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SABBATH READINGS

FOR

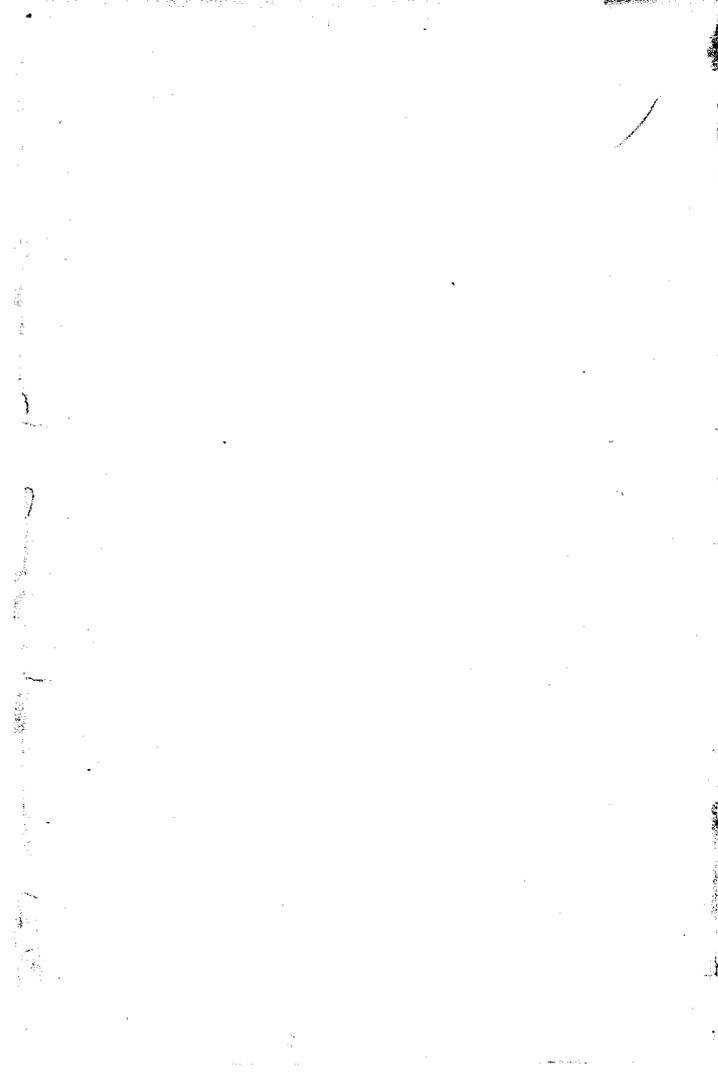
THE HOME CIRCLE.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS LESSONS.

"THAT our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth,
that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the
similitude of a palace."

VOLUME I.

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PREFACE.

THE compiler of this series of volumes has been gathering a large amount of moral and religious reading during the past twenty years, from which selections have been made, admitting only those which may be read with propriety on the Sabbath.

These volumes will be found to contain the best lessons for the family circle, such as will inculcate principles of obedience to parents, kindness and affection to brothers and sisters and youthful associates, benevolence to the poor, and the requirements of the gospel. These virtuous principles are illustrated by instances of conformity to them, or departure from them, in such a manner as to lead to their love and practice.

Great care has been taken in compiling these volumes to avoid introducing into them anything of a sectarian or denominational character that might hinder their free circulation among any denomination, or class of society, where there is a demand for moral and religious literature.

The family circle can be instructed and im-

pressed by high-toned moral and religious lessons in no better way during a leisure hour of the Sabbath, when not engaged in the solemn worship of God, than to listen to one of their number who shall read from these precious volumes. May the blessing of God attend them to every home circle that shall give them a welcome is the prayer of the

COMPILER.

SABBATH READINGS

FOR

THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE DAUGHTER OF A KING.

“I WISH I were a princess!”
Emma stood with the dust-brush in her hand, pausing on her way up-stairs to her own pretty little white room, which she was required to put in order every day.

“Why, my child?” asked her mother.

“Because then I would never have to sweep and dust and make beds, but would have plenty of servants to do these things for me.”

“That is a very foolish wish,” her mother replied; “and even if you were a princess, I think you would find it best to learn how to

do these things, so that you could do them in case of necessity."

"But it never is necessary for princesses to work."

"There my little girl proves her ignorance. If she will come to me after her work is done I will show her a picture."

The little bedroom was at length put to rights, and Emma came to her mother, reminding her of her promise about the picture.

"What do you see, my child?" her mother asked, as she laid the picture before her daughter.

"I see a young girl with her dress fastened up, an apron on, and a broom in her hand."

"Can you tell me what kind of a place she is in?"

"I do not know. There are walls and arches of stone, and a bare stone floor. I do not think it can be a pleasant place."

"No, it is not. It is a prison, and the young girl is a king's daughter."

"A king's daughter!"

"Yes; and her story is a very sad one."

"Please tell me about her."

"More than eighty years ago the king of

France was Louis XVI., and his wife was Marie Antoinette. They were not a wicked king and queen, but they were thoughtless and fond of pleasure. They forgot that it was their duty to look after the good of their people ; so they spent money extravagantly in their own pleasures, while the whole nation was suffering. The people became dissatisfied ; and when, finally, Louis and Marie Antoinette saw the mistake they had been making, and tried to change their conduct, it was too late. The people, urged on by their leaders, learned to hate their king and queen. They were taken, with their two children, and shut up in a prison called the Temple.

“There were dreadful times in France then, and every one who was suspected of being friendly to the royal family was sent to prison and to the guillotine. The prisoners in the Temple passed the time as best they could. The king gave lessons to his son and daughter every day, or read aloud to them all, while Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth and the young Marie Theresa sewed.

“After awhile the angry people took away

the king and beheaded him. And shortly after the little son was separated from his mother, sister and aunt, and shut up by himself in the charge of a cruel jailor. Next it was Marie Antoinette's turn to ascend the scaffold, which she did October 16, 1793. Her daughter, Marie Theresa, was then left alone with her aunt, the Madame Elizabeth.

"But it was not long she was allowed this companionship. Madame Elizabeth was taken away and beheaded, and then the poor young girl of sixteen was left entirely by herself in a dismal prison, guarded and waited on by brutal soldiers. For a year and a half she lived thus, leading the most wretched existence, and not knowing whether her mother and aunt were alive or dead.

"Years afterward, when she was free, she wrote a book about her life in prison. In that we read: 'I only asked for the simple necessities of life, and these they often harshly refused me. I was, however, enabled to keep myself clean. I had at least soap and water, and I swept out my room every day.'

"So here in the picture you see a king's daughter, and the granddaughter of an em-

press—Marie Theresa of Austria, one of the most remarkable women in history—after having carefully made her toilet, sweeping the bare stone floor of her cell.

“Which in those days do you think caused her the most satisfaction—the remembrance that she was the daughter of a king, or the knowledge of domestic duties, acquired no doubt while she was a happy, envied princess, living in a palace and surrounded by a great many servants?”

“Is that a true story?”

“Yes, Emma, every word of it; and there is much, much more that I cannot tell you now.”

“What became of her at last?”

“She was finally released from prison, and sent to Austria to her mother’s friends; but it was a full year after she reached Vienna before she smiled; and though she lived to be seventy years old, she never forgot the terrible sufferings of her prison life.

“But, my child, what I wish to teach you is, that though it is sometimes very pleasant to be a princess, it may be most unfortunate at other times. But there are no circumstances in life, either high or low, in which

a woman will find the knowledge of domestic duties to come amiss, and in which she will not be far happier and more useful for possessing that knowledge."

Children do not always comprehend everything at once ; so I will not say, at that time Emma took delight in dusting and sweeping. But, my readers, bear in mind that that woman is the most queenly who uses her wisdom and her strength for the benefit of those around her, shrinking from no duty that she should perform, but doing it cheerfully and well.

We are not meant to be idle,
Day laborers in the field ;
We each have a garden given us,
Our life is the fruit it will yield.
We must toil in it without ceasing,
In the scorching sun and the rain ;
Each moment we lose is a flower
That never can blossom again.

JAMIE AND HIS TEACHER.

AMONG the scholars in a mission Sabbath-school formed in one of our large country villages, was a little Irish boy, whose bright, intelligent face, quickness of mind, and earnest attention to the lessons, had awakened great interest in the mind of his teacher. After a few Sabbaths, however, this boy was missing, and when sought by the visiting committee during the week, was never to be found. Sometimes he was seen from a distance, looking with apparent interest, as the superintendent or one of the teachers passed by, but if they attempted to approach him, he would take to his heels, and spring over walls and fences with such agility that there was no hope of overtaking him.

His teacher in the Sabbath-school was a young lady belonging to one of the wealthiest families in the village. One cold afternoon in December, after Jamie had been absent from his class more than a month, he made his appearance at the back door of her father's house, asking to see Miss L.

"No, no," said the cook, "ye need n't be thinking the young leddy'll come in the woodshed to see ye. If ye have any message, ye can go in the house."

"I do n't look nice enough to go in," said Jamie, glancing ruefully at his torn trowsers and coarse, muddy boots.

It so happened that Miss L., passing through the hall, heard and recognized the voice, so she came to the door to see what was wanted. Jamie hung down his head in confusion, while the young lady kindly took his hand in hers, and asked if he had been well, and why he had not been to Sabbath-school.

"Me father would n't let me come," he sobbed out at last; "he bate me because I'd been to the Protestant place, and then he took me to a praiste, and he bate me harder yet."

"Poor child!" exclaimed Miss L. "But does your father know you came here this afternoon?"

"No, ma'am; but he said I might have every half holiday to go skating, if I promised never to go inside the Sabbath-school again. So I brought my Testament, and I thought mebbe you'd teach me here, ma'am."

Was it not a bold request? Did not Jamie know that with home duties and the claims of social life, his teacher's time must be fully occupied? Might she not think that her services on the Sabbath were all that should be required of her? Ah, no; what were time, and strength, and fashionable amusements, to be compared with the value of a precious soul? Miss L. could only thank God for so rich a privilege, and enter with joy upon the work of instruction.

So every half holiday found Jamie seated by her side in the beautiful library, reading and earnestly studying the words of the Master, who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Skating-time came and went; the last ice had melted from the pond, but never once had Jamie employed his only half holiday in that favorite amusement. He had found a source of purer, deeper delight, than even boyish sports could afford.

But his new resorts would not always remain hidden. Jamie's well-worn Testament once happened to fall from his pocket in the presence of his parents.

"What's that?" demanded the father fiercely.

"It's my Testament, father," Jamie gently replied.

"And where did ye get that? Have ye been to the Protestant school since I told ye not?"

"No, father; but my teacher gave me this a great while ago."

"And who is your teacher?"

"Miss L."

"What, Miss L.? The one that lives in that splendid house on the hill?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, well, what's in the book? let's hear a bit."

