

Selected Articles.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORAL BE PROUD?

[The following are verses from a Scottish clergyman, William Keble, who died in 1827, and is one of ten benedict and is widely treasured.]
Oh! why should the spirit of moral be proud?
Take a swift flying word, a first flying word,
A flash of the lightning, a breath in the wind,
No passing from life to the rest in the grave.
The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and to other be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.
The infant and mother attend and love;
To mother that infant, the father which pruned;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.
The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest who the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.
The person whose lot is to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep.
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.
So the multitude goes, like the flower of the wood
That withers as soon as it has succeeded;
So the multitude comes, as the sun we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.
For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same streams and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.
The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.
They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.
They died, yet they died, we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrim road.
Yes, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Will follow each other, like surge upon surge.
' 'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh why should the spirit of moral be proud?

HOW AUNT HANNAH HELPED THE MINISTER.

Dear old Aunt Hannah, with her gentle blue eyes, her soft white hair; darting in silver waves on either side; her calm un- wrinkled brow; the tender lines of that mouth which had all its life been the outlet for loving words! To be sure she was poor—that is, in this world's riches—and she wore an old fashioned, scant black dress but there was always a little soft white about the neck, and nobody cared if her dress was poor and mean, such a loving heart was always beating within it.
She always sat in the front pew at church, because she could not hear easily. She always came in early, and was the last to leave for she said she wanted to be in the church as long as she could. That used to surprise some of the younger ones, who used even to complain of the long prayer.
There arose difficulties in this religious society, as there ever have in all since Paul and Barnabas; sometimes it was a "money trouble," sometimes the people thought the minister did not call about on them enough, and again, that he did not spend time enough in composing his sermons. Mrs. Dawes would tell Aunt Hannah she thought the minister did not bring out the young people enough to the evening meetings; and Miss Brown thought it was a shame he had not "followed up" that Stevens family, who had gone off to the other church.
The gentle blue eyes would look calmly on these women, and Auntie would say, in her kind way, "My friends, when I see any thing that seems to be wrong about my minister, I pray for him. I always find that is the best way, and God is sure to make all things plain." Then Miss Brown would say, "I think it is about time for me to go," and Auntie would say "good-bye," and take up her knitting; but when they were gone, I have often seen her drop her work, and close her eyes; and as her lips moved, I could guess what she was doing.
One day the sewing society met at our house, and Aunt Hannah was so glad the sun shone, for she hoped the box for the Home Missionary would be sent before winter came. She knew what getting children ready for the cold weather meant, even though she had had none of her own. She did seem to feel a proprietorship in all children, though, and as she would sometimes tell them story after story, they would sit at her feet and look up in her face, thinking she was the best story book they had ever had—a never ending one.
I only remember one little incident about this sewing meeting. Before the minister came as was his custom, to tea, Miss Cynthia Prim and Miss Prue Peck were discussing him. It seemed to me sometimes that he was the main topic of excitement in our village. Miss Prim said she thought she wouldn't say it was so, but she was pretty sure that the Rev. Mr. Sincerity, their minister, called to see Rosa Day, one of the Unitarian folks, and went right by old Sister Gray's house, and she been sick for a fortnight, and sits in the pew foremost his wife, too.
"Are you sure he did not stop on his way back?" asked Aunt Hannah.
"Well, no," she said hesitatingly; "but I think I should have heard of it, if he had."
I saw Auntie was sadly vexed by this talk, and she finally laid down her work, and said emphatically, "Well, my good friends, when I am ill, and want to see my minister, I shall let him know, and I am

