

OUR PRINCIPLES.

- 1. The Lord Jesus Christ is the only Head of the Church.
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, a sufficient rule of faith and practice.
4. Christian character, or vital piety, the only way of fellowship or membership.
5. The right of private judgment and the liberty of conscience, the privileges and duty of all.

THE TRANSUBSTANTIATION CONTROVERSY.

Is it not true that Roman Catholicism is the hot bed of ignorance and superstition? If it is not who will show it? Certainly if history is true it has fostered more ignorance and superstition than any other agency in Christendom, and that too of the most dangerous character, as is evidenced by the many very silly controversies which have sprung up within its folds.

In the year A. D. 1215, Innocent III convoked the fourth Lateran council, at which it is said there were present 412 bishops, 800 abbots and priors, besides the ambassadors of almost all the European countries. Notwithstanding this large representation present it is said that this "imperial pontiff" without consulting any of them made and announced no less than seventy laws for that people. These included new articles of faith, among which was the article enjoining the acceptance of Transubstantiation. By this term it was meant to teach that the real presence of the real flesh and blood of Christ were actually present in the Eucharist, or as commonly called in this day the emblems used in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. This pontiff, Innocent III, thus deliberately shut every man's mouth on points covered by his new laws, at least as far as it was possible to do, and so deprived them of the liberty, for which man is responsible to God only. That the many should have abjectly bowed their heads to this one man leads only to deepen the sense one has of the extent and depth of real ignorance and unbroken superstition. Thus his new doctrine became known in the church as Transubstantiation, and to this day it is observed, and yet there has hardly been a day, since its introduction, when there were not strong and determined men who have fought it bravely. To-day it has more enemies in all probability than at any previous period of its history. So we can readily see that the doctrine of Transubstantiation has been the subject of long continued controversy. Its success was sometimes remarkable and again its failures were no less so. In the XVII century the Greek church decided in favor of this monstrous doctrine, thus bringing that church under the influence in a measure, of Rome. This step was accomplished largely by the council convened at Jerusalem by Dosithimus in the year 1672. About this time there was a bold defender of the truth by the name of John Claude who was distinguished for his great learning and his oratory, who fought this new doctrine with unusual zeal, claiming that it was a man-made doctrine and never heard of earlier than the ninth century.

On the other hand the Catholics led by Arnaud, declared that this doctrine had been received by Christians in all ages of the church. In this claim we know of no history which sustains him, on the contrary, we have shown that it became a law under that daring pontiff, Innocent III, in the thirteenth century, and while it had been held by some individuals, perhaps as early as the ninth century, it was certainly not a law till the time named above. No doubt controversy has served a wise and good purpose in this case, as without it the truth of the real character and purpose of the Lord's Supper might have been buried in oblivion and forgotten. Indeed controversy has well served its purpose in this case, as it undoubtedly has in many others, and to-day truth stands as a towering monument, commemorating its grand achievements on many a battle field where bold and faithful work was done for the honor of the right, the good, and man and the glory of God.

The Roman Catholic church has thus lived in sin till its spiritual power is a thing of the past, though its commercial power is on the increase. As Cavendish has said: "As the carcass of a dead man, dressed in the garments of a living man, is not a living man, so the church of Rome is the spouse of Christ with all of its forms as not the church, the living church, but it has become the harlot of Christendom."

HAPPINESS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

When he thinks of his past sins they trouble him no more, for they are all pardoned; and will never be mentioned against him again. When he looks out on this beautiful world with all its vast resources he rejoices in the thought all this belongs to my Father. When he hears the mighty voice of the thunder he recognizes it as the voice of God. When in the midst of trials and great sorrow he is calm and rejoices for he knows that all things work together for the good of all who love God. When he thinks of death it is as a friend that is to open to him the gates of heaven. When he looks forward into the great future he has no fear, for he knows that a happy home awaits him there.

JAMES MAPLE.

THE HEART MUST BE PURE.

The case must be clean or all you put into it will sour. Thus the heart must be clean or all the knowledge secured by an education will be transmuted into evil agents and increase the man's power for evil.

J. MAPLE.

Our Exchanges.

