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Poetry.

BURDENS.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."
All have their burdens. Here the weary one
Is bowed to earth, with poverty his load,
The rich man, pitying, lifts; and now the sun
Shines brighter on these pilgrims o'er
Life's road.
All have their burdens. Here the tear-
dimmed eye
And bleeding heart proclaim Death's
cruel hand;
But soothing words assuage the grief and
sigh,
And smooth the pathway toward a tear-
less land.
All have their burdens. Here, unceasingly
move
The lame and maimed, their hearts oft
wring with pain;
But deeds of sympathy and tones of love—
What balm to soothe those hearts to joy
again!
All have their burdens. Here the eye is
dim;
No beam of joy can smite or sunlight
bring;
But kindness leads and sheds this cheering
gleam—
The light and hope that gild an endless
spring.
All have their burdens. Here the sick one
lies,
His room a prison many a weary year;
Friends greet with love; then swift each
moment flies—
Their gifts and words so fill his soul with
cheer.
All have their burdens. Here, with weary-
ing cares,
The rich man toils to hoard the shining
dust;
But, heeding Wisdom's voice, he shuns the
snares,
And stores his treasures far from moth
and rust.
All have their burdens. Here, with sin
oppressed,
The sorrowing soul hears thro' his gloom
of night,
A Savior's voice—ye laden come and rest;
My yoke is easy, and my burden light.
The Holy One had burdens, sorrows, tears;
The garden and the cross—what anguish
there!
We bear His burdens when our love ap-
pears;
He smiles when we another's burden
share.
—Watchman & Reflector.

Religious.

VEILED ANGELS.

BY CELIA BURLINGAME.

This world is a school, not for the education of a faculty, but of a man; and though life to most of us seems rather a series of make-shifts to meet unexpected emergencies, than the deliberate putting forth of well-directed powers, Fate is kinder to us than we know, and constantly turns our blunders to account.
The superficial observer is always ready to despair of humanity, and in view of the fact that most characters are so fractional, that every human being seems rather a bundle of antagonism than of co-ordinated forces, that nothing can be predicated of most persons with any degree of certainty; there is some excuse for his want of faith.
We find everywhere strength and weakness, deformity and beauty, magnanimity and meanness, built into the same life, and the higher the peaks of attainment on one side, the lower the unreclaimed wastes on the other.
But human nature, however defective, is the best we have to confront eternally with, and in our journey through life we are compelled to learn many lessons that we never proposed to ourselves, and so arrive at the end better educated than could have been expected. To all, come sooner or later humanizing influences, disappointed expectation, sorrow and loss, and the love that teaches self-sacrifice.

Repeated disappointment tells a man by and by that he is in the wrong place. All work, no pay, is a hint to work elsewhere—a hint which the most obtuse comes finally to apprehend. Men must dig in wrong places to learn where the gold is not, and so little by little narrow effort into the right direction. Every man must have a certain amount of imprisonment, to teach him limitation, and fit him for freedom, and most persons must waste a good deal of life before they learn how to live. A scientific writer describes walking as "perpetual falling arrested and turned into progress," and life might be defined a series of failures resulting in success.

In view of the desirableness of self-poise—wholesomeness of character—it is wonderful how little we do to obtain it. The culture of most natures seems like those flowering shrubs that grow in fissures of the rocks; bits of beauty surrounded on all sides by the sterile granite. We should aim at making the whole nature fertile.

Then, too, how strangely people invest the capital of their capabilities—solve the problem of what they will do with God's gift of life. Here is one, not brilliant, not greatly endowed in any way; but he has a kind heart, a fair share of common sense, and an active temperament. He puts all there is of him into current coin and keeps it in circulation. He has no gold in the ingots, for purchasing provinces or paying kings' ransoms, but plenty of the small change so necessary for constantly recurring needs. On a comparatively small capital he does a large business, enriches not only himself but all with whom he comes in contact; while another, with ten times his ability, a man of genius, an original thinker, a ripe scholar, makes no use of his powers, but hides all these noble gifts in a self-indulgent, or an obscure and sordid life, the willing slave of a lymphatic temperament. To know our own worth, and how to invest what we are in such a way as to yield the most for ourselves and humanity, is the great problem, and to its solution are directed the experiences of our lives.

A beautiful Soul once walked the earth, to whom were assigned these seven attendants: Want, Loneliness, Sickness, Temptation, Sin, Remorse, and Despair. Veiled in black, each in turn appeared and acted as guides. Each taught a lesson before unlearned, revealed to the pilgrim depths of experience before unguessed. Each sought to reveal the Soul to itself, through its weakness to inculcate charity for all who erred, through its wants and woes to establish a kinship with all sorrowing hearts. For when God will educate a man, He compels him to learn bitter lessons. He sends him to school to the Necessities rather than to the Graces, that by knowing all suffering he may know also the eternal consolations.

