

by this sublime principle, he must early learn to make any sacrifice, even life and all that renders it sweet in the eyes of mankind.

It is in the family life that a man's piety gets tested. Let the husband be cross and surly, giving a slap here and a cuff there, and see how out of sorts everything gets! The wife grows cold and unamiable, too. Both are tuned on one key. They vibrate in unison, giving tone for tone, rising in harmony or discord together. The children grow up as saucy and savage as young bears. The father becomes callous, peevish, hard—a kind of two-legged brute with clothes on. The wife bristles in self-defence. They develop an unnatural growth and sharpness of teeth, and the house is haunted by ugliness and domestic brawls. Is that what God meant the family to be—He who made it a place for Love to build her nest in, and where kindness and sweet courtesy might come to their finest manifestations? The divine can be realized. There is sunshine enough in the world to warm all. Why will not men come out of their caves to enjoy it? Some men make it a point to treat every other man's family well but their own—have smiles for all but their kindred. Strange, pitiable picture of human weakness, when those we love best are treated worst; when courtesy is shown to all save our friends! If one must be rude to any, let it be some one he does not love—not to wife, sister, brother or parent. Let one of our loved ones be taken away, and memory recalls a thousand sayings to regret. Death quickens recollections painfully. The grave cannot hide the white faces of those who sleep. The coffin and the green mound are cruel magnets. They draw us farther than we would go. They force us to remember. A man never sees so far into human life as when he looks over a wife or mother's grave. His eyes get wondrous clear then, and he

sees as never before what it is to love and be loved; what it is to injure the feelings of the loved.

MORE HORRORS FROM THE EAST.

It appears as if the Russians and Bulgarians had recently endeavored to vie with the Turks in deeds of barbarity and shame. An English correspondent, writing with regard to the condition of the Turks in Bulgaria and Roumania, says:

That it is a disgrace to Europe. Subject to every conceivable outrage and barbarity, they have nothing but the privilege of dying of starvation, and that poor consolation is often intercepted by the knives of the Bulgarians. Their property taken, confiscated, or destroyed; what to a Turk is the bitterest disgrace, the honor of their wives and daughters at the mercy of every villainous-looking Bulgarian who passes; subject in their own persons to constant acts of insult, injury, and even torture; they are forced to work for no pay by the so-called authorities, both Russian and Bulgarian, while their families are starving before their eyes. There is no justice for them and no redress. If they venture to complain to the Russian chief officers, who sometimes make a show of promising to punish Bulgarian malefactors, they are speedily taught, by renewed exactions and oppressions, that it is better to endure all in silence than try to denounce their tormentors. Not a single young or good looking Turkish woman in the whole district of Philippopolis has escaped outrage of the worst and most brutal kind. The Bulgarian police act as procurers for the Russian officers, and for money abduct the Turkish women by force. When complaint was made to a Russian general that one of his officers had a Turkish woman brought to his apartments, he merely replied. "What can I do? The poor boy is not a monk."