

## Poetry.

## CAST IN THY MITE.

He who gives little from his store,  
If little be his means,  
Treads on as far the heavenward shore  
As he who gives ten times the more,—  
If ten times more his gains.  
He may be useful here who would,  
And walk within a zone of light;  
There is a treasury of good:—  
Cast in thy mite!

Thou may'st not have one piece of gold  
To bless the poor man's palm;  
But angels will with joy behold,  
If thou hast words which can be told  
His troubled heart to calm;  
For kind words are as honied streams,  
And he, the walker of the sod,  
Who gives them to his brother, seems  
A messenger from God!

There are abuses deep and loud,  
Hoarse voices shrieking "Bread!"  
And there are noble spirits bowed,  
And forms that flit among the crowd,  
Like phantoms from the dead.  
Crush but one atom of abuse,  
Stay but a particle of sin,  
And God will sanctify the use  
Of all thy powers therein.

And if thy brother weaker be,  
If folly mark his path;  
And if that thou be folly free,  
If Knowledge clingeth unto thee,  
Give not contempt or wrath,  
But from the garner of thy worth,  
And from thy store of truth and light,  
To serve thy brother's wants on earth,  
Cast in thy mite!

## The Family

## THE BEATEN CARPET.

BY OLD ALAN GRAY.

Some people have a habit of trying to turn little things to good account, and Old Alan Gray is one among them, though he does not always succeed. You shall hear of one of his little adventures that occurred last summer.

It was near sunset when I found myself at no great distance from a cottage, which had attached to it a piece of waste ground, partly surrounded with a fence of high boards.—While looking up at the many colored clouds in the direction where the sun was declining in the sky, my attention was arrested by the sound of repeated blows, which appeared to be struck on a soft substance. Blow followed blow in such a regular manner, that they reminded me of men threshing in a barn with a couple of flails, only the sound was much duller than that made by threshers.

Alt at once the blows ceased; and then I heard a man cry out, "Rap him again sharply, for he has a deal of dust in him yet." The moment I came to the end of the high fence, I saw a large carpet, stretched on a rope between two poles, and two men beating it with all their might. The mystery was now made plain, and I no longer wondered at the words, "Rap him again sharply, for he has a deal of dust in him yet."

Now, the thought may be considered a little fanciful, but it did occur to me that most of us have required, in our time, as hearty a drubbing as the carpet had received. "Yes," said I, "we all need to be tried, and chastised, and humbled, for we are proud, and selfish, and worldly-minded; we think much of earth, and little of heaven; much of ourselves and little of our heavenly Father; and beating is not more necessary to a dusty carpet, than trial is to those whose hearts are clinging to the dust."

Now, considering the matter in this light, the wonder is, not that we are beaten, but that we are not always being beaten. Not that we should have affliction, but that we should ever be free from affliction, for we bring it upon ourselves by our transgressions.

No earthly power can ward the coming blow,  
Sorrow and sin through life together go.

Truly we have been dealt with very tenderly; what mercy is mingled with the seeming severity of the words of the Holy One, when speaking of his people:—"If they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless my loving kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail," *Psa. lxxxix. 31-33.*

As I returned from my pleasant walk, at the

very moment I repassed the cottage and the high fence, the same voice cried out, "There! let us take him down now, for he looks all the better for his beating."

"Well," thought I, "the beaten carpet was not at all likely to be forgotten by me before, but now it is pretty sure to be retained in my memory. That it looks the better for being beaten, I have no doubt at all. My evening walk has not been in vain, for I have at least obtained a subject of reflection."

If we all more steadily believed that the rod is meant to purify us, or, in other words, to get the dust out of us, we might sit more quietly under the merciful corrections of our heavenly Father. How does this apply to you, my young friends? Have you been beaten, and are you the better for it? Have any of you been visited with trouble, and can you say, "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word. . . . It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes," *Psa. cxix. 67-71.*

Look up! look up! when troubles frown,  
That God may send a blessing down.

One of the great advantages of turning little things to good account is this, that we are not only benefited ourselves thereby, but also enabled to benefit others. Had not Old Alan Gray fallen in with the adventure of the beaten carpet, he could not have communicated it to his readers; and if he had not applied it to himself, he would never have pressed it on the attention of Junior Teachers.

Hardly do I think that any of us reflect sufficiently on the value of our daily cares, which are, perhaps, after all, as necessary as our daily bread. When they draw us to our heavenly Father, we have, indeed, reason to be thankful for them. Sweet it is in the day of calamity, and the hour of trial, to be able to cast all our cares on Him who careth for us.

