

The Family.

IT SINGETH LOW IN EVERY HEART.

It singeth low in every heart. We hear it each and all. A song of those who answer not, However we may call.

- Selected

ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.

With the death of the Christian patriot, Alessandro Gavazzi, there has closed one of the most remarkable careers of the present century.

Gavazzi was born in Bologna in 1809. His paternal grandfather, while yet a young man, became Vice-Chancellor of the Portuguese Legation, and was held in honour by the King and Court of that realm.

Brought up in a pious family, Gavazzi early showed the religious bent of his mind. At fifteen years of age, of his own choice, he became a monk of the Barnabite order, at that time one of the most learned and liberal of the Papal orders.

It was here that doubts first sprang up in the mind of this earnest and honest believer in Popish doctrines. "Alessandro," said his venerable confessor, "you will one day become a great heretic."

Gavazzi's lot was next cast in Piedmont, where he spent eight years preaching before the Court and the people in Turin, Genoa, Vercelli, Alessandria and other towns, with extraordinary fervour and growing popularity.

The watchful eye of the Jesuits was upon his movements, and the King's confessor was induced to influence the mind of Carlo Alberto against the intrepid Barnabite, either to destroy or thrust him forth from the kingdom.

A visit paid by Gavazzi to Bologna at this time brought him into fresh trouble. The "Immaculate Conception" was to be his theme, but the Austrians had invaded the Marches with 23,000 men, and the patriotic feelings of his fellow-citizens were on fire.

Catching the flame he poured out his eloquent soul on the fallen condition of Italy, and was suspended from preaching by the Pope.

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The Barnabite order standing in need of his services, the recall of the Papal suspension was secured, and Gavazzi appeared at Perugia, where his popularity reached an unparalleled height.

The death of Pope Gregory XVI led to his release, however. With the election of the new Pope, Pius IX., the hopes of the liberal party rose high.

On the anniversary of the so-called reforming Pope's election, and when the Jesuit plot against his life had failed, through the energy of the Romans, Gavazzi preached by unanimous request the sermon of thanksgiving to God for the deliverance of the country.

The atrocities of the Austrians in Padua caused such a ferment in Rome in the early part of 1849, however, that Gavazzi was forced to break the silence imposed on him.

Then began the great series of oratorical triumphs on the part of Gavazzi. The Pope was obliged to grant a constitution. France and Austria were in revolution, Northern Italy had risen against the foe and banished them from Venice, Mantua, Verona, and Milan.

The unarmed citizens of Milan had fought for five days against 14,000 Austrian troops, and expelled them. A cry of distress and sympathy arose. The Romans longed to share in the struggle.

Then began the march northwards. Gavazzi refused horses and carriages, and went on foot alongside of the men, cheering them amid difficulties, suppressing by a word any mutinous feeling, and preaching in Ancona, Bologna, Venice, alongside of Manini, where the people acclaimed him as "Bishop Savonarola," and raising the sinews of war, which the Pope failed to supply.

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States and Tuscany. Troops of daisies strewn flowers in the way and sang national songs, as the Hebrew maidens did before King David.

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Again Gavazzi came to the front. The gates of the ghetto were broken down, and the Jews restored to freedom. The prisons of the Inquisition were opened, and many a political prisoner released.

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can't keep warm this weather. I'm warm enough now!"—and he turned a shiver into a kind of desperate laugh.

Half an hour later, Bob White said good-by to his friends, and, with his ankle nicely bandaged, and already feeling better, he loped away toward the village.

Straight to a certain low corner grocer, he went, and entered the close atmosphere of the place without quailing. There, as he had expected, he found Jim Sloan and his cronies.

He leaped down from the counter, and straightened himself out. "Come on, fellows!" said he, briefly. And they went into the forest, a mile away, where fallen lumps lay in all directions, and cumbered the ground.

"Haul out yer cash," demanded the leader. "That's right—lemme see—a quarter—half—seventy-five—eighty-five—no, you don't, Bill. Gimme the whole lot."

The whole crowd, accompanied by the delighted Bob, marched to Mr. Murchison's house, deposited the coat and the jelly in Mrs. Murchison's arms, and turned away in dignified silence, broken only on the way back to the village, by one word from Jim as he left Bob for the night.

