

TALLEYRAND AND WESLEY.

Rev. Dr. George, in his excellent work entitled "The Satisfactory Portion," compares Talleyrand and Wesley. The former was minister of state under both Bonaparte and Bourbon; who had wealth, titles, honors, pleasures, whatever the world has to bestow. The fate of empires waited upon his word the diplomacy of Europe was in his hands; the luxuries of a court were his constant joy; and the splendors of his external life were gilded with the charms of a genius at once versatile and profound. Did he find the world, in any of its ministrations of pleasure or power, a satisfactory portion? "In the flush of youthful ambition," says Charles Sumner, "in the self-confidence of success, we may be indifferent to the calls of humanity; but history, reason, and religion, all speak in vain, if any selfish works not helping the progress of mankind, although favored by worldly smiles, can secure that happiness and content which all covet as the crown of life." Look at the last days of Prince Talleyrand, and learn the wretchedness of an old age which was enlightened by no memory of generous toils, by no cheerful hope for his fellow-men. Then, when the imbecilities of existence rendered him no longer able to grasp power or to hold the threads of intrigue, he surrendered himself to discouragement and despair. By the light of a lamp which he trimmed in his solitude he traced these lines, the most melancholy lines ever written by an old man (think of them, politician!)—"Eighty-three years of life are now past, filled with what anxieties, what agitations, what enmities, what troubles complexities!—and all this with no other result than a great fatigue physical and moral, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and of disgust for the past."

Poor old man!—poor indeed! In his loneliness, in his failing age, with Death waiting at his palace-gates, what to him were the pomps he had enjoyed? what were titles? what were offices? what was the lavish wealth in which he lived? More precious far, at that moment, would have been the consolation that he had labored for his fellow-men, and the joyous confidence that all his cares had helped the progress of his race. This is a sad picture of worldly greatness and wretchedness.

But let us consider the career of another man, who was not indifferent to the calls of humanity."

Rev. John Wesley.

A young clergyman of the Church of England devotes himself wholly to God and his work. His earnestness and zeal provoke opposition. He is driven from consecrated walls; but he preaches to the multitude in the streets and fields. He takes for his motto, "Holiness to the Lord;" he declares himself homo unius libri; and he avows heroically that the world is his parish, and that it is his sole business to spread scriptural holiness over all lands. He is ridiculed, derided, caricatured, mocked, and mobbed; but he pauses not in his sublime career.

A scholar, with a scholar's love for books and study, he spends the greater part of his life in the saddle and in active duties. With a passionate love for art, es-

PRAYERS AND POTATOTES.

An old lady sat in her old arm chair,
With wrinkled face and disheveled hair,
And pale and hunger worn features.

For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat there in her old arm chair,
Had been nothing but potatoes.

And now they were done, of bad or of good
Not one was left, for the old lady's food,
Of these her store of potatoes.

And she sighed and said dear! what
Shall I do, to whom shall I go, or where
Shall I send to find some more potatoes?

She thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon, so ready to preach and to
pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes.

And she said, I will send for the deacon to
come,
For surely he cannot refuse to give some
Of these his store of potatoes.

The deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking of course to do the old lady some
good,
But never once thought of—potatoes.

pecially music and architecture, he turns from their weird charms to blow the gospel-trumpet, and call sinners to repentance. With a keen relish for the enjoyment of home and domestic quiet, he becomes the wide world's inhabitant for the sake of souls. With an intense hungering for the sweets of human love, he rises above disappointment which would have crushed an ordinary man, forgets his "inly-bleeding heart,"—his own words,—and pauses not in his generous toils to alleviate the condition and brighten the future of his fellow-men. Wandering over the splendid grounds of an English nobleman, he exclaimed, "I, too, have a relish for these things; but there is another world;" and, inspired by the vision of his faith, he falters not in the prosecution of his great life-work. He seeks the poor, the abandoned, the outcasts, the wretched miners underground, and the drunken in the vilest haunts of thickly-populated cities. He is a true gospel reformer. He denies himself, and lives for Jesus. Thousands rise up and call him blessed. The moral waste which he waters and cultivates buds and blossoms as the rose. Songs of praise to God take the place of loathsome-ribaldries and disgusting blasphemies.

And when at length life closes, and he is gathered to his fathers, having "the joyous confidence that all his cares had helped the progress of his race," and shouting triumphantly, "The best of all is, God is with us!" he falls amid the tears of thousands who mourn the departure of one who has been to them a father in the gospel, and is welcomed to his heavenly home with the hallelujahs of other thousands saved through his instrumentality, and gone before him to the immortal shore. Had Prince Talleyrand, or John Wesley, chosen the satisfactory portion?—Selected.

He asked her directly to tell her chief
want,
And she simply expecting a grant,
Immediately answered—potatoes.

But the deacon's religion went not that
way,
He was more accustomed to preach and to
pray
Than to give of his hoarded—potatoes.

So of course not hearing what the old lady
said,
He rose to pray with uncovered head,
But she only thought of—potatoes.

He prayed for patience, for wisdom, for
grace,
But when he prayed Oh Lord give her
peace,
She audibly sighed give—potatoes.
The deacon was troubled, he knew not
what to do.
It was very embarrassing, very, to have her
act so
About a few carnal—potatoes.

So ending his prayer he started for home,
But as the door closed behind him he heard
a deep groan—
Oh! give to the hungry potatoes.

And that groan followed him all the way
home,
In the midst of the night it haunted his
room,
Oh! give to the hungry potatoes.

He could bear it no longer, so arose and
dressed,
And from his well filled cellar taking in
hand,
A bushel or more of his very best—
potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut,
Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut,
But there she sat in her old arm chair,
With the same sad features and the same
sad air.

And entering in he poured on the floor
A bushel or more, from his goodly store,
Of his very best—potatoes.

And now said the deacon, shall we pray?
Yes, says the widow, now you may.
So he knelt him down on that sanded floor
And such a prayer as the deacon prayed,
Never before his lips essayed.
No longer embarrassed but free and full
He poured out the noise of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded a loud Amen
And said no more of—potatoes.

And now my dear friends, you who hear
This simple tale, will you pray for the poor,
And let praying prevail?
Pray for patience, for wisdom, for heaven-
ly food,
For grace and for peace, for these are all
good,
And don't forget the—potatoes.
—Selected.

"A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison."