

Have you heard of this tale—the best of them all—
 The tale of the Holy and True ;
 He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
 Lives on in the world anew.
 His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
 As the stars fill the skies above ;
 He taught us to yield up the love of life,
 For the sake of the life of love.
 His death is our life, His loss is our gain,
 The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
 Who for others do give up your all ;
 Our Saviour hath told you, the seed that would grow,
 Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
 Must pass from the view, and die away,
 And then will the fruit appear :
 The grain that seems lost in the earth below,
 Will return many fold in the ear.
 By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
 The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

HENRY HARBAUGH.

Family Reading.

SHALL WE NOT BE AS BRAVE?

In the golden age of Rome, if a man were tempted to dishonesty, he would stand upright, look the tempter in the face, and say to him, "I am a Roman." He thought that a sufficient reason why he should neither lie nor cheat. It ought to be a ten times more than sufficient answer to every temptation, for a man to be able to say, "I am a son of God ; shall such a man as I yield to sin ?"

I have been astonished in looking through old Roman history at the wonderful prodigies of integrity and valor which were produced by idolatry, or rather which were produced by patriotism, and that principle which ruled the Romans, namely, love of fame. And it is a shameful thing that even idolatry should be able to breed better men than some who profess Christianity. If a Roman, a worshipper of Jupiter, or Saturn, became great or glorious, a son of God ought to be nobler far. Look at Brutus: he has established a republic, he has put down tyranny, he sits upon the judgment seat; his two sons are brought before him; they have been traitors to the commonwealth! What will the father do? He is a man of a loving heart and loves his sons, but there they stand. Will he execute justice as a judge, or will he prefer his family to his country? He covers his face for a moment with his hands, and then looking down upon his sons, and finding that the testimony is complete against them, he says, "Lictors, do your work."

Christian men, do you feel this with regard to your sins? When you have been sitting on the judgment bench there has been some favorite sin brought up, and you have, let me blush to say it, wished to spare it, it was so near your heart; you have wished to let it live, whereas should you not as a son of God have said, "If my eye offend me, I will pluck it out and cast it from me; if my right hand offend me, I will cut it off, rather than I should in anything offend my God." Brutus slays his sons; but some Christians would spare their sins.

Look again at that noble youth, Mutius Scævola. He goes into the tent of king Pyrrhus with the intention to put him to death, because he is the enemy of his country; he slays the wrong man, Pyrrhus orders him to be taken captive. A pan of hot coals is blazing in his tent; Scævola puts out his right hand and holds it; it crackles in the flame; the young man flinches not, though his fingers drop away. "There are four hundred youths," says he, "in Rome as brave as I am, and that will bear fire as well; and tyrant," he says, "you will surely die." Yet