Provisionally, this was one of the rare occasions when Mr. Ryan was not intoxicated, and as the boy read passage after passage from his beloved book, the Father's mind opened with a child-like interest to the truths of the holy word. From that day he became a sincere inquirer after the truth as it is in Jesus. The appetite for strong drink, which had been the cause of his degradation, was at last quenched; for a stronger thirst had taken possession of his soul, even for that purifying stream of which whosoever drinketh shall never thirst.

A STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE.

OH, girls! I shall just die, I know I shall!" exclaimed Belle Burnette, going off into a hysterical fit of laughter, which she vainly tried to smother behind an elegant lace-edged handkerchief.

"What is it, you provoking thing! Why don't you tell us, so we can laugh too?"

"Well—you—see," she gasped out at last, "we've got a new pupil—the queerest looking thing you ever saw. I happened to be in Madam's room when she arrived. She came in the stage, and had a mite of an old-fashioned hair trunk, not much bigger than a handbox, and she came into Madam's room with a funny little basket in her hand, and sat down as if she had come to stay forever. She said, 'Are you Madam Gazin?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'that is my name.' 'Well, I've come to stay a year at your school.' And then she pulled a handkerchief out of her basket, and unrolled it till she found an old leather wallet, and actually took out \$250 and laid it in

Madam's hand, saying, 'That is just the amount, I believe; will you please give me a receipt for it?' You never saw Madam look so surprised. She actually didn't know what to say for a minute, but she gave her the receipt, asked a few questions, and had her taken to No. 10, and there she is now, this very minute."

"Well, what was there so funny about all that?"

"Why, this: she has red hair, tucked into a black net, and looks just like a fright, every way. She had on a brown delaine dress, without a sign of a ruffle, or trimming of any kind, and the shabbiest hat and shawl you ever saw. You'll laugh, too, when you see her."

Bell Burnette was an only child, and her wealthy father was pleased to gratify her every whim. So, besides being far too elegantly dressed for a school-girl, she was supplied with plenty of pocket money, and being very generous, and full of life and fun, she was the acknowledged leader among Madam's pupils.

When the tea-bell rang, the new-comer was escorted to the dining-room, and intro

duced to her school-mates as Miss Fannie Comstock. She had exchanged her brown delaine for a plain calico dress, with a bit of white edging about the neck. She did look rather queer, with her small, thin, freckled face, and her red hair brushed straight back from her face, and hidden as much as possible under a large black net, and but for the presence of Madam her first reception would have been exceedingly unpleasant. She was shy and awkward, and evidently ill at ease among so many strangers. As soon as possible she hastened back to the seclusion of her own room. The next day she was examined, and assigned to her place in the different classes, and to the surprise of all she was far in advance of those of her age. But this did not awaken the respect of her school-mates as it should have done. On the contrary, Belle Burnette and her special friends were highly incensed about it, and at once commenced a series of petty annoyances, whenever it was safe to do so, which kept poor Fannie miserable, indeed, although she seemed to take no notice of it. A few weeks passed by. Her lessons were always perfectly recited. She made no complaint of

the slights and sneers of her companions, but kept out of their way as much as possible. Her thin face grew paler, however, and there were dark rings about her eyes. A watchful friend would have seen that all these things were wearing cruelly upon her young life. One Saturday the very spirit of wickedness seemed let loose among them. Madam was away, and the other teachers were busy in their rooms. Fannie had been out for a walk and was near the door of her room when a dozen or more of the girls surrounded her, clasping hands together so she was a prisoner in their midst. For a moment she begged piteously to be released, but they only laughed the more, and began going around, singing something which Belle had composed—cruel, miserable, insulting words. She stood for an instant pale and still, then, with a piercing cry, she burst through the ring, and rushed into her room, closed and locked the door. Through their wild peals of laughter the girls heard a strange moan and a heavy fall.

“I believe she has fainted,” said Belle.

“What shall we do?” said another.

For a moment they stood there sober

enough ; then one of them ran for the matron and told her that Fanny Comstock had fainted in her room and the door was locked.

She had a long ladder put to the window, and sent the janitor to see if it was true. Fortunately the window was open, and in a few moments he had unlocked the door from the inside. The girls were huddled together in a frightened group, while Madam lifted the poor girl and laid her upon her bed. She was in violent spasms. The doctor was sent for, but when the spasms ceased, alarming symptoms set in, and he pronounced it a serious case of brain fever. It is impossible to tell the shame and remorse of the conscience stricken girls. They were not brave enough to confess their guilt, but hung around the sick room offering their services, vainly wishing that they might atone for it in some way. But their presence only excited the poor sufferer, so that they were all sent away. Day after day passed, and still she raved in violent delirium. The little hair trunk was searched to find some clue to her friends, but there was nothing found in it but the plainest, scantiest supply of clothes. Day after day the doctor came, looking grave

and anxious, and at last the crisis came. For many hours she lay as if dead, and not a noise was permitted to disturb the awful silence while they waited to see if she would live or die. At last she opened her eyes; and the suspense was relieved by an assuring word from the doctor, that with careful nursing she would soon be well again. But her convalescence was slow and tedious.

Her former tormenters dared not speak of what they had done, but they sent daily little bouquets of fragrant flowers and other delicacies to tempt her returning appetite. Her eyes would light up with surprise and pleasure at the little gifts. And amidst all her wild ravings not a word of complaint at the ill treatment she had received ever escaped her lips.

One day Madam was sitting by her side, and as Fannie seemed to be much stronger, she ventured to ask after her friends.

"I have no friends Madam, only cousin John who has a large family of his own, and has never cared for me. Mother died when I was born. I had a step-mother, but father died five years after, and I've taken care of myself ever since."

"And you are only fifteen now?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How did you get money enough to pay for a year's board and tuition here?"

"I earned it all, Madam, every cent of it. As soon as I was big enough I went into a factory, and earned two dollars a week at first, and finally \$3.50; and I worked for my board nights and mornings."

"Poor child!"

"Oh no, ma'am, I was very glad to do it."

"But how did you keep along so well with your studies?"

"I used to fix a book open on my loom, where I could catch a sentence now and then, and the overseer did not object, because I always did my work well. You see, Madam, I wanted to be a teacher some time, and I'd have a better chance to learn here than anywhere else, so I determined to do it."

"What are your plans for the long vacation?"

"I must go back to the factory and earn enough to get some warmer clothes for the winter. You see, Madam, why I can't afford to dress better."

Madam's heart was full. She bent over

the white, thin little face, and kissed it reverently.

That evening, when the girls gathered in the chapel for worship she told Fannie's story. There was not a dry eye in the room. The moment Madam finished, Belle Burnette sprang up with the tears pouring down her cheeks and said :—

→“Oh, Madam! We have been awfully cruel and wicked to that poor girl. We have made fun of her from the first, and she would not have been sick as she was if we had not tormented her almost to death. I was the most to blame. It was I that led on the rest, and we have suffered terribly all these weeks, fearing she might die. You may expel me, or punish me in any way you please; for I deserve it; and I shall go down on my knees to ask her pardon, as soon as you will let me see her.”

“My child, I am shocked to hear this. I can scarcely believe that any of my pupils would ill-treat a companion because she was so unfortunate as to be plain and poor. But you have made a noble confession, and I forgive you as freely as I believe she will, when she knows how truly you have repented

of your unkindness." By degrees, as she was able to bear it, one after another went to Fannie and begged her forgiveness, which was freely granted. She said, "I don't wonder you made fun of me. I know I was poorly dressed, and awful homely. I would have pulled every hair out of my head long ago only I knew it would grow out as red as ever. But, oh! if I could have felt that I had just one friend among you all I could have borne it; but somehow it just broke my heart to have you all turn against me."

After this she gained rapidly, and one fine morning the doctor said she might join the girls in the drawing-room for an hour before tea. There had been a vast deal of whispering and hurrying to and fro of late, among the girls, of which Fannie had been totally unconscious in the quiet seclusion of her room.

At the appointed time, Madam herself came to assist her, and leaning upon her strong arms, the young girl walked feebly through the long hall and down the stairs.

"My dear, the girls have planned a little surprise for you, to make the hour as pleasant as possible."

She opened the door and seated Fannie in an easy chair, and the girls came gliding in, with smiling faces, singing a beautiful song of welcome. At its close Belle Burnette approached and placed a beautiful wreath of flowers upon her head, saying: "Dear Fannie, we crown you our queen to day, knowing well how far above us all you are in His sight, who looketh upon the heart instead of the outward appearance. You have taught us a lesson we shall never forget, and we beg you to accept a token of sincere love and repentance for our treatment of you in the past, which you will find in your room on your return."

Fannie's eyes were full of tears, and she tried to say a word in reply, but Madam spoke for her, and after another song they followed their newly crowned queen to the dining-room, where a most tempting feast was laid in honor of the occasion. Fannie was quietly, tearfully happy through it all, yet so wearied with the unusual excitement that Madam said she must not see the girl's "Peace offering" that night. The first thing she saw the next morning was a fine large trunk, and lying upon it a card, "For

Miss Fannie Comstock, from her teacher and school-mates." Having opened it she saw it was packed full of newly folded garments, but she had no time to examine the contents, until after breakfast, when they left her alone with her wonderful gifts. There were pretty dresses and sacques, a fine new parasol, gloves and ribbons, cuffs and collars in abundance—indeed, everything that a young school-girl could possibly need. Every one of Madam's two hundred and ten pupils had contributed from their choicest and best, to furnish a complete outfit for their less favored mate. At the bottom was a well-filled writing desk, an album containing all their pictures, and a pretty purse containing \$5, and the following note from Madam :—

"MY DEAR CHILD—This shall be a receipt in full for all expenses, during whatever time you may choose to remain in the seminary, which I present you as a sincere token of my love and respect.

"JEANNETTE GAZIN."

They found her at dinner-time on the floor, surrounded by her new treasures, crying like a baby; but it did her good. She was soon able to resume her studies, and was ever

afterward treated with kindness and consideration, even though all her hair came out and left her head bald as her face, so she had to wear a queer cap-like wig for many weeks.

When the long vacation arrived, Belle carried her off to her beautiful home on the Hudson, where for the first time in her life she was surrounded with beauty and luxury on every side, and was treated as a loved and honored guest. It was not long before the hateful wig was cast aside, and Fannie's head was covered with a profusion of dark auburn curls, which were indeed a crown of glory that made her plain face almost beautiful.

Gentle, loving, and beloved by all, she remained in the seminary until she graduated with honor, after which Madam offered her the position of head teacher, with a most liberal salary, which she gratefully accepted.

GOD IS LOVE.

THERE sat a radiant, white-winged bird,
I listened but no sound I heard.
And then I spake: "Sweet bird." I said,
"From what far country hast thou fled?
Whence cam'st thou; and why cam'st thou here?
Can'st thou bring aught my soul to cheer?
Hast thou strange news? speak, gentle dove!"
And the bird answered, "God is love."

"They tell me so." I faintly said.
"But joy has flown, and hope is dead,
And I am sick, and sad and weary,
And life is long and dark, and dreary—
Think not thy words my spirit move!"
Still the bird answered, "God is love."

"Some dearly loved are far away,
And some who fondly near me stay,
Are sick, and sad, and suffering,
While I am weak and murmuring,
Each for the other grieves, and tries
To stay the tears that fill his eyes—
Why comes not comfort from above?"
Firmly, but mournfully, the dove
Distinctly answered, "God is love."

I started up, "The world." I said.
"Though beautiful it once was made,
Is full of crime and misery now;
Want sits on many a beggar's brow;
The warrior wields his bloody sword,
Slaves tremble at the tyrant's word—

Vice honored—virtue scorned—we see,
Why are these ills allowed to be?"
He raised his head, that soft-eyed dove,
As though my boldness he'd reprove,
Then bowed and answered, "God is love."

"Forgive," I said, in accents mild,
"I would I were again a child.
I've wandered from the heavenly track,
And it is late to journey back;
My wings are clipped, I cannot soar,
I strive to mount, but o'er and o'er
My feeble wings I raise in vain—
I flutter, sink and fall again!"
In low, but earnest tones, the dove
Still softly murmured, "God is love."

"Thou mov'st me strangely, wondrous bird!
My soul is strongly, deeply stirred,
My heart grows lighter, may I still
My mission upon earth fulfill,
Proving my love to God sincere,
By doing all my duty here.
Shall past omissions be forgiven?
And shall the weary rest in heaven?"
He spread his wings, that radiant dove,
And cheerily answered, "God is love."

Thou blessed type of joy and peace,
My hope and faith thou'l't still increase,
Be ever near me, gentle dove,
I know, I feel, that "God is love."

A KIND WORD.

WILLIAM and Henry were clerks in a large wholesale establishment. They met one morning on their way to the store and proceeded together. After talking awhile on various subjects, the following dialogue took place:—

“By the way, William,” said Henry, “I understand you were last evening at ——’s,” naming a fashionable billiard saloon.

“A mistake, Henry. I was never in a billiard saloon.”

“Well, I thought it very strange when I heard it.”

“Why so?”

“Why?” said Henry in astonishment. “Why, because you are a religious young man and a church member.”

“Do you ever visit such places, Henry?”

“Oh, yes; but that is quite a different matter. I don’t profess to be a Christian, you know.”

“You would think it wrong for me to be there?”

"Of course I should."

"And right for yourself?"

"Well, yes; there's no harm in my being there."

"*Why* not?"

"Why, because—because I do not profess to be bound by the same obligations that you are."

"And who has released you from those same obligations and imposed them upon me?"

"Oh, well, now, there's no use in talking, William; you know that Christians do not and ought not to engage in what they consider pernicious amusements."

"I certainly do know that they ought not; but I wish to know why it is wrong for them and right for others."

"You know the fact that it is so."

"No, I do not know that it is; and I wish to call your attention to the truth that the obligation to refrain from evil rests upon every rational human being in a Christian land. God has commanded *all* men to love and obey him; also, to the fact that the difference between the Christian and the sinner is that one acknowledges the obliga-

tion, while the other denies it; and that the denial does not remove the obligation. God has not invited you to love him if you prefer to do so; but he has absolutely commanded you and me to love and obey him. I have the right, if you have, to engage in any kind of amusement, and to follow my inclinations in all things; and it is your duty, equally with mine, to honor our Master's law by shunning every wicked way. Think of this, friend Henry, I entreat you, and acknowledge the responsibility which you cannot remove; and from which, after accepting, you would not desire to be released."

They had arrived at the store, and each went to his own department. These young men had entered the employment of A. B. & Sons at the same time, about two years before the above conversation occurred. William had gained the confidence of his employers, and had risen in position. The senior partner intended retiring from business, and was looking about for a Christian young man of ability and energy to propose as a partner for his sons; and had lately been thinking of William as a suitable person. He had observed him closely, and thought

he saw in him the habits and qualifications necessary to make a successful business man.

He had also been watching Henry's course. He had heard of him at places where a young man who aspires to positions of truth and honor will never be seen, and was about proposing his discharge to the other members of the firm. He knew that a clerk whose style of living requires more money than his salary gives him will be very likely, indeed almost sure, to resort to dishonest practices to make up the deficiency. Instances of this kind are every day occurring in our cities; and as long as we meet, as we may every morning and evening in the Broadway stages, dainty looking young men, dressed in finer and fresher broadcloth than their employers wear, with heavy gold chains, fine chronometers, and diamond pins and rings, we may expect to hear of a great many more.

That morning's conversation made a deep impression upon Henry's mind. The subject had never been presented to him in that light before. He had imagined, as young persons are apt to suppose, that no moral responsibility rested upon him till he assumed it publicly by uniting with the church. Henry

did not mean to die a sinner. Oh, no; he fully intended, after he had enjoyed what he considered the pleasures of youth, to settle down into Christian manhood. After this talk with William he could not get rid of the idea of accountability to his God. His wicked amusements and extravagant habits appeared to him as they never had done before, and he began to see their inevitable tendency. The result was an entire change in his aims and conduct. This was so marked that it very soon became known to all of his associates, and, of course, to his employers.

He remained in that house; gradually rising to the highest clerkship, and, finally, becoming the junior partner of the firm of which William had for some time been a member. His happiness and prosperity he always attributed to the word kindly spoken at the right time by his fellow clerk. He has been successful not only as a merchant, but as a Christian, exerting a powerful influence for good upon all about him, but particularly upon the young men employed in his house.

MISSIONARY KATY.

KATY GRAY had been to a missionary meeting, and heard a lady speak who had been for fifteen years a missionary in Africa. She had spoken only of the bright side, and not of the dark, and Katy was delighted and interested.

“Yes, I have concluded to be a missionary when I get 'bout forty.”

“Why wait until you are forty?” asked Katy's mamma, looking up from the sewing that occupied both hand and foot.

“Well, you see, I must teach first, you know, and perhaps write books, too, and make lots of money; and then, when my hair gets gray, and my teeth tumble out, and all—why, then I'll look well enough to be a missionary; the heathen won't mind.”

“Sure enough,” said Mrs. Gray; “that is a very good plan of life if you can follow it out. But you know, there was Mrs. Stephens, who died last week, and she was just forty. Do n't you think you had better place it a little earlier?”

"Well, perhaps thirty-five would do."

"Yes, that would only be keeping seven-eighths of life for yourself, and giving one to Christ. That might do only, aunt Katy, you know, died at thirty-five. Would that be safe?"

"Well, thirty, then;" and Katy moved to the window and looked out.

"Thirty—that's better; that is just the age of cousin Mary when she was thrown from the carriage on her way to the party. You know she has never walked a step since."

Katy drummed restlessly on the window. Never in her life, it seemed, had so few old persons passed on the street.

"Perhaps I could at twenty-five," she said at last, with a sigh.

"That is young enough to go to Africa," replied Mrs. Gray. "You know that pretty Miss Robins who was buried last week at that age, thought of going to India."

"I don't see, mamma," said Katy, turning from the window, and laughing with tears in her eyes, "but I shall be obliged to go right away, so as to be safe."

"So you would darling, if you would be

one of Christ's workers every day right here. If you should live for yourself twenty-five years, it would be rather hard work, all at once, to begin to live for others."

"Don't dream, my dear, of great things by and by; but be such a helpful worker every day in little things that at the last the Master shall see that you have grown strong to bear great things."

"I will try mamma. I can help take care of the baby, and cheerfully do errands for you."

And Katy did begin right then and there, and she began, too, in the true way. Home missionaries are as important and useful as those in foreign fields, and for them there is always an "open door."

Katy followed up the missionary work in various ways which proved a blessing to herself as well as to those about her. There were many things which she could do to help her kind mamma. There were little errands upon which she could go as an angel of mercy. She could carry a basket of provisions to some poor widow and orphan children, even through the rain and snow; she could speak kindly to those in trouble and distress;

she could lead and gather up to Sabbath-school the little ones that lived near, who without her services would perhaps never have found their way thither, or the door into the fold of the good Shepherd.

In this way Katy is preparing herself for greater missionary duties by and by, should it please the good Lord to spare her. And should it be his will early to remove her from labor, she will be among those to whom the blessed Master will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

NOT MIGHTY DEEDS.

Nor mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below ;
But little acts of kindness,
Which any child may show.

An early flower, unasked, bestowed ;
A light and cautious tread ;
A voice to gentlest whisper hushed,
To spare the aching head :—

Yes, deeds like these, though little things,
Yet purest love disclose,
As fragrant perfume on the air
Reveals the hidden rose.

WILL WINSLOW.

WILL WINSLOW was the worst boy in the Village; his father's indulgence had spoiled him. "Don't check the boy," he would say to his mother, "you will crush all the manhood within him." And so he grew up the terror of his neighbors. The old, the infirm, and the crippled were the especial objects of his vicious merriment. One poor woman, bent by age and infirmities, he assailed with his ridicule, as she daily went out upon her crutch, to draw water from the well near her house, and just within the play-ground of the school-house.

"Only look at her," he would say, "is n't she the letter S now, with an extra crook in it?" and his cruel laugh, as he followed closely behind, mocking and mimicking her, called forth from her no rebuke. One day, however, she turned, and looking at him reproachfully, said :—

"Go home, child, and read the story of Elisha and the two bears out of the wood."

"Shame on you, Will," said Charles Mans-

field, "to laugh at her misfortunes! I heard my grandmother say that she became a cripple by lifting her idiot son, and tending him night and day."

"I don't care what made her so," said Will, "but I wouldn't stay among people if I was such a looking thing as that. Do look!"

"Shame," said Charles, "shame," echoed from each of the boys present. And to show their sympathy, several of them sprang forward to aid the poor woman; but Charles Mansfield, the oldest, and always an example of nobleness and generosity, was the first. "Let me get the water for you, ma'am," and he gently took the bucket from her hand.

Her voice was tremulous and tearful, as she said, "Thank you, my dear boy. God grant that you may never suffer from such infirmities."

"If I should," said Charles, kindly, "it would be the duty, and ought to be the pleasure of young people to assist me. One of us will bring you water every day, and so you need not come for it."

"Yes, so we will," was echoed from lip to lip.

"God bless you! God bless you all." She wiped away the tears and entered her poor and lonely home.

Will Winslow was reported to the master, and was sentenced to study during the usual recess for a week to come. The punishment was hard, for he loved play better than his book; but how slight in comparison with the retribution which awaited him.

It was the second day of his confinement, and he sat near the open window, watching the sports of the boys in the play-ground. Suddenly—when the master was absorbed in his occupations, he leaped into the midst of them, with a shout at his achievement.

"Now let him punish me again, if he can," and he ran backward, throwing up his arms, and shouting in defiance, when—his voice suddenly ceased; there was a heavy plunge, and a horrible groan broke on the ears of his bewildered companions.