Sweet in the confidence of faith  
To trust his firm decrees;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
And know no will but his.

Oh, the buffetings and beatings through which many of God's people have passed!—Look over a small part of the "bill of fare," if I may so call it, of St. Paul's afflictions:—"Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Yet all these were blessed to him.

You must think over this subject, and see if you cannot turn it to more advantage than I have done. The words of holy writ are very encouraging: "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him: for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," *Heb. xii. 5, 6.* And again: "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby," *Heb. xii. 11.*

This little adventure of the beaten carpet often occurs to my remembrance, and especially so, when any expected evil is overruled for good, or when my heart is humbled by any passing trouble. Again and again do the words appear to sound in my ears, at one time producing a smile, and at another an emotion of a much deeper kind: "Rap him again sharply, for he has a deal of dust in him yet," and "There! let us take him down now, for he looks all the better for his beating."

## Tact and Talent.

Talent is something—Tact is everything. Talent is sober, grave, and respectable; Tact is all that and more too; it is not a seventh sense, but it is the life of all the five; it is the open eye, quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles; it is useful in places and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world. *Talent is power—tact is skill. Talent is weight—Tact is momentum. Talent* knows what to do; *Tact* knows how to do it. The former makes a man respectable; the latter will make him respected. *Talent* is wealth; *Tact* is ready money for all the practical purposes of life; *Tact* carries it ten to

one against talent; *this* has many a compliment from the bench—that touches fees from attorneys and clients. *Talent* makes all the world wonder that it gets on so fast; *Tact* excites astonishment that it gets on so fast; and the secret is, that it has no weight to carry, it makes no false steps, it hits the right nail on the head, it loses no time, it takes all hints, and by keeping its eye on the weather-gauge, it is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. *Talent* speaks learnedly and logically—*Tact* triumphantly. Take them into the church—*Talent* has always something worth hearing; *Tact* is sure of abundance. *Talent* may obtain a living; *Tact* will make one. *Talent* gets a good name; *Tact* a great one. *Talent* convinces; *Tact* convicts. *Talent* is an honour to; *Tact* gains honour from, the profession. Take them to court—*Talent* feels its weight; *Tact* finds its way. *Talent* commands; *Tact* is obeyed. *Talent* is honoured with approbation; *Tact* is blessed with preferment. Place them in the senate—*Talent* has the ear of the house; but *Tact* wins the heart and has its votes. *Talent* is for employment; *Tact* is fitted for it—it has a way of slipping into place with a meek silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard-ball insinuates itself into the pocket—it seems to know everything without learning anything—it has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship—it wants no drilling—it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side—it puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom—it has no air of profundity, but plays with the detail as dexterously as a well taught hand flourishes on the keys of a piano-forte; in fine, *Tact* is the application of the best means to the accomplishment of the proper effects, it has all the air of common-place, and all the power of genius.—*Youth's Penny Miscellany.*

## Learn while you may.

A Romish priest in Ireland one day met a little boy coming across the field from the parish school, with a bible in his hand.

"Do you go to that place?" said the priest, pointing to the Protestant school.

"Yes, your reverence," replied the boy.

"I thought so," said the priest, "by the book that you have in your hand. It is a bad book; give it to me."

"That book is God's word," said the boy, "and teaches us the way to love God, to be good, and to get to heaven when we die."

"Come home with me," said the priest.

The boy did so; and on entering his study, the priest took the poor boy's bible and threw it on the fire.

"You shall never read that book again," said the priest; "it is a bad book; and mind, I shall not suffer you to go to that school again."

"The bible was soon in flames, and the poor boy at first looked very sad; but as the priest grew more and more angry, and told him there was an end of it all now, the boy began to smile.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the priest.

"I can't help it," said the boy.

"I insist upon your telling me why you laugh," said the priest.

"I can't help laughing," replied the boy, "for I was thinking your reverence couldn't burn those ten chapters I have got by heart."

Happy little boy! He could say with good King David, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." And though that word may now be but as a grain of mustard-seed in his young heart, yet shall it not return unto the Lord void; it shall accomplish that unto which God hath sent it; and in spite of wicked men's designs, it may spring up and bear fruit unto eternal life.

## Somebody.

Somebody thinks that if nature had designed a man to be a drunkard, he would have been constructed like a churn, so that the more he drank, the firmer he would stand.

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