A WEEKLY CHAT WITH BROTHER EDITORS.

As an item of interest we publish the following which we find in the columns of an exchange:

"The following is the seating capacity of the eight largest churches of Europe: St. Peter's, Rome, 54,000 persons; Milan cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul, Rome, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Florence cathedral, 20,000; Pisa cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark, Venice, 7,000.

The Missionary Review quotes the following from Livingstone and adds that he was right in the statement:

Livingstone was right when he said: "The salvation of men ought to be the aim and desire of every Christian. The spirit of missions is the Spirit of our Master, the very genius of his religion. A diffusive philanthropy is Christianity itself; it requires perpetual propagation to attest its genuineness."

Here is a thought which is suggestive to preachers, and which ought to be comforting to all classes of Christians. Bishop Harris says:

Nay, never has there been a time when the Gospel was preached with more power and more success than it is to-day. In London where thousands through the great cathedral and the great Abbey to hang upon the eloquent words of Liddon and Farrar; in Paris, where the eloquence of Bossuet and Massillon survives in the sermons of Loysson and Bersier;—in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia, and indeed, throughout the Christian world, there is better preaching to-day than there has been in any former age, and it is listened to by larger numbers of thoughtful men.

Here is a picture which has its counterpart in many pastorates—and many a preacher's heart will answer from the depths of an experience which is best known to each individual of this class. It is from that very excellent paper the Southern Churchman:

He lived—the man and preacher we were reading about a few days ago; not rich; much like his brethren in this respect; but poorer than most. He first settled in a parish too poor to give him even a scanty support, and he was compelled to take a farm, on which he toiled by day, whilst in the evening he was often obliged to use a mechanical art for the benefit of his family. He made their shoes. But by the side of his work bench he kept ink and paper, that he might write down the interesting thoughts which he traced out or which rushed on him amidst his humble labors.

He lived—the One we read about to-day—more than eighteen hundred years ago; lived not for himself, for God and his brother men; had no place to lay his head when the night came down and the dew; lived for others, and these men we read about in the papers—lived in luxury, clothed in purple and fine linen, servants waited on him, horses carried him, lived for himself, and amassed five (or was it fifty?) millions of dollars; and all men admired him and envied him and wished they were like him. A curious world this!

We have just a word of caution to the aged portion of our readers, and it

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY;

may be and doubtless is applicable to many of the younger class. It is very suggestive and opportune for this day and time. It is from Hoating's Birthday Book: An old man is like an old wagon; with light loading and careful management will last for years; but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. Many persons reach the age of fifty, sixty, or even seventy, measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, wise in wisdom and experience, with sympathies melted by age, with responsible prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift, an hour of beating work, an evening of exposure to rain and damp, a severe chill, an excess of food, the unusual indulgence of any appetite or passion, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine—any of these, or other similar things, may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hope of usefulness and enjoyment, a shapeless wreck.

It is unpleasant to drop the names of persons from the church roll, and yet something must be done with that large list of persons who connect themselves with the church and then go away and never take any part in the work of the church after that. On this point the Religious Herald says:

"The writer was recently present at an annual church meeting, at which it was reported that the list of members had been revised, and some half a dozen had been 'dropped from the roll,' because, after inquiry, it was found impossible to get any trace of them. It is a good thing to do to revise the church list at least as often as once a year, especially if the church be a large one, and to expunge the names of those whose whereabouts are unknown. The names on the roll should represent actual membership. To retain them when they no longer stand for persons, is misleading. By all means let them be dropped when, after persevering effort, it appears certain that their owners cannot be found. Their retention only encumbers the list and falsifies the church and denominational statistics.

