

**Furness Abbey.**

BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

[The famous monastic ruin of Furness Abbey is situated in Lancashire, about a mile south of Dalton, and was founded A. D. 1127, by king Stephen, while he was Earl of Mortaign and Bulloign, who also endowed it with princely wealth. It is one of the most interesting ruins in England. The deep retirement of its situation, the grandeur of its Gothic arches, and the ancient trees that shadow it, all fill the mind of the beholder with solemn yet delightful emotion. It is only equalled in interest by Fountains Abbey near Ripon in Yorkshire.

On Norman cloister and on Gothic aisle,  
The fading sunset lingers for awhile;  
The rooks chant noisy vespers in the elms—  
Then night's slow-rising tide the scene o'erwhelms

So fade the roses and the flowers of kings,  
And crowns and palms decay with humbler things,  
All works built up by toil of mortal breath,  
Tend in unbroken course to dust and death.

Pillar and roof and pavement all are gone;  
The lamp extinguished and the prayers long done;  
But faith and awe, as stars, eternal shine—  
The human heart is their enduring shrine.

O Earth in thine incessant funerals,  
Take to thyself these crumbling, outgrown walls;  
In the broad world one God we seek and find,  
And serve our Maker when we serve our kind.

Yet spare, for tender thought, for beauty spare  
Some sculptured capital, some carving fair;  
Yon ivied archway, fit for Poet's dream,  
For painter's pencil, or for writer's theme!

Save! for our modern hurry rush and strife,  
Needs much the lesson that thought, too, is life!

Work is not prayer, nor duty's self divine,  
Unless within them Reverence bath her shrine.

**Secret Beneficial Orders.**

Every once in a while the conventional conferences and synods of certain religious denominations go off wildly in a tirade of resolutions and speeches against secret beneficial societies; no doubt prompted by a desire to hasten the anticipated day when all things worldly will become pure and perfect. However, in these assemblages of intelligence and wisdom, on this particular subject, it would seem impossible for ignorance to exist. True members of these merely moral organizations may learn much of the church; but, we must be permitted to say it, the church may often profit by the noble examples set by these very secret associations. What are the "dark mysteries" to which such serious objection is made? Why, when all is learned, and if all were told, they would appear so simple and harmless that any sensible man would feel ashamed that he had ever permitted his childish curiosity to become awake in regard to them. The church itself, as well as every well regulated family, has its secrets; and so has every particular denomination its distinctive forms, and strange indeed do some of them appear to many upright and worldly persons. But the sincere man does not permit these peculiarities to interfere with his well-being and the good of society. The resolutionists in religious bodies who would thrust from the Christian church its members attached to secret beneficial societies, so far, however, have not achieved much, save the flattening of their own heads against the mountain they have vainly sought to remove. And so will

From the Keystone.]

their every effort in the future most likely to prove.

What appears very strange in the onslaught made is, that a considerable number of the clergy and large numbers of the laity of our churches belong to these unchristian associations. But to suppose that any of them stand in the way of the progress of Christianity, because of the secrets they have learned, is the height of folly and the essence of ignorance; rather are they helps to the church than an impediment in any way whatever. The teachings of these secret institutions, so far as our knowledge extends, are drawn from the same source from whence the church derives its life. God is acknowledged as the author of all good; the necessity of performing all the duties we owe to Him and our fellow man is strictly enjoined. The divine principles of Love and Truth, Hope and Faith, Friendship and Charity, are earnestly and beautifully taught. Aye, did the world, especially that portion of the Christian world now shaking its bigoted fists at those whose secret mission it is to minister to the necessities of the sick and distressed, know the meaning of Charity in this connection, perhaps the dying prayer of their Savior, when all around him was persecution, would be forcibly brought to mind. It is a serious matter for the church to thus array itself against these purely benevolent and noble organizations, teaching as they do obedience to God and duty to man. We seek not to cover any association or in these desultory remarks such only as cherish the principles of Charity in its broadest sense, and religious and political tolerance, have invited attention.

—*Germantown Guide.*

**Inward Joy.**

There are situations in life which, to the outside spectator, appear the most dark and cheerless, but are far from being so to those who are in the center of them. Bright spots come out and sources of interest open, which common eyes disregard; and we learn that life may be like the home of some Eastern lands, which have their dull, dead walls to crowd, but their fountains and singing birds in the courts within. There are many joys which a stranger cannot even discern; and, if we are to wait quietly, we must cultivate an eye for these.

There is no other spoken language so cheap and expressive by telegraph as the English. So the electric wires are becoming teachers of our mother tongue in Foreign countries. The same amount of information can be transmitted in fewer English words than French, German, Italian, or any other European language. In German and Holland especially, it is coming to be a common thing to see the telegrams in English, to save expense and insure precision.

My God, grant that my bounty may be a clear and transparent river, flowing from pure charity, and uncontaminated by self-love, ambition, or interest.—Thanks are due not to me, but to Thee, from whom all I possess is derived. And what are the paltry gifts for which my neighbor forgets to thank me, compared with the immense blessing for which I have so often forgotten to be thankful to Thee!—*Gothhold.*

Some of the chestnuts on the Paris Boulevards are putting forth a second crop of leaves and blossoms.

**The Baby's Death.**

How tenderly Louise Chandler Moulton touches upon that sharpest grief a mother's heart can know—the death of the little blossom which unfolded so gently beneath her love, but which the wise Father has gathered to Himself:

There came a morning at last when baby's eyes did not open.—Dr. Erskine felt the heart beat faintly under his fingers, but he knew it was beating its last. He trembled for Elizabeth, and dared not tell her. She anticipated him.

"Doctor," she said—and her voice was so passionless that it might almost have belonged to a disembodied spirit—"I know that my darling is dying."

He bowed his head mutely. Her very calmness awed him.

"Is there anything you can do to ease her?"

"Nothing. I do not think she suffers."

"Then will you please to go away? She is mine—nobody's but mine, in her life and in her death, and I want her quite to myself at the last."

Sorrowfully enough he left her.

Elizabeth held the child closely, but gently. She thought in that hour she never loved anything else—never in the world should love anything else. She wanted to cry, but her eyes were dry and burning and not a tear fell on the little upturned face, changing so fast to marble. She bent over and whispered something in baby's ear—a wild passionate prayer that it would remember her again in the infinite spaces. A look seemed to answer her—a radiant, loving look, which she thought might be born of the near heaven. She pressed her lips in a last despairing agony of love to the little face, from which already, as she kissed it, the soul had fled. Her white wonder had gone home. This which lay upon her hungry heart was stone.

Happiness comes and goes like the flowers of spring, and a boy no sooner finds where the preserve jar is hidden than his mother totes it away to another corner.

Ladies are wearing tiny bows of ribbons for earrings now, and we are told that it is the very latest Paris fashion. The effect is odd, and, of course, the fashion will rage.

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