

The Family.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again. No matter which way I turn. I always find in the Book of Life some lessons I have to learn. I must turn at the mill. I must grind out the golden grain. I must work at my task with a resolute will.

We cannot measure the need. Nor check the flow of the golden sands. That run through a single hour. But the morning dew must fall. And the Sun and the summer rain. Must do their part and perform it all. Over and over again.

Over and over again. The brook through the meadow flows. Over and over again. The ponderous mill wheel goes. Though doing but not in vain; And a blessing falling in once or twice. May come if we try again.

The path that has been trod. Is never so rough to feet. And the lesson we have learned. Is never so hard to repeat. The sorrowful tears may fall. And the heart to its depth be driven. With storm and tempest, we need them all. To render us meet for Heaven.

A PASSIONATE TEMPER.

AND HOW IT WAS CURED.

Little Harry Woodbridge, whose hasty disposition was so often a subject of remark, was a bright boy of eleven, very much like other boys, with some faults and some good qualities. He was generous and kind-hearted, quick to sympathize with others, and very truthful; most people trusted Harry, even those who knew little of him, for honesty seemed written on his face.

Now, you may think that Harry bears a very good character, but, as I have said, he had some faults, and the worst was a passionate temper. Mr. Woodbridge, often talked with his son of the folly and evil of giving way to passion. He pictured its dangers, and dwelt long on the remorse that must have filled the heart of Cain after the moment of ungoverned rage that made him a murderer; and Harry would listen and think he would try to overcome himself, until the temptation came; and then he knew nothing more until the fit of anger was over, and he met the sad eyes of his mother looking at him reproachfully, yet so lovingly, that there was no need of the sight with which the turned away, to touch Harry to the heart. It made him wretched; yet, miserable as he was, he could not help feeling that he was more watchful of himself while the memory of his mother's look remained with him.

Mr. Elder, Harry's teacher at school, took a great interest in his pupils, both in school and out and Harry's failings did not escape his notice. One rainy Saturday, when Harry was the first at school he began by asking, "What is the matter with your eye, Woodbridge?" Harry's eye had been black for some days, and he could not help thinking it a little strange that Mr. Elder had just noticed it. He looked rather foolish as he replied: "I struck William Jones, sir, and he struck me back."

"Indeed! You struck first, then; what was the provocation, Harry?" "It was said among the boys that no one could help answering Mr. Elder's questions. 'He asks so straight out you see, and waits for you to answer like a gentleman.'"

"Well, sir," replied Harry, "I misunderstood something that he said, and before I thought, I just knocked him down, and he gave me this black eye."

"Ah! Harry, before I thought, you did all the mischief. Now, why can't you act on after thought a little? I think the result might be different sometimes; on this last occasion for instance."

"Yes, sir; but then we shook hands afterward, and were good friends again."

"But what if the injury had been more serious, something like broken bones, that shaking hands could not have remedied?"

"Then, sir," said Harry, "I should have been very sorry."

"So was Alexander, probably, after the murder of Clytus; you recollect the incident. Seriously my boy, I wish that you would consider that made the comparison of the world a victim to remorse that came too late. May such a lesson never be yours; but be assured, Harry, that the spirit is the same. It is a very common thing to suppose that a glaring fault may be covered or palliated by some good quality; but that Alexander was brave and generous was of small moment to him when he looked on his friend slain by his own hand."

"I know that you are right, sir," said Harry, thinking more of himself than of Alexander. "I have tried, and I thought that this year I was getting over it."

"Overcoming it?" asked Mr. Elder, with a smile which Harry did not notice.

"Yes, sir, overcoming it, but lately I've begun to think that it's no thanks to me; at Mr. Marston's I was always in a fight, but it seems to me that you manage things so that the boys don't get into squabbles."

"True," said Mr. Elder, "there is something in discipline; indeed, a good deal more than is generally supposed. 'Man is a bundle of habits.'"

Harry went on quite confidentially, having broken the ice, "But, then, out of school, and at home, I'm as bad as ever."