Now it happened that the well, of which we have before spoken, was undergoing repairs, and the workmen were then at a distance collecting their materials. Carelessly the well was left uncovered, and at the very moment of his triumph, Will Winslow was

precipitated backward into the opening. A cry of horror burst from the assembled boys, who rushed to the spot, and Charles Mansfield, the bravest of them all, was the first to seize the well-rope, tie it around his waist, and descend to the rescue. The well was deep; fortunately, however, the water at that time was mostly exhausted, but Will lay motionless at the bottom. Carefully he lifted him, and with one arm around his mutilated and apparently lifeless form, and the other upon the rope, he gave the signal, and was slowly drawn to the top. The livid face of the wicked boy filled his companions with a supernatural horror; and in perfect silence they bore him to the house of the poor woman, which was close at hand. She had witnessed the accident from the window, and upon her crutch hastened to meet them. And now Will Winslow was in the humble home, and upon the lowly bed of her whom he had assailed with cruelty and scorn; and faithfully she obeyed the commandment of Him who said, "Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you."

Silently her prayers ascended to God for the

sufferer. Her little vials of camphor and other restoratives, provided by charitable neighbors, were emptied for his relief. She took from her scanty store, bandages for his head, which was shockingly mangled and bleeding; and she herself, forgetful of all but his sufferings, sat down and tenderly bathed his hands and his forehead, while some of the boys ran for the surgeon, and others for the master. The injury to the head was supposed to be the only one he had sustained; and after the surgeon had done his work the poor boy was borne away on a litter to his home, still insensible, and surrounded by his companions, mute with emotion. That day was destined to make an impression upon the school, its master, and all that heard of the awful catastrophe.

A few hours later and a group of boys collected in the play-ground. Their conversation was in whispers; horror sat upon every face; all were pale and awe stricken. Charles Mansfield approached. "How is poor Will now, have any of you heard?"

"Oh, Charlie!" several exclaimed at once as they gathered around him.

"Oh! don't you know? haven't you heard?"

Why, he opened his eyes and spoke, but they think his back is broken." Charles clasped his hands, lifted them high in the air, uttered not a word, but burst into tears. For a few minutes he yielded to his emotion, and then, still pale and grief stricken, but with a manly voice, he said to his companions: "Boys, shall we ever forget the lesson of this day?"

And poor Will—words would be too feeble to portray his agony of body and mind as he lay for long months upon his bed of suffering; but when he arose therefrom, with a feeble and distorted body, and a scar upon his forehead, he was changed in heart also, crushed in spirit, humble, and contrite. Repentance had had its perfect work, and when he became convalescent, and his school mates came to congratulate him on his recovery, he threw his arms around the necks of each, and burst into tears, but could not speak, except to whisper, "Forgive, forgive."

At his request the poor woman became the tenant, rent free, of a cottage belonging to his father, and his mother constantly administered to her wants. As soon as he could do so, he wrote to her, humbly pleading

forgiveness, and in return she gave him her blessing. From this time one-half his ample quarterly allowance was bestowed upon her; he visited her in her loneliness, and at last made his peace with God, declared his punishment just—henceforth to be a cripple and hunchback.”

Youthful readers, let the history of Will Winslow impress your hearts. Revere the aged, whether they be in poverty or affluence; and feel it a privilege to administer to them in their infirmities, as they have done to you in the weakness and helplessness of infancy. It is the only recompense which youth can make to age, and God will bless the youthful heart which bows in reverence before the hoary head.

INDECISION.

ANY boy who understands machinery knows what it is when an engine is on a "dead center." Let us explain to those who do not understand. When the walking-beam of a steam-engine has lifted the crank to its highest point, or depressed it to its lowest, that point is called the "dead center." If the crank swings over as it usually does, then the rod goes down from the highest point and up from the lowest; but, sometimes when an engine is going slowly, the crank does not swing past the center, and then, as the piston presses straight down, or draws straight up, does not tend to turn the crank as it does when in any other position, the engine stops, and the crank has to be swung over the center by hand.

Now, this "dead center" is in an engine just what indecision is in a boy or man. The crank moves slowly, and without force enough to carry it over that point; it is undecided which way to go, and it stops, and, till it can be started by extraneous force, the

boat is at the mercy of the winds and waves. If a boy's mind moves slowly and in an undecided manner, his moral force, his engine, gets on a "dead center," and away he floats down stream.

Standing on the dock in one of our seaport towns, a large steamer getting under weigh could be seen. The current was running swiftly by the wharf and the river full of large shipping. The steamer cast off, and swung out into the stream, the engine made three or four revolutions, and then stopped. The pilot sounded the bell in the engine-room to go ahead, but it was not answered; the boat drifted swiftly, and in a moment crash it went against a ship, and carried away her rigging around her bowsprit; then smash into another steamboat, and made a wreck of her wheel-house, and very badly damaged herself.

The pilot was frantic with rage at what he deemed the stupidity of the engineer; the officers of the craft were loudly cursing the stupidity of the pilot, and there was a great running to and fro of all hands, when the pilot was told by the engineer that his engine was on a "dead center," and till the

crank was pushed over in some way he was powerless. By this time the boat had drifted a long way and was almost a wreck ; indeed, so badly damaged that she could not go on her voyage, and in her drifting she had crippled several other craft. The only remedy was to down anchor, which the pilot did as soon as he saw that the engine was useless. But it was too late. The damage was done, and the boat was afterward hauled off for repairs.

A boy needs decision of character more than any other trait, and we can sympathize with a boy who is doing his best to cultivate this virtue. It is his sheet-anchor, which, by the help and grace of God, can hold him right when all else fails him. A boy should learn how to say "No," and not only how to say it, but how to live up to it. "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not ;" that means, say "No" with an emphasis, and, after saying No, leave the place at once. It is your only safety. If you say, "Get thee behind me Satan," he won't "get." He never goes away politely and humbly when ordered—not he. He will face you, and the only way to get him behind you is to turn

around and walk away, and then, of course, he is behind you. This requires decision.

If Tom and Harry tempt you to run away from school, or go where you ought not to go, and you reply in an undecided way, "I guess not, perhaps it is not best, I rather think I'd better not;" you are Tom and Harry's boy. They have you sure. If a boy is undecided he is lost. But if, when they make such a proposition to you, you say "No," and turn away, why then you are safe, and neither Tom, Harry nor Satan has the least hold upon you. A boy who is undecided in his moral character, in his sports, and, when he grows up in his business, floats, drifts along to sure destruction; for every craft that drifts is doomed.

If circumstances arise in which you question what course to pursue, remember that in such a case, there is a safe appeal which must result in accordance with the highest good, namely, ask yourself what would the Saviour do under such circumstances; just what you suppose He would approve or advise, *that* you will be safe in doing. Do this, and there will be no "dead center," no indecision, no yielding to temptations.

How important that all, especially the young, make the application; do n't wreck yourself and others by indecision; do n't drift and float down the swift stream of life with all your energies on a "dead center." This is forcibly brought to mind when we see a man who might do a great deal of good in every way, loafing through life, a curse to himself and to all about him.

REMEMBER, the WILL to do rightly,
If used, will the evil confound;
Live daily by conscience, that nightly
Your sleep may be peaceful and sound.
In contests of right never waver,
Let honesty shape every plan,
And life will of Paradise savor,
If you do as near right as you can.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

A FRIEND told me not long ago, a beautiful story about kind words. A good lady passed a drinking saloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man into the street. He was quite young and very pale, but his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was far gone in the road to ruin, and with an oath he brandished his clenched fists, threatening to be revenged on the man who had ill-used him. This young man was so excited and blinded with passion, that he did not see the lady who stood very near to him, until she laid her hand on his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, and asked him what was the matter.

At the first kind word he started as if a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then with a sigh of relief he said :—

“ I thought that was my mother's voice, it

sounded strangely like! But her voice has been hushed in death these many years."

"You had a mother then, and she loved you," said she.

With that sudden revulsion of feeling which often comes to people of fine nervous temperaments, the young man burst into tears and sobbed out, "Oh yes, I had an angel mother and she loved her boy! But since she died all the world has been against me, and I am lost to honor, lost to decency, and lost forever!"

"No, not lost forever; for God is merciful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady in her soft, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had long been untouched in the young man's heart, thrilling it with magic power, and wakening a host of tender emotions, which had been buried deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she passed on her way the young man followed her. He marked the house she entered, and wrote the name which was on the silver door-plate, in his memorandum book. Then he went slowly away with a

very earnest look on his pale face, and a deeper and more earnest feeling in his heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her.

Wondering who it could be, she went down to the parlor, where she found a noble looking, well dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her. Holding out his hand, he said :

“Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion ; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago,” said he, in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before.

“I have changed so much,” said the man, “that you have quite forgotten me ; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should have recognized it anywhere. And your voice, too, is so like my mother’s.”

These last words made the lady remember the young man she had kindly spoken to in front of the drinking saloon so long before, and the tears flowed freely,—both wept. After the first gush of emotion had subsided,

the gentleman told the lady how those few gentle words had been instrumental in saving him, and making him what he was then.

"The earnest expression of 'No, not lost forever,' followed me wherever I went," said he, "and it always seemed that it was the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb. I repented of my many transgressions, and resolved to live in Jesus as my mother would have been pleased to have had me; and by the mercy and grace of God I have been enabled to resist temptation, and keep my good resolutions."

"I never dreamed there was such power in a few kind words before," exclaimed the lady, "and surely, ever after this I shall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I meet in the walks of life."

THE LIFE BOOK.

WRITE, mother, write!

A new unspotted book of life before thee,
Thine is the hand to trace upon its pages
The first few characters to live in glory,
Or live in shame, through long, unending ages;
Write, mother, write!

Thy hand, though woman's, must not faint nor falter,
The lot is on thee, nerve thee, then, with care;
A mother's tracery time may never alter;
Be its first impress, then, the breath of prayer.
Write, mother, write!

Write, father, write!

Take thee a pen plucked from an eagle's pinion,
And write immortal actions for thy son;
Teach him that man forgets man's high dominion,
Creeping on earth, leaving great deeds undone;
Write, father, write!

Leave on his life book a fond father's blessing,
To shield him 'mid temptation, toil and sin,
And he shall go to glory's field, possessing
Strength to contend, and confidence to win.
Write, father, write!

Write, sister, write!

Nay, shrink not, for a sister's love is holy,
Write words the angels whisper in thine ears;
No bud of sweet affection, how'er lowly,
But planted here will bloom in after years.

Write, sister, write!

Something to cheer him, his rough way pursuing.

For manhood's lot is sterner far than yours ;
He may not pause, he must be up and doing.
While thine more gentle toil among the flowers.
Write, sister, write !

Write, brother, write !
Strike a bold blow upon those kindred pages ;
Write : Shoulder to shoulder, brother, we will go,
Heart linked to heart, though wild the conflict rages
We will defy the battle and the foe.

