

### The Way The Preacher is Spoiled in the Making.

A correspondent of the *Religious Herald* furnishes the following, which shows that it is hard for some young men, who are in love, to speak the truth, even though they are studying for the ministry:

I recently met with a very sprightly young preacher and remarked what a pity it was he did not go to the Seminary before he settled. A good brother replied, "We saw there was something in him—gave him employment, and encouraged him to go on and make the money to take him to the Seminary; but just as we were having bright hopes for his future usefulness, he met with a fascinating young sister, and concluded it was not good for man to be alone, and erroneously thinking he was a full-grown man, he got married, and thus blighted our bright hopes. He will do some good, but will never make the man he ought to have been."

Another sprightly young brother went half a session to the Seminary at Louisville. Returned home to stay a week, and the sight of his sweetheart so wrought upon his feelings, he wrote back to his chum his health was bad, and he could not return to the Seminary. Did he send for a physician? By no means. He sent for a preacher to marry him.

When I saw him at an Association, last summer, he had his bride with him, and was in perfect health.

A third young brother was so sprightly and promising that three brethren agreed to pay his expenses at Bethel College, and then put him through the Seminary, if he would go. He went one session to Bethel, came home, and went about with his sweetheart till he informed his friends he had sore eyes, and could not go on with his studies at present.

Did he send for an oculist? You are much mistaken, if you think so! He understood his own case too well. He sent for a preacher, who "tied the knot," and his eyes soon got well. He is now preaching for some small churches, and scarcely ekes out a support. I saw him a few days ago, and felt sorry to think how he had blighted his prospects by marrying before he was a man. He is sprightly, and will get on tolerably well while the vivacity and animation of youth lasts; but he will not grow and make the man he ought to be, and would have been, had he continued at college and laid a good foundation for future manhood.

Take still another case. A pious and sprightly young brother started to an academy to educate himself for the ministry, and his health failed, he told me. As usual, instead of consulting a physician, he consulted a young lady, who said, "Yes." They were made one, and he is now well and happy.—*Christian Examiner*.

### The Christian's Example.

In Alexander Clark's "Gospel in the Trees," we find the following very true estimate of Christian influence and example:

The fragrance of the myrtle is not in blossoms that open, glow for a little season, and then fade away, but in the evergreen leaves. It is fragrant all the year, yielding its sweet odors through winter's rough blasts, as well as through the showers and sunshine of summer time. And the more the leaves are tossed, the more richly do they exhale their delicious aroma; and when bruised, they are most fragrant of all, diffusing, as they are crushed, the same delightful odors as long as a fragment of leaf remains.

So the Christian's example is unconscious and perpetual. His temper is even, his patience unbroken, his enjoyments unending, his grace like a river, sparkling and singing evermore. His is not the mere influence of word, of promise, of sunny summer time. There is no set time to show,

or glitter, or display. There is no rehearsal of piety for great occasions. There are no programmed scenes to be unrolled according to chronometer and audience in the panorama of his life, and accompanied by phrasely word and tinkling music set to the exhibition.

The believer's influence is like the fragrance of the myrtle tree—an inseparable sweetness of life, gracious as it is undying; and it breathes through storms of adversity and bereavement as freely as in mornings of dewy joy. And when most severely tried, troubled and persecuted, then is his example the most Christly in forbearance and love. Like the myrtle leaf, bruised and torn, the saint of God, in the time of his sorest affliction, exhales the most heavenly spirit all abroad, as if the airs and blooms of Paradise should yet make Eden of this wilderness.—*Rural Home*.

### Better Late Than Never.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear young men complain that their early schooling was deficient in quantity, poor in quality, or—if neither of these—was wasted through boyish indifference and folly. They would get on better in life if they knew more, they are free to admit, but they do not see that they are daily wasting opportunities which, if improved, would in a few years give them a fairly good education. They think themselves too old to learn, and spend more time regretting their lack of knowledge than would suffice to give them the knowledge they need. It is said that the father of Professor Sumner, of Yale College, could neither write nor read when he came to this country, a young English mechanic. Within twenty years thereafter, he was known as one of the best read men in Hartford, one of the most cultivated communities in the country. Instead of wasting his time in idle regrets for his deficient schooling, he learned to read, and read to good purpose. In a similar way many of the best, most honored, and most successful men our country has known, have begun their acquaintance with letters after reaching manhood; and there is no reason why the most illiterate mechanic in our land, if possessed of natural ability and a sincere purpose, may not increase his enjoyment in life, his opportunities for improving his social and financial condition, and the chances of his family for the highest success in life, by an honest effort to retrieve by study the disadvantages by which early poverty or lack of educational opportunities has surrounded him.

