That pours his wealth of music on the ear Seems, to our chastened hearts, by worship

To pay his tribute to the season dear. The breezes pass us by with loitering wing, And less distinct the insect's joyful hum; Fainter the voices of the gurgling spring,
And all proclaims the welcome rest hath

The flowers hang droopingly on pliant stem.

The pale, thin clouds float down the azure sea
With gentlest motion; and the heart, like

All things would utter "holy time." And all within the soul gives answering The burden of all grief and ware, and crime Is veiled from sight; it casts no shadow

Into the deep recesses of the mind, O holy peace, descend and long abide Till a perpetual Sabbath there enshrined Sheds aniding rays across life's cobing

WITH THE PRISONERS.

Mark Trafton, D. D., gives the N. Y. Advocate some notes of a visit to the prison at Concord, Mass:--

The genial and popular Chaple i took me into and through the workshops in order; first into the shops where are manufactured mouldings for picture frames. The men seemed interested in the work and laid on the gilding with a dexterity that surprised me. Of course there are some skilled workmen from the outside there to teach the novices. Then we passed into the hatters department, where a large number were busily engaged in making the nobby felt hats, an article I had supposed to be made of wool, but learned that they are constructed of fur. "Where does the material come from?" I asked. "From France, mostly," was the reply. Rabbits and rats furnish the material. This is an unhealthy business-dust, steam, and heat. Then into the harness shop. No shoes, or whips, or gas fixtures are manufactured, as formerly, in the Charlestown prison. There is a department where the clothing for the prisoners is made up, but there is no regard paid here to changes of

It was now near noon, and we passed into the cook-room. All was neat and clean as care could placed the bright tin pans containing the dinner for each: a goodly piece of baked fish, with three large or four small potatoes, of excellent bread, of which I ate. pronouncing it prime. Just before supper we passed through this department again, and found (in each pan three orange.! Few boarding houses in Boston afford this luxury. On the whole, the State certainly does not starve its wards.

After dinner we looked through the cells, beginning with the solitary. I stepped inside, and said to the Chaplain, "Please close the door." Darkness, silence, and suffocation! "Open, open!" I cried. I could not have lived there an hour. All the air circulating passed through a space under the door about two by four inches. To say that it was warm in these apartments does not express it -hot is better. The poor wretches confined there recently stripped themselves naked, and lay down upon the stone floor, putting their mouths to that small aperture to He said glauber-saits wouldn't do get a breath of air.

Here's Jesse Pomeroy's cell: ing faculties; has acquired know- which to die. ledge of various languages since ing under my window. He seems be has drifted so far from the ocly an intelligent animal.

Here is a cell; a tat indolentparent cordinity and affection, so formed of the facts, and he will much so that it struck me that take him out.

of loving and worshiping the creature more than the Creator.

This black man is in for life. He was pardoned out recently, and went to see the woman who, he said, lied him into prison. She sauced him; he knocked her down, was arrested, and returned here for life. Such is the law.

In the next cell is another life prisoner, an Italian or Malay, who killed the mate of a ship on board which he was a seaman. "Yes, I lain. "Put your finger on my Fain would go forth, sinless, and calm, and neck; feel that hole? Well, mate to me was that the officer had not yet. killed him, as possibly he intended to do, but the seaman got in the effectual blow; and here he is. He is studying hard, and may yet graduate with bonors. It is visiting day, and the occu-