Write, brother, write !
We, who have trodden boyhood's path together,
Beneath the summer's sun and winter's sky,
What matter if life brings us some foul weather,
We may be stronger for adversity.
Write, brother, write !

Fellow mortal, write !
One God reigns in the heavens—there is no other,
And all mankind are brethren—thus 'tis spoken,
And whoso aids a sorrowing, struggling brother,
By kindly word, or deed, or friendly token,
Shall win the favor of our Heavenly Father,
Who judges evil and rewards the good,
And who hath linked the race of man together,
In one vast universal brotherhood.
Fellow mortal, write !

THE LITTLE SISTERS.

YOU were not here yesterday," said the gentle teacher of the little village school, as she placed her hand kindly on the curly head of one of her pupils. It was recess time, but the little girl addressed had not gone to frolic away the ten minutes, not even left her seat, but sat absorbed in what seemed a fruitless attempt to make herself mistress of an example in long division.

Her face and neck crimsoned at the remark of her teacher, but looking up, she seemed somewhat re-assured by the kind glance that met her, and answered, "No, ma'am, I was not, but sister Nelly was."

"I remember there was a little girl who called herself Nelly Gray, came in yesterday, but I did not know she was your sister. But why did you not come? You seem to love to study very much."

"It was not because I did n't want to," was the earnest answer, and then she paused and the deep flush again tinged her fair brow; "but," she continued after a moment

of painful embarrassment, "mother cannot spare both of us conveniently, and so we are going to take turns. I'm going to school one day, and sister the next, and to-night I'm to teach Nelly all I have learned to-day, and to-morrow night she will teach me all that she learns while here. It's the only way we can think of getting along, and we want to study very much, so as to sometime keep school ourselves, and take care of mother, because she has to work very hard to take care of us."

With genuine delicacy Miss M—— forbore to question the child further, but sat down beside her, and in a moment explained the rule over which she was puzzling her young brain, so that the hard example was easily finished.

"You had better go out and take the air a few moments, you have studied very hard to-day," said the teacher, as the little girl put aside the slate.

"I had rather not—I might tear my dress—I will stand by the window and watch the rest."

There was such a peculiar tone in the voice of her pupil as she said, "I might tear

my dress," that the teacher was led instinctively to notice it. It was nothing but a nine-penny print of a deep hue, but it was neatly made and had never been washed. And while looking at it, she remembered that during the whole previous fortnight Mary Gray had attended school regularly, she had never seen her wear but that one dress. "She is a thoughtful little girl," said she to herself, "and does not want to make her mother any trouble. I wish I had more such scholars."

The next morning Mary was absent, but her sister occupied her seat. There was something so interesting in the two little sisters, the one eleven, and the other eighteen months younger, agreeing to attend school by turns, that Miss M—— could not forbear observing them very closely. They were pretty faced children, of delicate forms, the elder with dark eyes and chestnut curls, the other with orbs like the sky of June, her white neck veiled by a wealth of golden ringlets. She observed in both, the same close attention to their studies, and as Mary tarried within during the play time, so did Nelly; and upon speaking to her as she had

to her sister, she received the same answer, "I might tear my dress."

The reply caused Miss M—— to notice the garb of her sister. She saw at once that it was of the same piece as Mary's, and upon scrutinizing it very closely, she became certain that it was the same dress. It did not fit quite so nicely on Nelly, and was too long for her, and she was evidently ill at ease when she noticed her teacher looking at the bright pink flowers that were so thickly set on the white ground.

The discovery was one that could not but interest a heart so benevolent as that which pulsated in the bosom of that village school-teacher. She ascertained the residence of their mother, and though sorely shortened herself by a narrow purse, that same night, having found at the only store in the place a few yards of the same material, purchased a dress for little Nelly, and made arrangements with the merchant to send it to her in such a way that the donor could not be detected.

Very bright and happy looked Mary Gray on Friday morning, as she entered the school at an early hour. She waited only to place

her books in neat order in her desk, ere she approached the teacher, and whispering in a voice that laughed in spite of her efforts to make it low and deferential—"After this week sister Nelly is coming to school every day, and oh, I am so glad!"

"That is very good news," replied the teacher kindly. "Nelly is fond of her books, I see, and I am happy to know that she can have an opportunity to study them every day. Then she continued, a little good-natured mischief encircling her eyes and dimpling her sweet lips—"But can your mother spare you both conveniently?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, yes ma'am, she can now. Something happened that she did n't expect, and she is as glad to have us come as we are to do so." She hesitated a moment, but her young heart was filled to the brim with joy, and when a child is happy it is as natural to tell the cause as it is for a bird to warble when the sun shines. So out of the fullness of her heart she spoke and told her teacher this little story.

She and her sister were the only children of a very poor widow, whose health was so delicate that it was almost impossible to

support herself and daughters. She was obliged to keep them out of school all winter, as they had no suitable clothes to wear, but she told them that if they could earn enough by doing odd chores for the neighbors to buy each of them a new dress, they might go in the spring. Very earnestly had the little girls improved their stray chances, and very carefully hoarded the copper coins which usually repaid them. They had nearly saved enough to buy a dress, when Nellie was taken sick, and as the mother had no money beforehand, her own treasure had to be expended.

“Oh, I did feel so bad when school opened and Nellie could not go, because she had no dress,” said Mary. “I told mother I woud n’t go either, but she said I had better, for I could teach sister some, and it would be better than no schooling. I stood it for a fortnight, but Nellie’s little face seemed all the time looking at me on the way to school, and I could n’t be happy a bit, so I finally thought of a way by which we could both go, and I told mother I would come one day, and the next I would lend Nellie my dress and she might come, and that’s the way

we have done this week. But last night, do n't you think, somebody sent sister a dress just like mine, and now she can come too. Oh, if I only knew who it was, I would get down on my knees and thank them and so would Nellie. But we do n't know, and so we've done all we could for them—we've prayed for them—and Oh, Miss M——, we are all so glad now. Ain't you too?"

"Indeed I am," was the emphatic answer. And when on the following Monday, little Nellie, in the new pink dress, entered the school room, her face radiant as a rose in sunshine, and approaching the teacher's table, exclaimed, in tones as musical as those of a freed fountain, "I am coming to school every day, and Oh, I am so glad!" The teacher felt as she had never done before, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. No millionaire, when he saw his name in public prints, lauded for his thousand dollar charities, was ever so happy as the poor school-teacher who wore her gloves half a summer longer than she ought, and thereby saved enough to buy that little fatherless girl a calico dress.

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

JONAS JOHNSON was the youngest son of an organ-builder in New England. He was a small, quiet boy, in no way remarkable except in his passion for harmonies. So great was his love for music, that from his most tender years he could not listen unmoved to the singing of his sisters as they went about their homely work, and if the voices happened to be discordant he ran shuddering from the sound. The choir of untutored singers in church service made tears fall from his eyes upon his hymn-book while he joined his small voice with theirs.

Although Jonas let his tears fall unwittingly, the organ-builder saw them and treasured them in his heart. When the boy had reached his eleventh year the family left the country town and came to live in New York. Here the father determined to let his son learn the organ.

"Remember, Jonas," said he, "I am a poor man, and can ill afford to go into this expense unless you do the work before you

manfully and patiently. I give you this profession instead of a trade because I believe it to be your wish."

Jonas was entirely satisfied, and his slim fingers quivered in the anticipation of one day being able to move those mysterious white and black keys to the sound and measure of *Te Deums* and chants. A teacher was selected whose manner of educating was thorough and profound. At the first lesson Jonas became unequivocally assured that the business was a serious one, when, after a third time striking G instead of G-sharp, the heavy, quick blow of the master's stick hummed and stung across his hands as they hovered over the organ keys. Poor little fingers! they could work no more that day—they were stiffened and red. He wept so profusely that he was requested to retire and to return in two days.

All the way home he sobbed, and held his hands suspended from the wrists, a most pitiable object. "Ah! you old ruffian!" soliloquized the tearful pupil, "won't my father give it to you for this?"

He found his father in the workshop.

"Well," cried the organ-builder, "How

went the lesson?" He saw there had been trouble.

Jonas with fresh tears showed his chafed fingers and told the event. The father listened with darkened brow, and when the sad tale was ended he solemnly led his son into a back room, and after inflicting a thorough corporal punishment, warned him in a terrible voice never again to complain of his master.

Our hero felt for awhile that this was almost beyond human endurance, and for several hours he lay upon a pile of shavings plotting vengeance upon those he considered his worst enemies, when a sudden thrill shot through him at the sound of the rich organ tones. The sound came from his father's ware room. Evidently a master hand was there. Jonas sat up and listened. It was the portion of a prelude by Sebastian Bach, and the marvelous harmonies seemed to speak to Jonas as the voice of a spirit. He rose upon his feet, and his whole soul trembled with the wonderful words it spoke to him, though as yet he hardly understood their meaning. He went to the door and gently opened it. The back of the high organ stood

opposite to him. He did not wish to be observed, and he passed quietly along at the end of the large room until he saw the musician. Could it be the master? Yes, Jonas recognized the long curling beard, and even the *baton* as it lay upon a chair. Amidst the glowing chords the boy contrived to pass on unnoticed. He remembered that in two days he must again present himself. Could that terrible personage be confronted with an imperfect scale? The very thought was a shudder. Besides, Jonas felt an inspiration now. He again burned to be a musician. The revengeful spirit had left him—he thought only of Sabastian Bach.

A small organ had been placed in the little garret where Jonas slept. Thither he repaired, and commenced the work that ever since he has performed so well.

The dreaded master found no fault with the next lesson, and as Jonas advanced and he perceived that he studied with a zeal, an earnestness quite unusual in a boy, his stern manner relaxed, and he dared allow all the warmth of his heart to cheer his now beloved pupil.

At the end of five months Jonas met with

a great misfortune. His master, after a short and sudden illness, died—which so cut him down that the organ-builder feared for his son's health. The boy stoutly refused to work under any other teacher, assuring the family that he felt able now to go on alone. Early morning and late evening found the young musician at his organ in the garret.—Those who read this biography will scarcely believe how great was his progress. But I state facts.

Just after he had entered his twelfth year he happened to overhear two men, in a music store, conversing about a church in the upper part of the city, where the organist was to leave in a few weeks. Jonas listened.

“He plays in too operatic a style to suit the congregation,” said one.

“Yes,” said the other, “the simpler the playing the better they are pleased.”

“Where is the church?” asked Jonas.

“It is Saint C——’s, in —— Street.”

Jonas returned to his organ, swelling with a new and great idea. The following Sabbath morning he went very early to the church. No person had arrived except the

organist, who was arranging music in the loft. Jonas stepped up the stairway and came round in front where he could see the selections. The organist turned at the intrusion.

"What do you want here, Sir?" said he.

"I heard there was to be a vacancy, Sir."

"And do you know of one who wishes to occupy it?"

