

the great, generous-hearted sculptor. Beautiful women brought garlands for his casket; and the queen made with her own hands, a wreath of laurel for his grave. Forty artists bore his body to the church, where it lay in state, and thence to its last resting place in the inner court of the splendid museum, which the city of Copenhagen had built for Thorwaldsen's sculptures, and where his name is kept in perpetual remembrance.

Thorwaldsen's works are to be seen in many of the cities of Europe. He made the Schiller monument at Stuttgart, the statue of Gutenberg at Mainz, that of the Elector Maximilian the First at Munich, and that of Pope Pius the Seventh at St. Peter's at Rome. His earlier works were purely classical in their conception and treatment, and reveal the ideal beauty of antique art; but even more wonderful than these are the magnificent sculptures which he wrought for the Frue Kirke at Copenhagen.

These incomparable marbles were inspired by the life of Christ and his apostles; and they show how the soul of the sculptor was lifted by his divine subject into the highest realm of beauty and grandeur.

But the work by which Thorwaldsen is best known in America is undoubtedly the dying Lion of Lucerne; and this monument to the memory of the Swiss Guard will always remain famous, because its subject, 'Fidelity unto Death,' appeals to the universal heart of humanity.

Stick to It.

Nine persons out of ten ignore the golden secret of content; they are constantly striving after something different from what they enjoy. We do not deprecate enterprise, but it is the habit of constant change that we protest against—the habit of shifting from one pursuit to another. There are thousands of almost penniless and disappointed men, picking up a precarious living at the very extremity of life, because they have in the course of their existence tried a hundred different things, and abandoned all in turn, simply because they did not succeed at once.

To few men it is given to do more than two things well. There is scarcely any pursuit that, if followed out with a singleness of purpose, will not yield a rich return. Select some useful occupation, stick to it, and success must crown your efforts at last. Choose it now—make no delay. Don't waste your time and strength and your opportunities by always meaning to do something—do it! Only weakness comes from indecision.

Why, some people have so accustomed themselves to this way of dawdling along from one thing to another it seems really impossible for them to squarely make up their minds to anything. They never quite know what they mean to do next, and their only pleasure seems to consist in putting things off as long as possible, and then dragging slowly through them rather than begin anything else.

Life affords no higher pleasure than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another. Of course, it does not always happen that diligence is fortunate—the wisest schemes are broken by unexpected accidents; the most constant perseverance sometimes toils without recompense. Yet work, though unsuccessful, is preferable to idleness. The man who sticks to a good purpose ever has the approbation of his conscience, and need not fear that failure is his own fault.

Says 'John Ploughman': 'Can't do it' sticks

in the mud, but 'Try' soon drags the waggon out of the rut. What man has done, man can do, and what has never been may be. Tuck up your shirt-sleeves, young Hopeful, and go at it. Where there's a will there's a way. Don't look to others, but trust in God and keep your powder dry. A hard-working young man, with his wits about him, will make money where others do nothing but lose it. As to a little trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns? Who would win must learn to bear. Do what you do right thoroughly, pray over it heartily, and leave the result to God.—'Family Friend.'

His Confession.

The case here reported is one of those that carry a double reproof. It warns against the fact that makes a possible criminal, and rebukes the feeling that shuns one. The 'confession' of a condemned murderer tells how the gravitation of a childhood sin sank him into a vicious life. His choice of wrongdoing had been so early that he seemed to have forgotten any right instruction he had ever heard. And no friend of the fallen had ever set mortality and religion before him. They came to him apparently as a first lesson after he was sentenced to death. The words of faith and hope were a surprise. To this, in part, the prison chaplain attributed the convict's frank repentance and changed heart.

It was a revelation to the unhappy man to find a Christian taking a real interest in him. He had never understood before that a good man was not necessarily a hypocrite. The depraved opinion of mankind which a criminal education usually gives had led him to class all men in one evil brotherhood.

'Why,' he exclaimed, in his own lingo, 'I thought you Christ fellers were in the same perfesh, only a little higher up than the bunco-steerers. If I'd only learned before!'