pant of this next cell is in the re-

ception-room, where I had just seen him, a good-looking young man, in conversation with a gentleman, in for life for n.urder. His cell is profusely adorned with pictures and original pen sketches. There is a photograph of the house in which he was born, somewhere in New Hampshire-a fine old farm-house, with splendid branching elms and clustering shrubbery. Here he was rocked in his cradle by a doting mother. On this green he sported in childhood with his mates. From that door he came out, with a mother's warm blessing, to make his way in the world; came to Boston, which has swallowed up so many victims of both sexes. There he fell. O that he had stayed on the farm, following the plow. driving the team afield among the beauties of nature, the gay caroling of birds, the freshness of incense-breathing morn, and the safety of home! Here on the walls are the photographs of father and mother and brother and sister. Ah me! how can he look upon these faces and not dash his head against the wall We now look into some of the cells in the upper tiers, alike in construction and furniture, but unlike in the matter of ornamentation and display of taste. Some, with artistic skill, have painted some little picture of early home-life, which hangs upon the wall; some have cut from Harper's Weekly I shall see her no more? No, scores of striking pictures, upon I cannot, I will not believe make it. On the long tables were which the eye may relievingly it." Her brother tried to quiet rest, thus breaking up the "deadly iteration" of life in a cell, Others have books and piles of manuscript, the product of busy mealy and toothsome, with plenty | thought, perhaps a history of the late Rebellion, (in the prison,) or may be an autobiography.

Alas! what bitter thoughts, what painful regrets, what self accusings have these cold dumb walls witnessed. What earnest prayers have ascended from some of them, what vows have been registered in heaven.

Up, up, up into the dome chamber, the hospital. Large and airy, with neat, cleanly beds, and all unobjectionable, save that it is not warmed sufficiently. The poor sufferers complain of cold. Here is the dispensary, where an official is busy putting up boluses -salts and senna. I said to him

"Say, canst thou minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the heart And with some sweet, oblivious antidote Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous

That weighs upon the heart?"

Here they suffer; here they but this is spacious, well lighted, die. No quiet foot-fall of woman and aired. He is not allowed to is heard here; no hand of wife or go out or mingle with the other mother bathes the burning brow; boarders at this institution. He no words of tender farewell are has the most singular eyes I ever | breathed into ears growing dull saw in what is called a human by the paralyzing touch of death. being. The sight of them has not Over each couch death shakes his left me yet. There is something | dart, delaying yet to strike. All abnormal in that organization, is done for the sufferers that can be He has intellect, thought, reason- done; but it is a sad place in

My attention was called to a his incarceration; but, so far as a little pale-faced boy lying upon a meral nature is concerned, he has cot. The son of some respectable no more than that dog now bark- people in a Massachusetts city. who was entired by some older to have no conception of his crime; lads to raid a cigar-shop and stealsome cigars. Too small and pale currence, that it seems to him to to go into the shops, brought up have been some other person who on sweets and delicate fare, he committed the act. He's a study | could not eat the coarse prison for the physiologist. He is simplifare, and, before Warden Usher discovered it was nearly starved looking colored man, is tramping not have been sent here. The even or appropriated by anyone about. He comes to the grated Judge who sentenced him should door to greet the Chaplain, as in- reconsider that sentence if possi deed, they all do with great ap- | ble; if not, let Gov. Butler be in-

my old friend Barnes may be re- Down we go again, stopping to movel on the ground of standing speak to a lame convict, who is a sight never fails; and they revise him. Enter into his plans of labetween the criminal and his genius in his way. Too lame to all bargains and agreements made bor, aid him by suggestions, and highest religious development, go into the workshops, he basies between their children, so that strive to co-operate with him ra- struck her and she fell. She'll til I found out the truth."-Con-

his productions to us. "Ye see." thirteen years, and I wanted something to do, and Warden Chamberlain he lowed me to have this stuff brought in so I could do something; in for thirteen years, ye see; and I could sell some little article, ye see; but the last warden he wouldn't have nothing to be brought in. That's hard killed him," he said to the Chap- on a poor feller in for thirteen years; but this warden he lets me have stuff to work, an' so it's strike me with iron rod. I defend kinder easier for a feller as is in for myself; I kill him." The wonder thirteen"-I presume he is talking

"MY MOTHER'S GOD."

At a fashionable party, a young physician present spoke of one of his natients whose case he considered a very critical one. He said he was "very sorry to lose him, for he was a noble young man, but very unnecessarily, concerned about his soul, and the Christians increased his agitation by talking with him and praying with him. He wished Christians would let his patients alone. Death was but an endless sleep, the religion of Christ a delusion, and its followers were not persons of the highest culture and intelligence.

