

'What sort of a religion is it?' said I, for I was anxious to know what sort of religion it was he could like.

'Why,' said, he, you see this box seat; well he has ridden on this box seat every day for this six months, and he's the kind of man I like, for he has never said anything about religion all the while.'

That is the sort of Christain the world likes, and that is the sort they despise. They say, 'Ah, we will not speak against him, he is one of our own.'

And if he were to come out one day and speak about religion, what would they say? 'He does not mean it, let him alone; he was silent as a man, and when he speaks, he speaks in his official capacity.'

There is no respect for that man, for it is not the man in the office, but it is the office overpowers the man for the time being. Let it not be so with you, tread the world under your feet, and serve God with all your heart, for you may never expect to have peace in your conscience until you have turned all the idols out of your soul. Live for Christ alone, for where your consecration ends, there your peace ends, too. Christian, you can never hope to stand accepted before God, while you only serve Him with half your heart; you can never hope to enter into heaven triumphantly when you have only used part of your manhood in the service of your Redeemer.—SPURGEON,

EYES.

The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage, that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practiced man relies on the language of the first. If the man is off his centre, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips! One comes away from a company, in which, it may easily happen, he said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the

society, he shall not have a sense of the fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him, and out from him, through the eyes. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blueberries. Others are liquid and deep,—wells that a man might fall into—others are aggressive and devouring; seem to call out the police, take all too much notice, and require crowded Broadways, and the security of millions, to protect individuals against them. The military eye I meet, now darkly sparkling under clerical, and now under rustic brows. 'Tis the City of Lacedæmon; 'tis a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling eyes; and eyes full of fate—some of good and some of sinister omen. The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity of beasts, is a power behind the eye. It must be a victory achieved in the will, before it can be signified in the eye.—*Emerson*,

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And, in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a
prayer;
Her snow-white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charm it hid.

And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
Like a sweet snow-flake, soft and mute;
And then from slumbers soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that young and matchless
form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh, God! if souls as pure as these
Need daily mercy from thy throne—
If she upon her bended knees,
Our holiest and purest one;
She with a face so pure and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light;
If she, with these soft eyes and tears,
Day after day in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven.