

strongest sign of approval, and so the sermon ended.

The next morning a crowd of men, women, and children were at the missionaries' doors, each one bearing some stolen thing, or the substitute for it, from a pin up to a sack of potatoes; and from that time, save in a very few instances, their property remained untouched.

Would a white congregation have been as ready to make restitution, even if they had been equally impressed?

THE FIVE WOUNDS IN THE ROMAN BODY.

Pere Hyacinthe—say rather Charles Loyson—has issued an address to the Roman Catholic bishops throughout the world, in which he calls them to look upon the Church, the bride of Christ, pierced like its Lord, with five wounds. They are the wounds:—The first, the wound in the right hand, is the hiding of the Word of God. That wound which has crippled the left hand, is the oppression of intellect and conscience by the hierarchy. The spear which has entered the heart is the enforced celibacy of the clergy. The feet have been disabled by worldly policy on the one side, and superstitious pietism on the other. This member of the Church of Rome, having thus specified the wounds of the body which he loves, and to which he would adhere, declares that the issue is, whether or not the nineteenth century is to have its Catholic Reformation, as the sixteenth had its Protestant!

AN EASY PLACE.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher some time since received a letter from a young man, who recommended himself very highly as being honest, and closed with the request:—"Get me an easy situation, that honesty may be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied:—"Don't be an editor, if you would be 'easy.' Do not try the law. Avoid school-keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither a soldier nor sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are

easy. O, my honest friend, you are in a very hard world! I know of but one real 'easy' place in it. That is the grave."

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

"Is not this the carpenter's son?" Then it is probable that those hands used the hammer, the adze, the saw; and has not this circumstance for ever and for ever hallowed the implements of labour? The consecration of the divinest life descends on the humble workman; he can boast of hereditary honours to which the wearers of the surplice, the alb, and the gown, the wielders of the crosier and the readers of rubrics, can make no claim. "For by their occupation they were tentmakers" Not mercly the Master, but His apostles and first disciples, belonged to the great fraternity of labour; thus, the most important names in the pages of sacred literature, Saviour, Kings, Lawgivers, Apostles, combined with their great functions the toil of the body as well as the exercise of the mind.—E. P. Hood.

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses which their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan
One spake with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wider woe,
For a fair face, long ago,
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.
There were some who mourned their youth,
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the West,
Turned an eye that would not rest
For far-off hills, whereon its joy had been.
Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honours told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave,
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.
But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free,
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."
"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."
—Francis Browne in London Athenæum.