CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

errands.

Lines on a Skeleton,

Lamily Reading.

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[Sixty years ago, the London Morning Chronicle published a poem entitled, "Lines on a Skeleton," which excited much attention. Every effort, even to the offering of fifty guineas, was vainly made to discover the author. All that ever transpired was, that the poem, in a fair, clerkly hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable beauty of form and color, in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the curator of the museum had sent them to Mr. Perry, editor and proprietor of the Morning Chronicle:] Behold this ruin ! 'Twas a skull

Once of ethereal spirit full; This narrow cell was Life's retreat, This space was Thought's mysterious seat. HT ZAMADOT

What beauteous visions filled the spot, What dreams of pleasure long forgot? Nor hope nor pleasure, joy nor fear, Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy Once shone the bright and busy eye But start not at the dismal void. If social love that eye employed, If with no lawless fire it gleamed, But through the dews of kindness beamed.

That eye shall be forever bright When stars and suns are sunk in night. Within this hollow cavern hung The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;

If falsehood's honey it disdained, And, where it could not praise, was

chained :

said he. 'No, thank you; I can't sit down. I'm a deal too busy for that. Bnt I heard yesterday that you took fifty dollars out of the savings bank ?' 'Yes,' said Mrs. Dean, her face hardening, " I did !'

"We are taking up a subscription to get little lame Dick Bodley a cart and donkey, so that he can go around peddling tinware,' said the doctor. 'It's pretty hard for one afflicted as he is to get along, and if you can help us a little -'

· But I can't,' interposed Mrs. Dean, breathlessly. 'The money was an investment.'

'It's a deed of charity, Mrs. Dean,' said the good old man, 'to help old Dick Bodley.'

irritably. 'But I never pretended to be a charitable character.'

The old doctor went away, and the next visitor was Helen Hurst, a rosy school.' girl of eighteen.

· Excuse me for interrupting you, Mrs. Dean,' said she, 'but Larry Johnson was at the bank yesterday, and he tells me you drew out your money ? "Was all creation there,' thought Mrs. Dean.

But she said nothing, only knit away until her needles seemed to glance and glitter like points of fire.

'I am trying to get a boarding place at Mrs. Swipes,' added Helen, coloring it.' 'so as to be near the district school; where I am to teach this Spring. But Mrs. Swipes requires payment in advance by the month, and unfortunately to the church charities. we have used up all our slender means in providing my outfit. A teacher, you know, must be dressed decently. But if you will kindly lend me ten dollars-' "I never lend,' said Mrs. Dean curtly.

For half an hour Mrs. Dean sat the gay ribbon measured and in watch. silent and never spoke a word. And ing the ladies who came in to do their her first utterance was :

"It's the Lord's judgment upon me !" Mrs. Dean was a resolute woman, full of character. She went to the tabledrawer, took out a sheet of paper, and wrote to Dr. Bridgman, enclosing one dollar towards Dick Bodleys's horse and cart. She sent another dollar to Mrs. Graham for the poor little O'Haras, and promised to donate a barrel of russets, a bushel of potatoes, and some of her husband's cast-off clothes to cut over for the children. And she sent for Helen Hurst to come and see her. you know.' 'I can't lend you ten dollars, my dear,' said she, ' because I haven't got it. But I will tell you what I will do. 'I dare say,' said Mrs. Dean, a little I'll let you make your home here as long as you please. There is a nice spare room, and it is an eighth of a mile nearer than Mrs. Swipes' to the district

> "Ob, how good you are !' said Helen her eyes swimming with grateful tears. Good !' cried Mrs. Dean 'I'm just beginning to think what a selfish, greedy creature I've been all my life.' She opened her parlor, shook out the curtains, and built a fire in the air-tight wood-stove. ming and ment onten wes all

'Dean likes the parlor' said she, because it has such nice south windows,

shopping; but after a while she grew tired and wished for her mother to come. Then a little girl older than she came in, and they began to talk together. Lucy told her she was waiting for her mother who had promised to come for her when she got through her

'Aren't you afraid your mother may forget you ?' asked the little girl. 'No, I'm not afraid. I'm sure she won't do that,' said Lucy. 'How can you be sure? She may,

'She promised,' was the child's reply, and I never knew my mother to break her promise."