A young lady sitting near, and one of the gayest of the company, said, "Pardon me, but I cannot hear you talk thus and remain silent. I am not a professor of religion, I never knew anything about it experimentally, but my mother was a Christian. Times without number she has taken me to her room, and, with her hand upon my head, she has pray ed that God would give her grace to train me for the skies. Two years ago my precious mother died, and the religion she so loved during life, sustained her in her dying hour. She called us to the bedside, and with her face shining with glory, asked us to meet her in heaven, and we promised to do so. And now," said the young lady, displaying deep emotion, "can I believe that this is all a delusion? that my mother sleeps an eternal sleep? that she will never waken again in the morning of the resurrection and that her, for by this time she had the attention of all present. "No," said she, "brother," let me alone,

my mother's religion." The physician made no reply, and soon left the room. He was found shortly afterwards pacing the floor of an adjoining room in great agitation and distress of "What is the matter?" spirit. a friend inquired. "O," said he, that young lady is right. Her words have pierced my soul." And the result of the conviction thus awakened was that both the young lady and physician were converted to Christ, and are useful and influential members of the Church of God.

I must defend my mother's God,

THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS.

If parents would teach their children to respect each other's rights under all circumstances, society would be burdened with few of those men whom we now meet daily, and who deliberately prey upon the folly or weakness of others. There are some childen that seem to have no sense of 'mine or thine," but borrow at pleasure what they want, appropriate to their own use what belongs to other members of the family, make sharp bargains, cut off the right corners in a trade, and consider themselves only smart" and praiseworthy when they have over-reached or outwitted their fellows.

Unfortunately, in many such instances, the parent rejoices rather than mourns that "that child seems to have a faculty of taking care of himselt.'

Let us sketch what seems to us an ideal condition in a family as to the principle of "mine and

Each member of the family has his own personal belongings, and these are sacred to him alone. No other member meddles therewith. to death. Such a child should His treasures are not inspected but himself. It he have a room by himself, that room is safe from intrusion; no locks nor keys are needed to guard him nor his from

as these men are in great danger himself in making musical instru- the elder may not take advantage ther than dictate the course he die, I know she will, and they'll gregationalist.

ments and carving in ivory. He of the younger, or the sharp of shall pursue in the work of the seemed to take pride in exhibiting the dull, so that each one shall have an "even chance" with the said he, "I am lame, and in for rest. The laws of equity govern parental decisions and secure to each child justice. With such If he come to you with a thin training at home, there is little danger that these young people will develop into over-reaching, avaricious men and women.

THE MOTHER.

' It was so like, John, our little one. Why are so many little ones like ours, In this broad world, To break a mother's heart? I cannot go abroad with eyes cast down, And mind shut in from outward things ; But that some other mother holds her fast To thrust with cruel fate fore eye and

That strains in longing, bitter cries For mine, for mine to held once more like And mine is shut in such a little space. In churchyard colu.

You tell me I shall have her safe in He

ven,
A sinless, lovely one, all fair to see. So say you o'er who fain would comfort me But oh! my Baby ought to grow Toward Heaven with me; The growing is so sweet in living through And then remembering. And now my tired old steps will always halt After the little one-

If ever I do reach there-Who will have been so long a radiant She will not need me, Oh! my Baby!

My heart is dull, John-Forgive, dear one-To words of loving pity Fron. your loving heart. know I'm sinful to undo my hold faith. But I cannot see, nor reach

With groping sease, Of aught you say of com ort. I can only pray:
'Oh! Christ, who called my Baby Help me to reply, ' Amen' Margaret Sidney, in Independent.

THE NEW PREACHER.

About this time you anticipate he advent of the new preacher, and naturally inquire what mane and thoughtful and efficient you shall do with him. What you do with him, will, to a great | charge have regarded it as a form extent, determine what he will of charity, and it is not yet selfable to do with and for you. The services and benefit only to hint at the line of duty.

ded parties have now only to conand love.