"Well, Harry—here come the boys, and it is nearly nine—I've a remedy to propose to you; stop a few minutes after school. Harry waited, and was very much surprised to hear Mr. Elder say, "When you feel yourself getting angry, do deliberately close your lips and count twenty. Try it a dozen times, and you will find it becoming a habit."

It was some days after this conversation that Harry was sitting in the porch busy with his grammar lesson; little Mary came singing through the hall, and he called to her: "Oh, did you feel my bird this morning?" "Oh! I forgot. I'll get this minute."

mother said Jane might go with us for a walk, and—"

"Shut the door," cried Harry, angrily but it was too late. Mary had been holding the door open, and she stood pleading for forgiveness. Dicky, with his little head on one side, looked into the open air, at the oak tree and the honeysuckles, and, spreading his wings, was a tree bird once more. Harry rushed to the table, and snatching the cage from his sister pushed her roughly away; the child fell, and a heavy beam that stood leaning against the table, jarred by Harry's shaking, came down on her arm. Mary gave one scream and turned very white, while Harry, spered in a moment, sprang forward and raised the beam—it took most of his strength—and bent over her with a face as pale as hers.

"Sissy, Sissy, did it hurt you much? Oh! do speak. I've killed her!" cried the terrified boy, seeing that she did not move.

Mrs. Woodbridge came running from the house, and heard Harry's last words. She bent over the child to see where she was hurt, and passed her hand over a slight wound on the temple, where the beam had grazed it.

"It's her arm, mother."

She lifted the little thing carefully, and then they saw it. The little arm hung quite lifeless by her side. It was broken. The child moaned as they laid her on a bed, and when she opened her eyes and saw her mother and Harry looking at her with such anxious faces, she half whispered,

"Mamma, brother didn't mean to do it."

Harry thought that this would break his heart.

"Run for Doctor Brown," said his mother; and Harry ran as fast as he could.

It was not very long before Mary was able to be up with her arm in a sling; but the days seemed weeks to the boy. His whole time, out of school, was given up to amuse his little sister; he read to her and played with her very gently and patiently; and when the poor child said once: "Brother, I'm so sorry about Dicky," he declared he didn't mind it a bit.

Mrs. Woodbridge had never spoken to Harry of the accident since the doctor asked how it happened, although she seemed much troubled.

One evening he was again in the porch, building a block house for Mary. Old Pont was near and stretched at full length in the sunshine, seemingly asleep, although his eyes were half open. It was only seeming, for as two or three chickens flew over the fence, he roused himself with a growl and proceeded to drive off the intruders. His great bushy tail swept the steple of Harry's house to the ground and brook down one side of the building, and Harry struck him with his bat a blow that sent him howling out of the porch. His mother looked at him sorrowfully for a moment, then her gaze wandered to Mary's bandaged arm, and from that to her forehead; and then she went away. That silent look made Harry very uncomfortable; he thought of it till bed-time, and even in bed lay thinking and could not sleep.

There was a glimmer of a light along the hall, and his mother came in and sat down on the side of his bed.

"Mother," said Harry, in a low tone, "you don't think Mary's arm will be scarred, do you?"

"No," said she, speaking slowly, "it's another scar that I am thinking of; and she had her hand on her heart."

"Oh! mother, I know that I might have killed her," said Harry, sobbing, "and you could never have loved me any more."

"It might have been Harry; thank God that it did not—but, oh! my child, is not this a lesson to you?" She laid her hand across Harry's on the pillow, and he put his arms around her neck and whispered,

"Mother, it shall be a lesson. I'll try."

They talked until it was quite late, and Harry told his mother how he had felt all the time, how he thought, when Mary was sick, that he could never get into a passion again. "And, indeed, mother, I haven't given away before this evening. It is a habit, Mr. Elder says, and then he related their conversation."

"Your teacher is very kind, Harry; but I think I can suggest something better than counting twenty."

"What mother?"

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God. If you will stop and think over these promises whenever you are tempted to get angry, I think you will overcome it; and I will pray for you that you may."

Harry kept his promise to try, and all the family were surprised at what they called his sudden change; but the mother knew his struggles and sympathized with them, and prayed that her boy might have strength given him not of this world.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE POPE.

