

'content with his wages,' whatever the amount may be that his superiors think fit to give him (I believe, by the by, this is said by St. Paul of soldiers, but of course is meant to apply equally to all under authority) that is enough.

For my own part, I have always considered that the truest and best Christian charity consists in setting a good example to our poor neighbors; and our curate spoke in his sermon of Example as being a part of Charity. And I feel confident you will not be of a different opinion from us upon this. For instance, I think it right to show good order and management in my household affairs, always supporting the station and dignity in my style of living which befit a man of family and landed property, but never countenancing idle expense and display. I make my steward collect my bills, and I balance my accounts myself, quarterly. I make it a rule also, which I am sure you will feel is right, not to have my horses or carriages out on Sundays, in order that my servants may not have unnecessary work on that day, except to take myself and Lady P. and my family and visitors to church; and I make it a rule on that day to invite the clergyman to dine at the hall, who does duty, on a plain dinner, at which, by-the-by, I have always a roast sirloin of beef and a plum-pudding, which has never ceased to be a custom in my house on Sundays, to mark the difference of the day, with seldom any other wines but sherry and port, except now and then a bottle of that claret of Crockford's, which I remember you spoke well of. And these things I think it right to do as the principal person in the parish, for an example, which may suggest to all others the propriety of doing the like.

From all this you will perceive that I am well pleased with our curate's first display. I must now conclude, being called away to commit two prisoners, who are here in the constable's charge, notorious plunderers, one of them detected, last night poaching in the plantations, and the other stealing firewood from a hedge of one of my tenants,—which is all the more unpardonable because the offenders are married men, and each has a family of children, with whom they were specially bound to pass the evening by the parental fire-side, instead of roaming about for depre-dation. This makes it a duty in me, from which I must not shrink, to deal with them summarily and severely.

I am, my dear sir, always yours truly,
HARDRESS POUCHLEY,
Letter IV—From the Rev. Grisley Skinner, Canon Residentiary of —, to the Rev. Clement Frankly, Curate of Little Easington.

DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,
I lose no time in expressing to you my great satisfaction at the accounts I have received, from more than one quarter, of the impress on produced in my parish by your sermon of last Sunday. Indeed, I am happy to say that Sir Hardress himself has written to me in very favourable terms of it. I am sure this cannot fail to be a source of high gratification to you; feeling, as I am sure you must, that to obtain the favourable testimony of the principal persons in his parish, and the approbation of his superiors in the church, must be always the first object for every clergyman to keep in mind. Not to mention, what you cannot be insensible to its great importance with a view to further preferment hereafter. I approve highly of the text and subject which I understand you chose for your sermon—the beauty efficacy of Christian Charity. Go on and prosper.

I am, Dear and Reverend sir,
Yours in all truth and affection,
GRISLEY SKINNER.

P.S. It escaped me to mention to you that you will find that the quarterly draft for your salary, which you will receive regularly is not an even sum of ten pounds, owing to the deduction for Property Tax.

From Hogg's Instructor.
LIVE NOT TO YOURSELF.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD.
On a frail little stem in the garden hangs the opening rose. Go ask it why it hangs there; "hang here," says the beautiful flower, "to sweeten the air which man breathes to open my beauties, to kindle emotion in his eye, to show him the hand of his God, who pencilled every leaf and laid them on my bosom. And whether you find me here to greet him every morning, or whether you find me on the lone mountain side, with the bare possibility that he threw me one passing glance, my end is the same. I live not to myself."

Beside you highway stands an aged tree, solitary and alone. You see no living thing near it, and you say surely that must stand for itself alone. "No," says the tree, "God never made me for a purpose so small. For more than a hundred years I have stood here. In summer I have spread out my arms and sheltered the panting flock which hastened to my shade. In my bosom I have concealed and protected the brood of young birds; they lay and rocked in their nests; in the storm I have more than once received in my body the lightning's bolt, which had else destroyed the traveller, the acorns I have matured from year to year, have been carried far and near, the groves of forest oak can claim me as their parent. I have lived for the eagle which has perched on my top; for the humming bird that has paused and refreshed its giddy wing ere it danced away again like a blossom of the air;

for the insect that has formed a home within the folds of my bark—and when I can stand no longer, I shall fall by the hands of man and I will go to strengthen ship which makes him lord of the ocean, and to his dwelling, to warm his hearth, and cheer his home. I live not to myself."

On yonder mountain side comes down the silver brook, in the distance resembling a ribbon of silver, running and leaping as it dashes joyously down. Go ask the leeper what it is doing.

"I was born says the brook, 'high up the mountain;—but there I could do no good; and so I am hurrying down, running where I can and leaping where I must, but hastening down to water the sweet valley, where thirsty cattle may drink, where the lark may sing on my margin, where I may drive the mill for the accommodation of man, and then widen into the great river, and bear up his steam-boats and shipping, and finally plunge into the great ocean, to rise again in vapour, and perhaps come back again, in the clouds to my own native mountains, and live my short life over again. Not a drop of water comes down my channel in whose bright face you may not read, 'none of us lives for himself.'"

