

ples. Mr. Beecher rejoined, and urged the Scriptures: 'Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish.' 'Let not your good be evil spoken of,' etc. He argued, that if Mr. Murray were consciously too weak to resist the fascinating cup, he might abstain, but not judge for others, etc. Mr. Murray defended his position, and with such effect that his pastor went home discomfited, though not convinced. It did not so end. Mr. Murray followed his neighbor home, and again and again pressed him to come out thoroughly for temperance. 'He would not give me peace,' said Dr. Beecher to the writer. 'He stood up in the middle of the floor, and counted the names of my people, who had died drunkard's, and of those who were going to ruin; he pictured some dreadful boat scenes, and pleaded with me till the tears rolled down his face. And, do you believe, after all that, I made flip with a crow-bar;—alluding to the bar used for rolling back logs on the fire in the huge chimney-place, and which, being always hot, served instantly to thrust into the pitcher of flip, when one returned from a wintry ride.

'However, the stern, fixed conviction at length seized the pastor's heart, and, shaking off every prejudice, he poured into the temperance work his whole energy of body and soul. Then, ere long, came the 'Six Sermons' into being.'

AFFECTION, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last, and the heart which asks but for another heart to make it happy will not seek in vain.

WE live amid surfaces, and the art of life is to skate well on them.

PROPOSE continually to yourself new objects. It is only by enriching your mind that you can prevent its growing poor. Sloth benumbs and enervates it; regular work excites and strengthens it; and work is always in our power.

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

BY REV. I. J. STINE.

I was dreaming last night of the days of
my childhood,
The time and the scenes of my once
happy home;
When, the butterfly chasing through
meadow and wildwood,
I lived in the hope of the future to
roam:
And I sighed when I found 'twas a dream
of the past,
Like the scene it depicted, too pleasant
to last.

There were father and mother, the girls
and the baby;
The old-fashioned hearth and the old-
fashioned fire;
And my mother was singing—her boy
thinking may-be
He one day should meet her fond heart-
felt desire.
And I looked in her eyes, and I saw there
the tears
That betoken her care, and her hopes,
and her fears,

Then I knelt once again by her side, and
repeated
'Our Father,' and kissed her, and bade
her 'good-night';
And I vowed, when a man, by my own
hearth-stone seated,
My mother should share the gay fire
burning bright.
Ah! how fondly I dreamed of 'the good
time to come!'
And how little I knew of the wanderer's
dcom!

But the badges of mourning—I'm learn-
ing to wear them;
The warm-hearted, love, the cold-heart-
ed, forgive:
While my trials are coming, I'm learning
to bear them,
And still in the hope of the FUTURE to
live,
And how cheering to know that, unlike
all the past,
The bright scenes of the future forever
shall last.

It is right to make an example of men
whom it would be wrong to take as an
example.