

Thirteen Times.

O little heart of man, to take,
Such scanty measure in!
Seekest it mightily to forgive
Thine oft thy brother's sin?
How oft? "Thirteen times." Alas
Each moment we offend!
Each moment we forgiveness need
From our eternal friend.
And shall we dare to shut our soul,
Or turn our eye away,
Though our weak brother's trespasses,
Are frequent as the day?
Jesus, my pitying Saviour, let
Sweet mercy come from Thee,
As I forgive the offending ones
Who trespass against me.
"How oft shall I forgive?" The law
Comes down to us from heaven:
"I say not until seven times,
But seventy times seven."

The Wife's Resolution.

"Yes, it must be done, I am resolved upon it," said the young wife, as she clasped her slender fingers. "I must be firm in carrying out my resolution, for nothing else can save my husband from the fate of other members of the family—and oh! such a fate!" she continued, burying her face in her hands, as if she would shut out the remembrance of something terrible. "Can it be that I am destined to become the wife of a drunkard?" she exclaimed after a pause. "Is this pleasant home," she added, looking around the tastefully furnished apartment, "to be exchanged for the wretched dwelling of an inebriate, and my kind, warm-hearted husband to become—Oh, no, no! Father in heaven avert this threatening calamity! Send suffering and sorrow if thou seest they are needed to purify our souls from the dross of earth, but spare us, O God! from sin and degradation. They surely cannot be necessary; then grant me to avert them," and rising from her luxurious couch, she passed from her parlor into an elegant dining-room beyond. "My husband will be displeased at first, and his father and brothers will ridicule me, and call me mean; but my husband is dearer to me than even my own reputation, and I must endure even his anger for the sake of saving him;" and with trembling hands but unflinching will, the lovely bride removed the decanters of choice liquors from the side board and preparing some lemonade most carefully she placed it in their stead beside the crystal goblets. Though she retired to her chamber and spent the interval until her husband's return in earnest prayer for strength to bear ridicule, and, it might be, angry reproach, her heart misgave her when she heard his step on the gravel walk and saw that he had company with him, and as she descended to meet him in her accustomed place, her trembling limbs almost refused to bear their light burden.

"Wife, this is my friend Mr. Ormsbury," said the proud husband. "Ormsbury, this is Mrs. K—, the loveliest, gentlest wife in all the land!"
The visitor seemed struck with the beauty of the young wife's face, but replied gaily, "You may think so now, because your honeymoon is scarcely over, and as is the custom with young husbands, her whims have been laws to you. Wait a bit my friend, until her wishes come into collision, and then you may change the adjective to a more significant one."

"Nay, my veriest whims are laws to her, and I am not afraid of her setting up her wishes in opposition to mine."

"Except for our own good," said the wife softly; but she only said aloud, "Your friend will stay and take a social supper with us?"

"Not to-night, I thank you."

"Do give us that pleasure."

"I should like to afford myself that pleasure, but unhappily, a business engagement prevents."

"You will at least take some refreshment. My dear, order in some cake and wine."

"Nothing for me, indeed."

"Oh, you must taste of my cake in order to judge of my housewifery; only a good wife has a right to fulfil her prognostication of swaying it over her husband," and, laughing merrily, she left the room. Surely that salver borne by the servant who had returned with her, was sufficiently tempting; and those rich cakes and basket of choice fruit, and that silver pitcher of lemonade, ought to have satisfied any reasonable man; but the husband looked blank at the absence of wine, and something was said in a low tone to the wife, who answered:

"I prepared this expressly for you; will you not take it for my sake? Surely, this warm evening, it is more refreshing than wine."

While the lady was speaking to her guest the host sent the servant on some errand to the dining-room, and when she returned with the answer, "there is none," a flush mounted to his brow, and he muttered, "None there? stupid thing!" but no sooner had the door closed upon their visitor, than he assured himself by personal observation that she told the truth.

"Where on earth are those decanters, and why was not my friend permitted to refresh himself with wine in my house?" he exclaimed hastily. "Have we suddenly become bankrupt that we must use such stinted hospitality?"