"I should like it."

"You?"

"Yes, I am an organist."

This simple reply brought a smile to the lips of the questioner. He pointed to a page in the service, and said, "Play that." And giving up his seat to Jonas, he went to the side to blow the bellows. Feeling nervous and anxious, Jonas began—at first tremulously, but gaining courage with every chord, he successfully accomplished the task, while the organist ran from the bellows to the music, and from the music to the bellows again in great surprise. At the conclusion they both drew a long breath.

"Well, that is rather remarkable!" said the organist. "And you want the vacancy?"

"Very much," replied Jonas, trembling with pleasure.

"Then come here this afternoon, just before church, and I will take you to the minister. He makes all these arrangements."

The boy went home overflowing with great anticipations. He said nothing to his father on the subject. He dared not trust himself yet. Never did hours pass so slowly as those between dinner and church that afternoon. But the good time came and Jonas was true to his appointment, as was the organist, who took him into the vestry-room, and introduced him as an applicant for the vacancy.

Tall, white-haired, and benign the minister stood as Jonas told him his desire.

"Yes, my boy, the present organist will leave in three weeks. Will that give you time to become acquainted with our service?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then I have only to hear you play before deciding. Will you take the organist's place this afternoon? He will show you the forms."

The proposal was sudden and unexpected, and made Jonas' heart quake; but he felt that all depended on his courage, and he accepted.

He took his seat before the great organ

with a brave but serious spirit. The bell ceased tolling; the minister entered; and Jonas pressed his slight fingers upon the first chord of the voluntary, which, extemporaneous as it was, may be considered the corner-stone of the grand success of his life.

The music that afternoon was simple and pure as the heart from which it flowed. Again Jonas presented himself before the minister, who received him in a most affectionate manner.

"Keep to this simple style," said he, "and we shall never wish to change. How much salary have you fixed upon?"

"Indeed, Sir, I never thought of it. I only wished to play in a church."

The minister sat down at a table, and taking pen and paper, went on: "You shall receive what we have always paid—the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars a year. I will draw the agreement. Come now, and sign your name."

"Your chirography is not equal to your organ-playing," continued the minister, smiling, as he saw the child-like, uneven signature of Jonas Johnson; "but one cannot expect everything of such a little fellow."

Here, then, is the contract. Take care of it."

Jonas took leave of his friend and hurried home. When the family of the organ-builder gathered about the hearth-stone that evening, the youngest came to the father and drew forth his contract.

"What is this, my son?"

"Jonas made no answer, but waited while the spectacles were adjusted on the respective noses of both parents—waited till they had read the agreement, and his father had taken two turns across the floor, and said, "He's going to be a great master, wife. God bless him!" And then he could wait no longer, but ran up to his little garret, and throwing himself upon the cot, gave vent to his welling heart in sobs of joy, and hope, and ambition.

The organ-builder's prophecy came true. The world is now indebted to Jonas for some of its best church music. As a composer and teacher he is "great." Those who are as fortunate as the writer of this sketch in having him as a teacher to their children can truly say they know a "great master" of music.

Jonas' perseverance to become a musician,

notwithstanding the severe discipline to which he was subjected, was rewarded by success. And not only was his perseverance commendable in accomplishing a musical education, but in securing a position in which to be useful. And every boy and girl should take this as a lesson, that by their own energy and perseverance may be laid the foundation of their success in life.

“HOE YOUR OWN ROW.”

I THINK there are some maxims
Under the sun,
Scarce worth preservation ;
But here, boys, is one
So sound and so simple
'Tis worth while to know ;
And all in the single line
“Hoe your own row !”

If you want to have riches,
And want to have friends ;
Do n't trample the means down
And look for the ends ;
But always remember
Wherever you go,
The wisdom of practicing,
“Hoe your own row !”

Do n't just sit and pray
For increase of your store ;
But work ; who will help himself,
Heaven helps more.
The weeds while you're sleeping
Will come up and grow,
But if you would have the
Full ear, you must hoe !

Nor will it do only
To hoe out the weeds,
You must make your ground mellow,
And put in the seeds ;
And when the young blade
Pushes through, you must know
There is nothing will strengthen
Its growth like the hoe !

A good many workers
I've known in my time—
Some builders of houses,
Some builders of rhyme ;
And they that were prospered,
Were prospered, I know,
By the intent and meaning of
"Hoe your own row !"

I've known, too, a good many
Idlers, who said,
I've right to my living,
The world owes me bread !
A right ! lazy lubber !
A thousand times No !
'Tis his, and his only,
Who hoes his own row.

NOTHING FINISHED.

ONCE had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found? Well, in the first place, I found a bead-purse, about half done; there was, however, no prospect of it ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one lid of a Bible, and beneath it the words, "I love"—but what she loved was left for me to conjecture. Beneath the Bible lid I found a stocking, evidently commenced for some baby foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the stocking was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was marked, "To my dear—." I need not, however, tell you all that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box, I found not a single article complete; and mute as

they were, these half-finished, forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl.

They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect, she was still a useless child—always doing but never accomplishing her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of perseverance. Remember, my dear little friends, that it matters but little what great thing we undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we mean to do; but everybody will open their eyes to see what men and women and little children have done.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

IN a cheerful sitting-room in one of our Western homes, at the close of the day a happy group of friends were gathered. A young man who had been perusing a paper by the window in the twilight came forward and joined the happy circle around the table. From his brown cheek and full chest we arrive at the conclusion that he is a young farmer of about eighteen years of age. As he took his seat, a cheerful voice greeted him with,—

“Well, Emerson, what’s the news?”

“Nothing in particular, uncle Ben,” replied Emerson, “but I was reading an offer for premiums to the young people for their best compositions.”

“Ah! are you going to try?”

“I! why, uncle, do you suppose a young farmer of limited education can produce anything worth reading?”

“Well, I will answer your question if you will tell me what your opinion is in regard to the editor’s offers,” said uncle Ben.

"Well, uncle," replies Emerson after a few moments consideration, "it seems to me that it is intended to draw forth and develop those powers of the mind which place the mental above the physical life, and which serve to educate and refine the young. And I think this offer designed to prove that the efforts made by the writers to win the prize would result in as great benefit to those who were unsuccessful as to those who gain the prizes."

"Exactly," said uncle Ben. "The influence is thrown in the right direction, Habits that are acquired in boyhood are sure to be found in the man, as my own experience has taught me too well. In fact, children," continued uncle Ben, "I have a mind to tell you a story of my early life."

"Do, uncle Ben, do," came from a chorus of voices.

As uncle Ben announced his intention of telling a story, all eyes were turned upon him. Mother laid aside her book and her spectacles, for she had been reading before the twilight deepened. Father leaned back in his easy chair, and seemed to listen with as deep interest as we children did. He

knew how well uncle Ben's mind was stored with rich incidents. While uncle spoke we thought he looked very sad. Placing his feet upon a footstool, he presently proceeded as follows:—

“ Many years ago, after my college education was completed, I had a strong desire for a situation on one of the railways that was then being laid through the United States. Through the influence of my friends, I received a position as fireman, on one of the leading roads. I soon won the esteem and good-will of all the officers and employees on the road. As time passed on, the superintendent and myself became deeply attached. We were about the same age. There was nothing I would not do for Frank Benway. I realized the duties of my position and determined to discharge them honorably.

“ But, children, I was led away ; led down, down, where so many have gone before and since ! I was induced by thoughtless associates to drink. What came next ? I drank again, and again. One evening I had drunk more than usual, when Frank Benway came in. I did not see him until he touched me on the arm.

“ ‘Ben,’ said he, ‘come away. For my sake, come.’

“ He took my arm and led me out into the cool night air. When he spoke again, it was in a pleading sorrowful tone.

“ ‘Ben, for the sake of your mother, for the friendship between us, never drink again. Good night, my dear friend.’

“ I went to my lodgings with a dizzy head, and heavy heart. I knew that Frank ought to turn me away from my situation, but he was too noble, had too much confidence in me, even yet, to do that.

“ When I awoke the next morning, I felt the strong thirst for liquor on me again. I found a flask in one of my pockets, filled with brandy, which I had procured the night previous. I had started down the hill, and could not resist the temptation to drink *just once more!* The Superintendent had gone down the road on an express train, early that morning, as there were some repairs being made, part way down the line, which he wished to superintend, personally.

“ Our train started in about an hour after the express. The engineer of our train had been detained at the other end of the road

on account of sickness. I was alone on the engine, but the conductor had perfect confidence in my ability. Alas! he would have mistrusted me had he known that I was at that very moment, mad and dazed with liquor! I had never drank enough to become intoxicated before, and no one on the train suspected I had formed the fatal habit. Still I drank until I became so helpless that I could not stand.

“I fell against the tender soon after we got under headway, and cut a severe gash in my forehead. I attempted to rise but could not. My senses were clear, however, and I knew all that was passing, with horrible reality. I had fallen in such a position that I could see out on one side, between the tender and the engine. On, on we swept at lightning speed, with no hand to stop or regulate it. We had just passed the point where they were making the repairs I spoke of, and as we swept around a little bend in the road, I saw Frank Benway, a few steps ahead of us, walking swiftly up the track. The moment I saw him, he stepped upon a bit of stone which lay there, purposely, it seemed to me, to lure him to death; and slipping,

his foot was caught between the ground and the rail. Poor Frank struggled to rise, but could not. On we rushed, and Frank's efforts were all in vain. Oh, children! the bitterest part of my story is the knowledge that had I not been intoxicated I could have reversed the steam, probably in time to have saved his life!

"There I lay too intoxicated to move! As we came nearer, Frank saw me, for he had fallen across the track on the side where I lay on the locomotive, and he held out both hands, imploringly to me, as if to say 'Help me, Ben, help me!' In another moment I was so near I could look into his eyes, and the next they were closed forever. A brakesman who saw Frank when we passed over him, now rushed to the engine and finding me lying disgracefully stupid, divined it all. He stopped the train. Frank's remains were gathered up, and I was taken to my home a raving maniac. None on the train save this man suspected I had been drunk. He kept my secret—why I never knew. Perhaps he felt I was punished enough. I was ill with brain fever a long time.

"After I recovered, I *never* tasted another

drop of liquor. It seemed as if I was more than a murderer. Afterward, when I went on the road again, I was a changed man. I gradually worked myself up until I became President of that road.

“I have seen my youth’s companions pass away, one by one, and I know I shall join them ere long. Yet I would say a few words to you, my dear ones before I go. When you pass out from your parents’ care, there will be many temptations to allure you. Then, I trust, you will bear in mind the evening when you all sat round uncle Ben’s knee, and heard his sad story, told *in the twilight* of his life.”

REMEMBER.

O YOUTH ! in your promise, your faith and your pride,
Remember, remember the strength of the tide.

It sweeps down the current the good and the brave,
And has in its bosom a gulf and a grave.

The wine-cup may sparkle with beams of the sun,
Remember, remember from whence it is won.