But you are not only to receive cordially. If he does not at first sight appear to be your man, readjust your glasses and look more carefully at him. Give him a stand by him and aid him in his one's self .- Editor's Easy Chair in work in the year. A repulsive Hav per's Magazine for July. look from the people of his charge has taken the pluck from many a new preacher. With sympathy and co-operation he would have won laurels, but in the want of it his heart died within him. And often is it the case that the best ministers are most in need of and his sister May. sympathy. They want to feel the against their own.

Meantime, do not forget to at- and struck her. tend the first service. At the close, instead of taking your hat and tried to catch hold of it, but and walking out of church, make she lost her balance and fell upon about it, the girl, who really your way to the altar and warm- the steps, crying as she did so,ly greet him, speaking some kindly word. If he has made any mad, Ralph." good points let him know that He was glad, rather than sorry. get that he is in a strange place of his anger. But when he saw and often in trying circumstances. that she did not stir or try to get But that didn't make her feel For the audience to disappear the up from the steps upon which she down on him like a wet blanket; ened. while the gathering of a handful of brethren and sisters about him lends new inspiration and courage to the stranger. But while you should be sure to be in attendance ning in a tittle red stream from a on the first service, you should cut in the side of her head. by no means mar this good beginning by frequent absences during the remainder of the year.

Again, assist him to get well settled in the parsonage. Let the parsonage committee attend to their duty in setting the house in order. Do not oblige him to board a week with some good brother, which would prove inconvenient to both parties; rather conduct him at once to the home you have provided for him and show him a hearty welcome and help-

At an early period call on him and get acquainted with his famimpertinent and officious meddling. ily. Especially should his official Nevertheless, the parents' over- men maintain close relations with

One other thing. While you pray for and sympathize with him, do not forget his material wants. purse see that it is early replenished. Following this course you can hardly fail to have a good man .- N. E. Methodist .

SCIENTIFIC CHARITY.

What is called scientific charity is one of the signal distinctions of the time. It proceeds upon a principle which has never before been so clearly perceived, that true charity consists in helping the needy to help themselves. Some, indeed, the aged and the infirm, can not help themselves. They must be wholly relieved. But the relief must be so given as not to increase the evil it would remedy.

The forms in which this wise and kindly spirit manifests itself are many. But none is pleasanter than that which offers to the decayed gentlewoman the opportunity of trying to help herself. It is this office which the Society of Decorative Art has undertaken. Of course even this work must be attended with many and sore disappointments. But the general purpose of the society is to serve as an agency for the display and sale of such delicate decorative work as refined and accomplished women may be able with a little care to do, such as painting dinner-cards and cards for every purpose; painting china, fans. screens; ornamental needle-work of every kind; inlaying; and the myriad forms of minor decoration to which cultivated taste and intelligence and faculty will naturally turn. Schools of instruction, also, are contemplated. The huladies who have the enterprise in

supporting, as in time it may be. There is, indeed, a broader and of the parties are mutual so that higher improvement of the situathe answer you give to the question to which this admirable sotion is quite material. In these ciety owes its impulse. It is that few paragraphs, we shall be able its existence and operation bring more clearly to the consciousness And to begin, do not determine of the sanguine young Darby the before hearing him that he is not possible situation of his widowed the man for you. Reserve judg- Joan, and warn him more impresment, especially as the appoint- sively than ever of the folly of ment is already made. The mar- running for luck, and they suggest riage service is over and the wed- | that the "true sphere of woman" is not elegant imbecility and clude to live together in harmony | velveted uselessness. The saddest moral of the novelist's decayed gentlewoman is that she is a nathe new pastor, but to receive him tural product of a social spirit which holds, in effect, that "a lady" is a being designed

"To eat strawberries, sugar, and cream, To sit on a cushion and sew up a seam. warm grasp of the hand, a pleas- Men and women are mutually ant smile, and let him at once feel helpmates. But the condition of that he is among friends who will helping others is ability to help

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

IN A MOMENT OF ANGER.They were playing on the ver-

anda together that morning, Ralph Something that she said to him

other hearts beating warmly angered him. He raised his hand in an outburst of stormy passion | Rosa's mother happened to be in She staggered against a pillar

"I didn't mean to make you you have observed it. Do not for- to see her fall, in the fierce heat

moment he is through, comes had fallen, he began to be fright-

"Are you hurt?" he asked. She did not answer.

