

on the other. Both are at war with the dignity of man; both are as death to his aspirations and hopes; both are subversive of his individual life; both have a chaos before and behind, and a painfully tangled web in the midst; and looking at the world from either position, we are again troubled with the doubt—"Wherefore has Thou made all men in vain?"

It seems abundantly plain, that, if we are to understand the importance of man and the design of his life, we must discard from our view all such gossamer theories as these, and take our stand on some central watch tower of truth, so strong, that the surging waves of error cannot disturb it, and so lifted up, that the whole field of inquiry is discernible from it; and whither shall we turn for such a watch-tower of truth, but to the revelation of God in his Word? Thither David, when perplexed, was accustomed to resort. Down in the plain, his vision was narrowed, and all was confusion and doubt. He could not trace forward the conflicting lines to their common centre, he could not put all the dismembered fragments of Providence together, so as to deduce order and unity from the whole; but he went to the sanctuary, and the mist was dispelled: his medium was clearer, his horizon was wider—he saw their end, and his spirit had rest.

Now, looking on man from this "coigne of vantage," we can perceive a threefold purpose and aim of his life. First, we can perceive that he has much to do with regard to Himself. He is not the ideal being which some represent him. There is guilt on his conscience, dimness in his eye, and weakness, rather wickedness at his heart. He discovers the ruins of a fair creation, but nothing more; "the gold is become dim," the temple is dismantled, and strange visitants within it, now haunt its shrine; the mark is upon him, and his conscience might speak out somewhat in the manner of Cain—"It shall come to pass, that whosoever the doomsman of justice shall find me, he shall kill me." The first aim of his life, then, has to do with himself—how to be rid of this inward accuser, how to erase those gilt-stains which "plague him so," how to find assurance of reconciliation to his God, that he may hold up his head in the universe, and listen to his voice speaking to him peace from his awful throne. This must be his first and his earliest aim, and in vain for this are his own sacrifices or gifts. "The world, by its wisdom knew not God." Superstition may slay its thousands of victims, idolatry may invoke, its thousands of Gods, science may advance its thousand appliances, and self-righteousness may "wash itself never so clean," the groans of humanity are still as deep, its wounds as wide as ever they were. The curse is human, but the cure is divine; and the first aim of our life must be fulfilled at the cross.

But this is no more than the beginning of the work. He has his foot upon the rock now, which alone can be trusted. He is now within the scope of the great central attraction, and in contact with all that is destructive of evil, and most influential for good.—Cleaving to that, he must reach forward and upward, strengthening his heart in all holy affections, opening his mind to the fullness of truth, guarding his passions with a stern and uncompromising denial, and building himself up into the likeness of Him whose temple he is. He is safe in his highest aspirations here, he has entered into the only legitimate sphere for a boundless ambition; and with Christ for his pattern, perfection for his aim, and heaven for his crown, he must gird himself for the battle in all the lowliness of dependence, but with the energy of despair, as knowing well that the work is great, that

"The heavens are steep, and hell is deep,
And the gates of life are hard to win."

This must be the first great aim of our life—individual emancipation from the guilt and the tyranny of evil. Nothing can be a substitute for this; it is the necessary condition of all other great and generous aims. We should be found but silly builders without it, for, says an apostle, "Let every man prove his own work, and so shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another."

Looking at man, then, in his isolated aspect we say, that one great design of his life is to wrestle, and rise, to be moving heavenwards ever—converting all things around him into the means of his advancement, even his very passions and infirmities into the pedestal of his fame and the ladder of his glory.

But then, after all, he is not an isolated being; he is part of a system wide as the universe, he stands in important relation to all his fellows, he cannot disdain even the weakest and poorest among them, but in selfishness and sin; and here looks forth another great design of his life. He was formed to love, and there is no religion without it. There is more than a beautiful sentiment in these words of the poet:

"He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

If our blessed Redeemer had done no more for the world than to bequeath it his lessons of love, he would have been its greatest benefactor still. There is no such enemy to its progress as selfishness, and there is no demon so hard to exorcise; it forges the manacles for the slave, it mingles the cup for the drunkard, it casts up its gains amidst the ruins it has made, and, while a brother is bleeding, and nigh unto death, it stalks nimbly past on the other side. Thanks to our Redeemer for his every condemnation of this—that, both by his lips and by his life, he put the brand of