"There is no stunting here," replied the lady, "and I assure none of our friends need complain when they have such wholesome lemonade offered them instead of the dangerous wine-cup."

"Wholesome! dangerous! What temperance stuff is this! Another such freak as this, and I shall get the name which is new to us, that of being too stingy to provide wine. None of our family were ever known to be sparing of it before."

"Far better if they had," said the wife unconsciously wringing her hands. "Oh, James, this omission sprang from no momentary freak, no woman's caprice, but from earnest resolution to—"

"What?"

"Try and save my husband," she added meekly but fervently.

"To save me? You are vastly kind. From what?"

"From poor Fred's fate," she said faintly, blinded by the tears that would not be held back.

"I thank you for the compliment. So you think me in danger of becoming such a miserable sot; but I hope I have too much pride, if nothing else, to keep me from degrading myself thus."

"At your age did he not think the same? A few years ago did he not look as fair as you, did he not think himself as strong?"

"And what is he now—where are his manliness and beauty of which he was then so proud? His miserable face haunted me all night, and I dreamed of his broken-hearted wife, and his poor children, blighted in their youth by their own parent. Oh, James, the Bible says truly, 'wine is a mocker,' and so long as we tamper with the poison, we have no right to say, 'we are safe. Those only are secure who obey the exhortation to 'touch not, taste not, handle not,' and I have resolved after earnest and prayerful deliberation, never to be guilty of offering that insidious foe to my friends, much less to that dearest of all friends, him in whom all my life is bound up."

"You don't mean to say that you wish to exclude wine from our dinner table and from our social parties?"

"Believing it to be dangerous, I do."

"Then you would force your husband to visit the drinking saloon or the tavern for that refreshment which you deny him at home."

"Does my husband mean to insinuate that he is already such a slave to the excitement of liquors that he cannot do without them?"

Angrily he strode to and fro, muttering "fanatic," and some other words he would not repeat, because we fancy that he would recall them.

The wife retired to her chamber, weeping, but not disheartened. She felt that she was right; and while she realized her own weakness, she trusted in Him who has said "My grace is sufficient for thee."

The month she had spent in the home of her husband had opened her eyes fearfully to the danger of sleeping on the exhilarating wine-cup. She had often heard in her girlhood of the evils of intemperance, but she fancied they existed only among the lower classes, the dregs of society. Until she became an inmate of that family, she dreamed not that the highly educated, the refined, degraded themselves to the level of the brute by first sipping rosy wine from shining liquor cups or sparkling crystal goblets.

Free, generous livers they were called; exercising a whole-souled hospitality to all, while none who came within the circle could fail to be fascinated with their charming manners. Alas! the young wife soon saw that they were only genial when under the influence of excitement, and that even those lovely girls, her new sisters, sought the stimulus of wine when they wished to be lively and fascinating. When she saw their beautiful eyes sparkle with unwonted brilliancy, the bloom grow deeper, and heard the flashes of their wit, she turned away in sadness, saying: "Alas! alas! what lovely victims!"

The father could dispose of bottle after bottle with losing his control, but not so his children. Persons occasionally wondered that their animal spirits should lead them to such excess, but there were times when she could not help but knowing what ailed those polite, refined young men.

On festive occasions, the wife began to watch her husband anxiously.

Sometimes he poured out and drank with a sort of reckless air, and then the unsteadiness of his hand or the gleam of his eye would startle her; and once, but only once she shrank from his ardent kiss, feeling that he was inflated with wine rather than pure affection. She tried to forget that time, or to fancy it a dream, but she could not.

The name of the oldest son, Frederick, was seldom mentioned by any of the family and the day previous to the commencement of this sketch, he understood the reason why. Then he came reeling into her home more beast than man.

She shuddered as she looked upon that bloated, besotted face. She could not pollute her hand by placing it within his, much less in addressing the degraded being, could her lips frame the holy word "brother."