sure he will come. We can't expect him to always know when we are sick, unless—and her eyes twinkled a little—"unless one had the small pox, and hang out a flag; but there is one thing—I do hope and pray that I shall do before my minister does!"
A little while after that there was a formal crisis in the village. The mill was stopped; sugar went up; hay went down; and the salary could not be raised. Poor Auntie's lips moved more and more, and the set at the window with her work. The people did not come to church as they had done. Everybody seemed cold and worldly. One Sunday, in this sad crisis, Mr. Sincerity preached an extempore sermon. I must note his own words here:
"Alas! the first part of my discourse, the people seemed cold and indifferent. But I noticed Aunt Hannah's eyes were fixed on me, and sometimes her lips moved. I knew she must be praying for me, and with this thought in my heart, words and strength came. Her eyes filled with tears, and this helped me more still; and before my sermon was over I had the attention of every one in the house.
"As I came out of the church, she lingered. The rest of the people had gone, she put her hand in mine, and lifting up her tearful face, said, 'My dear young friend, your sermon has been such a blessing to me. I do wish I could do something for you in your troubles. I wish I could help you.'
"I told her the words were hers that I prayed which had given me courage and faith to speak; but it was hard to make her realize it."
Our poor dear Aunt Hannah! It was the last sermon she ever heard. A few days after, as Frank and I were sitting reading in the parlor just before sunset, we heard a heavy fall, and rushing up-stairs we found our dear aunt lying lifeless on the floor. "A sudden stroke of paralysis," the doctor said, but her face was so calm and peaceful, as we laid her on her bed, it seemed "a death-like sleep."
Mr. Sincerity died a month after. Aunt Hannah had her wish; she died first, and now, although those lips of hers have long lain silent under the grasses in the churchyard, whenever I hear Prue and Prim get together and complain about "the minister,"—she always said "my minister,"—that gentle face rises up before me pure and saint like, and though she is dead, I yet hear her speak in the sweet old tones, "Whenever I see anything that seems to be wrong about my minister, I pray for him."—The Christian Banner.

FARADAY THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER.

It has rarely been our privilege to study a more beautiful and interesting character than that of Faraday, as it is presented in the reminiscences of Dr. J. Gladstone. The biography of this great philosopher has been given in the usual style, in the two octavo volumes of Dr. Benec Jones. Professor de la Rive, and others of his friends have given in their way their impressions of his life, his character, and his work. Prof. Tyndall, his intimate friend, has given a picture of him as a man of science. Dr. Gladstone presents him prominently as a Christian as well as a philosopher. Concerning Faraday's standing in science there is no dispute. He was the peer of the first of his contemporaries. Professor Tyndall's appreciation of him is undisguised. Universities and learned societies eagerly showered their highest honours upon him. Altogether with doctorates, society orders, and orders from government, "it appears he was decorated with ninety-five titles and marks of merit." P. Riess, of Berlin, it is said, once addressed a long letter to him as "Professor Michael Faraday, Member of all Academies of Science London."
His religious character appears to have been developed from a very early period. "When an orphan boy, we find him hurrying the delivery of his newspapers on a Sunday morning, so as to get home in time to make himself neat, to go with his parents to chapel; his letters, when abroad, indicate the same disposition; yet he did not make any formal profession of his faith till a month after his marriage, when nearly thirty years of age. Of his spiritual history up to that period little is known, but there seems to be grounds for believing that he not accept the religion of his fathers without a conscientious inquiry into its truth. It would be difficult to conceive of his acting otherwise. But after he joined the Sandemanian Church, his questionings were probably confined to matters of practical duty; and to those who know him best nothing could appear stronger than his conviction of the reality of the things he believed. In order to understand the life and character of Faraday, it is necessary to bear in mind that he was a Christian, but that he was a Sandemanian. From his earliest years that religious system stamped its impress deeply on his mind; it surrounded the blacksmith's son with an atmosphere of unusual purity and refinement; it developed the usefulness of his nature, and in his after career it fenced his life from the worldlings around, as well as from much that is esteemed as good by other Christian bodies. . . . But his sympathies burst all narrow bounds. Thus the Abbe Mignot tells us that, at Faraday's request, he one day introduced him to Cardinal Wiseman. The interview was very cordial, and his eminence did not hesitate frankly and good naturedly to ask Faraday, if in his deepest conviction, he believed all the Church of Christ—holy, catholic, and apostolic—was shut up in the little sect in which he bore rule. "Oh! no," was the reply, "but I do believe from the bottom of my soul that Christ is with us!"
" It may be doubted whether Faraday ever tried to form a definite idea of the relation in which the physical forces stand to the Supreme Intelligence, nor did he consider it part of his duty as a lecturer to look beyond the natural laws he was describing. 'Yet on more than one occasion,' says Prof. Pritchard, 'when he had been discoursing on some of the magnificent pre-arrangements of Divine Providence so lavishly scattered in nature, I have seen him struggle to repress the emotion which was visibly struggling for utterance, and then at the last, with one single, far-reaching word,

