

: Gleanings.

RESPECT FOR THE AGED.

If we admit that there is a general declension in duty to the aged; *mothers!* is not much of the fault with you? If so, where is the remedy? Certainly in the power of early instruction and in the influence of *example*.

Begin, then, with your *little ones*. Require them to rise and offer a seat when an aged person enters the room—never to interrupt them when a speaking—but to solicit their advice and reverence their opinions. You will say these are simple rules. Yes! But the oak springs from a diminutive germ. Show them the reason for these simple rules from the *book of God*.

Consider the slightest disrespect to aged relations, or any person advanced in years, as a fault of *magnitude*; give them upon this subject line upon line, until the habit of paying respect to the hoary head is confirmed. A favourite writer tells us, she once knew the father and mother of a large family, who, on the entrance of their aged parents, rose and received them with every mark of respect, and who were also in the constant practice of treating all other persons advanced in years as especially honorable and deserving the first attention. The children beholding continually this deference shown to the aged, made it a part of their conduct. Before they were capable of comprehending the reason on which it was founded, they copied it from the ever-open page of parental *example*—the beautiful habit grew with their growth, and was rewarded by the approbation of all who witnessed it. Especially was it cheering to the hearts of solitude of the vale of tears alleviated by the tender love that walked by their side. "I saw," continues the same writer, "these children when their own parents became old. This hallowed principle, early incorporated with their character, bore a rich harvest for those who had sown the seed."

We were visiting lately in a family where there were several pretty girls—beautifully attired, well educated, literally loaded with accomplishments, and withal were very handsome. The door opened, and in came an old lady—very old. She looked about her as she slowly moved forward; not a head bowed in token of her presence—no one moved to give her a seat. "Louise," we whispered, "give grandmother a chair." "I shan't; she might as well stay up stairs," was the ungracious reply. Presently, one of them, shamed at our disapproval, for we immediately rose and conducted the aged woman towards our own chair, offered her the seat with rockers, but she declined it, preferring to take what was offered ungrudgingly. During all her stay, those very genteel young ladies noticed her no more than if she were not in the room, except when she used an odd or ungrammatical expression, they tittered and ridiculed it among themselves. Oh! it was thoroughly revolting to see that crown of grey hairs mocked by these thoughtless creatures. Soon those trembling feet would be treading towards the verge of the grave, and the mould would crumble and fall upon the coffin, and they would think of her as the old woman, whose presence was a trouble—a check upon their pleasure—one who was always quoting old-fashioned songs or singing them through her nose, whose homely gown with its crossed handkerchief was distasteful to their fashionable eyes, and of whom even the matron would say: "Well, really, mother was growing so very childish, I could hardly mourn that she was gone."

Thus it is that many of the aged are treated at the present day. Their sorrows, their tears, their sacrifices, their humble, hard toils for children who have grown to manhood, are all forgotten, and those to whom they have given birth behave as if they were ashamed of them.

WOMAN'S COURAGE

Among the many qualities for which, before now, woman has been famed, courage and bravery in the hour of danger has not been the last or the least. In presence of mind she mostly surpasses her husband—man; and many an instance could be quoted to support us in saying, "Women are brave."

In these days, great attention is being drawn to the occupation of women, and openings are sought where they may be introduced to trades and spheres of labor hitherto closed and sealed up from them. We do not think this is good; but the capacities of the gentler sex, as they are justly called, is not our subject now; only *one* is in our thoughts, and that is courage. How many noble women could be named, whose lives are full of deeds of bravery and self-denial, which is itself the highest of all courage! How many silent acts of heroism, done in humble life and the common round of duty, can we recall. And how many more are there, unrecorded in the page of history, known only to those who did them and to God.

One of our sailing sea-men, the other day, speaking at a public meeting, spoke of the courage of women, of which he himself had known the value. He had some years ago been passenger on board a vessel with other gentlemen and ladies, and in the midst of stormy weather the ship was in great danger. At first the ladies were all very noisy, and the gentlemen were quiet; but as their case became more serious, the ladies were subdued and silent, and the men began to make the noise; and when all help and presence of mind were needed, the women on board were the readiest to tender it, and after all was over, they had been found the most useful. This is so nothing after what a poet wrote who knew the perils of the sea—that in the hour of danger—

"Then shrieked the timid; then stood still the brave;"

and in this instance the women were the ones who were still in the midst of danger.

Joan of Arc in olden times, Grace Darling in our fathers' days, Florence Nightingale in our own,—women may be proud that they can point to moral as to physical courage, and a bravery tempered and solidified by the deep convictions of religion.

So long as the memory of our northern lighthouses lasts, so long will Grace Darling be remembered; and never, when we think of war, or our sons and brothers go to fill our soldiers' ranks, shall we fail to hope a Florence Nightingale may be at hand in the hour of disease and death, to moisten the soldiers' lips, and teach them in their last hours the peace which comes of prayer.

—British Workwoman.

ALFRED.

ONLY.

Only one drop of water at a time that had found its way from the mighty ocean through the dyke, and was slowly wearing a little channel. Only one drop.

