

ORTHODOX SENTIMENTS OF A HETERODOX DININE.

DRUNKENNESS.—It is common for those who argue against intemperance to describe the bloated countenance of the drunkard, now flushed and now deadly pale. They describe his trembling, palsied limbs. They describe his waning prosperity, his poverty, his despair. They describe his desolate, cheerless home, his cold hearth, his scanty board, his heart-broken wife, the squalidness of his children; and we groan in spirit over so sad a recital. But it is right that all this should be. It is right that he who, forewarned, puts out the light of understanding and conscience within him, who abandons his rank as among God's rational creatures, and takes his place among brutes, should stand a monument of wrath among his fellows, should be a teacher wherever he is seen—a teacher, in every look and motion, of the awful guilt of destroying reason. Were we so constituted that reason could be extinguished, and the countenance retain its freshness, the form its grace, the body its vigor, the outward condition its prosperity, and no striking change be seen in one's home, so far from being gainers, we should lose some testimonies of God's parental care.

VARIATIONS OF EPISCOPACY IN THE STATES.

Our Church stands at the present day in an utterly abnormal position. While her standards set forth the necessary Faith expressed in the Catholic Creeds, and also a body of other matters to be received as of Doctrine, there is no unity in the Living Voice of the Church, that is to say, in the teaching of her ministers. Our Church presents the spectacle of bishop against bishop, and doctor against doctor, with no voice to compose the strife; and that on points not lying outside the ruling of her standards, and so open to debate, but on points on which the Prayer Book must be assumed to have a determinate meaning one way or the other.—*N. Y. Churchman.*

THE GOOD STEP-MOTHER

She is not mine, and to my heart
 Perhaps she is less dear
 Than those who of my life are part—
 This is the sin I fear;
 And ever in the dread to err,
 By loving those the best.
 More gentle have I been to her,
 Perhaps, than all the rest.

Has any little fault occurred,
 That may rebuke demand,
 Ere I can speak a hasty word,
 Or lift a chast'ning hand,
 An angel form comes fitting by,
 With looks so sad and mild—
 A voice floats softly from the sky,
 "Would'st harm my orphan child?"
 No—witness thou and all above,
 I'll cherish her as mine,
 Or may I lose her father's love,
 A love that once was thine!