

A SERMON FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Don't ever go hunting for pleasures,
They cannot be found thus, I know;
Nor yet fall a-digging for treasures,
Unless with the spade and the hoe.

The bee has to work for the honey;
The drone has no right to the food;
And he who has not earned his money—
Will get from his money no good.

The ant builds her house by her labour;
The squirrel looks out for his mast;
And he who depends on his neighbour
Will never have friends, first or last.

In short, 't is no better than thieving,
Though thief is a hard name to call,
Good things to be always receiving,
And never to give back at all.

And do not put off till to-morrow
The thing that you ought to do now,
But first set the share to your furrow,
And then put your hand to the plough.

H. W. M.

"TO-DAY THOU LIVEST YET."

"To-day thou livest yet;
To-day turn thee to God."

A young student of law had settled himself in lodgings in Berlin. He felt ill; and a friend of his own, a young doctor, attended him, and watched over him with much self-denying love and patience. But both of them were far from God, and strangers to His promises of grace.

As the young student's illness increased, the doctor ordered his bed to be moved as far as possible from the window, that the strong light might not hurt him. So the sick man lay in the corner of his room, close to a very thin partition which divided his room from that of the master of the house. His bed had not long been removed before he heard, first in a low voice, then more distinctly, these words:—

"To-day thou livest yet;
To-day turn thee to God;
For, ere to-morrow comes,
Thou mayest be with the dead."

These words were repeated again and again. He heard others too, but they did not fix themselves in his memory as these did. He could not get quit of them; it seemed as if they had been written on his heart in letters of fire, that could not be extinguished.

When his friend, the doctor, next came to see him, he took his hand, felt his pulse, and asked him kindly how he felt. But the sick man only fixed a piercing look on his face, and answered every question with nothing but—

"To-day thou livest yet;
To-day turn thee to God;
For, ere to-morrow comes,
Thou mayest be with the dead."

"What is the matter with you?" said the doctor; "what has come over you? you are quite changed; what is the meaning of it? Were it not that the fever has abated, and your pulse is much quieter, I should say that your mind was wandering, and you were raving."

The only answer that he got was,

"To-day thou livest yet;
To-day turn thee to God."

The doctor left him unwillingly; but on his own way home he could not get the look and the voice of his friend out of his memory.

When he visited him again the next day, he found him much better and calmer; but changed, grave, and earnest, Bible in hand, his former carelessness all gone. The work of grace had begun in his heart. And the doctor, too, opened his heart willingly to the Holy Spirit, who by the mouth of his friend had first spoken to him, and now strove for an entrance to his soul.

What a marvel of grace! It had so happened that, on the day that the sick man's

bed was moved, the son of the master of the house had not learned his lesson at school. It was a lesson from the hymn-book, and consisted of that hymn, some words of which we have given. The father put the boy in the corner to learn his lesson there; and that was the very corner beside which the fever-patient had that morning been placed. The rooms were only divided by a very thin partition, through which the words of the boy's lesson had reached the sick man's ears, and by God's grace pierced his heart.—*Translated from Appenzeller Sonntagsblatt.*

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Mr. Gladstone was abused through all moods and tenses by the Roman Catholic and ultra-Liberal organs when he published his famous pamphlet on "Vaticanism," because, forsooth, he had clearly indicated the logical bearings of the new dogma. We observe, indeed, that the days of abusing him are not yet ended; for at a meeting of the Catholic Union in London, a few days ago, that new convert, Lord F. G. Osborne, had a passing shot at him; and yet, after all that has been said and written against him in reference to this matter, it is abundantly manifest from the occasional deliverances of even Roman Catholic dignitaries that he did not write or reason without book. Hear, for example, the utterances of an American bishop. Writing, some time ago, to a Romish journal of the United States, called the *Shepherd of the Valley*, Monsignor Kenrick, of Philadelphia, who most boldly advocated the dogma of Infallibility, said: "We confess that the Romish Church is intolerant—that is to say, it makes use of every means in its power to extirpate error and sin; but this intolerance is the logical and necessary consequence of its infallibility. It alone has the right to be intolerant, because it alone is the truth and possesses the truth. The church, therefore, tolerates heretics where it cannot do otherwise, but at the same time it hates them mortally, and exerts all its endeavours to annihilate them. For these reasons princes truly Christian extirpate heresy radically in their kingdoms, and Christian states expel heretics as much as possible from their territories. If at this moment we abstain from persecuting heretics, we repeat it aloud, it is simply because we feel ourselves too weak for it, and because we should deem it yet more injurious than useful to the church we serve, being provoked to persecute." This certainly is explicit. Dr. Manning is not speaking so plainly yet, but the day is fast coming, it seems, when he won't need to be afraid.—*Plain Words, Dublin, Ireland, April, 1876.*