he would just hint at his meaning rather than express it.'
" In his more familiar lectures to the cadets at Woolwich, however, he more than hinted at such elevated thoughts. In conversation, too, Faraday has been known to express his wonder that one should fail to recognize the constant work of design, and in his writings there is no longer such passages as the following: 'When I consider the multitude of associated forces which are diffused through nature—when I think of that calm and tranquil labelling of their energies which enables elements most powerful in themselves, most distinctive to dwell associated together, and be made subservient to the wants of creation, I rise from the contemplation more than ever impressed with the wisdom, the beneficence, and grandeur beyond all language to express, of the great Disposer of all.'
The following rule, appearing in one of his lectures, furnishes the principle by which the true scientific spirit should be guided, but by which the so-called scientific spirit too often is not: "We may be sure of the facts, but our interpretation of facts we should doubt. He is the wisest philosopher who holds his theory with some doubt; who is able to proportion his judgment and confidence to the value of the evidence before him, taking a fact for a fact, and a supposition for a supposition; as much as possible keeping his mind free from all source of prejudice, or where he can not do this (as in the case of a theory) remembering that such a source is there."
Dr. Gladstone's delightful book is published by the Harpers.—The Methodist.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

Said a young husband, whose business speculations were unsuccessful, "My wife's silver tea-set, the bridal gift of a rich uncle, doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred unexpected expenses, which in trying to meet, have made me the bankrupt I am." His experience is the experience of many others, who less wise, do not know what is the goblin of the house, working its destruction.

WHAT EAR-WAX IS FOR.

Dr. Dio Lewis, in one of his lectures, while he was addressing the boys, singled out a red-headed little fellow, and asked him what the wax was in the ear for. He said he selected a red-headed boy because red-headed boys are generally the smartest. The boy stood up and said he did not know. The doctor would not take such an answer. If the boy didn't know, he must tell, at least, what he thought the wax was in the ear for.
" Well," said the boy, "the wax is in the ear because—because—because it wants to be in the ear."
He questioned another boy, who claimed distinction by having a red head, and his answer was that it kept the passage to the drum moist. That was correct; but it had further uses. Ear-wax is a deadly poison to insects, and its presence in the ear effectually protected the ear from insects. It sometimes accumulated and became hard, causing partial deafness, but a little warm castor oil, mixed with spirits, would remedy that, or an injection of soap-suds.

HIID BY A THREAD.

Sir John Herschel, the great astronomer, was skilled in measuring the size of the planets and determining the position of the stars. But he found that such was the distance of the stars, a silk thread stretched across the glass of his telescope would entirely cover a star; and moreover, that a silk fibre, however small, placed upon the same glass, would not only cover the star, but would conceal so much of the heavens that the star, if a small one and near the pole, would remain obscured behind that silk fibre several seconds. Thus a silk fibre appeared to be larger in diameter than a star.
And yet every star is a heavenly world, a world of light, a sun shining upon other worlds, as our sun shines upon this world. Our sun is eight hundred and eighty-six thousand miles in diameter, and yet, seen from a distant star, our sun could be covered, obscured, hidden behind a single thread, when that thread is near the eye, although in a telescope.

Just so we have seen some who never could behold the heavenly world. They always complained of dimness of vision and dulness of comprehension when they looked toward the heavenly home. You might strive to comfort them in affliction, or poverty, or distress; but no, they could not see Jesus as the Sun of Righteousness. You might direct their eyes to the Star of Bethlehem through the telescope of faith and holy confidence; but alas! there is a secret thread, a filament, a silken fibre, which, holding them in subserviency to the world, in some way obscures the light, and Jesus, the Star of Hope, is eclipsed, and their prospect is darkened.

