

The Heritage.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that feels the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With satel heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hands with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinowy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he doth his part,
In every useful toil and art,
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labour sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it,
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record to a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

"SCORES of our boys were constant students of the Bible. The majority of the men came out of the army better than they went in, and all owing to the Christian commission. The good accomplished by their letter-writing can't be computed. Mrs. Fisk could show you a literal bushel-basket filled with letters from mothers, wives and daughters of soldiers' families to whom she had written.

"I remember, after one of the most terrible fights in Arkansas, where we had gone down to squelch the Rebs, and found they had gone, we had had no letters from home for about a

month. When we received our first mail I sat down on a log outside my tent to read mine. As I finished reading, I looked up and saw an old soldier sitting on the other end of the log, oycing me. He said, 'Old fellow, I want you to read my letter for me.'

"'Can't you read?' said I.
"No."
"'Where are you from?'
"Iowa,' he answered.
"'Why, I thought everybody out there could read.'

"Well,' said he, 'all that ails me is that I was born in North Carolina.'

"I took the letter and found it was from his wife. After speaking of the gathering in of the crops, and entering into all the little affairs of home—mentioning even Susie's new dress, the new boots for Johnny, and the cunningest wee bits of socks for the baby—the faithful wife began to read John a sermon on this wise: 'John, it was quarterly meeting last Sunday and the presiding elder stopped at our house. He told me that a great many men who went into the army Christians, came back very wicked; they learned to swear and gamble and drink. Now, John, I want you to remember the promise you made, as you were leaving me and the children, that you would be a good man.'

"The soldier wept as he listened, and when I came to the dear name that closed the letter, he raised the sleeve of his coat, brushed away the great swelling tears and said, 'Bully for her!' It was the soldier's amen.

"Well, John,' I said, 'have you been a good man?' Then came the sad, sad story of drunkenness and gambling and profanity, into which John had been led, and the humble confession that he had forgotten his vow, but would renew it, and with God's help try to keep it.

"I discovered my rank to him, which disconcerted him at first, but he soon got over it and came to all our meetings after that. Weeks after, while hurrying through a hospital, the nurse hurried after me, saying one of the men wanted me. I went back and he said, 'I am the man for whom you read the letter. I've been thinking of my life and believe I have been a little wicked. Will you send the chaplain here?' He died in the faith soon after that."—*Gen. Clinton B. Fisk*

OLD HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

THOSE who have had charge of children have often been warned not to try to "put old heads on young shoulders" by being too strict; and it is wrong. Boys ought to be boys while they can, and girls girls. But there is a new way of "putting old heads on young shoulders," against which boys and girls need to be warned, because they themselves are the ones who are likely to do it, and not their parents and teachers. We met a boy the other day who, though but ten years old, seemed to have as much

confidence in his opinions, addressed you with as knowing an air, coolly disputed the word of his elders, declared himself tired to death with what usually interests a boy, and squirted tobacco-juice and talked slang as though he were a man of the world of fifty years' experience. There are girls, too, who seem to be sorry that they have to be girls—as soon as the bib and tucker are put away, they ache to be young ladies and go into society, and give receptions, and have beaux, and all that sort of thing. They forget that if they are in a hurry to become young ladies they will be in a hurry to become old ladies; for Nature will not be cheated out of her order of things. They will lose girlhood altogether, and grow prematurely faded and wrinkled. The boys will lose their freshness, and grow tired of life just when they ought to be in their prime. Be boys and girls while you can. It is a period in life you can't afford to lose. Don't put "old heads on young shoulders."—*Our Morning Guide.*

Men and Deeds.

WANTED: Men.
Not systems fit and wise,
Not faiths with rigid eyes,
Not wealth in mountain piles,
Not power with gracious smiles,
Not even the potent pen.
Wanted: Men.

Wanted: Men.
Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not sweetly languid prayers,
Not love of sect and creeds.
Wanted: Deeds.

Men and Deeds.
Men that can dare and do,
Not longings for the new,
Not partings of the old;
Good life and action bold;
These the occasion needs—
Men and Deeds.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

THE following interesting recital of the exalting influence of one Chautauqua circle should be read by all ministers and young people:

"DEAR SIR,—When we moved into the place, my husband as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we found a large class of young people who were not Christians, and being a Chautauquan I conceived the idea of trying, through the Chautauqua circle, to bridge the chasm so often felt by young people to the Church. Accordingly, I invited this class of our congregation to spend an evening at the parsonage. Then I freely told them how we desired to do them good in every possible way, and showed to them the advantage of study of even a few minutes a day of the world of knowledge brought to them by the C. L. S. C., and how much better to make their social gatherings after an order that would bring them permanent good and blessing, than to leave sorrow and regret. Without any opposition they signified their willing-

ness to organize themselves into a circle. I have not a record of the constitution, but remember the object was self-improvement, in order to bless others. We opened our meetings by singing; roll-call responded to by Scripture texts, and while all were standing, a brief prayer was offered. Then business was attended to, after which the literary programme filled the time, closing at 9 p.m. I feel sure the influence of this unpretentious circle gave the right direction to young lives so easily influenced by surroundings, for since its organization twelve of the members have been converted and three of the number have been licensed to preach the gospel."—*Mrs. H. E. TAYLOR, in Michigan Christian Advocate.*

GETHSEMANE.

THIS is the garden to which Jesus went for prayer the night before he was crucified. There he suffered such great agony that his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. And all this and much more he suffered for you and for me, that he might save us from our sins.

We sometimes sing a very tender, sweet hymn about this sad scene in the garden of Gethsemane.

Beyond where the Cedron's waters flow
Behold the suffering Saviour go
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.
He bows beneath the sins of men,
He cries to God and cries again
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above;
"My Father, can this cup remove?"
With gentle resignation still
He yielded to his Father's will
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold me here, thine only Son,
And, Father, let thy will be done."
The Father heard; and angels there
Sustained the Son of God in prayer
In sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

BLIND CHILDREN AT PLAY.

A VISITOR at the asylum of the blind, in Indianapolis, Indiana, says that the blind girls and boys play a good deal like children who can see. The visitor saw five boys playing shinny. The boys had obtained a tin can, and they used the can as a shinny-block, following it from point to point by the sound. The superintendent of the asylum said:

"The hearing of these boys is marvellous. I have often tried to slip up on them, so as to hear what they were talking about, but in every instance they have heard me coming. They play marbles sometimes, and mumble-the-peg is a favourite game with them. They play ball, tossing it to each other, and following it by the noise it makes in the air, and the sound of the rebound."

The girls have a play-ground of their own. They are very fond of dolls, and often play housekeeping. They swing and jump the rope without trouble.