### Signal Lights.

Once I knew a sweet little girl called Mary; and I am going to tell you how she showed old Jim the signal lights that guide us to our Father's kingdom.

Her papa was a captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea; and it was on one of these trips that what I am going to tell you happened.

One day she sat on a coil of rope watching old Jim clean the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "I am trimming the signal lamp, Miss," said old Jim.

"And what do you trim the lamps for?"

"To keep other ships from running into us, Miss; if we did not hang out our lights, we might be wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time, and then she ran away and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did not, as was afterwards shown.

The next day she came to watch old Jim trim the lamps, and after he had helped her on to the coil of rope, he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of his cloths, and old Jim began to swear awfully.

Mary slipped from her place and ran into the cabin; but she soon came back and put a folded paper into his hand.

Old Jim opened it, and there, printed in large letters—for Mary was too young to write—were these words, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

The old man looked into her face and asked, "What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal light, please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you because you did not have your signal hung out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and wept like a little child. At last he said, "You are right, Miss; I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that very commandment when I was no bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal lights, for I might be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as you call those bad oaths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now which Mary gave him, and on the cover he has printed, "Signal Lights for souls bound for Heaven."—*Child's Paper*.

### Italy.

A curious scene, says the Roman correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, occurred the other day at Solmona. Ever since 1866—7 it has been illegal for Italians, whether men or women, to dedicate themselves to a monastic life. This law has been virtually disregarded; but a certain sort of secrecy has been maintained when it has been broken. The other day, however, a number of French monks and nuns arrived at Solmona, belonging to the order of the Celestini, and opened schools here, for the girls, there for the boys, "with the permission of their superiors." No notice was taken of them by the civil authorities until the 19th of the present month, when the inhabitants of the town received an invitation to assist at the ceremony of Signora Amalia Frati taking the veil. The ticket-holders were promised reserved seats. In fact, on the morning of the ceremony, a large hall on the Palazzo Sardi was full of ladies from town and the surrounding neighborhood. The ceremony was completed with all the ancient rites. Signora Amalia, her hair shorn, became Sister Maria Della Croce, and the public were dispersing, when the Royal procurator and his secretary, the Marshall of the Carabinieri, and the delegate of the police arrived. The Royal Procurator ascended the altar steps, saying, "The ceremony is suspended, and in the name of the law I dissolve the assembly, as religious orders are illegal in Italy." Not the slightest opposition was raised. The ladies dispersed to their homes, and it is said that the nuns were ordered to depart in twenty-four hours. At any rate, this is the first time that the law has been carried out in the letter and the spirit.

### Bees on the Wing.

When a swarm leaves for the woods they are off before you fairly know it. They drift away from the hive in a wide-spread and apparently aimless concourse, then suddenly gather up their skirts, draw together their forces, and away they go, a humming, flying vortex of bees, the queen apparently in the center and the mass revolving about her as a pivot, over orchards and meadows, across creeks and swamps, or woods and deep valleys, straight for the appointed tree; slow at first, so that you can keep up with them, but presently with a speed that would tire a fox-hound. In this flight the individual bees do not move in right lines, or straight forward like a flock of birds, but round and round like chaff in a whirlwind; unitedly they form a whirling, revol-

ving, nebulous mass fifteen or twenty feet across, that goes as straight as a projectile to its mark. They are not partial as to the kind of tree—pine, hemlock, elm, birch, maple, hickory, any tree with a good cavity high up or low down.

A swarm of mine ran away from the new patent hive I gave them, and took up their quarters in the hollow trunk of an old apple tree across an adjoining field. The entrance was a mouse-hole near the ground. Another swarm in the neighborhood deserted their keeper and went into the cornice of an out-house that stood amid evergreens in the rear of a large mansion. But there is no accounting for the taste of bees, as Samson found when he discovered the swarm in the carcass (or more probably the skeleton) of the lion he had slain.—*JOHN BURROUGHS, in Scribner for May*.