A real gospel sermon is a rare production we fear, even in this enlightened day, not that we have not men capable of making that kind of sermons—we have a number of them—but they are so advanced in thought—such independent thinkers—that they ransack their own brain to make a sermon instead of getting the message—the thought of the message at least—from God's word. That is far safer and more reliable than the productions of any man. Dr. A. T. Pierson, D.D., says:

The true sermon has its divine genesis—it begins with God. The Spirit broods over the preacher; the chaos of confused and dim conceptions and perceptions is resolved into order. God says, "Let there be light," and there is light. Then comes separation between heavenly and earthly things, and celestial glories clearly appear, like stars in a cloudless firmament. Preaching that begins in such a genesis ends in an apocalypse of Jesus Christ, a revelation of the things of God, which fits a man to speak with strange authority and power. Some words of God, some thought of God, has taken root downward and borne fruit upward. It is no mere intellectual growth, branching out into analytical ramifications of exhaustive argument, and blossoming into the flowers of variegated rhetoric. Mer instinctively feel that it is a more than human product. They are overawed. The man preaching is the mouth-piece of God; the sermon is a burning bush, radiant and glowing with the strange flame that impels reverent souls to remove the sandals of criticism. In presence of the seraphic Whitefield the cold, calculating Frankline was warmed, and the philosophical skeptical Hume felt the bonds of his unbelief melting, but it was the supernatural element in those sermons that awayed men so mightily.

One of the most thoughtful newspaper writers for the religious press of Virginia is the Rev. R. S. Barrett, who contributes regularly to the columns of the Southern Churchman of Richmond, Va. The following is from his series "Fragments" and appeared in that paper recently:

Milton's Paradise Lost, Dante's Inferno, Dore's cartoons, the weird world-painting of the pulpit, dreadful fancy pictures of hell—all of this cannot make us understand what it is to be lost. It was not to purgatory or hell

IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY;

that Christ went, but it was into this world of ours that he came to seek and to save the lost. They were here. To be lost is to get away from where we belong. The lost sheep, the lost prodigal, were wanderers. They were not dead, they were not in hell; but they were lost. The soul does not belong to sin and the devil; it belongs to God. And if you want to know how lost the soul is, then learn how far it has strayed away from God. That is the thing to know. Heaven and hell are incidents. If you take care to be saved from your sins, to be brought back to the image of God from which you have wandered, heaven and hell will take care of themselves. Now, if you would know how lost you are, put your life with all its selfishness and filthiness, beside the life of Jesus; your motives, beside his; your thoughts by his; your heart by his. Try and see how far you have gotten away from the perfect image of the God-man. He is the perfect specimen of man, of which the rest of us are ruins; it matters not how magnificent these ruins may be. He shows us a specimen of man who is not lost. The image of Christ will teach us more about the lost, than Dore's cartoons could ever do.

SOME GIRLS I KNOW.

In "the Sun" of March 22nd, is an article on "Two kinds of girls," one is the kind that appears best abroad, the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and whose chief delight is in all such things—the other is the kind which appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room and all the precincts of home;—they differ widely in character &c. Now while there is a grain of truth in the above there is a bushel of "bug," and the papers, when speaking of girls, too often get off very antiquated sentiments similar to the above.

Of course there are "two kinds of girls"—bless your heart "two dozen kinds" would not begin to describe them, for their name is "legion." In my not very long, but quite varied experience, I have generally found the girl that is a favorite in society is also the "helper" at home, for the traits of character that make one a favorite abroad are the very ones that make her "mother's relief corps, and father's comfort" in the home, of course there are exceptions to the rule—but it is not fair to take the exception for the rule.

It is generally the "merry girl" that is liked by her young companions; and a merry spirit is not the outgrowth of an unkind heart; the favorite is also impulsive—quick to see "the fun of it all" and one quick to see the ludicrous side of things is (with rare exceptions) equally quick to see the paths of life. A person in whose veins young healthy blood is coursing whose life lay before her, fresh as a story untold is necessarily as ready for exercise and "fun" as a baby for a romp and almost as innocent, of course such a one is ready, and more than ready, for "parties, rides, visits, picnics, &c.; and so far as my observation goes is equally as ready to relieve another of some household care—to run an errand—to write a letter for father or to cut the new magazine leaves ready for his reading when the office work is over, or to do nothing else that a kind heart and willing hands may suggest. Let me tell of a few of the many pleasant girls I have known.