Another hour passed away. How long it seemed to Lucy. The customers had all gone home. The people in the store were putting away their goods. It was growing dark, and the gas-lamps were lighted; but still her mother did not come. A lady came into the store whom Lucy knew. She lived near her father's house, and offered to take her home in her carriage.

'No thank you, ma'am,' said Lucy ; 'mother said she would come for me, and I know she will keep her promise." At length her mother came. How glad Lucy was to see her. And when and I don't see why we shouldn't enjoy they were sitting by the fireside in the

Concerning Marriage.

One of Jonathan Edwards' daughters, who had some spirit of her own, had also a proposal of marriage. The youth was referred to her father. 'No,' said that stern individual, 'you can't have my daughter.' . Bat I love her and she loves me,' pleaded the young man. · Cant have her !' said the father. ' am well to do, and can support her,' explained the applicant. ' Can't have her !' persisted the old man. + May 1 ask,' meekly enquired the suitor, 'if you have heard anything against my character ?' . No !' thundered the ob-J haven't heard anything against you 'I think you are a promising young man, and that's why you can't have her. She's got a very bad temper and you would'nt be happy with her ! The lover amazed, said, 'Why, Mr. Edwards ! thought Emily was a Christian. She is a Christian, isn't she?' ' Certainly she is,' growled the conscientious parent, but young man, when you grow older you'll be able to understand that there's some folks that the grace of God can live with, that you can't !"

A London paper once offered a prize for the best letter, the subject to be the refusal of an offer of marriage. The result was ah inundation, "nearly filling the editor's office. Here are samples, beginning with "Portia," who took the prize money :--- " Dear Mr. ----- : am very sorry; I appreciate you immensely, but I cannot give the casket without the gem." The next is signed "Miranda," " Dear Mr. Caliban : In declining the honour of an offer from you I am constrained to own, in justice to my judgment, that I only refuse Somebody's child being snubbed for such a one because I have accepted another." " A S. P." writes : "Friend ever, husband never." Still more laconic is "Sweet Pea" : " No, thank you," " Lanark" says: " Dear Mr. -: Take back your offer. I cannot send a refusal to you, the friend I so value and esteem," " Pink Domino " is complimentary: Dear Sir, "In declining proposal which I trust you will believe I appreciate as the highest compliment you could possibly have paid me, I beg to assure you in all sincerity, that upon a review of my own demerits, it is beliet that my retusal of your offer marriage is the best and most unself return I can make you." Angelina' is equally kindly H" My dear Edwin There is nothing in the world I value more than your friendships You suggest to me the adoption of a course by which I should most certainly lose it. How cruel In How unkind || But the strength, of my regard makes me vulnerable to temptation, I am much your friend to marry you, and such I hope always to remain." "Sarah Acton "wois, evidently of ne practical turn of mind : Dear Sir : You chance to state accidentally in a recent con versation that your digestion was no good. This being the case, I feel that it would be unwise for meto accept the proposal you have just made, for amiability of temper and chronic dyspepsia as I know too well from my dear father's case, are utterly incompatible,

SEPTEMBER 13, 1882.

This Christian large-bartedness wil go to the most accessible. We sometimes go to an old infidel and waste our powder and shot on him, and get disheartened because he won't be converted. When we could go to those who would receive the Word, what is the use of sticking to a hardened old crocodile? Don't waste your time on him ; work for the conversion of those in hisfamily, and of his servants, then he will see a miracle, and it will do more towards converting him than if you had spent all your ammunition on him. You know how it is with a river running around rocks, always seeking the softest places; it is the law of nature. Some say, never leave a difficulty be hind; I say, leave it behind. Suppose stinate parent, by this time aroused: you are studying a language; they say when you meet a difficulty, camp out there, never give up until you have conquered it; I say, leave it there, go on, and by-and-by, when you turn around the difficulty has disappeared. Thus it is with the movements of Christianity : it goes ahead to those who will receive the Word, and those that are left behind became hungry for it .- F. Judson.