When the chaplain had finally secured the prisoner's confidence, he asked him how he came to go wrong in the first place.

'I'd have to think,' he answered, puzzled.

A few nights before he took his last walk under the flickering gaslight with every word and whisper reverberating along the corridor until it re-echoed through the lofty guard-room, the poor man answered his confessor's question.

'You asked me when I started in this wrong way. I've been thinking of it all day—I never thought on it before—an' I reckon it's something like this. When I was a boy I was raised in the country, an' went to the town academy for a term or so. My mother was a good woman, an' hard-working, too, God bless her!

'I wa'n't wild then, only full of speerits, an' bold, perhaps; always ready fur a good time. One day, I remember, we boys all got into a scrape. They all confessed to the teacher and I lied out of it. After that my playfellows wouldn't go with me, an' all the friends I could get were two or three toughs, who were glad enough to have me drop down to them.

'I wa'n't much of a liar, an' only told the other one because I was scared; but now I had to lie to keep with the new lot. An' they taught me to steal from my mother.

'Instead of going home nights, we used to camp out in the woods an' play pirates, an' sometimes we played it purty strong an' natural. So it went on. All my friends had dropped me, an' I got to be known as a bad boy, an' people shook their heads. Then it became too hot fur me in school because I took something out of a feller's desk, an' I quit.

'I couldn't get no work, because nobody would trust me (an' I don't blame 'em, neither, as I look at it now; but then I thought 'twasn't fair). So me an' another mate took to the road. That settled it. I never could get back to be like the best boys I had been with, an' I never knew anybody better than a bartender. You're the first person, sir, that ever spoke a good word to me since I was a boy at home an' told that lie. I wish I'd known you sooner. Then I wouldn't be here.'

This testimony of a penitent criminal to his youthful false step and its consequence repeats what we so well knew. That the first bad act drives one into bad associations explains why it begins one's moral ruin.

But the thought will come that if Christian friendship had helped this erring boy, to lift against the downward strain he brought upon himself, a good life might have been saved to society. A safe character, for time and eternity, is sometimes built on the first forgiven sin.—'Youth's Companion.'

On One Drop of Red Paint.

A boy walked into a house-painter's shop one day and stood looking at the different colors. The painter had gone out for something, and the boy thought he would investigate a little.

On the floor stood a keg containing fifty pounds of thick white lead, and close beside it was a smaller one filled with Indian red all ready for the brush. In each was a wooden paddle for stirring up the paint. The boy took hold of the paddle in the smaller keg and held it up, watching the thin red stream which flowed from the end. Something startled him and he turned quickly and let a single drop fall into the white lead. There it lay, one little red spot in the white mass.

The boy was frightened and wanted to repair the mischief which he had done, but he went at it the wrong way. The red paint had not mixed with the white, for the white was too stiff. If he had taken a little stick or the point of his pocket knife he might easily have lifted it out and there would have been no harm done. Instead he tried to hide it by stirring it in. At first a little red streak followed the paddle round and round; soon it disappeared, but some of the lead was stained a very light pink. The boy stirred deeper and deeper, and at last he thought that the red drop was completely hidden. Every spot and streak was gone, and it seemed to him that it was all clean and white as ever. But the first-thing that the painter said when he came in and looked at it was: 'That keg of white lead isn't very white. I wonder what's the matter with it.'

Some of us have tried to do the same thing with the spots in our characters that the boy did with the spot in the white paint. Instead of removing them we seek to hide them by mixing them up with good deeds and high motives. It's a very poor way. Root a sin out, and you are rid of it; leave it there and, no matter how well it is covered up, the painter will find it, if no one else does.—W. D. Hulbert, in C. E. 'World.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN REVELATION.

Nov. 11, Sun.—Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.

Nov. 12, Mon.—Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor.

Nov. 13, Tues.—Behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

Nov. 14, Wed.—Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood.

Nov. 15, Thurs.—Out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation.

Nov. 16, Fri.—And hast made us unto our God kings and priests.

Nov. 17, Sat.—Conquering and to conquer.