No wonder the specter haunted her dreams that night, or she would fancy herself at the death-bed of that once lovely woman, whose heart he had broken, and hear her whisper: "Your husband is following in the footsteps of mine, oh! stop him!"

Not long after the wife's resolution was formed, the young couple wished to give a dinner party to all their relatives, and as it was the first in their own home, they wished to convey very pleasant ideas of their hospitality.

Then came the contention which the lady had foreseen, and the bitter opposition of her husband to carry out the resolution she had formed to banish liquor from their board. In vain she told him of the delicious coffee which should supply its place; he persisted that she should not thus bring upon him the name of a niggard. And though she told him that upon her, rather than upon him, should all imputation rest, though she pleaded in the gentlest manner, she had need of all the strength she had so earnestly implored from on high.

For a time there was a serious estrangement between them, and his family taking sides with him, told him that she wished to usurp too much authority over him as the head of the house, while they sneered openly at her "fanaticism," her "meanness," her "want of hospitality." But she prayed without ceasing, and God at length opened her husband's eyes to the danger of trifling with that which had caused his brother's ruin. With his consent liquors were regarded only as "medicines," and while the wife exerted herself to have a supply of good things in the house, both united in giving so cordial a welcome to their guests, that those who enjoyed their hospitality soon ceased to notice the absence of wine.

By degrees others followed the example of the young wife, and gladly such a reformation took place in the town, that in a few years all the "first families" had ban-

ished the "mocking" beverage from their sideboards and dinner-tables.

Her husband is now the only survivor of all his father's family. While he feels that each one fills a drunkard's grave, he turns to his wife, now no longer young, but beautiful in his eyes, and says, "Such would have been my fate but for you. I stood on the brink of a precipice, but I knew not my danger until you revealed it unto me." While she says with a burst of gratitude, "Not unto me, but unto thy name, O Lord, be all the praise."

Zwinglius, the Swiss Reformer.

The Protestants may number Zwinglius among their apostles and their teachers; we, who are democrats, liberals, republicans, number him among our great tribunes, our heroes and martyrs. Born in the great mountains, which speak of God and of the Infinite; nursed in the bosom of nature, his intelligence nourished by great ideas and his body by wholesome food; mingling with the blood of his heart the purest affections, and with the breath of his lungs the purest air; leading a rustic life in his earliest years; of a temperament robust as the rude and sublime Alpine country; going to sleep throughout his boyhood at the hour when the flocks were folded and the twilight was falling, to wake at the call of the cock, when the sky-larks were taking their flight, and the hope of a new day was awaking in the first flush of morning which whitened the horizon; near to heaven and far from the world, like the mountain birds, his soul bathed in the divine as a star in ether, he preserved in the battles of life the candor of the shepherd, in the labors and innovations of reform a love of tradition, in the midst of cities the aroma of the elegant and the song of the thrush, amidst the wrath of men and of parties the infinite charity of the air and of the light, free to all being; and after having conversed with philosophers and saints, drinking at the sacred fountain of Plato and the bitter tears of Job, singing the Psalms of David and the odes of Pindar, as if all the currents of the human spirit flowed to pour themselves in his own, he reduced the most abstract ideas to commonplace maxims, to scatter them among the people he loved in sermons and prayers. He was a hero in battle, a sister of charity in the hospitals, a tribune in the public place, a priest in the temple, everywhere an apostle. One of those great characters who vary and turn with the breath of their thought, with the force of their will, the currents of time, he died in the battle for truth in the purifying embrace of a holy martyrdom.