### A Touching Scene.

Mrs. B——, sat near a scanty pallet, on which extended the suffering little Freddy, her bright and beautiful boy, reduced to skin and bone. His large and mysterious eyes turned upward, watching the fitting of leaves and the filaments of sunshine that peered through the foliage of the multicaulis. An infant, about a month old, meager, weary of its existence, lay on her bosom, and she in vain trying to charm it to repose. "Mamma, said Freddy, reaching out his waxen hand, 'take me to your bosom.'" "Yes love! soon as Maria is still." "Mamma if God had not sent us that little cross-baby, you could love me, and nurse me as you did when I was sick at Cincinnati. My throat is hot, mamma, I wish I had a drink in a tumbler—glass tumbler, mamma and I could look through it." "Dear you shall have a tumbler," cried Mrs. B——, her lips quivering with emotion and a wild fire in her eyes. "Yes mamma, one cold drink in a tumbler, and your poor little Freddy would fly up, up there where that little bird sits. Will papa come to night and get us bread? You said he would. Will he get me a tumbler of water? No, mamma, he will be drunk. Nobody gets drunk in heaven, mamma?" "No no, my son, my angel!" "No, bless your sweet tongue." "And there is nice cold water there and silver cups?" "Oh, yes, my child, a fountain of living waters." "And it never gets dark there?" "Never, never!" and the tears fell in streams down the mother's pale cheek. "And nobody gets sick and dies?" "No, my love." "If they were to, God would let the angels bring them water, I know he would, from the big fountain. Oh, mamma, don't cry. Do people cry in heaven?" "Oh, no sweet one; God wipes away all tears," replied the weeping mother. "And the angels kiss them off, s'pose." "But tell me, mamma, will he come there?" "Who my son?" "You know, mamma—papa." "Hush, Freddy dear, lie still; you worry yourself." "Oh, my throat! Dear me, if I only had a little water in a tumbler, mamma; just one little mouthful." You shall have it," and, as the mother said this, the poor child passed away into the arms of Him who shall evermore give it of the bright waters of everlasting life.—*Ec.*

### A Prayer for the Times.

Lord save me from the sinfulness of my own heart and life!  
Save me from the false doctrines, false authorities and bigotries of sectarianism!  
Save me from the ignorance, folly and iniquity of fashionable religion!  
Save me from the over-valuation of any thing because it is popular!  
Save me from the awfulness of infidelity—from all forms of godlessness and hopelessness!  
Help me to live and die a penitent, faithful, holy and happy Bible Christian!

There are sixty Yale College graduates in clerkships in the departments at Washington, thirty of Princeton and thirty of Dartmouth. The balance of the graduates (or many of them) are hotel waiters out west.

### Bible Talk by a Woman.

The New York correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* writes. In the religious world we are having a fashionable sensation of an exclusive sort, in Mrs. Bottome's Bible Talk. They were begun in an up-town parlor two years ago with 20 people; at the last meeting the parlors of one of the largest Fifth-avenue houses would not hold the audiences. Ladies filled the hallways and covered the stairs. Among her audiences are noticed such ladies as Mrs. E. S. Jaffray, Mrs. H. M. Scheffelin, Mrs. J. W. Girard, Mrs. W. E. Dodge, and Mrs. Willie Post. Mrs. Bottome is a good looking middle-aged lady. She dresses plainly and speaks sweetly, but very distinctly so that she can be heard without difficulty; and she sits in an arm-chair, talks simple, fervid, putting pertinent anecdotes and pleasing similes in her addresses, and using language sometimes homely and sometimes poetical, but always fresh and to the point. She is a wife of a Methodist clergyman who has been stationed at Tarrytown, on the Hudson, and it was there that she began these informal addresses. They have proved very popular there, sometimes the street being lined for a long distance with carriages. She has one son, an Episcopal curate in England, and another in college. Her success in interesting ladies, and making a real impression on them, shew what an earnest woman with talent can do without cant, and without turning the world upside down either. Her husband is to be stationed in this city this spring.

### A Child's Heart.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with painful effort, sat down on a curb-step, up Woodward avenue, to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of her old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the oldest child stepped forward and asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all d—dead!" whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awfully sorry," said the little girl as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman, and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times, for he is just as sweet as candy!"

Pedestrians who saw three well dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go:

"Oh! children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Queen Victoria's birthday is very singularly made a feast of the first class in the Episcopal church. The "Magnificat" "Crede" etc., will be sung on this occasion at Trinity. What Queen Victoria has to do with the Magnificat is known only to those who thus worship her.