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UNDER THE YOKE.

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CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE YOKE OF CHRIST AND THE YOKE OF ROME.

A GIFT neglected shall be withdrawn. That mother's Bible had lain, these many years, unopened in Brian's desk; but now that its sacred pages had been given to the fire, how doubly precious it became!

Far away on the Island of Cedars, the boy Allan lived with a tutor and Allan Rowe, in a queer, easy, safe, bachelor establishment, set up there by Rowe for his own accommodation. Here the pupil of the Jesuits, the cowed serf of the priests, learned that he had a mind and soul of his own. His nature expanded, he was free from spiritual bondage, and his father's high, ardent disposition began to be developed in him. The days passed gloriously; he studied, he roamed about; he enjoyed the sports of the woods; he was taught to form opinions; to argue them; to be a reasonable being. The higher element of

faith, of reliance on an infallible God and His infallible Word, was, thus far, left out of his education; but over the night of gloom rose the clear dawn of day.

Allan Rowe frequently left his young charge and the tutor, and returned to the city. We do not here stop to explain the dealings of God with Allan Rowe, by what path he led him, by what discipline he instructed him: enough that He who went abroad at the sixth and the ninth hour to bring laborers into his vineyard, saw Allan Rowe standing idle, spoke to him with the voice of mastery, called him, and Allan obeyed and followed Him.

Andrew, being found of Jesus, went first for his own brother Simon. Allan Rowe, having no brother in the flesh, went after the man who was the brother of his heart, and preached Christ unto him. He knew whereof he affirmed, and testified that which he believed; and Brian Waring, tossed with doubts and fears, robbed of domestic happiness, disappointed in his dearest hopes, seeking rest on earth

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

WHY measure out the sum
Of troubles which must come,
Since days are silent and since death is dumb?

For all which men have done
Under the rolling sun
Is but a tithe of what must be begun.

The weight of heavy thought,
And honor dearly bought,
Shall go at last, in men's despite, for naught.

Let day by day fulfill
The burden of its ill,
Nor pry thou further—suffer and be still.

But ever at the sky
Direct thy watchful eye
To view the sign of Him who sitteth high.

And what to-morrow brings
With storm of scars and stings
Pass thou serene on solemn angel-wings.

THE VICTORIES OF SCIENCE.

AT a banquet recently given at Jersey, to celebrate the opening of the Channel Islands Telegraph, M. Drouyn de L'Huys, once the Premier of France, now a refugee on the Islands, was an invited guest. Offering a toast to the success of the telegraph, with the vivacity of a Frenchman he said:

“Do you not admire, gentlemen, the prodigies achieved by Science in securing the domain of Man over the whole field of Nature? It is surely wonderful. Man says to the Thunder, ‘Fix thyself on the point that I indi-

cate, and, following that thread, bury far beneath the earth thy powerless rage;’ and the Thunder obeys, growling meanwhile like a caged and subdued monster. Man says to the Light, ‘Take thy invisible pencil and produce my portrait;’ and Light obeys. He says to the Air, ‘Be illumined, become the sun of the night; in the darkness light up my labors and fetes.’ He says to the Fire, ‘Make friends with the water, thine old enemy, and I will yoke horses of steam to my chariots and my plows.’ The Fire obeys. He says to the Lightning, ‘Give me thy