

mental duties than in questions of ecclesiastical government.

The head slopes off at Firmness, Self-esteem and Continuity, but Conscientiousness, Cautiousness and Approbation are large. He is not pertinacious, self-willed, or obstinate, in the proper sense of these expressions, and he is still less influenced by any feeling of his own personal value or power as a factor in the world. On the contrary, he is naturally very diffident, and would probably be embarrassed before an audience if it were not for the abundant experience he has had in public speaking.

The finest development of all, however, is at Benevolence. This is so conspicuous in his frontal top head, that the most untrained eye can see it at a glance. Here we have the key to the man's whole character. Philanthropy is the dominant feeling, and, like a fragrant dew from heaven, it moistens, softens and enlivens every flower in the garden of his thought.

As to his intellectual methods, there is great capacity for abstract reasoning, as evinced by the breadth of the upper forehead. But he lacks precision and accuracy in observation. He sees the forest but not the trees; and if his attention is called to a tree, he notes the size of its shadow, but never counts the branches or the leaves. This is shown, by the depressed glabella, or space between the eyebrows, and signifies weakness in the sense of objects. Hence he will not excel in physical science, and is liable to errors in reasoning, from the tendency to neglect apparently trivial but in reality important data. Language is only moderately developed, and his eloquence is chiefly the result of his temperament and emotional faculties. His great sympathy, imagination, imitation and wit, render him well adapted to almost any of the higher educational departments, but especially in religious and philanthropic work.

E. C. B.

THE COMMUNION OF HONESTY.—At one of his dinners, Sir Isaac Newton proposed to drink, not to the health of kings and princes, but to all honest persons, to whatever country they belonged. "We are all friends," he added, "because we unanimously aim at the only object worthy of man, which is the knowledge of truth. We are also of the same religion, because leading a simple life we conform ourselves to what is right, and we endeavor sincerely to give to the Supreme Being that worship which, according to our feeble lights, we are persuaded will please Him most.

UNLOVELY CHILDREN.

A mother stood beside the bed
Where two small children lay—
They pretty looked, though both were dead,
Like children tired of play.

"I doubt me much," she softly said,
"Wherever they can go;
For Mattie struck Tom on the head—
And Tom returned the blow."

And anywhere—no Angel feather
Would stand a chance to lie,
In pretty rows all nice together
If Mattie passed them nigh.

She'd hold an Angel by the wing
And pull the feathers out,
And Tom's loud voice would harshly ring
And make an Angel-rout.

I do not see their heaven range—
Yet they to me were sweet,
And it seems now so cold and strange,
The silence of their feet.

If they had been but good and mild
I had been more content;
And questioned less about the child—
And where the bad ones went.

Oh! mother, in the Father's house,
Fair mansions ready stand:
That, which could thy poor love arouse,
Was God's dear silver band,

That draws the weak and trying ones
As by baptismal fire,
Up, where they catch the Angel tones,
And lovingly aspire.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.