He ran down to her and lifted her up. The blood was run-She was insensible.

He carried her into the house, and told his mother that they had been playing on the veranda, and May had fallen on the steps. At first they were not much

that afternoon she seemed to be she said, "but I see now that I delirious, and the doctor was sent "I think she is threatened

wound is more severe than it looks to be." Ralph did not understand much about the nature of brain fever, glad that my little girl concluded

but the doctor's looks and words to come to me with the truth, alarmed him. "O mother, it was all my fault I" he said, hiding his head in her lap. "I got angry and

hang me for killing her!"

The next day May was worse, She kept saying over and over,-"I didn't mean to make you

mad, Ralph; I'm sorry.' When Ralph heard her saying that, he was cut to the heart with remorse.

"Oh, I wish I could be in her place," he told his mother. "Poor little May! I know now, she didn't mean to make me angry, but I didn't stop to think of it then. If God'll only let her get well, I'll never speak a cross word to her, or be unkind again, if I can help it."

"I pray He may spare her to his mother said, gravely, " If He does, or does not, it will be to you a lesson that I trust you

may never forget.' For two days May lingered at the gate of death. Many times every day Ralph crept to her bedside to see if she was in her right mind, that he might ask her forgiveness. Whenever he called her name she would say, "I didn't mean to make you mad, brother. I'm sorry, sorry." Then Ralph would burst into tears and go away by himself to beg the good God to let her live.

And his prayer was answered, One day the doctor told them that all danger was over. Ralph went up to the bedside, and mingled oy and sorrow filled his heart when she held out her thin little hand to him with a wan smile on her face.

"O May, forgive me," he said, and began to cry. "If you only knew how sorry I am."

May put her arm about his neck and whispered,-"I'm sorry I was cross, Ralph, We'll try not to make each other angry any more, won't we?"

Ralph has never forgotten his lesson. It has made a gentler, better boy of him .- Zion's Herald.

THE UNSPOKEN LIE.

Rosa's mother took great pains to bring up her children to be truthful. She impressed upon their minds the fact that a person given to lying can never have the confidence of others. Whenever they did wrong she encouraged them to come to her and confess what they had done and be forgiven for it, rather than conceal it. Sooner or later it was pretty sure to be found out, and attempted concealment only brought added disgrace when the truth was known. One day Rosa bad a visitor, a little girl about her own age. They were at play in the parlor. Accidentally, Rosa overturned a vase and broke it. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, " what will mother say! She thought everso much of that vase, because Uncle William brought it to her all the way from China." "Put it back on the bracket, and don't tell her anything about it," advised Rosa's visitor. "See, it will stand just as it did before, if it isn't jarrel." Rosa hesitated a moment, but decided to take the advice offered so they put the broken vasecerefully on the brack-

et, and left the parlor. The very next day, when the servant was du-ting the room, down tumbled the vase as soon as she touched it with the duster, the room at the time. She was exceedingly sorry that it was broken, and seeing how she felt thought she had done the mischief, was a good deal pained. Mrs. Sprague spoke of the affair several times during the day, and Rosa knew that no one dreamed ot her as being the guilty one. right. Her conscience began to trouble her. "I haven't lied about it," she argued with herself, "for I haven't said a word, no one has asked me." But that argument didn't satisfy conscience. "You knew you broke it," said the accusing voice, "and you know that keeping silent is as much as saying you know nothing about it. That is acting a lie." Rosa stood it as long as she could. Then she went to her mother and told her the truth. "At first I thought it wouldn't alarmed about the little girl. But be lying if I didn't say anything," am wrong. My actions lied just the same as words would. I am sorry, mother, that I broke the with brain fever," he said. "The vase, and sorry that I tried to deceive you about it." "I'm sorry that the vase was broken,' answered her mother, "but I'm The loss of the vase is nothing compared with the loss of confidence I should have felt in her if THE SU

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