Here is my friend Marion; she is a general favorite in a large society circle, a graduate of high standing in an Eastern school; when a picnic is "on foot" she is not only one of the first to be invited, but is consulted in the first arrangements, and has not a little to say of when—how and where it shall be, many is the lively sleighing party and the merry picnic arranged for in her pleasant parlors, her mother always present with kind thought or good suggestion; her older brothers are justly proud of their warm-hearted, quick-witted sister (none more quick at repartee than she), and her younger sisters and brothers go to "our Minna" with their troubles as readily as to their mother; and when a severe cold that would not be "shook off" threatened hasty death and she was taken to the Pacific coast to see what mild southern California would do for her, old and young, high and low enquired after her on the street and in the church. Often have I called for her to visit a friend with me, and found her busy in the dining-room or kitchen so as to give the servant a chance to get sooner, that some long contemplated pleasure might be enjoyed. Here is another—our loved and loved sister, Lizzie, a true Christian, a good scholar and a fine musician, always a comfort to her widowed mother and a help to younger sister, and kept a restraining influence on a "too wild" younger brother, was always ready for an entertainment, party or picnic, while she did not always lead the "van" she was never found "bringing up the rear" of merry group. Only married four short years, she made her husband's home one of the most pleasant in the town, noted for its pleasant and cultured homes; at

IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

all times neatly and pretty dressed, her home was always found in that state that has been likened unto "apple pie order." Surely home, church, and friends were the better for her abode; stay in this world, that would be ill-received without the lively romping girls that bless it with their sweet presence, as soon think of spring without flowers, or heaven without music.

Here is another, now almost alone in the world that keeps a bright and cheerful front to the old world, only the nearest and the dearest knows how many are the secret fears that relieve the overburdened heart, some times high into breaking, but that is her secret that she hides from the home friends almost as successfully as from the circle of friends. Blessed with good health and a handsome physique, (and good looks—rightly worn is a blessing not to be despised) good common sense and a kind heart that does not despise the common things of life—be it a way-side beggar or only a way-side flower. Loved at home with no common love—her friendship cherished by a large circle of friends, and admired by all who chance to meet her. At "the picnic" none had a better filled lunch basket—and how attractive that basket is to most people—all alike pay it homage, nor was any one more ready to do the work always necessary at a successful picnic; and on the moonlight ride home her clear soprano would lead the songs that rang out on the clear night air and was "crossed back and forth" from one lively carriage load to another. At "the parties" her circle of admirers was not by any means the smallest group; and in the merry riding parties hers to lead the race on what we called the "home run"—hers the most daring leap, oh, if you could only have seen her then, she was a picture to feast an artist's eye—

"Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase, Nor rural dance on the moonlight shore, Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed."

"Danger?" no bless you, she was as much at home in the saddle as you in your easy chair, she was not taught to ride by a servant, but by her soldier father and has ridden ever since she was a little mit of a thing too small for her foot to reach the stirrup. But to see her at her best was to see her as "the light of home," cheerful companion of an invalid husband, blessing of a sainted mother and not only a mother too, but companion and confidante of her our "bonnie lassie" standing with her and taking an interest in her music and her childish sports. Now mother, husband, brothers and sister are "over there" where there will be no more heart-breaking, good-byes said. Strong, brave-hearted Mary—may she re-unite "over there" be all the sweeter for the sorrow here.

There, I did not mean to write so much, but the "sweet girl friends" are so numerous, and so many have gone from the happy homes and merry circles they use to gladden with their presence—how they have gone out from our homes—some, alas for us, never to return, others to gladden homes of their own, still others to fight the rough battles of life, for "the world is hard to the left alone, harder than any New England rock," and others—God's vast pity—to fight the ever losing battle with ill health. Be their fate sad or happy—disappointing or successful—think you it will be any the less bravely born—or any the less bright for the memory of the "parties, rides and visits" so much enjoyed? or the thoughts of home be more regretful or less happy for the memory of these "old times"? Dear friends now scattered far and wide—once so dearly loved, now so fondly cherished—may God's choicest blessings be thine, and remembered for aye be "Aunt Lang-syne."

ONE OF THEM.

"The Partridge," Mar. 24, 1888.

MUSIC.