LEGISLATION IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Can there be a greater order of things than between a rude, roving, restless, people and a people babbling one and tows, and engaged in a petty trade of merchandise and manufacture between two people, a civilized life and on the other a life of a ship as a people, and finally, and very soon, the two people living in a state of anarchy at the back end of all arbitrary and irresponsible enactments, a governing no law but that of might, and in the end, but the two people voluntarily accepting the restraints of a constitutional government, and legislating for themselves with prudence and patriotism, seeking the general good of the people? This contrast is now witnessed in the Sandwich Islands, and the others of the South Sea group, where civilization has displaced the cruel, lawless, untrammelled impulses of heathenism.
We have been reminded of this in reading a letter from the American missionary Rev. J. S. Green, to the Christian Mirror, in which he reviews some of the acts of the late Hawaiian Legislature. They gave intrinsic proof of the wonderful transformation effected among the leading men of that new nation since it has been leavened by the principles of the gospel.
Some years since an Act was passed by the Legislature to mitigate the evils of licentiousness, which prevailed so fearfully on the Islands. A license system was introduced after the example of some of the Continental nations of civilized Europe, with the hope that it would cause a decrease of the sin and misery. That law has had a fair trial, but as the Sanitary Committee report an increase of the crime, and after long investigation ascribe it to this law, which they propose shall be repealed, the legislature has repeated it, notwithstanding the outcries of the wauton and dissipated.
There has been for over thirty years a law in the Islands forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors to the natives, and the result has been admirable. Prohibitory laws, however, are always particularly obnoxious to a certain class who prate most loudly in favor of liberty. That class has its representatives on the Islands who insist that the natives should enjoy the liberty of getting drunk the same as foreigners, and with the loud demand for "equal rights" they have insisted on the repeal of the law. The legislature, however, did not yield to their demand, and the sale of intoxicating liquors to Hawaiians is still illegal.
The legislature have instead taken another step in advance. Following the sensible example of several of the legislatures of our states, they have passed a law fixing the responsibility of this ruinous traffic where it rightly belongs. They have enacted a bill making all retailers of spirituous liquors responsible for damages done or received by those intoxicated by such liquors. Its enforcement there, as here, will be for the interest of the community, rather than of the reckless, selfish dealers in the fruitful source of misery and crime.
We regret, however, to see that the government licenses the sale of noxious and destructive drugs, ruinous alike to the bodies and souls of its subjects, and that the demand for them is so great as to make a spirited competition for securing the privilege of the traffic. It is a sad and suggestive fact that the right sell opium was awarded to the highest bidder for the sum of \$21,000, and that nearly as much was obtained for the license to sell *awa*, a native narcotic nearly as deleterious as opium.
Still there is great hope, when the law-making power of a nation redeemed from heathenism, exercises its prerogatives so largely and so wisely for the highest social and moral interests of the great mass of the community.—Christian Weekly.

MOTHERS.

Some one has said that a young mother is the most beautiful thing in nature. Why qualify it? Why young? Are not all mothers beautiful? The sentimental outside beholder may prefer youth in the pretty picture, but I am inclined to think that sons and daughters, who are most intimately concerned in the matter, love and admire their mothers most when they are old. How suggestive of something holy and venerable it is when a person talks of his "dear mother!" Away with your naming "mummies" and "maumias," suggestive only of a fine lady, who deposes her duties to a nurse, a drawing room maternal parent, who is afraid to handle her offspring for fear of soiling her fine new gown. Give me the homely mother, the arms of whose love are all embracing, who is beautiful always, whether old or young, whether arrayed in satin, or modestly habited in bombazine.—Unonitaga Chief.
Lashburn has been thrown into a state of much excitement by the high-handed conduct of an Orange mob. The Roman Catholics having hired the Assembly Rooms for holding a ball, the Orangemen took possession of the hall by force, and the ball was transferred to a convent. Pleased with their frolic, the Orange party kept up their excitement for two days by flying banners and otherwise, until detachments of military had to be ordered into the town.
Just as the priestly war at Callan was becoming critical, if not alarming, the reverend gentleman who has hitherto been acting so vigorously on the offensive has cried a truce. The Rev. Mr. O'Keefe has informed his adherents that as the "slandrers" who have encroached upon his parish have failed to answer his charges, he considers his honour and his conduct vindicated, and will no longer molest the Friary Chapel or its occupants. The services of the military and police may thus be dispensed with. There yet remains, however, the threat of excommunication, which the reverend pastor treats lightly.

Random Readings.