And this Soul having been greatly afflicted, having learned, one by one, the lessons of his dire preceptors, passed on and left them, and for years walked the earth, finding out all who sorrowed; and administering to their need. He came at length to the end of his life-journey, and stood at the gate of Paradise, waiting for admission.

And while he thus stood, lo! the seven veiled attendants, whom for a long time he had lost sight of, and whose existence he would gladly have forgotten, suddenly appeared, and ranged themselves between him and the gate of pearl. Then his head sank upon his breast, and he stood abashed, for not in such company could he enter Paradise, or prostrate himself at the feet of the Lord.

"God is just," said he; "these were my companions on earth, and I may not disown them, even to enter here." But as he turned away, sorrowfully, the veils fell from their faces, and lo! they were strong-winged angels—God's appointed teachers to the children of men.—Chr. Union.

If prayer does not cause us to leave off sinning, sinning will soon make us leave off praying.

"WHAT IS THAT TO THEE? FOLLOW THOU ME."

Applicable to how many is this plain reproof and direction, originally addressed to the inquisitive Peter.

Tell me, says one, of the origin of evil. Why was sin permitted to mar the beauty of creation, occasioning the fall of so many angels, human apostasy, barbarism, war, ignorance, malignity, wretchedness, and suffering? Why was it not ordered otherwise?

Explain, says another, how God can exist from eternity without beginning of days. How can he be everywhere at the same moment?

Show me, says a third, the connecting link in the chain uniting the Divine purpose with man's free-agency. How is it that God chooses beforehand, and man also chooses.

Pertinent the reply: "What is that to thee?" These particulars are not for us to comprehend in this world. Our inquiries must be limited by the Bible. The things that are revealed belong to us. Here is found all that we need to know. "Follow thou Me."

Meriting the same reproof is that prying curiosity prompting one to inquire, not after his duty, but after events in the distant future. When shall the eyes of men be opened to the deformity and danger of error? When shall the scourge of intemperance cease? When shall popery disappear? Tell me, when shall the world be evangelized? When shall the long night of superstition be succeeded by the morning of the millennium? When shall the olive-branch of peace everywhere tell the glad story that the implements of war are changed into those of husbandry?

"What is that to thee?" Attempt not to draw aside the veil hiding futurity. "Follow thou Me." Duty is ours. Let that engage thought, stimulate inquiry, quicken effort, control conduct. The thick shades of error will be dissipated. Intemperance shall yet have few if any victims. Popery, so long an element of disturbance, intrigue, and crime, shall pass away. All over the earth the truth will prevail, releasing the nations from the bondage of Satan. But when, Omniscience only can tell. "Follow thou Me."

Applicable is this reproof and direction to those refusing to join the church because some of the members fail in properly exemplifying their profession. Talk with some as to the matter of obeying Christ's command, "Do this in remembrance of me," and they answer, as though it was conclusive, "There are those in the church not consistent in their daily life."

Not to be palliated are such inconsistencies. It is sad that any, from whom better things might be expected, cause religion to bleed. It is matter of regret that the standard of piety with numbers is so low. But "What is that to thee? Is it good reasoning to say, Others neglect their duty, therefore I will neglect my duty?"

Duty to Christ is a personal thing, irrespective of the course others pursue. One's obligation to unite with the church does not depend on the point whether some fail to honor their profession. "Follow thou Me." Each person has his own particular duty to perform. Christ should be followed immediately, without any delay; freely, without reluctance; fully, without one reserve; constantly, without variable-ness. Thus following him, one will be led into green pastures and beside still waters.—Am. Messenger.

COURTESY AND SYMPATHY IN THE CHURCH.

It may be said by some that there is a decided tendency in our age to accomplish by devices what can only be effected by the gospel. This is sadly true; but there is often a lack of that attention to minor matters in the churches, which is fruitful of evil consequences. To be sure Paul taught that the kingdom of heaven was not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; but he also taught his

brethren to be kind, to be courteous, and even sympathetic. "Rejoice," says he, "with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

This sympathy and courtesy need not be exercised alone in the family circle and in the ordinary social walks of life. People should not leave this precept at home when they repair to the house of God. Courtesy and sympathy should be characteristic of the holy place—not for show; not for gain; not for proselyting purposes; but because it is right; it is duty; it is a pleasure; it is for the glory of God and the prosperity of his cause. To Christians, to friends, to strangers, the most delicate spirit of courtesy should be shown. It makes happy; it gives happiness in return. It strengthens fainting souls. It is cordial to a wounded spirit. It wins to God's house; it wins to Christ. It costs nothing, but affords riches to the hearts of those who give and those who receive. A celebrity of the American pulpit recently gave his ushers public charge to treat strangers attending his church with marked respect. This is wise, whether considered as worldly-wise or heavenly-wise. Such a course is wise every way. This policy pursued in the spirit of Christ would win multitudes from non-attendance on public worship. What is sweeter than unaffected Christian courtesy and sympathy. There is in them all the fragrance of a garden of the choicest flowers. They should be cultivated assiduously.—Rel. Telescope.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF A TEE-TOTALER.