In reference to Mr. Gladstone's letter, and to some defensive remarks on it by the Lord Advocate, the Edinburgh Evening Courant says: "Now, if this view is to be taken as the serious opinion of the present Ministry, and if, as the Lord Advocate seems to think, we owe a sovereign, it follows—since his temporal sovereignty is no longer in existence, nor, we presume, would be upheld, if it were, by the Government—that the political leaders of this country regard themselves as bound to support the spiritual authority of the Pope to the best of their power. And this is certainly a very extraordinary obligation for any Government to acknowledge. Is it at all consistent that a Protestant nation should be placed in the position of undertaking in any sense any charge or care of the kind? We refer our readers to a letter on the subject by the Hon. A. Kinnaird, which puts the matter in a distinct light. We may not agree with all the views expressed by Mr. Kinnaird either in this or other manifestos of his; but it appears to us that he is altogether right in condemning the anomaly of a Protestant nation, which specially excludes Roman Catholics from the throne, and the Constitution of which is, therefore, still based on a Roman foundation, in any sense seeming even to tolerate, far less to maintain the 'spiritual' claims of the Pope. These so-called 'spiritual' claims, as recently defined, are fundamentally antagonistic to civil liberty; and it was justly asserted in this or other manifestos of his, that the Pope's claims are a stain on the part of former Popes which necessitated the Reformation. It is, then, that the present country should know that he recognizes it as the duty of the Government to protect the Papal dignity, so that the spiritual powers of the Holy See may be exercised freely and in unimpeded force. There is at least a case for inquiry and expla-

LORD DERBY ON "READING."

Lord Derby, addressing the pupils of Liverpool College on Friday, remarked that in these days, and in this country, very few men give themselves up altogether to study, and in few cases the fragments of time that can be saved out of a busy career are available for strenuous mental culture. It was not, however, so much time that was wanted; a man will always find time for what really interests him. But energy is in each of us a limited quantity; and we cannot blame or wonder at the wish to rest altogether after a good day's work. Yet knowing all this, and feeling it myself, I do say (the noble lord continued) to every young man whom I am now addressing. Whatever your pursuit may be, however active, however absorbing, don't—unless you are willing to forfeit one of the most lasting of human enjoyments—don't, if you can possibly do without it, allow yourself to lose your taste for reading. It is a bad thing to have the brain always filled with one's own narrow personal concerns, or, what is one degree worse, with the small personal concerns of one's neighbours. It is a great gain, putting it in the lowest point of view, to be able to pass at pleasure out of the eternal round of petty duties and trivial arrangements, to observe, with however unimpaired an eye, the marvellous arrangement of nature, or to live in the lives and follow the thoughts that have interested and instructed successive generations of mankind. It often appears to me in the present day that we are a little too apt in all classes to look upon ourselves as mere machines for what is called "getting on," and to forget that there are in every human being many faculties which cannot be employed, and many talents which cannot be satisfied by that occupation. I have not a word to utter against strenuous devotion to business while you are at it. But one of the wisest and most thoroughly cultivated men I ever knew retired before the age of fifty from a profession in which he was making an enormous income, because, he said, he had got as much as he or anybody belonging to him could want, and he did not see why he should sacrifice the rest of his life to money-getting. Some people thought him very foolish. I did not. And I believe that the gentleman of whom I speak never once repented of his decision.

ORIGIN OF THE MAINE LAW.

Many years ago, I was sent for by a poor woman who was in distress. She had seven or eight young children and a drunken husband, who held a responsible place in an important position. He was then of "on beer," and his chief had threatened to discharge him, in which case the family would be without resource, and he must go up to the town. The salary paid to him was sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of his family; but everything had been spent from year to year, so that there was no resource against a day of trouble, and the loss of the situation by the husband would instantly bring them to absolute destitution.

The poor woman said there was one particular rum shop visited by her husband, the keeper of which had great influence over him, and if this man would refuse to sell him any liquor, and would advise him to come home, he would do so, and would soon be over "this turn."

