

## Miscellaneous.

### CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

It was a lonely village, girt with hills  
Beyond the banks of Jordan, where our Lord  
Turned from the city, to forego a while  
The toils and tumults of Jerusalem.  
Nature had quietly and quaintly wrought  
In that wild haunt. The gray, primeval rocks  
Made solemn contrast to the tender green  
That mantled timidly around their base,  
And to the slightly rooted shrubs, that sprang  
From creft and crevice.

There, a multitude  
Followed his footsteps, eager to lay down  
The burdens of their mortal misery,  
And He, with touch divine, had healed them all.  
But then, another differing train drew near.  
Whose tread, gazelle-like, told no mournful tale  
Of paralytic lore,—and whose bright eyes  
Wide open, in their simple wonderment  
Revealed unbroken league with health and joy.  
Some had been wandering o'er the pasture fields  
With the young lambs, and in their tiny hands  
Were the blue flax-flower and the lily-buds,  
While through the open portals of their hearts,  
Sweet odours led sweet thoughts in tireless plays.  
Others, from shady lanes and cottage doors,  
The dark-eyed Jewish mothers, gathering, brought,  
Unto the feet of Christ.

"Ye may not press  
Upon the Master; he is wearied sore;  
Hence! Go your way."

So the disciples spake,—  
As with impatient gesture they repelled  
The approaching groups.

But Jesus, unto whom  
The smile of guileless trusting innocence  
Was dear, reproved their arrogance and said,  
"Suffer the little ones to come to me;  
Of such as these, my Father's kingdom is."  
With what high rapture beat the matron heart,  
When those fair infants in His sheltering arms  
Were folded, and amid their lustrous curls  
His hand benignant laid.

Oh, blissful hour!  
None save a mother's thrilling love can know  
The tide of speechless ecstasy, when those,  
Whom she hath brought with pain into the world,  
Find refuge with the unforsaking Friend.

Like holiest dews upon the opening flower,  
The Saviour's blessing fell.

So sweet its tones  
Breathed on the ear, that men of pride and strife,  
The venal Scribe and boastful Pharisee,  
Started to feel a balm-drop in their souls  
Softening the adamant; while humble Faith  
Exulted, as, through parting clouds she saw  
The children's angels near the Father's throne.

**SALARIES AND SERVICES.**—Boards of directors should cease to estimate the value of an officer by what he will *fetch* in the clerk market. The value of a good and faithful servant is not appreciable in exact figures. Sterling honesty, sound ability, willing aptitude, and tried fidelity, are not convertible into any known species of currency. "You cannot price" them as you would a bale of cotton or a piece of calico. Rather give an officer whom you have known and trusted for years a trifle more to stay, than a stranger a trifle less to come. Rely upon it that by so doing you consult your own interest, far more work will be done (I speak as a practical man,) and better done, in a given time, by three willing hands than by four unwilling ones, whilst the same sum that would pay four badly would handsomely remunerate the three. To give to *all* in your employment high salaries is not to be expected; but to give to every officer in your service, directly or indirectly, the promise or the hope of increase according to his deserving is merely to adopt a wise and liberal policy that brings its own reward. A few well timed gifts by way of increase to the more meritorious of your

officers and clerks, distributed with a just discrimination and in a kindly spirit, will never jeopardise your rate of dividend. In their renewed exertions, quickened by invigorated hopes and hearty gratitude, these rewards will bring you cent. per cent. in mere vulgar profits. Continue such timely acknowledgments of merit with incidental promotions from the ranks to offices of trust and profit, and so keep open the door of advancement to the lowest clerk in your establishment, and you at once raise honest merit to a premium, and sink indolence, apathy, and incapacity to a hopeless discount.—*From Bullion's Management of Country Bank.*

**HOW A HOUSE IS MADE.**—While the speaker is bowing out the chaplain, the clerk removes the two folio prayer books, and places them in the drawer. Members who are present have the privilege of securing any particular seat for the night. On the table there are cards with the words "At prayers" printed, under which the member writes his name; and, having done this, he attaches the card to the back of the seat which he wishes to occupy. It will readily be supposed that the attendance at prayers will rise and fall according to the demand which may spring up for particular seats. Prayers being over, the doors are thrown open, and the public admitted. The Speaker, however, continues to sit at the clerk's table till such time as forty members are present. A triangular hat lies on the table before him; he takes it up, and using it in the same way as chairmen of public meetings use their fore finger when counting "hands," counts aloud those members who have been present at prayers, beginning with the Ministerial side (the right hand side) and taking any one who may be in the gallery first. In the meantime members are dropping in, and the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the other officers direct them towards the Opposition side of the house, that the Speaker may not be puzzled in his counting. If members fall short of the quorum, the Speaker waits patiently for more to come in; but if forty do not present themselves before the hand of the clock points to four, he rises and says, "The house is adjourned." If he arrives successfully at thirty-nine, he immediately pronounces "forty," himself counting for the fortieth, and proceeds to take possession of his proper chair or throne, and the house is said to be "made."

**"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."**—A late *Quarterly Review*, has a curious article on the dying moments of distinguished characters. The case of Cardinal Wolsey is well known. The morning before he died he asked Cavendish the hour, and was answered past eight. "Eight of the clock," replied Wolsey, "that cannot be—eight of the clock; nay, nay, it cannot be eight; for by eight of the clock shall you lose your master." The day he miscalculated—the hour came true. On the following morning as the clock struck eight his troubled spirit passed from life. Boerhave lay feeling his pulse till some new published work which he wished to read had arrived. He read it, and exclaiming that the business of life was passed, died. Miss Linley died singing, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Napoleon fought some battle o'er again, and the last words he muttered were *tête d'armee*; Lord Tenterden, who passed straight from the judgment seat to his death-bed, fancied himself still presiding at trial, and expired with, *Gentlemen of the Jury, you will now consider of your verdict*; Dr. Adam, the author of "Roman Antiquities," imagined himself in school, distributing praise and censure among his pupils: *but it grows dark*, he said, *the boys may dismiss*; and instantly died. As an instance of extreme tenderness in death we may mention that Ludlow, the parliamentary general of horse, a man of iron nerves, and peculiarly hostile to all scenical displays of sentiment, mentions, in his *Memoirs*, with sympathising tenderness, the case of a cousin—that, when lying mortally wounded on the ground, and feeling his life to be rapidly welling away, intreated his relative to dismount 'and kiss him.' Everybody must remember the immortal scene on board the *Victory*, at 4 p. m., on October 21, 1805, and the farewell 'kiss me, Hardy!' of the mighty admiral. And here again, in the final valediction of the stoical Kant, we read another indication, speaking oracularly from dying lips of natures the sternest, that the last necessity—that call which survives all others in men of noble and impassioned hearts—is the necessity of love, is the call for some relenting caress, such as may stimulate for a moment some phantom image of female tenderness in an hour when the actual presence of females is impossible.

### THE BIBLE.

This is a remarkable book—remarkable for its adaptedness to the whole wants and conditions of man. Well may we ask concerning the book, "Whence is it?"

Concerning as it does so much that dives down into the very depths of the human heart, showing up its wickedness, and disclosing even its secret thoughts, we are involuntarily led to the conclusion that it was the production of a superior mind. Being then, so infinitely superior to all human intellect, we are led to seek for its conception