A little boy six years old, a member of the Band of Hope, was one day returning home from school, when he suddenly stopped to watch an old man breaking stones by the roadside. The dress of the old man betokened poverty and neglect, and the child stood for a few moments looking earnestly at him, pitying his wretched condition.

At last the little fellow said, "Good morning!" and the old man returned his salutation. The child still hesitated, as if some other thought was in his heart, and at last he asked, very brightly, "Are you a teetotaler?" "No, indeed, I am not," replied the old man, smiling. "What makes you ask me that, child?" "Oh! because I thought you were not," answered our little hero, as he pleasantly passed on his way, leaving the old man to his work and the musings of his own heart.

THE LITTLE GIRL BAPTIZED.

Hattie, the little girl who was rejected as a candidate for baptism by a Baptist Church in West Virginia because she was only seven years old, has at last been baptized. The pastor writes to the Baptist Record:

It may be gratifying to many of your readers to know that Hattie has been permitted to follow Christ in baptism. The patience with which she waited, yet anxiously desiring baptism, was an increased evidence, to me, of her conversion. I took her on my knee on Saturday morning, April 1st, and said: "Well, Hattie, there is a prospect of your being baptized to-morrow. I understand brother — is going to bring your case before the church, and withdraw his objections." She said, "But maybe there'll be some one there to-day who was not there last night, that will object." Said I, "Well, what will you do if there is?" Her reply touched my heart, and I could not restrain my tears, "I'll wait till they think I may come in, and after a moment's pause, 'I want the church to be satisfied.' The deacon brought the matter before the church, and after a long discussion she was received. The next day, after a trial of three months before the church and the world, she was baptized. It was to many a beautiful sight to see one so young, and so small, calmly and without the least sign of nervousness, go down into the water and be buried in baptism as was her dear Redeemer.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

The following incident shows the importance of speaking a word in season for Christ. "A word fitly spoken, how good it is!" How it fastens itself upon the conscience and heart, and brings forth fruit in due season!

More than fifteen years ago, when called to watch with an old gentleman, eighty-two years of age, who had been a devoted Christian more than fifty years, who was totally blind, and suffering constantly with intense pain, I found him patiently bearing all, leaning on Christ. I was about sixteen years old, and as I entered the room, the lady introducing me, he said, "I want to take your hand in mine. And so you have come to sit up with me. I should think by your hand that you must be a young man. I want to talk with you more by-and-by."

When the family had retired he asked me to place my hand again in his, and said,—

"I want to ask you a few questions. Are you a Christian?"

"I thought I must answer honestly; and I said, 'No!'"

"Do you mean to be some time?"

"Yes!"

"Well, then, what are you waiting for?"

I was speechless! But the questions were daily in my mind until I gave my heart to Christ.

THE PEARLS.

A traveller had lost himself in one of those hot, sandy deserts where it is possible to journey for weeks without seeing a human dwelling. About famished by hunger and thirst, he at length reached a shady palm tree and a spring of fresh water. Near the spring lay a small bag. "God be praised," said the man, when he felt the bag, "perhaps these are pearls, which may save me from dying of hunger." He opened the bag eagerly, and was much disappointed when he found that it contained pearls, which, though valuable in themselves, are of no use to a man at the point of death from starvation. However, he took courage and prayed fervently to God, and presently he saw a Moor riding quickly towards him on a camel, who took pity on him and gave him bread and fruit. This Moor was seeking his bag of pearls which he had lost, and upon receiving them from the traveller he said,—

"How wonderful are the way of Providence! I thought it a great misfortune to lose the pearls, and this same loss has afforded me the happiness of saving your life."—S. S. Visitor.

PHARAOH AND HIS FIRSTBORN.

There are monuments to be found to every Pharaoh save the one who perished in the Red Sea! Concerning him two stones have been found narrating many of his exploits, but each ends with, "and —," a long black line succeeding. Every other of the Pharaohs we find was succeeded by his eldest son, according to the law of Egypt; but of this Pharaoh it is expressly said that he was succeeded by his second son; while no account whatever remains of the first son. What astonishing confirmations of Scripture are these!—Dr. Cumming.

* * A Jesuit, in Rome, while preaching used vile and insulting language regarding the princess, of whom the people are very fond, and the Italian Parliament immediately commenced legal process against him. He took refuge in the Vatican, where, according to the laws of the land, the police cannot intrude. The consequence is that a proposition to abolish the Order of the Jesuits is before the Parliament, and it is rumored that they will not wait for the decree to be passed, but will leave Italy directly, and that the Pope will accompany them.