And this would be able to resume his duties. Unless this could be done soon, she said, she would be made sick, and the chief would not let her wait for his recovery, but would employ another in his place. The scene was most deplorable; this poor woman, an feeble health, with the sole care of these children, doing all the work for the family—while her husband was away at a rum shop—spending the money desperately need at home—and incurring the imminent hazard of losing his situation, and so being bundled off to the work house with wife and children, whom he was abundantly able to support, but for the intervention of the rum shop between him and them.

"Where is this infernal god shop?" I asked. "In such a street," she said; "I remember to show this gentleman where it is. She has often been there to try and bring her father home." Entering the shop I said—"Is Mr. Samson here now?" "No, he's been gone here two hours ago." At the same time he heard loud talking, swearing and fighting in the dark, back room, and went for the door, before which the rum-seller placed himself to bar his way. I thrust him aside and entered the vile place, steaming with rum and tobacco, and resounding with the oaths and ribald talk of four drunken men, one of whom was Samson. I took him suddenly by one arm, brought him to his feet with a jerk, and out into the light of the front room, surrounded by the rum-seller and his victims, who wanted to see "what's up."

"Look you," I said to the rum-seller—"this man's wife and children are at home suffering for the money he's spending with you for food, and he's been gone here three days, having spent all this time in your shop. He is in great danger of losing his place, and then they must all go to the work house. His wife says if you will refuse to sell him rum, he will not go elsewhere for it, and she can make him fit in a day or two, to go to his desk again, otherwise she fears they will all come to beggary."

"Well that's my business to sell rum," he said; "it's none of my business if men get drunk and neglect and abuse their families; I've got a family to support as well as others, and the way I do it is by selling rum."

"Yes, in this particular case, you see the rum is working in this man's family—he's broke in it." "Look here, I don't want none of your preaching; it's my business to sell rum; I'll sell it to him or any other man who's got the money to pay, and as long as they can pay, it's none of my business if they get drunk and abuse their families; I've got license to sell rum, so help yourself if you can; I don't want none of your advice, when I do I'll send for you, so there now you've got the whole story."

"You have a license, have you, for selling rum? You are empowered by law, are you, to destroy your neighbor boy and soul, and to bring his wife and children to the Almshouse? You support your family, do you, by destroying other people's families? Well, here you're helping me, I'll see if all that can't be changed!" And that's the beginning of the Maine Law. Many brave and true men of that day commenced in Maine—in every part of Maine—an unceasing agitation for the suppression of the rum trade. In winter and summer, without ceasing, a crusade was preached against the rum shops. In every country Meeting House, in every country Town House, in every roadside School House, was the fact proclaimed, that the rum trade was in deadly hostility to every interest of the State and to the welfare and happiness of the people. The result was the Maine Law by 86 to 40 in the House and 18 to 10 in the Senate, and its approval by a Democratic Governor.—N. D. in Portland Press.

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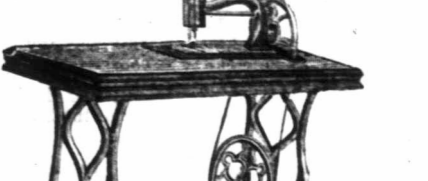
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"For the purpose of teaching, one illustration is worth a thousand abstracts."—L. FAYROU HOOD. "Because the Teacher was wise, he will teach in order may prove. The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words."—ECCLESIASTICUS xii. 9, 10.

Extract from Dr. Young's Introduction. The animated and intelligent author of the remarkable production, New Cyclopaedia of Illustrations, has inaugurated me with the following introductory notice (his labor, I have examined several portions of the work with admiration and pleasure. I am satisfied that it will be equally acceptable and instructive to read the whole with the same attention, if I had the opportunity. It contains a vast amount and variety of substance and suggestions. It is arranged in a systematic order, a nucleus of detail, and a complete statement of affairs, which leave nothing to be desired in such a work. I have sought to read the whole with the same attention, if I had the opportunity. It contains a vast amount and variety of substance and suggestions. It is arranged in a systematic order, a nucleus of detail, and a complete statement of affairs, which leave nothing to be desired in such a work. 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