HOME COURTESIES.

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice.

And the husband answered:

"Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

It was quietly but heartily said; the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural and very affectionate. We thought: How pleasant that courteous reply! How gratifying must it be to the wife! Many husbands of ten years' experience are ready enough with the courtesies of politeness to the young ladies of their acquaintance, while they speak with abruptness to the wife, and do many rude little things without considering them worth an apology.

Though words seem little things, and slight attentions almost valueless, yet depend upon it they keep the flame bright, especially if they are natural. The children grow up in a better moral atmosphere, and learn to respect their parents

as they see them respecting each other. Many a boy takes advantage of the mother he loves, because he sees often the rudeness of his father. Insensibly he gathers to his bosom the same habits, and the thoughts and feelings they engender, and in his turn becomes the petty tyrant. Only his mother! Why should he thank her? Father never does. Thus the home becomes a seat of disorder and unhappiness. Only for strangers are kind words expressed, and hypocrites go out from the hearthstone fully prepared to render justice, benevolence, and politeness to any one and everyone but those who have the justest claims. Ah! give us the kind glance, the happy homestead, the smiling wife and courteous children of the friend who said so pleasantly: "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

LARGER TELESCOPES WANTED.

When we consider the enormous distances which the astronomer has to penetrate, ere he can bring himself within the range of observation of the nearest even of the celestial bodies, and when we think of the infinite depths beyond, filled with untold wonders, it is manifest that instruments of far greater light-grasping and space-penetrating power than we now possess must be employed. Everything has already been done by small instruments which can be done. They are, many of them, of exquisite workmanship, and admirable in their details; but they are no more fit to give the revelations, and penetrate to the distances required, than a drinking-cup is to measure the Atlantic. What is now needed is instruments of gigantic size and great perfection of workmanship, which will give us some specific and reliable information in regard to the solar system, and which will open up the inter-stellar spaces around it. It can hardly be regarded as creditable to astronomical enterprise that such a planet as the moon, only some 240,000 miles away from us, and most admirably planned for observation, should be so little known; or that an object the size of St. Paul's Cathedral should be seen only as a discernible point on her surface; while of the condition of life on such planets as Mars and Venus we should be profoundly ignorant, it remaining a debatable point whether animal or vegetable life exists on their surface at all. The reason simply is, that the toys (as they must soon come to be regarded) hitherto employed in their observations are altogether inadequate to cope with the distances they are removed from us. However fine their quality, they cannot bring those celestial bodies so near us as to enable us to see them distinctly; and our knowledge of them will never be increased until we have instruments which can. Every astronomer knows that with the increase of the size of telescopes the difficulty of moving and observing with them increases. But the overcoming of such difficulties is just the thing to be done, in order that astronomical observation may advance as it ought to do. There is no impossibility in the way, for, fortunately, there is no limit to the size of perfection of the telescope. Manipulatory difficulties may increase, but the theory of the instrument, both in its reflecting and refracting form, admits of an infinite enlargement.—*Good Words.*

THE heart too often like the cement of the ancient Romans, acquires hardness by time.

THE thing which an active mind most needs, is a purpose and direction worthy of its activity.—*Bovee.*