Doubtless, John Bright is more familiar English race. The Bible and Shakespeare are, with his Bible than most of our public men. In confessedly, the two chief sources of whatever is, his speeches he has often made a noble and effective use of it. But, in the best known illustration he ever drew from it, he ran such a risk of provoking a crushing retort as he probably would not have ventured on had he been speaking anywhere but in the House of Commons. No speech he ever made told more, whether in the House or out of it, than that which he delivered twenty years ago (March, 1866), when Lord John Russell brought in his abortive Reform Bill, and when Mr. Horsman and Mr. Lowe seceded from the Liberal party and sought, not with much success, to establish a following or faction of their own. The House was convulsed with laughter, when, speaking of these two ambitious politicians, neither of whom was at all disposed to concede the first place to the other, signed his name, and then waited for others to follow his example. Halfintoxicated as they were, the aignatures were mere scrawls, but each man was the tail of it." The House also laughed consumedly, if not very intelligently, when anertics of Mr. Horsman heart. was the tail of it." The House also laughed consumedly, if not very intelligently, when, speaking of Mr. Horsman, he said, "The right honourable gentleman is the first of the new party who has ... entered into what may be called his political cave of Adullam; and he has called about him every one that was in distress, and everyone that was discontented." Many queer stories were told at the time of the way in which this biblical allusion pureled the members of the Mouse.

lical allusion puzzled the members of the House, strength to persevere to the end !" one of whom was said, when asked where that There were tears, and prayers, and thanksgiv-cave of Adullam came from, to have replied, "No, ings, the children hardly comprehending the situation don't take me in; I have read my Arabian tion until their grandmother explained it, and their Nights," and had to be informed that Aladdin's cave and the cave of Adullam were not precisely identical. But think of the risk the great orator ran! If either Mr. Horsman or Mr. Lowe had known his Bible well enough to remind the House that, after all, the true Israel was gathered in the cave of Adullam, that it sheltered David, the darling and the hope of Israel, that the broken and discontented men who came to him there rose to be the chief statesmen and soldiers of the immediately succeeding reign, and that they were driven into discontent and distress by the political wrongs inflicted on them by an intolerable tyranny

WHAT A MUSSEL-SHELL DID.

(MICHA)

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

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. Young Fulton had never seen a painted picture; he watched for months with breathless interest his schoolmate at work.

At last the artist, in a sudden fit of generosity, gave him half the mussel-shells and brushes. From that day Pulton'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

A Quaker artist liked the buy, and took him into his family. He there met Lord Stanhope, a famous mechanician, 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 vait space I had his schoolmate been less generous, Robert Pulton 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 wea-ther the "gentlemanly" (?) loafer has reappeared. There are about a dozen of him. He may be seen almost any Sabbath day, before and after service und 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 delily to puff into the faces of the people who are coming and going

A GLASS OF BBER.

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 Preeman Colton, the best mechanic and the haidest 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 sum, until the liquor furnished by the generous host was exhausted. Thus engaged, they did not heed how time was passing; but in the adjoining room were Freeman Colton's mother, his wire, and four small children, and to them each minute seemed an hour. Compelled to hear the fearful oaths and maudin songs, they scarcely dared to move, leat some sound should provoke the anger of the half-crazed man, whose voice was loudest and whose laugh was the most recklers. At length, when comparative silence had reigned for a few minutes, one said:

"Let us try something different. We have been hard cases a good while. Wander how it would

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

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." And the speaker laughed at what he considered a sally of wit.

His, however, was the only laugh. Something had sobered the company. Perhaps it was the thought of other mothers weeping over recreant sons, or it may have been the silent prayers going up to the throne of grace from the cheerless room

where were gathered Freeman Colton's family,
"Wonder if I couldn't give you an invitation
you'd refuse?" said the heat, with an oath.

"Try us and see," was replied.
"I will," he answered quickly—"I will. Will you sign a pledge not to drink another drop of iiquor for a year? How many of you will do

"Will you do it yourself?" asked one.

"Yill you do it yoursell r" asked one.
"I will, so help me God l" 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

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

tion until their grandmother explained it, and their father kissed them as he had not done for many a

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 youngermem-

bers of the family were eager to satisfy their hunger.
It was soon known that six drunkards had pledged themselves to a year's abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, including older. Their friends rejoiced, although with many fears; yet as months went by, and they gave no sign of returning to their former habits, they gained more and more the confidence of the people.

A relative of Freeman Colton advised him to

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.

If a 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 last rulning him.

Later, when bereft of one after another of his self; and the symbol of our commanding, there were times when he would abstain believe in the Catholic Church."

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

Talk of beer and ale as "temperance drinks." Talk of the German layer as neurishing and healthy. Hewers count their profits and smile at the credulity of those who can be so easily deceived.—N. V. Temperance Advocate.

NOT A BAD IDBA.

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

"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 home-like. 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 making the acquaintance of the paster, 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 he 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 sup-

ported from the crossbeam by a bolted from 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 theintervalue of inaction saved countless lives, for the next
instant the sinking sensation general. In accord-

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. It a rush and the consequent dis-turbance 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 com-bined 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. seek employment in the city, offering to assist him | 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

> "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 deaf-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 Pather Hyacinthe has caused much surprise there, and called forth the following statement of his telation 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 affirma-tive. 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