approaching in areas area on the Lori The living soul is not content to be spoken to by a book alone, but by a Person. The word is mighty when it is " made flesh." The necessities underlying the incarnation are imperative as ever. We can have no sympathy with the "stream of tendency" that would distribute Christ as a pale presence pervading all things, or bury his personality in the tomb of the universe. We cannot afford to ignore the teaching of sacred history. We remember that the strength of Judaism was bent on incarnation. The bush, the pillar of fire, the temple, were, as far as the nature of the things would allow, a vesture of personality for God. Then came Christ into the world chanting, A body hast Thou prepared Me." And the sceptre will never depart from the pulpit while it stands between personality and personality, between the heart of Christ on the one hand and the soul of man on the other -James Stirling. a vision lots a mos ider A. The following story relative to John Wesley is said to have been recently unearthed. Although, like the Apostles, he found that his preaching did not greatly affect the mighty or the noble, still he numbered some families of good position amongst his followers. It was at the house of one of these that the incident took place. Wesley had been preaching; and a daughter o a neighboring gentleman, a girl remarkable for her beauty, had been profound! impressed by his exhortations and After the sermon, Wesley was invited to this gentleman's bouse to luncheon, hand with himself one of his preachers was entertained. This preacher, like many of the class at that time, was a man of plain manners, and not conscious of the restraints of good society. The fair young Methodist sat beside him at the table, and he noticed that she wore number of rings. During a pause in the meal the preacher took hold of the young lady's hand, and, raising it in the air, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling jewels. "What do you think of this, sir," he said, " for a Methodist's hand?" The girl turned crimson. For Wesley, with his known and expressed aversion to finery, the question was a peculiarly awkward one. But the aged evangelist showed a tact which Chesterfield might have envied. He looked up with a quiet, benevolen smile, and simply said, "The hand is very beautiful." The blushing beauty had expected something far different from a reproof wrapped up with such feone with the other. A man with a bad licity in a compliment. She had the



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If bold in virtue's cause it spoke, Yet gentle concord never broke. This silent tongue shall plead for thee When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delverthe mine? Or with its envied rubies shine? To hew the rock, or wear the gem, Can little now avail to them. But, if the path of truth they sought, Or comfort to the mourner brought, These hands a richer meed shall claim Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod, These feet the path of duty trod. If from the bowers of ease they fled, To seek affiiction's humble bed ; If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned

And home to Virtue's cot returned, These feet with angels' wings shall vie, And tread the palace of the sky.

The Fifty Dollar Bill-

Mrs. Dean sat alone in her little kitchen. She never used her parlor. There was the extravagance of the extra fire to be considered; the fact that the best rag-carpet, woven by her own skillfull hands, must not be worn out too recklessly; the dread possibility of sunshine fading out the chair covers. Mrs. Dean was an economist. She believed in making everything last as long as it possibly could. And so she made the kitchen her head-quarters, and sat there knitting with her feet comfortably balanced on the stone hearth, the sauce-pan of apples bubbling softly away at the back, and the sound of her husband's axe ringing from the back shed.

She was a little wrinkled-faced woman of fifty, with stiff ribbon bows in her cap, hair that seemed dried up instead silvered, and keen blue eyes that twinkled as if they had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. To save money was her chief end and aim in life. The very mittens she was knitting were to be sold at the village store in exchange for tea, sugar, spices, and all such necessary groceries. A penuy saved is as good as a penny earned,' was the golden rule by which she shaped her life. 'I am glad I took that money out of the Savings bank yesterday,' said Mrs. Dean to herself, as the bright needles clicked merrily away. 'People say it is not quite safe, and one can't be too careful. But then, again, there's the danger of burglars-though, to be sure, no burglar.' she added, with complacent inward chuckle, 'would ever think of looking in the folds of the old Clinkerville Clarion newspaper, in the wall-pocket on the wall. It's the bureau drawers and trunks, and the locked-up chests they aim for. A fifty dollar bill-a clean, crisp, new fifty dollar bill ! And all the savings, too, out of the house money.'

'I will be sure to pay it up when I it's going to open up your heart like this, receive my first quarter's salary,' pleaded Helen.

'It's altogether against my principles,' said Mrs. Dean, with her face as hard as if it had been carved out of hickory. Helen Hurst crept out, feeling humiliated and disappointed beyond all expression.

Mrs. Dean chuckled at her own shrewdness: but she hardly had time to stir up the apples in the sauce-pan before Mrs. Graham entered with a little leather covered memorandum book and pencil.

'I am looking for charitable people Mrs. Dean,' said the squire's wife with a laugh.

