

Sunday Reading.

The Bloody Worship.

The Egyptians, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Achaeanes, Hittites, and Gauls were anciently noted for the offering of human sacrifice.

Upon the island of Crete in the Mediterranean, south-west of Asia, stood the temple or tower of Meles or Mentor. It was dedicated to the worship of Min or Melus, one of the Egyptian divinities originally the Patriarch No. 1. To this temple the Athenians were annually obliged to send some of their youth to be sacrificed, in the same manner as the people of Carthage offered their children as victims to Tyre. And as there was a Mentor at Crete, there was a Tarmos, near Pergamus, in Syria, where the same brutal rights were performed. These temples were situated on the sea-coast, and were usually built by native slaves; wherefore, it is supposed, with more probability that the tremendous Syles was no other than one of these fatal temples where the ungodly worshipper was inhumanely sacrificed.

The thought of a species is always dreadful, even when the torturing manner is dying towards a well known shore, where he has the assurance that friends will be present, resuscitate from a watery grave, and rechristen with a heavy sentence. But it is more repulsive than the work of the hand itself? Remember, it was the latter that received the recommendation of St. Paul, who was accustomed to do some of it himself. "Let him labor, working with his hands the thing that is good," says the great apostle. Next to sin, the most disreputable thing in the world is laziness—indeed, laziness itself is sin, for you know

"Satan finds much mischief still
For idle hands to do."

We sometimes hear it said there is nothing to do grading in manual labor. Degrading, indeed! I would like to know what is more honorable. Some men, to be sure, must do hard work, but who says that it is more reputable than the work of the hand itself? Remember, it was the latter that received the recommendation of St. Paul, who was accustomed to do some of it himself. "Let him labor, working with his hands the thing that is good," says the great apostle. Next to sin, the most disreputable thing in the world is laziness—indeed, laziness itself is sin, for you know

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We would have everybody, young and old, be industriously employed in some useful occupation. Be sure, boys, and girls may profit by the caution never to give place to the devil" by idleness—Work, work, work! there is nothing else—it health and respectability come to it. We will give you a working song that somebody sings for you:

Work, work, my boy is not afraid,
Look labor bravely in the face;
Take up the hammer or the spade,
And blithely out for your humble place.
There's honor in the toiling part,
That finds no rest in the furrowed field;
It stumps a crest upon the heart,
Worth more than all your quartered shield.
Work, work, my boy, and never fear;
The frosty gales extract no shame,
The winter's cold leaves no blot,
And Labor gives the manliest name.
And man is never half so bold
When with the day is busy spent,
So as to make his evening rest,
A holiday of glad content."

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

What a beautiful sight it is to behold a company of Sunday School children. How full of promise! Gathered in from the wicked world, and brought up under kind and religious influences, it seems impossible that they should ever become vulgar and vicious, worthless and wicked. And certain it is, they have been induced to take the first step in the pathway of virtue, and without doubt, the few many of them will be led into the way of God's testimonies. Why, may not this be the case with all our children? If we affectionately and earnestly ask them, why? O, children, give your hearts to God. Learn to say with the poet:—

Pleasant and air as the morning air
Is to the sun; so is thy sight;
O, who would wear long hours,
In wonder—whose heart doesn't pain,
When his son dreamt such tents and showers,
Where the sun and shadow rends again?

The wings are spread now, while flying
He leaps from cloud to cloud,
And now, I feel him like a star,
Whose course to lose me to thy rest,
Joy—ever—ever—now to a pray—
But may not, but see again,
Then smile and knock me away?

I come—I come—spread your wings,
And fly me to thy bosom, away,
No longer me your spirit change,
To the thousand of days,
Our love me in the place,
Where I am—where I am—where I am,

My life—my life, I am, I am, I am.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY G. R. MARSH OF NEW YORK.

Some 14 years in years, and learned to think of myself, I have seen and at last prevailed upon, Hall regards Washington as a good father than a great man. The popular idea that he was an intelligent teacher, a wise and good man, and a great man, is a foolish one. He was the author of the revolution. It is well known that the mass of the people compelled them to do homage to virtue and goodness, and to award themselves an unequal share to the land which they prided, to God, while he fought the battles of his country, and was raised the charm of power when a nation longed before him in admiration of his achievements. But preceding over the moral world, the integrity of the man, the purity of his soul, the nobility of his character, these are qualities that are peculiarly precious. His opinions are judicious—distinguishing for their moral and strength; his letters—mighty and powerful; and his "Paxwell Address"—a necessary of wisdom—a political effort, a national and a personal. The people need it as an antidote to the degeneracy of the times. Let the efforts of politicians be directed to the same end in the cause of party purity. Let Washington's example be copied in every State, East and West, in every town, and the sentiments which threatened the unity of the Republic, will hole the Gorgon head, and its final victory be gained amidst the ruins of the world.

This time is coming, when that document will be regarded as the offspring of a mind which will be the author of a new era in the past, the future, and the future centuries.

An appropriate first presentation, accompanied with the kiss of grace and the progress of education, and knowledge and liberty. A reliance on doctrine will be the banner of the Union, and give purity to the Republican government. It was a patriot's legacy to Washington's spirit.

He left us a legacy of a wise and good man.

He loves me, he loves me not.

He loves me, he loves me not.