

The Bee.

Gotthold saw a bee flutter for a while around a pot of honey, and, at last, light upon it, intending to feast to its heart's content. It, however, fell in, and being besmeared in every limb, miserably perished. On this he mused, and said: It is the same with temporal prosperity, and that abundance of wealth, honor and pleasure, which are sought for by the world as greedily as honey is by the bee. A bee is a happy creature so long as it is assiduously occupied in gathering honey from the flowers, and by slow degrees accumulating a store of it. When, however, it meets with a hoard like this, it knows not what to do, and is betrayed into ruin.

In like manner, many a man shows himself godly, humble, pious, so long as he is obliged, from day to day, to earn his bread with the sweat of his brow, and constant difficulty and toil. Let some extraordinary turn of fortune, however, suddenly put him in possession of great wealth, and it becomes a stair by which he descends to the pit of destruction. A bee perishing like this, in a pot of honey, might be painted with the motto, Abundance is my ruin. What, then, O my God! ought I to desire? A great fortune might prove to me a great misfortune, and abundance issue in eternal want. Grant me grace, that, like a bee, I may diligently labor in thy fear, and not in vain, for the portion of bread convenient for me. In other respects, be thou my wealth, and then I shall be exempt from danger.—*Gotthold's Emblems.*

A human soul is very like a violin. Both are capable of producing the most exquisite harmony, but in learning to bring out the harmony, both often produce the most torturing discord. Some who did fearfully torturing work at first with the violin, have turned out, in the end, excellent players. Some fearfully disagreeable young people, and even older people, have, in time, turned out very pleasant and useful. Our chief business here is to learn to use the powers given us, and so to produce harmony. True piety puts us in tune and teaches the use of the powers. The sooner we are done with the immature scraping and sawing, and get at the real music of life, the better for all concerned. Some people never are done with these.—*Golden Rule.*

The Gain of Sunday Rest.

Of course I do not mean that a man will not produce more in a week by working seven days than by working six days. But I very much doubt whether, at the end of the year, he will generally produce more by working seven days in a week than by working six days in a week. The natural difference between Campania and Spitzbergen is trifling when compared with the difference between a country inhabited by men full of bodily and mental vigor, and a country inhabited by men sunk in bodily and mental decrepitude. Therefore it is that we are not poorer, but richer, because we have through many ages rested from our labors one day in seven. The day is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as the work which is performed on more busy days. Man—the machine of machines—the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless—is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labors on Monday with clearer intellect and livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigor.—*Lord Macaulay.*

• Infant baptism practice does not show any better results as investigation is pursued. We have already recorded instances of no infant baptism in pedobaptist churches in this city. Now comes Philadelphia, and in that city three Presbyterian churches, with an aggregate membership of 979, show not a single infant baptized in the year, and there are other churches that make a like showing. Indeed, the whole Northern Presbyterian church, with nearly 600,000 members in 1881, presented only 17,500 infants for baptism, while the Protestant Episcopal church, having only 345,000 members in the States and Territories, baptized 45,000 infants. We are aware that figures can be made to lie, like sinners; but, like other sinners, they can also be made to tell the truth. And, if in these instances the numerals stoutly and persistently assert that infant baptism is on the decline, will any one accuse them of bearing false witness?—*Christian at Work.*

Wise and Otherwise.

—Idleness hands more souls over into the clutches of Satan than any other vice.

—There is no place where weeds do not grow, and there is no heart where errors are not to be found.—*J. S. Knowles.*

—Snooks thinks a man fortunate who has his will contested after death only. He says his will has been contested ever since he wedded Mrs. Snooks.

—Very few men are wise by their counsel, or learned by their own teachings; for he who was only taught by himself had a fool for his master.—*Ben Johnson.*

—A congressman once overheard a man near by saying: "There goes a man who used to black my father's boots." "Well, did I not do it well?" was the simple, yet manly reply.

—The Truth cannot be burned, beheaded or crucified.

—Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.

—The scepticism of the last century did not uproot Christianity, because it lived in the hearts of millions.

—True virtue finds the path of duty one of joy, not of constraint.

—Half the failures in life may be attributed to the want of faith, patience and perseverance.

—Many a sweetly-formed mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery tongue within it.

—"Yes," said a pompous graduate to a fisherman and country cousin, "electricity was thought a wonderful thing in my days. Now they seem to make light of it."

—Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you, unless you are wanting in character; and if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—*Gladstone.*

—"Goods at half price," said the sign. "How much is that teapot?" asked an old lady. "Fifty cents, mum," was the response. "Guess I'll take it," she said, throwing down a quarter. The sign was taken in.

—I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man. I never meet a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat.—*J. A. Garfield.*

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