It comes with its pleasures that change into pains ;
It comes with its promise but never remains.

How many have traveled with light heart and free,
Remember, remember the way to the sea !

But free heart and light heart have vanished away,
And doubt and the darkness have shadowed the day.

The spell of the tempter is subtle, yet strong !
Remember, remember it binds to the wrong.

Then nothing can save you ! nothing recall
The hopes that will vanish away at your fall.

The loved you may cherish—the flowers of the heart,
Remember, remember will all, all depart.

The blossoms of springtime, the roses of May,
Like vapors of morning, will vanish away.

The promise of manhood, pride, honor and fame,
Remember, remember will change into shame,

And on life's record this epitaph stand :
"He died by the poison that curses the land."

O brother ! my brother ! to you I appeal !
Remember, remember, you win woe or weal.

Though tide is against you, though current is swift,
The Pharos of safety shines over the drift,

Hard out o'er the waters a beckoning hand,
Remember, remember, points out the sure land.

'Tis the temperance signal that floats in the air,
O brother ! my brother ! true safety is there !

A GERMAN STORY.

DURING a walk that I once had with the clergyman of Landsdroff and his wife, they told me of a sudden death which had lately taken place in the village.

"It is awful," I said; "what a thread life hangs upon!"

"That was really the case with one of my family in times past," said the clergyman's good wife. "Her life did hang by a thread."

"Tell me how it was," I said.

"It was that story," said the lady, "which caused the inscription you see to be placed over our door-way."

The inscription was as follows:—

"If once we learn why God sends grief and woe,
How great his boundless love we then should know."

I read the lines, and then asked the minister's wife if she would kindly tell me the story.

She thus began:—

"About a hundred years ago, my mother's great aunt, the Countess Von Merits, was living with her two daughters in a castle in Germany.

“They were once invited to a wedding, which was to take place by torch-light, according to the old German custom. They did not, accordingly, set out till it was beginning to get dusk. They had to pass on their way through a part of the Black Forest.

“Now it happened that Gertrude, the eldest daughter of the Countess, had a wreath of pearls given her, and she wore them on the evening of the wedding. But it chanced as they entered the forest, that a branch of black thorn caught in her hair, and before it could be disentangled, the thread broke, and the small seed pearls were scattered far and wide.

“The servants and ladies busied themselves alike in picking up the scattered pearls, when suddenly a wood-cutter came running from the forest, and went up quite out of breath to the Countess.

“‘Pray go no further ladies!’ he exclaimed; ‘when I was cleaving wood just now, I heard two robbers planning how they might waylay your party, rob you, and kill your servants if they made any resistance. I had the greatest difficulty in getting to you in time. If you had not been later than you

expected, you would most certainly have fallen into the hands of these robbers.'

"Of course no more was said about going on to the wedding, and the horses' heads were directly turned homeward. On arriving safely at her castle, the good mother thanked God, who had preserved her and those with her. Nor did she forget to reward the wood-cutter who had warned her in time of her danger. And there were two lessons which she tried to draw for her children from the history of that evening. First, that our life always hangs on as weak a thread as that which held Gertrude's pearls, and that therefore God only keeps us alive; and, secondly, that all troubles and disappointments are as much sent for our good, as the delay in getting to the wedding, which saved the family from the robbers.

"From this time," continued the clergyman's wife, "the lines you read over our door became the motto of the Countess and her family. And when I married, and my husband had the parsonage repaired, he inscribed, over the entrance:—

"'If once we learn why God sends grief and woe,
How great his boundless love we then should know.'"

THE NOBLE REVENGE.

THE coffin was a plain one,—a poor, miserable, pine coffin. No flowers on its top, no lining of rose-white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap, with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty, smiled in her sleep.

“I want to see my mother,” sobbed a poor child, as the city undertaker screwed down the top.

“You can’t—get out of the way, boy! why don’t somebody take the brat?”

“Only let me see her one minute,” cried the hapless, homeless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, and as he gazed into that rough face, anguish tears streamed rapidly down the cheek on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh, it was pitiful to hear him cry, “Only once, let me see my mother only once!”

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he

reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage; his blue eye distended, his lips sprang apart, a fire glittering through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish accent screamed, "When I'm a man, I'll *kill* you for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor, forsaken child, and a monument stronger than granite, built in the boy's heart to the memory of a heartless deed.

The court-house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he finished, until with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindling eye, to plead for the erring and the friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence.

The splendor of his genius entranced and convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir, I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger, with icy coldness.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's poor coffin. *I* was that poor, miserable boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge; I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went out from the presence of a magnanimity as grand to him as incomprehensible, and the noble young lawyer felt God's smile in his soul.

THE ORPHANS.

MOVING slowly along Prince street one afternoon, I heard the measured tramp of numerous little feet behind me. Turning round, I saw that this sound proceeded from about a hundred boys and girls belonging to one of the charitable institutions. It was a pleasing sight to see these children appear happy. They had the hue of good health on their countenances, their dress was plain, but comfortable and clean; no fantastic grotesquely cut clothes disfigured their little persons, nor did they wear any badge to tell the world that they were children of misfortune.

I entered into conversation with one of the teachers, who informed me that they were going to view the Zoological Gardens, and that, with such a prospect before them, they were quite delighted. The little troop passed up St. Andrew street, and as I was going in the same direction, I moved along in the front, conversing with one of the boys, the girls being all behind. Passing down St. An-

drew street south, my attention was directed to two boys about fourteen years of age. Each was driving a small pony, attached to a cart. The first boy, when he saw the children, called out to his young friend, who was a little behind, and the moment his eye caught the sight he leaped from the cart with a spring, crying out, "James, I'll see my sister! I'll see my little sister!" He drew his horse quickly to the side of the pavement, and left it alone the instant the girls came toward him. Just as he commenced his anxious search his horse moved off, he sprung to its head and checked its progress, and in an instant he was at the front ranks of the girls, keenly glancing along the line to discover his little sister. Being all dressed alike, it was not easy to distinguish any one in particular without the strictest search.

On they passed, but his sister came not. Poor boy, thought I, his kind heart will be doomed to suffer disappointment, as his little sister does not appear to be among them, and from his sorrowful look, he thought so too. They all passed but two—his sister was one of them, the anxious boy rushed to her, and grasping one of her hands in his, he placed

his other gently on her neck, and could only say, "MARY." The little girl, who appeared to be about seven years of age, looked up, and oh, such ecstasy! she was by the side of her brother. She clasped her little arms around him, and her sweet face was lighted up with smiles. He bowed down his head to catch the few hurried words she spoke to him, and to let her hear his little tale. He took his eyes from off her face but once, and only once, and that for a moment, and this was to see that his pony was still where he left it. The poor brute seemed to be sensible of the sacred mission on which its conductor had gone, as it moved not. He again bowed down his head to breathe into the ear of his beloved and loving sister his few parting words, for he could not go any farther; they grasped each other's hands and exchanged looks of tenderness, and the little girl moved on with her companions. His eyes saw nothing but that one loved object, they followed her along. The children in front turned down York-place, and before she was out of her brother's view, she turned round, and with a smile, held out her hand in token of adieu. The boy started as her face met

his gaze, and moving one step forward held out both his hands—the next moment she was hid from his sight.

He slowly returned toward his horse, and while a tear moistened his eye, and a cast of melancholy shrouded his countenance, there was still something like an expression of satisfaction and pleasure on his features. He mounted his little cart, and, as I turned from beholding this affecting scene, there was a dimness over my eyes which took a few applications of my handkerchief to remove.

This was food for reflection. I thought on the thousands who never knew what it was to want the fostering care of a mother, or the anxious solicitude of a father; again upon the thousands who are thrown upon the charity of strangers, friendless and alone. These two young creatures, perhaps spent their first years under one roof, and slept in each other's arms. The one is now earning his bread humbly but honestly; while the other is enjoying the benefits of an excellent institution. Their meetings are few but sweet, and, as in the present case, doubly so. May the remembrance of their present lonely situation endear them more firmly to each

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other ; and if the world should smile upon them, may they consecrate a portion of their means toward the support of those institutions which shelter and protect the orphan child.

WHERE IS HOME ?

HOME is where affection binds
Gentle hearts in union ;
Where the voices all are kind,
Holding sweet communion !

Home is where the heart can rest
Safe from darkening sorrow ;
Where the friends we love the best
Brightening every morrow !

Home is where the friends that love
To our hearts are given ;
Where the blessings from above
Make it seem a heaven !

Home is where the sun will shine
In the skies above us ;
Peeping brightly through the vine
Trained by those who love us !

Yes, 'tis home where smiles of cheer
Wreath the brows that greet us ;
And the one of all most dear
Ever comes to meet us !

THE BEAUTIFUL VILLA.

JESSY WARNER stood before a pier-glass, gazing on the image reflected in it with silent delight. And truly the image was a very pretty one, though perhaps every one would not have admired it as much as did this vain young lady. She had twined a wreath of flowers in her luxuriant tresses, and smoothed every ringlet. She was smiling at the form in the mirror, which smiled in return. Jessy was evidently too much charmed with her occupation to give a thought to the pile of lesson-books which lay unopened on the table, or the unfinished jacket beside it, which her lazy little fingers had failed in a whole month to complete.

Mrs. Warner entered unobserved by Jessy, and that which made the young daughter smile, cost the mother a sigh.

“My poor child is so much engaged in contemplating her own pretty face, that everything else is neglected and forgotten! Oh, how shall I teach her the comparative

worthlessness of the outward adorning!" were the reflections of Mrs. Warner.

She moved forward a few steps, and her reflection in the glass first made Jessy aware of her presence.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, "I did not know that you were there!" and a blush rose to Jessy's cheek at being discovered in the act of admiring her own beauty. Mrs. Warner glanced at the books and the work, but made no observation on the subject; and merely asked her daughter if she would like to accompany her to a house at some distance, where she was about to pay a visit on business.

"I should like it of all things!" said Jessy, hastily divesting her head of its gay wreath, and getting her bonnet and shawl.

Mrs. Warner gave her daughter an allowance for her dress; Jessy was therefore able to choose it herself, and please her own taste in the selection. It must be owned that her attire was more remarkable for the gayety of its colors than for the goodness of its materials, and that money was often wasted upon some expensive piece of finery, when some necessary article of dress was required. Jes-

sy's bonnet was now radiant with pink bows and flowers, and pretty bracelets adorned her arms; while she was in actual want of a good common dress, in which she could run about the garden; but she had chosen one of a tint so delicate, and a fabric so fragile, that while wearing it she never felt at ease.