Different kinds of music suits different times, customs and manners, but withal, it is a heaven-let blessing which all, more or less, love to hear or indulge in. Such productions as "Home Sweet Home," "The Bridge," "Far Away" and others of like character are the very emblems of sweetness and melody. How John Howard Payne's soul must have thrilled with joy, how his mind must have reverted heavenward and tears unbidden, have come forth as he walked the lonely streets of slumbering London, homeless, a beggar, hearing the melodious strains come swelling forth from palaces and domes laden with his richest production, "Home Sweet Home."

Longfellow must have heard the angels chanting their holy psalm and filling the courts of Heaven with their voluptuous strains as he "stood on the bridge at midnight, and gazed on the ebbing tide." Music cheers and animates the love-sick youth with all his timidity (?) and delicacy. It also melts the iron heart of the war-worn trooper and ir-

tug him on "to victory, or to death." Ask the veterans of '61 when they felt most ready, willing, wistful and waiting to lay their bodies, a sacrifice upon the altar of their country, and doubt less they will tell you, "When all was ready for battle, and the band 'struck up' on Dixie." I suppose we include a moment in the future, behold that plain surrounded by lofty peaks upon which the lonely eagle with wings unspread, and eye gazing far down on the scenes below. There are dragons in hostile array, two vast armies—the mighty hosts, upon whose fate depend the destiny of nations. The golden rays of the morning sun kiss the glittering sword and illumines the death-damp on the soldier's brow. Their knees tremble, and their laboring breath, leads time to the heavy tread of the furious war-horse as he bears forward the officers to give the command of death. When the life and drum rend the air with their soul-inspiring sounds, the eagle on the mountain screams in flight! Every eye is kindled! Every heart is inspired! Every arm is renewed! Soldiers with quick tread to the beat of the drum and the note of the life, regardless of death and careless of life, they rush with rage and fury to the onset. The scene of carnage begins, and the awful din of battle ascends to the heavens all day, and with the setting of the sun sinks to the stifled cry and piteous moan of the wounded and dying on that gory field. Thus we may call one of the unholiest uses of the electrifying influences of music.

Music hath power to file off the rough corners of humanity, and civilize the rude, unpolished world. If we look into our American homes, what is it that makes them so cheerful and happy? Is it not the singing of a mirthful glee by a sister? Is it not the joining in the music of brothers and sisters there that leaves an impression upon their hearts—a deep sealed reminiscence, a charm which death alone can obliterate, and one of the great secrets that makes home the dear spot on earth? When young friends meet in the social circle to enjoy the bloom of youth, what can bind their tender hearts more firmly together or knit their souls more closely than the chains of music? Days will pass, years roll on, yet those purest hours will linger and entwine their tendrils around memory till autumn frost bring on the wintry tomb.

The tiller of the soil, amid the "balmy breeze and dewy rose," finds his music in the soft and soothing tones of the warbling songster, while the mariner, mounting the foam-crested billows, riding over the surging deep, lends an enchanted ear to the fitful waves and the howling, raging winds as they sing their mournful requiem over the unnumbered and silent dead. Thus we see that music hath charms on the mountain top, in the valley, on sea and land.

But there is a music far more enchanting, far more sublime, far more ennobling, than any yet mentioned. If we ever get a foretaste of the beyond, or if their is ever an intimation of heaven's scenes on earth, it must be when the aged father and mother whose locks are silvered by the finger of time, mingle their trembling voices, filled with love and God-given emotion, with the unbroken voice of the devoted youth and Christian hearted maiden in sending heavenward a glad anthem of praise in the words of "Jesus lover of my soul," "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Rock of ages," and other of like character no less sacred and devotional than old. If the angel choir is ever enchanted thitherward and God smiles upon mortals it things, it must be when the young and old, with hearts bent heavenward, join with a spirit of devotion on the Sabbath day around the sacred altar to chant such psalms. Almost without an exception take any church or Sunday-school you may and where all join in the singing, sing with the right spirit, you will find a live church, an active Sunday-school, and a peaceable, devotional community. It is much to be regretted, yea lamented that our people, both young and old, (especially the latter), do not join more in the singing. It is one of the leading elements that constitute a live, active and energetic church and Sunday-school. The singing by all and not by a few gives everything a different aspect, it seems to unite all in one common brotherhood. It not only seems to enliven but it inspires the minister to enter more forcibly and more courageously into his discourse. It wafers the mind from earth and earthly things toward heaven, and makes us have a greater longing, a more ardent desire to join the angel choir, where with unbroken voices, voluptuous strains and sweeter melodies, we can ever sing songs of praise to our God and King.

