

the English throne, was so charmed with the humour of "Hudibras," that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Buttler, its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion; and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance has long been considered the model of style, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, stiff and dignified silence. In conversation Dante was taciturn and satirical. Gray or Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation, not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him. Milton was unsocial, and even irritable when much pressed by talk of others.

A PRIESTLY INTERDICTION.

A number of young men of the Roman Catholic churches in this city and Brooklyn held several meetings, a few weeks since, to organize an association for mutual improvement, supposing not only that they had a right to form such a union, but also that there would be nothing wrong or wicked in the enterprise. Several priests, on hearing of the proceedings, remonstrated with the young men and discouraged the movement. The organizers, however, were proceeding to perfect their scheme, when suddenly they received the bishop's mandate to stop, drop their tools and retire from the field. He denounced and prohibited the undertaking. This stroke of tyrannical authority not taming the young men into immediate submission, several bold speeches were made in favor of making a direct crusade against John Hughes, and the question of resistance was put to vote. But the bishop's intimidating decree was obeyed—the men of courage being in the minority; and this promising advance of progress fettered at its first step. It would be interesting to hear the prelate's explanation of this interdiction.—*New York paper.*

THE ANCIENT RUM-SELLER.

If the 9th and 10th Psalms had been written in the years of grace, 1855 and '56, instead of long centuries before the Christian era, they could not have more aptly described and expressed the moral conflicts of this latter half of the 19th century, particularly the temperance struggle.

It would almost seem as if the royal Psalmist must have been an eye and ear witness of the scenes and sayings of those miniature pandemoniums, the bar-rooms and grogeries of Christendom. And as the modern rum-seller must have sat for the picture drawn of him in the 10th Psalm, 8-11 verses inclusive:—"He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent; his eyes are privily set against the poor. He lieth in wait secretly as a lion in his den; he lieth in wait to catch the poor; he doth catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net. He croucheth and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones. He hath said in his heart, God hath forgotten: he hideth his face; he will never see it." And did he not—in the presence of that Eye, whose omniscient glance knows neither yesterdays nor to-morrows?

O, mother, sister, wife of the drunkard, in this your utter extremity and despair of human help, be persuaded to turn with renewed importunity and confiding trust, to Him who forgetteth not the cry of the humble: by one who, though her own dear ones have never been drawn within the maddening circles of the dread vortex, still feels for you, O hapless outcasts of earthly hope—as only can feel,—A WIFE AND MOTHER.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A WARNING.

A few weeks since, in the course of conversation, with an eminent broker, who has been over forty years acquainted with the leading moneyed men of the country, we asked if he ever knew a schemer, who acquired money or position by fraud, to continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death.—We walked together about three minutes in silence, when he replied, "Not one." "I have seen men," he said, "become rich as if by magic, and afterwards reach a high position in public estimation, not only for honor and enterprise, but even for piety, when some small circumstances, of no apparent importance, has led to investigations which resulted in disgrace and ruin."

On Saturday we again conversed with him upon the same subject, and he stated that since our last interview he had extended his inquiries among a large circle of acquaintances, and with one solitary exception, and that doubtful, their experience was to the same effect as his own. He then gave a brief outline of several small and big schemers and their tools, their rise and fall. Suicide, murder, arson, and perjury, he said, were common crimes, with many of those who "made haste to be rich," regardless of the means; and he added, there are not a few men, who may be seen on Change every day, ignorantly striving for their own destruction. He concluded that fortunes acquired without honesty generally overwhelmed their possessors with infamy.—*Boston Atlas.*

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

It was said by a clerical orator, on a public occasion of much interest in a neighboring city, that "if the base of the pyramid is clay, it is of little purpose that you build its apex of precious stone. In all exertions for the public weal," continued the orator, "we must look for the foundation. We must see to it that the power lies among the masses." And certain it is, the power will lie among the masses, do what we may, what we are to see to is, that, lying there, as a matter of course, it is not left uninformed and unsanctified, to be perverted by knavish demagogues, and to be duped by crafty priests.

The work of the Sabbath school is eminently "at the base of the pyramid." Then it shows itself among the masses. So far as its legitimate agency is felt, it infuses into the "masses" a consciousness of their powers, of their rights, and of their responsibilities. Let every American child have a seasonable and thorough training in a good Sabbath school, and our statesmen and orators may go to sleep without any misgivings as to that portion of the "base of the pyramid" that extends over our continent. Give us the sun, and it will shine in spite of all mists and fogs that gather around it.

CEYLON.

(From address of Rev. T. C. Mills, of Ceylon, before the American Board, Boston.)

The speaker described the island of Ceylon as three times the size of Massachusetts, and as containing a million and a half of immortal souls. It was a rich, luxuriant island, abounding in spices and all tropical productions. True, there were there no spicy breezes, but there were what was far better, the sea breezes of the ocean. The Catholic religion was introduced into Ceylon in 1544 by the celebrated Francis Xavier, and while the island remained in the hands of the Portuguese about 400,000 were nominally converted to that faith. Though the number