Heaven's displeasure on the selfish, and extinguished the voice of that impious creed—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

But we must not forget that love is a practical thing. Its proper language is not words, but deeds; it has prayers for the prosperous, indeed, and pity for the fallen; but it has also food for the hungry, raiment for the naked, and refuge for the homeless and the outcast. "It knows to have compassion on the ignorant, and them that are out of the way." Its celestial footprints may be traced, not, perhaps to the house of feasting and wassail, but to the dusky dwelling of the mourner, to the edge of the sepulchre where the tear drop glistens in its eye, to the cell of the culprit, where the words of wisdom fall from its lips, and to the uttermost limits of this sin-trodden earth, where it makes the glad tidings of salvation to ring. Like a pharos-light, it girds the whole horizon of wo, and the heart beats lighter in its presence, and the eye looks less sorrowful at its approach. Nor does it want scope for its wing in a world like this, for the desolate and the fallen are everywhere, the ignorant and the fearful, the hungry and the homeless; nor encouragement in its work, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive." It is the high usury of heaven: "he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully;" and, although it may sometimes meet with ingratitude and repulse, it is, nevertheless, the great strengthener of the soul, and the brightener of its way.

Let us see then that we include this in the design of our life, that we learn to love, not in word only, but in deed and in truth, that we look forth with affection on the great brotherhood of man, and aim at their uplifting, together with our own, to heaven and to truth. This will be living indeed—living anticipatory of heaven—living assimilative to God; "for God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

There is one other point on which it is necessary to touch, and it is all-important; it is the zone of the others, it holds them together. Without it, man would be as a world without a firmament, or as a firmament without a star. He is formed to wrestle and to love, but he is also formed to worship. The moon passes round the earth, but both earth and moon pass round the sun; so brother here must minister to brother, but all minister to God. Nor can they be sustained in their relations to each other, than as they adhere to their orbits in relation to Him.

Worship, then, not in its cold and formal, but in its deep and spiritual meaning, is the great and paramount law of the universe. It is the symphony of the stars—the united voice of faith and love and gratitude and wonder, in the presence of the Eternal; it is the all-embracing and all-sustaining mystery of our being—its goal and its glory; it is wings to the moral creature in his contemplation of the Infinite; it is the upward attraction which loosens the cords of sense, and makes the earth as a spring board to the young spirit, in its bound towards the Ideal and the shadowless; It is written far down in the depths of our nature, and we have been aiming at it ever—alas, how blindly!—till at length the true light shone, and the true notes were sounded over the heights of Bethlehem.—Even as it is, we are but feeble and faltering scholars; our eye is still dim, and our heart is still weak; we are "proselytes at the gate"—worshippers, if at all, of the outermost circle. But we are here to learn, and our instructors are many—the heavens and the earth in all their sublime and beautiful forms—the sun, and the stars and the flowers, and the trees, and the waving corn—the voices of the good and the gifted, now singing at the fountain, but whose echoes linger among us still—the voice of the Word, "which shall not pass away," made vital in Him who labored on the highways, and who died upon the cross—the visions it depicts, the hopes it inspires, the prospects it unfolds—and, over and above all, the far-echoing music of heaven itself.

"That undisturbed song of pure concert,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon."

We are here to learn, and these are our teachers. Let us listen to their voice—let us answer to their beckonings, let us catch up the melody of their song, and

"Keep in tune with heaven, till God cre long
To His celestial concert us unite,
To live with him and sing in endless morn of light."

SCOLDING CHILDREN.

A great deal of injury is done to children by scolding. Many children have been driven from home by it, and have become wanderers and vagabonds in consequence. It sours their temper, so that one thorough scolding prepares the way for two or three more. It sours your own temper likewise provided it is sweet, which is a question. If you scold, the more you'll have to scold, because you become crosser and so do your children. Scolding alienates the hearts of your children. Depend upon it they cannot love you as well after you have rated them as they did before. You may approach them with firmness and decision—you may punish with severity adequate to the nature of their offences, and they feel the justice of your conduct and love you, notwithstanding all; but they hate scolding.

Prefer solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting, without being useful; let no jest intrude upon manner, or anything that offends modesty.

From Hogg's Instructor.

SMILE UPON THE FALLEN.

BY JOHN ALLEN.

Oh, smile upon the fallen!—
It perhaps may heal a smart;
It may cause a flow of gladness
To warm the frozen heart
And cause a gloom to change into
A smile of other years,
When everything was happiness,
And all unknown were tears.

Oh, smile upon the fallen!—
Think not, because 'tis so,
That in their hearts no feelings live,
No sweet affection flow:
Think not because their deeds were dark,
Grim feelings haunt them still;
Remember thou repentance true,
The darkest heart may fill.

Oh, smile upon the fallen!—
The heart that suffer'd scorn,
Though crush'd has tender impulses;
Though trampled on, may own
Rare gems, as bright as ever lived
In hearts that ne'er have known
The pangs, the pains, the hopeless hours,
The fallen one may own.

Oh, smile upon the fallen!—
Look kindly in their face;
There are plenty who can frown on them,
But few the smiles they trace.
Why, then, shouldst thou thy grim look add,
When thou a smile may'st use?
A smile which may into their hearts
A ray of hope infuse.

Oh, smile upon the fallen!—
Who knows but from above
The angels may be looking on
With smiles of happy love?
And then perchance the fallen one
May offer up a prayer,
That Heaven may bless thee in thy plans,
And send thy life be fair.

Oh, smile upon the fallen!—
Remember drooping flowers
Do raise their heads when suns do smile
Are nourished by kind showers:
Then smile upon the fallen one;
It perhaps may heal a smart,
It may cause a flow of gladness
To warm the frozen heart.

NILE SCENERY.

The Nile landscape is not monotonous although of one general character. In that soft air the lines change constantly, but imperceptibly, and are always so delicately lined and drawn, that the eye swims satisfied along the warm tranquility of the scenery. Egypt is the valley of the Nile. At its widest part it is perhaps six or seven miles broad, and is walled upon the west by the Libyan mountains, and upon the east by the Arabian. The scenery is simple and grand. The forms of the landscape harmonise with the forms or impression of Egypt in the mind. Solemn and still and inexplicable sits that antique mystery, among the flowery fancies and broad green fertile feelings of your mind and contemporary life, as the sphinx sits upon the edge of the grain-green plain. No scenery is grander in its impression, for none is so symbolical. The land seems to have died with the race that made it famous, it is so solemnly still. Day after day unrolls to the eye the perpetual panorama of fields wide-waving with the tobacco, and glittering with the golden blossomed cotton, among which half naked men and women are lazily working. Palm-groves stand, each palm a poem, brimming your memory with beauty. * * * Nature is only epic here. She has no little lyrics of green groves, and blooming woods, and sequestered lanes—no lonely pastoral landscapes. But from every point the Egyptian could behold the desert heights, and the river, and the sky. This grand and solemn nature has imposed upon the art of the land the law of its own being and beauty. Out of the landscape, too, springs the mystery of Egyptian character, and the character of its art. For silence is the spirit of these sand mountains, and of this sublime sweep of luminous sky—and silence is the mother of mystery. Primitive man so surrounded, can then do nothing but what is simple and grand. The pyramids reproduce the impression and the form of the landscape in which they stand. The Pyramids say, in the nature around them, "Man, his mark." Later, he will be charged by a thousand influences, but can never escape the mystery that haunts his home, and will carve the sphinx and the strange mystical Memnon. The sphinx says to the Howadji what Egypt says to the Egyptian—and from the fascination of her face streams all the yearning, profound pathetic power that is the soul of the Egyptian day. So also from the moment the Arabian highlands appeared, we had in their lines and in the ever-graceful and suggestive palms, the grand elements of Egyptian architecture. Often in a luminously blue day, as the Howadji sits reading or musing before the cabin, the stratified sand mountain-side, with a stately arcade of palms on the smooth green below, floats upon his eye through the serene sky as the ideal of that mighty temple which Egyptian architecture struggles to realise—and he feels that he beholds the seed that flowered at last in the Parthenon and all Greek architecture. The beginnings seem to have been the sculpture of the hills in their own forms—vast regular chambers cut in the rock or earth, vaulted like the sky that hung