The faculty and students of the two institutions—Union Theological Seminary and Hampden Sidney College—have proposed to support a missionary in the foreign field by their united efforts. Several of the young men in the seminary have also declared their purpose to devote themselves to missionary work if the way shall be opened for them.

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PULPIT AND PEW.

For the Pulpit:— That minister best preaches the Gospel, who preaches it as a sinner needs to hear it, when under deep conviction of sin, and as a Christian wants to hear it when on his dying bed, and about to make an exchange of worlds. Such a Gospel is good news to the soul. The more of it from the preacher's lips, the better.—The Independent.

For the Pew:— The duty of the pew to the pulpit has respect to three periods, viz.— 1. Before hearing. With the Puritans, preparation for Sabbath began on Saturday. Everything was done that could be done before the Sabbath came, to diminish the amount of care and work upon the holy day. . . . In these particulars, the Puritans are worthy of our imitation to-day. How many of our average church members earnestly seek fitness for the services of the sanctuary? . . . What you get from a sermon, remember depends much upon what you take to it. Take to it a preoccupied heart, and you will get little even from a superior discourse; take to it a heart emptied of the world, and hankering for spiritual food, and you will take away something good even from a discourse that is inferior.

2. While hearing. The minds of many are out of the meeting-house, while their bodies are in it. They are thinking of what they have done the past week, or what they are going to do the present week. The preacher may be in part to blame for not keeping their minds off these things, but not altogether. . . . Do you really want your minister to do his best in speaking? Then, do you do your best in hearing? Listless listeners make powerless preachers. . . . Hear for yourselves. . . . When reproved from the pulpit, do not get displeased with the reprover, but with that in yourselves which calls for reproof. Nathan rebuked David, but David did not get angry with Nathan. He turned his thought toward his iniquity, and, casting himself down in deep contrition, besought God to deliver him from blood-guiltiness. Join the Baptist reproof Herod and Herodias; but, instead of trying to put themselves right, as David had done when reproved, they compassed the death of the faithful man who had told them of their sin. When members of a congregation are pursuing wrong courses, their minister should fearlessly, while always lovingly, tell them of it. Hear for yourselves, and not for others, we have said. We also say, Hear for others, and not for yourselves. Hear for yourselves and not for others; that is, hear to apply in fact to your own lives what is adapted to improve them, and not to apply the truth in thought only to others' failings.

3. After hearing. Having made suitable preparation for hearing, and having given attention, what then? Will it do to admit worldly thought as soon as the sermon is over? Is it right to give invitations to picnics and parties, in the vestibule, or to talk business or politics about the door? Dare we engage in foolish talking and jesting on the way home, or take up secular newspapers and fill our minds with trash after dinner? These questions need no answer. . . . Be careful how you criticize a sermon. . . . Especially in the presence of your people, should criticisms of sermons be guarded. . . . Think upon what you hear. Do not treat the sermon as though it were delivered simply to give entertainment for half an hour. Ponder its truths deeply and long. . . . Hear to act. Doing should follow learning. The Rev. A. C. Chute, in The Standard.

Poetic Sparks.

PROMONIONS.

A solemn murmur in the soul Tells of a world to be; As travelers hear the billows roll Before they reach the sea. The waves are mighty, but the spray is soft; And often our great and high resolves, Ground in their foaming as an ocean wave, Break in the spray of nothing. Sure they of many blessings Should scatter many blessings round. As laden boughs in autumn fling Their ripe fruit to the ground. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty active, knowledge delightful and wit good-natured. Addison.

OSCAR.

"Poor sad humanity, Through all the dust and heat, Turb back with bleeding feet. By the weary road it came, Unto the simple thought, By the Great Master taught, And that remaineth still: Not be that repenteth the name, But he that doeth the will. H. W. Longfellow.