And his reform was born, and grew, and developed in the midst of a democracy, a republic, a liberty, ancient and deep rooted, partaking of the character of the medium in which it grew, and marching resolutely forward to modify and improve it. Less opposed and less persecuted than other reformers, he appears much more serene. His reform springs from the conscience rather than from passion, and relies more upon reason than upon sentiment. Without breaking so openly as his condisciples in the common work with the Pope and Church, he restricts himself solely to what he finds expressly set down in the Scriptures. He is an orator, and in his oratory there is more of philosophic light than of the tribune. He is a priest who preaches grace, and who distinguishes himself by the charity and the grandeur of his acts, who prays and works. The logic of his arguments does not damage the subtlety of his system, nor the force of reasoning the eloquence of his discourses. He is confronted by less opposition, and consequently fights with less revolutionary energy than other innovators. It is plain that his individual soul is a part of the soul of a great democracy; that his inner education has flowed from the two great schools of nature and society, the country and the republic. His work is at once religious and political. He preaches the merits of Christ, and exalts the rights of every Christian; he tears from his heart the ancient theocratic faith with the same power with which he tears from the earth the feudal traditions. He speaks of the Lord's Supper as of a religious and a democratic communion; he disseminates at the same time a hatred of spiritual tyranny and a hatred of the reactionary aristocracies, and with the revolution against Roman cosmopolitanism, a worship of the Swiss Fatherland. He reforms the understanding and the morals. He demands that the priests shall cease to carry souls to the sacrifice before the altars of an unquestionable authority, and that the Swiss shall cease to sell the blood of their dearest children to the armies of pitiless despots, that the cradle of human nature shall not become a pedestal of monarchical tyranny. His doctrine, in fact, is a religion and a republic, the immortal soul of Switzerland, regenerated by this archer of ideas, this soldier of logic, this William Tell of the spirit, who exalts above the material nation another more lofty and more enduring than the eternal Alps, the ideal nation of the conscience.—*Emilio Castelar, in Harpers for October.*

A Sour Mind.

A sour mind is a great evil. It is so to him who has it. It obliterates his life. It turns the light of life into darkness, its joys into sorrows. It is evil in its effects on the happiness of others. It breeds dissatisfaction and fault-finding with every person and everything. It croaks of evil, not to remove or remedy, but because it loves to croak. It pulls down, but never builds up. In the family, in the social circle, in the church, it is always complaining, detracting, destroying usefulness and happiness. It is difficult to conceive of a misery and worthlessness more pitiable than that of the man possessed of such a spirit.—*United Presbyterian.*

"ALL THINGS ARE YOUNG."—Rich indeed must be the portion that includes death in its treasures—not as a bar to keep us out, but as a bridge by which we pass over and possess our inheritance. Thus the certainty of heaven. Both worlds are provided for.

It is often better to pray for those who are mistaken, than to dispute with them.

Dr. Tsmage on Gymnastics.

Dr. Talmage, in the *Christian at Work*, gives the following as his experience in "gymnastics."

"Soon after entering the ministry we were reading, one day, on the importance of physical exercise. The subject flashed upon us so overpoweringly that we resolved on a gymnasium in the garret of our country parsonage. We speedily extemporized such an institution, and with coat off and slippers on, began exercises. We ran and jumped, and swung, and lifted, and climbed, and took frightful positions. Several times there was a knock at the door, and fears expressed for the demolition of the parsonage. But we disliked to stop after we have started in anything; so we kept on jerking away at the pulleys, and walking the horizontal bars, and bending over backward till our head touched the floor, and had gone through all the varieties of somersault. The second day of our exercise was exhilarating, because of sore ligaments and muscles. On the third day we resigned forever the duties of that practical gymnasium. We sat two days with our feet upon a pillow, in a state of disgust with all those who had written on the subject of sanitary conditions. We doubted whether physical exercise was of any advantage after all. It certainly was a damage to us. Against all the learned advocates on the other side, we had before us two immovable arguments in the shape of two crippled legs. We would have continued that quiet position still longer, but Sunday had come, and we must preach. Getting to church was one of the most difficult enterprises we ever conducted. We went early, for the pulpit was to be climbed, and we did not desire to excite the sympathy of the audience. There was no one in church but the sexton, and we waited till he went to ring the bell before we began to climb the sacred hill. The six steps seemed like the sides of the Matterhorn for difficult ascent. The first step up we took sidewise, the second backward, the third by a strong pull on the banisters. We then stopped to rest and wipe the perspiration from our brow, all flushed with the manly achievements of the last five minutes. Nothing but the fact that we were half way up, and that it would hurt us as much to go down as to go up, encouraged us in the work of ascent. But the last two steps were stimulated by the sound of advancing feet in the vestibule, and an indisposition, on our part, to create unseemly mirth in church, or to tempt any one to irreverent laughter at an ambassador from the skies. The audience coming in were surprised to find their pastor so early waiting for them. If we had that day taken the text nearest to our heart, it would have been Paul's advice to a young minister by the name of Timothy, 'Bodily exercise profiteth little.'"