"THAR!" Willis Boyd Allen. ANOTHER USE FOR KINDLING WOOD. A BITTER cold day I came along a vacant lot where excavations for a basement had been made; store for the foundation laid promiscuously around, and men were kindling fires around these stones.

Now, Pussy Gray, Come here, I pray; Listen to what I have to say. Sit on the cushion at my side, And have your ribbon neatly tied.

O, Mistress May, Your Pussy Gray Has quite as much as you to say: You should not scold, nor frown, nor strike, Nor feed me only when you like.

LITTLE DOLLY. "Oh, Dolly, dear, I wish I were a little dolly just like you. It's dreadful to be a little girl."

"You've got such teeny teeny hands they can't do naughty things, and you've got such teeny teeny feet they can't carry you to where the naughty things are."

their own hearts. This pine kindling gave a good heat, and had its effects. I hope and trust that the stones melted by the heat of benevolence, by the hand of the great Master-builder, may be shaped into good foundation stones.

Sometimes, however, there is a frost in the heart which no kindling wood piled on by the hand of man can possibly thaw out. But God Himself can and often does it by means of kindling wood, which is the fire of affliction.

More than a year ago God visited him with the kindling wood of a dangerous sickness. For a long time recovery seemed hopeless, but it was a sickness not unto death.

There is an old story of a certain minister who, in arranging his toilet for his parochial calls, found a button gone from his shirt collar, and all at once the good man's patience left him.

God does not seem to have the power to do. "Ah, what can that be?" said the husband. "Why, it does not seem to have power to control a minister's temper when a shirt button is gone."

"No, they can't hobble, and it hurts them dreadfully." "Oh, how wicked!" said both the Frocks.

"Yes—it is—but they are not the only people who do wrong." The little Frocks looked ashamed.

"Please go on with your story," they said, rather softly. "I was made into a wedding gown," said the wrapper.

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you can't pout, and you can't say cross words when you get angry. Yes, indeed, Dolly, you ought to be glad you're not a little girl.

"I wanted some cake to-day, but mamma said I could not have any. I went down to the pantry, and there I saw some—beautiful cake, with white icing on it."

"It was up on a shelf, and I stood on a chair to reach it. And I couldn't quite, so I tiptoed very hard. And then, Dolly, that chair tipped up just as I touched the cake. And the cake fell down and a pitcher of milk fell down, and I fell down, and there was a dreadful noise. If you could have seen mamma's face when she came!"

"She didn't say a word, she just put me to bed. But she let me have you, Dolly, because she knew you'd be a comfort to me."

"Oh, Dolly, wouldn't you feel dreadfully if you were me?" "But then if I go and tell mamma I'm sorry she will forgive me. She will say God will forgive me, too. Then I will put my arms around mamma's neck and kiss her."

"You couldn't do that, Dolly. And then she will say I'm the dearest little girl in the world. I believe, after all, I'd rather be a little girl."—Sydney Dore, in Sunbeam.

Two little frocks hung side by side on the hooks. They were just as pretty as they could be. One was trimmed with tucks, the other with ruffles, and just because of this difference they quarrelled.

"I'm nicer than you are," said Blue Frock. "I'm a brighter colour," said Pink Frock. "No, you are not," said Blue Frock. "Yes, I am," said Pink Frock.

"I stuck out all around," said Blue Frock, who had the ruffles. "But you are not half so smooth and nice as my tucks make me," said Pink Frock.

"How silly you two children are," said an old silk wrapper, on the closet door. "Have you ever heard my history?" "No," said little Blue Frock and Pink Frock, in one breath.

"Ah—a story has its uses!" said the old wrapper, in its strange, foreign voice. "Well, turn your sleeves this way, you will hear better. To go very far back, I will tell you that I am made of silk, and silk is made by little worms, who feed on mulberry leaves. They spin out silk threads—just as spiders do—to wrap themselves up in, and go to sleep, so that they can become butterflies. But mamma—"

"Mamma! Mamma!" said the two Frocks, quickly. "Have you never heard of their strange ways? Well, I have not time to tell you so very much. They have one curious custom, though, which you ought to know. It is this: When Chinese baby girls are very little, their feet are put into wooden shoes, and bound down tightly, so that they cannot grow. As their bodies become larger, the feet remain as small as ever; and when the child is a woman, no matter how large she is, her feet are as small as when she was a baby. This they think very elegant."