There is nothing, however able that is not innocent, and nothing innocent that is not atrocious.
The first of the great men of the world is of modest stature, and of the smallest spark of vanity.
The Methodist preacher in the California Conference at San Francisco, of over 25,000 members, and friends 500,000, is preaching at the University of the Pacific.
One of the papers in the statement that the great state of Oregon will sell for \$200,000,000, the land, the early says, "So it is that the 25,000,000 burned up will be well cared for."
Adversity is a patient foe, departs towards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the most to the necessity of being their skill, aways the obedient and makes the industrious.
Opportunities are running to waste everywhere, like the golden fruit of the over-burdened orchard. They are not confined to parallels of latitude. In running after them, we are perpetually running away from them.
It is not what people eat, but what they digest that makes them strong. It is not what they do, but what they say that makes them wise. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess but what they practice, that makes them holy.
Good, kind, true, holy words dropped in conversation may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flower or fruitful tree flung by the wayside, borne by some birds afar, haply thereafter to fring with beauty some barren mountain-side, or to make glad some lonely wilderness.
The corner stone of a monument to the brave old Puritan warrior, Captain Miles Standish, was laid at Duxbury, Mass., Oct. 6, with appropriate ceremonies. The monument is to stand on Captain's hill, is to be 120 feet high, and to be surmounted by a statue of Standish 12 feet high.
Rev. O. Gibson, in charge of the Methodist mission work among the Chinese in San Francisco, reports an average attendance of 35 scholars the past year, being an increase of ten over the previous year. They have a chapel in the Chinese quarters in which a native convert preaches every day.
My poor, feeble heart droops when I think, write, or talk of anything but Jesus. O that I could get near him, and live lovingly on him! I would walk, and talk, and sit, and eat, and rest with him. I would have my heart always leaning on him, and find itself ever present with him.—Berridge.
Hon. David Nicholson, of Vermont, being rallied for leaving untasted the wine at his plate at a great supper, when many of the prominent men of the state were present, fearlessly replied, "I would not drink that glass of wine for the best farm in Vermont. I should believe sacred principle of my whole life were I to do it."
The papers in Augusta, Maine, recently contained an advertisement inserted by a man on being released from imprisonment for an offence committed while he was intoxicated, threatening to prosecute to the full extent of the law, any person selling or offering to sell him any liquor, or who should sell any in his presence.
The peculiarities of great men are like a suit of clothes, which hang not well on any but the man who was measured for them, not to say that the misfortune of imitators often lies in this, that in copying the lisp, the burr, the shrug, the broad accent, the ungainly and ungraceful attitude, they forget that their idol is not great by these, but in spite of them.—Guthrie.
A prominent temperance man in Rhode Island, who was trustee or a part of a building, refused to sign a lease of it to a rum-seller who was willing to give four times the amount for which it had rented. The parties wishing it sought the widow lady for whom he was acting as trustee, hoping to secure her interest. When she heard the facts she told them that her trustee was right, as she did not want the price of blood.
But supposing that a little will for prayer might be squeezed from a flinty heart, you have no power still for communion with God. And what is prayer without divine communion? A mere prating to a dead wall or blue sky. It is babbling to an unknown God, as four hundred and fifty prophets did to Baal, a jolly company, from morning until evening, but found no answer. Baal kept no fellowship with his votaries then, and never has done since.—Berridge.
The Jews have recently celebrated the beginning of the New Year 5633 of their reckoning. Among the 80,000 Jews in New York there was a general cessation of business through the several days solemnly set apart from October 2, and ending October 12, with the great day of Atonement. The thirty synagogues and the other temporary place of worship were crowded to excess during the holidays. The Jewish Messenger says, "The majority of the attending these temporary fairs seldom visit the synagogue throughout the year. We regret that Israelites should have an idea that two or three days abstinence from labour can atone for a year's neglect."
What does the world by its hatred, and persecution, and revilings for the sake of Christ, but make me more like him, give me a greater share with him in that which he did so willingly undergo for me? "When he was sought for to be made a king," as St. Bernard remarks, "he escaped; but when he was brought to the cross, he freely yielded himself." And shall I shrink and keep back from what he calls me to suffer for his sake? Yes, even all my other troubles and sufferings I will desire to have stamped thus with this conformity to the sufferings of Christ, in the humble, obedient, cheerful endurance of them, and the giving up my will to my Father's.—Archbishop Leighton.