The English Channel Tunnel.

The line of the main tunnel under the Channel, the preliminary surveys for which are now taking place, is to be large enough for a double line of railway. It is drawn straight from St. Margaret's Bay, South Foreland, to a point very nearly midway between Calais and Sangatte. On the English side the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway will turn off between the suburb Charlton and the town of Dover, whilst the South-Eastern Railway will branch off from about Shakespeare's Cliff, and join the line to St. Margaret's. On the French side the line bends diagonally to the westward, and joins by a fork the Boulogne and Calais Railway. In longitudinal section the proposed tunnel presents a fall of 1 in 2642 from the centre towards either extremity, and the vertical depth of the highest point of its floor is 436 feet from Trinity high water mark, and 200 feet beneath the sea bottom itself. From the land levels of the existing railways the two approaches make long descents of over four miles each with gradient of 1 in 80 into the tunnel ends, over two miles being under the sea, the total of the whole amount of tunnelling amounting to thirty miles. The geological section given by the engineers is made to show white or upper chalk above the grey chalk, unbroken and horizontal for the whole distance, and the tunnel boring rather above the medium line of the grey chalk beds. The greatest depth of water over the sea bed above the tunnel is stated to be 180 feet. The shaft will be 19 feet 12 diameter, built round with 24 inches of brick laid in cement, and the headings, which will be driven by machine, will be lined with 14 inches of brickwork, and have internal diameters of 7 feet. Their form will be horseshoe, with straight sides and a flat inverted arch below the floor. The estimate for the entire preliminary works—which, to satisfy the *amour propre* of both nations, will be carried on simultaneously in both countries—is with all expenses contingent on their execution, something less than £160,000. The total cost of the whole tunnel and its accessories is for the present put at £10,000,000; but there are those among the engineers who think the preliminary works will afford data for a much lower estimate.

Soothe the Frightened.

Horses and children are often most cruelly treated, and sometimes killed by mismanagement when frightened. A child screaming from terror at some huge dog, is rudely shaken, and even severely struck by a mother, who herself is thrown into a similar state of fear by a mouse or spider. My indignation is often aroused by the sight of some man, undoubtedly an arrant coward, who is beating a nervous horse because he trembles at the sight of a train of cars. Such conduct only aggravates the difficulty. The terrified one is not inspired with the confidence which is essential to a feeling of safety. In the case of the animal it is impolitic and cruel; in the case of a child it is outrageous beyond expression. A shock to the delicate nerves of a feeble or sensitive child will sometimes cause immediate convulsions and fatal illness, and sometimes—a result quite as much to be dreaded—will unsettle the mind and weaken the nervous system.

The Snow Plains of Central Asia.