Only a stray sunbeam! Yet perchance it had pierced some wretched abode, glancing some stricken heart, or its golden light found its way through the lofty branches of some wild wood, kissed the moss-covered bank, where the tiny violets grow, and caused shades of beauty to adorn its lovely form.

Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows it hath fanned, how many hearts cheered by its gentle touch?

Only one stray bullet that pierced the noble soldier boy as he trod the lonely midnight round, faithfully guarding the precious lives entrusted to his keeping, and the life blood slowly ebbed out, and the sunbeams fell on the face of the dead.

Only a sentinel! And yet one soul more had passed from its earthly tenement to meet its reward at the hands of a merciful God.

Only a drop of ink! And yet it carried the news of death to anxious ones at home, and caused the tear of anguish to trickle down the furrowed cheeks of a widowed mother.

Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary ache in that child's heart, and the quivering lips and tearful eyes told how keenly he felt it.

Only a smile! But ah! how it cheered the broken heart, engendered a ray of hope, and cast a halo of light around the unhappy patient; made the bed-ridden one forget its agony for a moment as it dwelt in the sunshine of joy, and lived in the warmth of its sunshine.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Sir James Thornhill, a distinguished painter, was employed in decorating the interior of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. One day, to observe the effect which a certain part of his work produced, he moved backwards from it along the scaffold, until he had reached the very edge; another step would have dashed him to pieces on the pavement below. His servant at this moment observed his danger, and in an instant threw a pot of paint at the picture. Sir James immediately rushed forward to chastise the man for his apparently unjustifiable act, but when the reason was explained, could not give him sufficient thanks, or sufficiently admire his ready ingenuity. Had the servant called out to apprise him of his danger, he would have probably lost his footing and been killed. The only means of saving him was to create a motive for his voluntarily returning from the edge of the scaffold. For this purpose an injury to the painting was a good means. All these calculations, and the act itself, were the work of an instant, for this servant possessed the inestimable qualities of *presence of mind and resource*.

The wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one—sweetens the summer atmosphere—and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So goodness of the heart, though visible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and from its effects upon surrounding things we are sure of its existence.

WHOSE IS BLAME.

A band of desperadoes, which had hitherto defied the police of Paris, has recently been discovered and apprehended. Listen to the the opening examination of their leader, Philbert, and say where the blame lies:

"How old are you?"

"As far as I can judge, about 45."

"What is your profession?"

"That of a thief."

"What was your father?"

"A thief likewise, and died upon the scaffold."

"And your mother?"

"A thief also, and died in the prison of Grenelle."

"And when you were left thus alone why sought you not to learn another trade?"

"Because I was driven from door to door; because no institution is open either to those who sin, or to those whose fathers have sinned before them."

WOMAN'S HEART.

If I was asked what most my soul doth prize

Of all the good gifts men enjoy below,

Whether from fortune or from fame they flow,

My answer would be thus. Not wealth, which flies

A way from those who hold it in esteem,

Nor yet the honours proud place hath to give:

These with their donor changing die or live.

Not even earth's fairest mountain, vale, or stream,

For these at times are 'neath dark winter's gloom:

Take the world's pleasure and its loud acclaim,

Leave me but this, like an unsullied name,

Which wears for aye, the self-same hue and bloom—

Need I the secret of my soul impart?

Be witness ye that love, 'tis woman's heart.

Gems.

First understand, then argue.

He who saves in little things can be liberal in great ones.

He who avoids small sins, does not fall into large ones.

He that pelts every barking dog must pick up a great many stones.

Forgive thyself nothing, and others much.

He who prays for his neighbor, will be heard first for himself.

It is better to paint virtue to be imitated than vice to be shunned.

Practice flows from principle; for as a man thinks, so will he act.

Daily actions are measured by present behavior.

Get good sense, and you will not repine at the want of good luck.

Fun.

An editor out west says he is so short-sighted that he frequently rubs out with his nose what he writes with his pen.

Josh Billings says: "Whenever I find a real handsome woman engaged in wimmin's rights bizzness, then I am going to take my at under my arm and and jine the procession."

At a wedding in the church, the parson, having several persons to marry, said after entering the building: "All those who want to be married will please rise," whereupon every single lady present instantly rose from the seats.

"What is your consolation in life and in death?" asked a clergyman of a young miss, in a Bible class that he was catechising. The young lady blushed and hesitated. "Will you not tell me?" urged the clergyman. "I don't want to tell his name," said the ingenious girl, "but I have no objection to telling you where he lives."

A Clerk in a New York merchantile establishment relates a colloquy from which a sprightly youth in the same store came out second best. A poor boy came along with his machine, inquiring:—"Any knives to grind?" "Don't think we have," replied the gentleman, facetiously; "But can you sharpen wits?" "Yes if you've got any," was the prompt response, leaving the interrogator at a loss to produce the article.

A cockney conducted two ladies to the Observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late; the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "O," exclaimed our hero, "don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a very polite man, and I am sure will begin again."