"Then you've come to the wrong place,' said Mrs. Dean frigidly. "Poor Patrick O'Hara was killed yesterday in the machinery of the rolling mill,' said Mrs. Graham, ignoring her neighbor's response. 'He has left wife and eight children totally desti-

"And whose fault is that ?' said Mrs. Dean

Will you not contribute something towards relieving their destitute condition ?' urged Mrs. Graham.

"Certainly not,' said Mrs. Dean, "I have no money to spare.' But I was told-

• Oh, yes-about the money that was drawn out of the savings bank !' said Mrs. Dean. 'But I intend to keep acknowledging within herself that her errand had been a failure, and Mrs. Dean, left to herself at last, indulged in a nap, with the knitting-work in her lap-a nap wherein she dreamed that the fifty dollar bill had taken to itself legs and was running away from a crowd of pursuers, herself among the

She baked a fresh batch of gingerbread, and sent a loaf to old Mrs 'I can't be very liberal,' she said, but I am determined to do what I can. "That's right, my dear-that's right said her husband.' 'We shall be prosperous, never fear. I'm awfully sorry about burning up your \$50 bill, but if

it's the best thing that could have bappened to us.'

Mrs. Dean was sweeping out the kitchen. She looked around with a smile as she moved the white-leaved table which always stood under the wallpocket, and took down the pocket itself, a rude structure of splints, lined with red cambric, to dust it out.

'Yes,' she said, 'I am afraid I getting to be a little too miserly, a why, what's this ?'

Mr. Dean stooped and picked up slip of crumpled, dark-green pap which bad fallen out from the wall pocket as his wife turned it opsi down.

· It's the \$50 bill !' said he wi mouth and eyes opening in unison 'It must have slipped down from the fold of the newspaper.'

'The Lord has sent it back to us.' said Mrs. Dean, reverently, and he has sent a lesson, wise and merciful, with

"Well, ' said Mr. Dean, after a mo ment or two of silence, ' there's a lesson in almost everything he does, it we did but know it.'

And all the theologians in the world could not have improved upon the faith of this simple, unlettered old farmer.

Trust in a Promise.

evening, her mother told her this was the kind of trust that God wanted his children to exercise. He gives us Mudge; she renewed her subscription, promises in his Book, and expects us to believe them just as we believe the promises of onr parents and dear friends

A Nautical Parent.

asking questions, answered back in unconscious rebuke, * If I didn't ask questions, I'd never know much." The boy mentioned below asked his questions and still did not know much that all sailor boys know. . Mr. Brown' might have saved himself by snubbing ' Johnny;' then again, it would have been more honest to have confessed there were things in which he needed to be enlightened himself -* Father, asked Johnny, what is the officers for the ensure

' A log, my son, replied Brown, stealing a hasty glance at Mrs, B., to see if she was listening for his answer, 'a log, my son, is a big piece of wood or timber. Why do you ask, Johnny?" · It tells in this story about heaving the log, and it says the ship went fourteen knots an hour. What does it mean by knots, father " vroisel elimany's h . Knots, Johnny, knots? Why, you have seen a log-almost always covered with knots-haven't you ?" Well, that's what it means-fourteen of them-the ship got by fourteen of them in an hour. That's all, Johnny,' said Brown, with a sigh of relief that he had got out of i so easily of the people of this of each DIOS & YEST DED YITCHON

UMBRELLAS AND PEPPER. - The umbrella trade grievously threatens the existence of the pimento plantations Jamaica. Au official estimate made Kingston, last fall, reckoned that more A little girl whose mother had always then awaiting export to England and that money for myself, Mrs. Graham.' told the truth, and taught her to trust the United States. These sticks were digestion can alas ! never make a good husband." .wollot Hiw stello almost without exception pimento, and her minerals are very ponderous. Dr. it is not surprising to be informed that owners and lessees of pimento walks are becoming alarmed at the growth of a trade which threatens to uproot, in a few years, all their young trees. The export returns for the past five years show an average of 2,000 bundles of sticks sent out of the Island annually the ordinary course of trade, and returns for the first three-quarters of 1881 show an export of over 4,500 bundles, valued at 15,000 dols. When it is remembered that each bundle contains from 500 to 800 secret. The offer of the Government sticks, each of which represents a young is giving great satisfaction, and we are The ex-bishop politely condoled with bearing pimento tree, the extent of the looking forward to Wales rising destruction may be realised .- Scientific higher level as regards education than us Linemant. This Linimentis worth

Just then there sounded a knock at the door, and in came old Dr. Bridgman, rubicund with the touch of the March wind what soged de

" Good day, Mrs. Dean, good day !

number, When she awoke, roused by the noise of coal being poured upon the stove, a candle was burning, and Mr. Dean was laughing at her. Why, Betsy,' said he, 'I thought

you never were going to wake again. Here you sat, with the fire dead out, and I had to kindle it up again."