Speak now that solitary star that hangs in the far verge of heaven, and ask the bright sparkler what it is doing there? Its voice comes down the path of light and cries—I am a mighty world. I was stationed here at the creation. I was among the morning stars that sang together, and among the sons of God that shouted for joy, at the creation of the world—ay I was there—

"When the radiant morn of creation broke, And the world in the smiles of God awoke, And the empty realms of darkness and death

Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath; And the orbs of Beauty and spheres of Flame From the void abyss by myriads came, In the joy of youth as they darted away Through the widening wastes of space to play

Their silver voices in chorus rung, And this was the song the bright ones sung: Here among the morning stars, I hold my place and help to keep other worlds balanced and in their places. I have oceans and mountains and I support myriads of immortal beings, on my bosom; and when I have done this I send my bright beams down to earth, and the sailor takes hold of the helm, and fixes his eye on me, and finds his home across the ocean. Of all the countless hosts of my sister stars, who walk forth in the great space of creation, not one lives or shines for herself.

And thus God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks that flower on its stem, upon the rain-drops which swell the mighty river, upon the dewdrops that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun, which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all hath he written, 'None of us liveth to himself.'

And if you will read this lesson in characters still more striking and distinct, you will go to the garden of Gethsemane; and hear Redeemer in prayer, while the angel of God strengthens him. You will read it on the hill of Cavalry, where a voice that might be the concentrated voice of the whole universe of God, proclaims that the highest, noblest deed which the infinite can do, to do good to others—to live not to himself.

From the People's Press.
THE PLEA OF THE SUNBEAM.

"Let there be light."
BY GEORGE FLETCHER.

Oh let me in! Why from your close pent homes,

Do ye shut out the golden "sheen" of light?

Issue your summons—speak, the wanderer comes,

Chasing away the poison breath of night

Not the day's tranquil rest: the night that dwells

All hours and seasons—sae dull, changeless gloom—

In narrow courts. Open the noisome cells,

Fever is lurking in each sunless room.

Put windows in your hall—illumine the blind:

Make portals for the Sunbeam and the Wind.

All hearts will bless my coming. With my ray

I'll kiss the young infants as they lie asleep

And call up visions of the far away

To one long exiled from the mountain steep;

And in his city home, my welcome beam

May gild the present with the gold of yore:

Again in thought he'll wander by the stream,

With her, whose love clings to him evermore.

Though sire and husband—doomed to ill paid toil—

He deems my light a glance of heaven's sweet smile.

I'll wander gently by the sick man's bed,

Bidding him hope—for hope dwells with my ray—

And he will feel that soon, with firmer tread,

And buoyant form he'll greet the coming day.

Trees, winds and sunbeams—ministrants of health—

Blend in his thoughts, and tinge his waking hours.

Oh for the time, when, gleaming nature's wealth,

To hail the sunshine 'midst the the breath of flowers!

The fragrant flowers—the banquet guests that spring,

At summer's call, to joyous revelling!

Oh let me in! Open the lattice wide:

I and the Wind, my brother, let us come,

To narrow haunts where man's foot doth abide:

God sends us everywhere—the world's own home,

Oh let me enter e'en the house of crime:

Some erring one, amid his dark career,

My ray may lead back to the early time,

When for his guilt no parent shed a tear.

How oft at morn—though long, too long ago—

His mother blessed him 'neath my early glow!

Give me but "verge enough," and I will teach

Lessons of beauty to the human mind,

In homes that need my presence; there to preach

Joy in the sunshine, health in the balmy Wind!

My master who hath sent me, bids me seek,

In alleys foul, the cabin'd lonely den:

Tint its rude walls; and cheer the sunken cheek

Of toil bow'd, worn, and humble working men.

The darkness save of nature's is a sin;

"Let there be light!" so, health with light comes in!

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE RICH MERCHANT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

It was late at night, and the street were nearly deserted, the more especially as it was snowing fast. A single traveller, however, might have been seen, wrapped in a thick overcoat, urging his way against the tempest, by the light of the dim lamps. Suddenly as he passed a ruinous tenement, the figure of a girl started up before him.

"Please, sir," said she, "if it's only a penny—mother is sick, and we have eaten nothing to day."

The first impulse of the moment was to go on: Her face was thin and pale, and her garments scanty. He was a man of impulses, so he put his hand towards his pocket, intending to give her a shilling. She saw the act, and her lustreless eye brightened. But the traveller had forgot that his overcoat was buttoned over his pocket.

"It is too much trouble," he said to himself, and this wind is very cutting. Besides, these beggars are usually cheats—I'll warrant this girl wants the money to spend in a gin-shop." And speaking aloud, he said somewhat harshly, "I have nothing for you; if you are really destitute, the guardians of the poor will take care of you."