The days pass—come in wild fierce storms of snow and sleet, and howl around us as though all the demons of the steppe were up in arms, come in bright sunshine, whose intolerable glare blinds us and whisters our faces. From time to time we drive down into darksome under-ground holes, hot and reeking, hover around the steaming samovar, pouring down oceans of boiling tea; then out on the silent steppe again to continue the weary struggle. There are nights when we awaken from a half-frozen sleep, and remember we are in the heart of the mysterious regions of Asia, and see nothing but the wide snowy steeps, silent and ghostly in the spectral moonlight. For miles and miles there is no human habitation, but the burrow-like stations somewhere far ahead, buried under the snow, as though crushed into flatness by the grim uniformity above. There is something strangely oppressive and awful in the changeless monotony of these wide, snowy plains, level as a floor, where for days and weeks you see nothing but snow and sky; where you are the moving centre of a horizon-bounded plain that seems to move with you, and hang upon you, and weigh you down like a monstrous mill-stone. There is the breadth and loneliness of the ocean without its movement, the cold and icy silence of the arctic regions, without the glory of the arctic nights or the grandeur of the arctic mountains—the silent desolation of an unpeopled world. Those broad, level, snowy plains, over which the icy winds from Northern Siberia come rushing down in furious blasts with an uninterrupted sweep of a thousand miles, and drive the snow about in whirlwinds that go scudding over the plain like giant spectres; the short days of sunshine, when the glare on the snow dazzles and burns; the long cold nights passed in a half-frozen, half-somnolent state, with the tired beasts trudging wearily forward;—I shiver now at the bare remembrance of it all.—*Campaigning on the Oxus, and the Fall of Khiva. By F. A. MacGahan.*

How the Ancients Regarded the Sun.

Deeply impressed by the fact that the sun had warmed and lighted the world from unknown time, with a fire which never seemed to be fed, yet which never burned low like a terrestrial flame, ancient philosophers concluded that the sun was formed of something quite other than any gross earthly elements—of an element of pure fire, which shone and warmed forever without fuel, because it was its "nature" to; just as it is the "nature" of a fire on the hearth to burn only when fuel is supplied to it. The sun was, then, to the ancient world, a kind of supernatural phenomenon, interest in which partook more of the uninquiring awe due to an immediate miracle of Deity, than of the curiosity excited by a fact of the natural world; and whatever we may think of such a way of regarding the matter, the view of the ancient philosophy, that the sun was an immaculate orb of pure fire, self-sustained, continued to be accepted almost as a dogma of the faith, down to times subsequent to the dawn of the modern philosophy.

When one of the first, possibly the first, of the observers of sunspots, Christopher Scheiner, a Jesuit, communicated his discovery to his provincial, the latter, Mr. Proctor relates, answered: "I have read Aristotle's writings from beginning to end, many times, and I can assure you I have nowhere found in them any thing similar to what you mention; go, therefore, my son, tranquilize yourself, be assured that what you take for spots in the sun are the faults of your glasses or your eyes.—*Prof. S. P. Langley, in Popular Science Monthly for September.*

Womanly Dignity.

Nature, which has given weapons of assault or means of defence to almost all living creatures has made men audacious, and has endowed women with dignity. And dignity has the best of it. . . . The means of defence which nature has given are unassailable, and a dignified woman is mistress of the situation by the very power of negation, if by none other. But there are various kinds of dignity, and if some are more exasperating than others, some are very lovely and among the greatest charms of womanhood. There is, in particular, that soft dignity which belongs to women who are affectionate by nature and timed by temperament, but who have a reserve of self-respect that defends them against themselves as well as against others. But useful as womanly dignity is, as a womanly possession, it can be carried to excess, and from a virtue becomes a . . . So long as it is an honest defence against the rough assaults of superior strength, it is both good and fair; but when it assumes to be more than this, it becomes an exaggeration, and as such ridiculous. There is no law by which woman can be exempt from a share in the troubles and sorrows of human life; and even their dignity cannot always protect them from things that override all but nature. Still it is a valuable possession, and woman had better have too much of it than too little; for, although too much renders them absurd, too little makes them contemptible, and between the two there is no doubt as to which is worse.—*London Saturday Review.*

Regular Habits.

Convicts, as kept in our state prisons in the North and South of our country, are generally remarkably free from the outbreaks of disease. Not a few, if I am rightly informed, are cured of dyspepsia and other chronic ailments by the discipline and regimen to which they are subjected; and this notwithstanding the moral and mental drawbacks that necessarily attend their situation. They are made to go to rest early, rise early, work at regular hours, and eat plain but sufficient food. We hear of epidemics, such as cholera and dysentery, prevailing in the locality of a prison, but the convict is almost certain to escape. Now all this speaks volumes in favour of temperance, simplicity, regularity and regular employment.—*Science of Health.*