'Bless me !' said Mrs. Dean, "I must have been sleeping quite a while.' But as she started up she saw that the old wall-pocket was empty- where is that old number of the Clinkerville for you as soon as I get through my Clarion ? 1000 04 101

'It was last week's paper,' said Mr. Dean, 'We had both read it, so I just took it to kindle the fire.' 'You burnt it up ?' should I not ?"

Mrs. Graham took her departure, in her promises, went with her one day to a large town. The child had been used to the quiet country, and the noise and bustle of the city were not pleasant to her. A great crowd was gathered to see some show in the street, and Lucy pressed her mother's hand. for she felt afraid. GET DER STE ' Dont be afraid, my child,' said her

mother. . I won't take you into any danger. Keep hold of my hand, and nothing shall burt you in villativ Lucy believed her mother and was happy.

After a while, it began to rain. The mother looked at her delicate little girl and said :

'Lucy, dear, I am afraid to take you any further on account of the rain. I have business in another part of the town. I must leave you in this store. Don't go away from it, and I will come

The child looked into her mother's face and said :

· You won't forget me, I know.' Then her mother kissed her, and "Yes," said Mr. Dean. Why left her in care of the store-keeper. At first she was amused by seeing

weight in gold. bool BABY IN THE CRIB, THINKING Id ad Beautiful little mamma Beautiful little mamma, What do you think I'd do the state If you were a baby smiling, old doin the And I a mamma like you? Tnever would leave my baby evident Waiting to be careased, But reach out my arms and take her,

of And gather her on my breast 10 m the Mathodistoid That's what Pid dolshodiald out B ad die remark was made. " A Protestant

Don't drink ice-water by the glass !

take it in sips, a swallow at a times and of

IBBEES

esnes of I were you's suitered creature, Puov erew I Ho sense

hand was stripped of every ornament EDUCATION IN WALES. A letter except those which nature had given. to the London Freeman says The Government has / dealt very liberally with us in the matter of highe In 'Natural Religion' the author of education. £4,000 a year each is to Ecce Homo' tells a story to the effect be given to a northern and southern that the theophilanthropist, Lareyelcollege as soon as they are established lere Lepeaux, once confided to Talley-The locale of the colleges will depend on the means and generosity of the several townsmen. Cardiff offers £81,-000. Swansea offers a site valued at £10,000 What contributions beside she has ever occupied. "sedmun se SOCIETY OF FRIENDS -The Rhod

cases containing coal blooks an

Island yearly meeting was full to over-flowing. Education and the Lebanon Mission, and Home Mission work, had much attention, a Interesting conformas rise again the third day. Christian tion respecting work among the Indians was given, and more free and easy admission of members into the society, was advocated.

rand his disappointment at the ill-success of bis attempt to bring into vogue a sort of improved Christianity, a benevolent rationalism which he had invented to meet the wants of a sceptical age.' 'His propaganda made no way,' he him, feared it was a difficult task to found a new religion, more difficult then could be imagined, so difficult that be hardly knew what to advise I 'Still'-so he went on after a moment's reflection- There is one plan which you might at least try ; I should recommend you to be crucified and to

good sense to say nothing, but when,

a few hours laters, she again appeared

in Wesley's presence, the beautiful

MUMBER STORES FLORE

estimates of barrests of the world bloom . 1882. TRANSPORT Miss Marianne North sailed for the Cape on Wednesday to resume her task Mass L. C. WHITON, we ing of bullets and military buttons on world. After spending some months in about some months in South Africa, she proposes to visit Madof painting the flora of all parts of the drink ice-water by the glass ; in sips, a swallow at antimes and of the short that did their pre-in sips, a swallow at antimes and of the spending some months an decessors in bygone years toorib line to ow T