The girl shrank back without a word, and drew her tattered garments around her shivering form. But a tear glittered on her cheek in the light of the dim lamp.

The man passed and turning the next corner, soon knocked at the door of a splendid mansion, through whose richly curtained windows a rosy light streamed out across the storm. A servant obsequiously gave him entrance.

At the sound of his footstep the parlour door was hastily opened, and a beautiful girl apparently about seventeen, sprang into his arms, and kissed him on each cheek, and then begged to assist him in removing his overcoat.

"What kept you so long, dear papa?" she said. "If I had known where you were, I would have sent the carriage. You never stay so late at the office."

"No, my love, I was at my lawyer's—busy, very busy, and all for you," and she kindly patted her cheek. "But, now, Margy, can't you give me some supper?"

The daughter rang the bell, and ordered the supper to be served. It was such a one as an epicure might delight in, just the supper for a traveller on a night like that.

been successful, or you would not have been at your lawyer's."

"Yes, my darling," he said, fondly kissing her, "the cotton speculation has turned out well. I sold all I had of the article this afternoon, received the money, and took it to my lawyer's telling him to invest it in real estate. I think I shall soon give up business."

"Oh! do, do, papa. But you will give me this ball—won't you?"

"You little tease!" said the father, but he spoke smilingly; and putting his hand in his pocket-book, he took out a note and placed it in his child's hand. "Take this—if it is not enough you must have another, I suppose. But don't trouble me about it any more."

The next morning broke clear, but the snow was a foot deep on the level, and here and there lay in huge drifts, blocking up the doorways. At ten o'clock, the rich merchant was on his way to his counting-room. He turned down the same street up which he had come the preceding evening. A crowd had gathered around the open cellar-door of a ruined tenement. The merchant paused to inquire what was the matter.

"A woman, sir, has been found dead below there," said one of the spectators. "She starved to death, it is said, and they have sent for the coroner. Her daughter has just come back, after being out all night. I believe she was begging. That's her moaning."

"Ah!" said the merchant; and a pang went through his heart like an ice-bolt, for he remembered denying a petitioner the night before. He pushed through the crowd and ascended the cellar-steps. A girl covered over an emaciated corpse that lay on a heap of straw, in one corner of the damp apartment. It was the same girl he had feared it would prove. The merchant was horror-struck.

"My poor child!" he said, laying his hand on her shoulder, "you must be cared for—God forgive me for denying you last night! Here, take this!" and he put a bill into her hand.

The girl looked up and gazed vacantly at him. Then she put back the proffered money.

"It will do no good now," she said, "mother is dead, and she burst into hysterical tears; and the merchant, at that moment, would have given half his fortune to have recalled her to life.

The lesson thus learned he never forgot. The merchant personally saw that a decent burial was provided for the mother, and afterwards took the daughter into his house, educated her for a respectable station in life, and, on her marriage, presented her with a proper dowry. He lived to hear her children hush their gratitude.

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A farmer in one of the western counties in England was met by a man whom he had formerly employed, and who again asked for work. The farmer (rather with a view to be relieved from his importunity than with any intention of assisting him), told him he would think of it, and send word to the place where the man told him he should be found. Time passed on and the Farmer entirely forgot his promise. One night however he suddenly started from his sleep, and awaking his wife said he felt a strong impulse to set off immediately to the county town, some thirty or forty miles distant; but why he had not the least idea. He endeavoured to shake off the impression and went to sleep again, but awoke again with such a strong conviction that he must start that instant, that he directly rose, saddled his horse and set off.—On his way he had to cross a ferry which he could only do at an hour of the night when the mail was carried over.—He was almost certain he should be too late, but nevertheless rode on, and when he came to the ferry, greatly to his surprise found, that though the mail was carried over a short time previously, the ferryman was still waiting. On his expressing his astonishment, the boatman replied, "oh, when I was on the tother side I heard you shouting, and so came back again." The farmer said he had not shouted, but the other repeated his assertion that he had distinctly heard him call. Having passed over, the farmer pursued his journey and arrived at the county town the next morning. But now that he came there, he had not the slightest notion of any business to be transacted, and so amused himself by sauntering about the place, and at length entered the place where the assizes were being held. The prisoner at the bar had just been to all appearances, proved clearly guilty, by circumstantial evidence, of murder, and he was then asked if he had any witnesses to call in his behalf. He replied that he had no friends there, but looking about the court, amongst the spectators, he recognised the farmer, who almost immediately recognised in him the man who had applied to him for work. The farmer was instantly summoned to the witness box, and his evidence proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, and the very hour the prisoner was accused of committing murder in one part of the country he was applying for work in another. The prisoner was of course acquitted, and the farmer found, that urged by an uncontrollable impulse, which he could neither explain nor account for, he had indeed taken his midnight journey to some purpose, notwithstanding it had appeared so unreasonable and causeless. "This is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes."—Churchman's Companion.