over the hills, and, like that, starred with gold in a blue place. From these came the erection of separate buildings—but always of the same grand and solemn character. In them the majesty of the mountain is repeated. Man cons the lesson which nature has taught him. Exquisite details follow. The fine flower-like forms and foliage that have arrested the quick sensitive eye of artistic genius, appear presently as ornaments of his work. Man as the master, and the symbol of power, stands calm with folded hands in the Osiride columns. Twisted water-reeds and palms, whose flowing crests are natural capitals, are added. Then the lotus and lacanthus are wreathed around the columns, and so the most delicate detail of the Egyptian landscape re-appeared in its art. But Egyptian art never loses this character of solemn sublimity. It is not simple infancy, it was the law of its life. The art of Egypt never offered to emancipate itself from its character—it changed only when strangers came. Greece fulfilled Egypt. To the austere grandeur of simple natural forms, Greek art succeeded, as the flower to foliage. The essential strength is retained, but an aerial grace and elegance, an exquisite elaboration followed; as Eve followed Adam. For Grecian temples have a fine feminineness of character when measured with the Egyptian. That hushed harmony of grace—even the snow-sparkling marble, and the general impression, have this difference. Such hints are simple and obvious—and there is no fairer or more frequent flower upon these charmed shores, than the revelations they make of the simple naturalness of primitive art.

FRENCH FARE IN IRELAND.

A Monsieur travelling in Ireland put up at a house of entertainment in the country, and as the time for dining approached, mine host ventured to ask his guest:

"May I make bold to ax yer honor, what is it you'd be wanting for your dinner?"

The Frenchman's appetite prompted his natural aptness, and he, therefore, guessed the purport of Pat's query.

"Any peegeons?"

"Oh, plenty of them."

"Very well, mon ami, get me some for my dinner."

"To be sure I will, yer honor, and welcome."

Away went the host to obey the foreign orders, without a remark louder than he thought in his own mind of 'blood and ouns and that's quare taste sure enough.' Up came the dinner, and down it went into the secret caverns of French digestion. Next morning Paddy appeared before his boarder with—

"What will yer honor have for dinner to-day?"

"Ah, my friend, your peegeon ver goot, ver goot indeed; I shall have more peegeon to-day."

"Oh, thin, to be sure you shall, your honor—an welcome—more and more if you like them."

On went the week, and each day was the untiring taste of the epicurian tourist supplied with 'more peegeon.' Saturday came, and with it came the host.

"Oh, then, what will your honor have for yer dinner to-morrow, it is Sunday you know?"

"Peegeon ver fine!" cried the Frenchman, smacking his lips, 'you got any more peegeon?"

"Troth, and the devil another pusheen is left in the whole parish, barrin that your honor would wish to ate the old tom cat himself."

"Cat—Thomas Cat—eh? I said peegeon, my friend."

"Sure ye did—and the devil a thing else have I given you put pusheen."

"Peegeon that fly, I mean."

"Well, our pusheens will fly at ye, too, if you tread on their tail."

"But," replied the trembling Frenchman, 'you did say sumthing about one cat?"

"One cat! Why, by the head of Saint Dennis, 'tis not one, but six cats your honor has ate."

"Eat six cats!" yelled the petrified tourist.

"What, me eat six cats! I asked for peegeon."

"Well, pusheen is what we call little kittens—wee cats."

"I did mean peegeon with wing and feeders!"

A light here gleamed upon Paddy's knowledge box. "Oh, by my soul and conscience I believe 'twas pigeons yer honor wanted."

"Oui, yes—to be sure my friend."

"Ah, thin, why the devil don't you French people learn to talk plain. Sure you do ate such quare things as frogs, snails, and rats; bad luck to me if I saw anything strange in your calling for little cats."

"Leetle cats! I have ate one, two—six leetle cats?"

"Divil a doubt of it."

The grimace which followed the certainty of this fact, may be more easily imagined than described. The Frenchman quickly packed up, and as quickly made away from a country that knew no difference between cats and pigeons. We do not know whether he ever published his Thoughts upon Irish Miseries, if so, they were never translated.

FLATTERY.—That flattery is most successful which ascribes to us some quality we do not possess, rather than bestows commendation on any which we have; for all men are apt to regard those virtues as talents, which are actually in them, and aspire to the reputation of those which they have not. Truth hath always a fast bottom.