Mrs. Warner and her daughter pursued their way along green shady lanes, and across daisy-dotted meadows, with nothing to mar the pleasure of their walk, except the brambles in the former, which were always catching poor Jessy's flounces. Jessy and her mother arrived at last at an exceedingly beautiful spot. On an emerald lawn, embosomed in trees, stood a villa of tasteful form, its elegant windows of stained glass overhung with clusters of roses and jasmine. In the center of the building rose an ornamental clock-tower whose gilded pinnacle glittered in the sun! In her admiration of its beauty, Jessy did not notice that the hands of the gay clock pointed to a wrong hour, for its works were motionless and out of order.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "what a lovely place! How delightful it would be to live here! How proud one would be if it were their own!"

“It is pretty enough on the outside,” said Mrs. Warner, rather dryly; “but with houses, as with those who live in them, it is not sufficient to look only at the *face*—we must examine further before we decide whether they are subjects either for pride or for admiration.”

They entered the pretty porch, and Mrs. Warner pulled the bell handle. It was broken, and came off in her hand; so, seeing that the door was open, the lady walked into the house.

Strangely different from what the exterior had led her to expect, Jessy found the inside of the dwelling. It bore every token of neglect and disrepair, as if either uninhabited or occupied by those who paid no attention to neatness and comfort. There was no carpet on the floors, and the dust lay thick upon them. There was a sad lack of chairs and tables, even of the commonest kind, in the sitting-room, which Mrs. Warner entered in hopes of finding a more efficient bell.

“What a shame to furnish such a pretty house so badly!” exclaimed Jessy. “I never saw a place so neglected! Just look at the dull, spotted picture-frames, and the dirty

cobwebs across the corners of the room! What is the use of having a beautiful house, if nothing but rubbish is in it?"

"What is the use indeed!" replied Mrs. Warner, trying again the effect of pulling the old bell-rope. "But houses are not the only things which need furnishing, and yet I fancy that there is some one not far from me who occasionally acts as though she thought that it matters not how empty a head may be, so that it looks well to the eye!"

"Oh, mamma!" said Jessy, laughing, yet half vexed, "heads and houses are such different things!"

"To my idea," replied Mrs. Warner, "an unfurnished mind is much like an unfurnished house, only a much sadder object. Youth is the time above all other to fit up the intellect richly. We may then lay in an almost boundless store of valuable information, increasing with every day of our lives, for none are too old to learn."

"But study is so tiresome!" sighed Jessy.

"It cost us something, my dear; like rich furniture, it is not to be had for the mere wishing! But it is well worth the trouble which it costs. And remember, Jessy, with

the mind, as with the house, it cannot be *entirely* empty. Where knowledge is neglected folly will come—the dust gathers, the spider spins her web. If we are not learning we are losing—a mind left to itself is a mind left to decay!”

“I wonder if any one lives here!” said Jessy, who was rather desirous to turn the conversation. “No one takes the trouble to answer the bell.”

“I believe that we shall find Madame L’Ame in one of the upper rooms,” replied her mother, “and she will not regard my visit as an intrusion; as I have to speak to her on important business, regarding a large property to which she is heir.”

Mrs. Warner, therefore, followed by her daughter, proceeded up the dusty uncarpeted stair, Jessy feeling some curiosity to see the mistress of the beautiful but neglected mansion. They reached the landing place, where Mrs. Warner knocked at the door of one of the upper rooms. As the sound brought no answer, the lady knocked again, when a shrill voice bade her “come in;” and she and Jessy entered an apartment as unsightly as the rest of the interior of the

house. There was not, perhaps, the same deficiency of furniture, but everything was in confusion and disorder, as it might be heaped together in the warehouse of a broker. At one corner of the room a maid-servant, on her knees, was engaged in cutting out pictures from old magazines of fashion figures of slender-waisted belles and coxcombical-looking beaux, and pasting them on a large screen. This Jessy observed when she had a little leisure to look around her, but at first her attention was engaged by the mistress of the house, who advanced to meet Mrs. Warner.

Madame L'Ame was a very inferior looking person and went stooping about with a vacant expression on her face which gave Jessy an idea, at first sight, that the lady possessed a very small share of sense. The young girl was confirmed in this impression by her conduct during the whole of the visit.

Notwithstanding the very serious and important business upon which Mrs. Warner soon entered—business which concerned the lady's title to succeed to an immense property, and even her claim to all that she then possessed—Madame L'Ame appeared as

though she thought the subject was not worthy a moment's attention. She was constantly interrupting Mrs. Warner with some frivolous remark which had nothing to do with the question at issue. She was far more taken up with the tricks and gambols of Plaisir, her petted and pampered monkey, than she was with business on which depended so much. The screen also occupied much of her attention, and she often interrupted to give directions to the maid about placing the pictures upon it.

Mrs. Warner's usually serene countenance showed signs of impatience and annoyance, as she said: "I really must beg for half an hour of your earnest, undivided attention. I have walked some distance on purpose to let you know the full extent of the evil which threatens you."

Madame L'Ame's eyes were wandering curiously over the dress of Jessy—her bonnet, her bracelets, her flounces; and at the first pause in her visitor's address, she inquired, "Pray who is your milliner, my dear?"

Mrs. Warner rose in despair; she had given up all hopes of engaging the mind of

her weak and frivolous acquaintance on anything beyond the trifles of the hour. She quitted the apartment and the house, but not before Madame L'Ame had detailed to her all the petty gossip of the neighborhood, and asked her opinion on various subjects, such as the fit of a glove, style of the bonnet or the tint of a ribbon.

"Mamma," said Jessy, as they stepped out into the open air, glad to escape from society so insipid, "who would ever have believed Madame L'Ame to be the owner of so beautiful a house? Surely she is quite out of her mind!"

"She is weak in her intellect."

"Weak! oh! mamma! I do not believe that she has any intellect at all! She seemed to think more of that monkey than of all the splendid fortune of which you were telling her; and I do believe that she would care more about losing a few of her paltry beads and pictures than for forfeiting a kingdom, if she had one! I never saw any one so silly!"

"Ah! my child," said Mrs. Warner, quietly, "let us take care that we ourselves are not betrayed into greater and more fatal

folly. If it is sad to see the mere outward appearance regarded, how much sadder to see *the mind*, unworthy mistress of a beautiful mansion, itself unlovely and stunted, devoted to trifles unworthy its regard, while its highest interests are forgotten! Have we never met with one to whom the most important of all subjects appeared tedious and uninteresting? who cared more for the amusements of the moment than the happiness of ages to come? whom serious conversation only wearied, though it might regard a future crown to be inherited or lost, and who would rather listen to any tale of idle gossip than to a message of *glad tidings* from heaven.

Jessy walked home silent and reflecting. For the first time in her life she thought less of the "cottage of clay" which she had so delighted to adorn, and more of improving the mind, the dweller therein.

Many years passed away before Jessy had occasion to again visit the beautiful villa embosomed in the trees. It looked changed. The former occupant had died in poverty years before; her very memory had almost passed away from the place in which she had dwelt. A happy, united family now inhabited the beautiful home.

The house was much changed ; but Jessy herself was more changed than the house. She was now far more agreeable as a companion, and far more valuable as a friend ; more loved in the family, more happy in her own mind, than she ever was when pretty and young. A gentle, cheerful, loving spirit dwells in the faded form, and sheds a light on the features which makes them more fair. The beauty which passes away like a flower is exchanged for the beauty of holiness, which never fades, which never dies, but finds its perfection in heaven ! "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain ; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

The unsightly shell
A pearl may enshrine—
In homely form dwell
A spirit divine.
Oh ! favor's deceitful,
And beauty is vain ;
But virtue's the pearl
Which will precious remain !

What matters what hue
To the eye has been given,
If the soul that looks through
Wear the beauty of heaven !
Oh ! favor's deceitful,
And comeliness vain
But virtue forever
Will lovely remain !

THE BOY AND HIS SPARE
MOMENTS.

A LEAN, awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr. Brown," said he.

"You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy; "I should have no objection to a bit of bread; but I should like to see Mr. Brown, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, may be, you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched trowsers. "I guess he has none to spare; he gives away a sight;" and without minding the boy's request, she went away about her work.

"Can I see Mr. Brown?" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well, he's in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must; but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl, in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence; however she wiped her hands, and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said:—

"Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadfully anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business, but I know that after talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume he was studying, and took up some Greek books and began to examine the new-comer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the principal asked, the boy answered as readily as could be.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you certainly do well!" looking at the boy from head to foot, over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"*In my spare moments,*" answered the boy.

Here he was, poor, hard-working, with but few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college, by simply improving his *spare moments*. Truly, are not spare moments the "gold dust of time?" How precious they should be! What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them; and there are *many* other boys, I am afraid, in the jail, in the house of correction, in the fore-castle of a whale ship, in the gambling house, or in the tippling shop, who, if you should ask them when they began their sinful courses, might answer, "In my *spare moments*." "In my spare moments I gambled for marbles." "In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink." "It was in my spare moments that I began to steal chestnuts from the old woman's stand." "It was in my spare moments that I gathered with wicked associates."

Oh, be very, very careful how you spend your spare moments! Temptation always hunts you out in small seasons like these, when you are not busy; he gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps.

There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of your spare moments.

BROKEN THREADS.

As THE shuttle swiftly flies
Back and forth before our eyes,
Blending with its fingers light
Warp and woof till they unite
In a fabric good and strong,
Let us hear the weaver's song.

Weaving ever, day by day,
As the shuttles briskly play,
Broken threads how oft annoy
And our precious time employ;
Warning us by sharp reproof,
We must watch the warp and woof!

Weaving in life's busy loom—
Mingling sunshine with the gloom—
Warp and woof with deeds we blend
Till life's fabric has an end;
Broken threads we often find
Burdening the noble mind!

Broken threads in life abound,
In each station they are found;
May Faith's kind and friendly hand
Help us to adjust the strand,
That, when life's last tide shall ebb,
There shall be a perfect web.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.

“ONLY this once,” said Edward Allston, fixing a pair of loving eyes on the beautiful girl beside him—“only this once, sister mine. “Your dress will be my gift, and will not, therefore, diminish your charity fund; and besides, if the influences of which you have spoken, do, indeed, hang so alluringly about a ball room, should you not seek to guard me from their power? You will go will you not? For me—for me?”

The Saviour, too, whispered to the maiden, “Decide for me—for me.” But her spirit did not recognize the tones, for of late it had been bewildered with earthly music.

She paused, however, and her brother waited her reply in silence.

Beware! Helen Allston, beware! The sin is not lessened that the tempter is so near to thee. Like the sparkle of the red wine to the inebriate are the seductive influences of the ball-room. Thy foot will fall upon roses, but they will be roses of this world, not those that bloom for eternity.

Thou wilt lose the fervor and purity of thy love, the promptness of thy obedience, the consolation of thy trust. The holy calm of thy closet will become irksome to thee, and thy power of resistance will be diminished many fold, for this is the first great temptation. But Helen will not beware. She forgets her Saviour. The melody of that rich voice is dearer to her than the pleadings of gospel memories.

Two years previous to the scene just described, Helen Allston hoped she had been converted. At times she was exact in the discharge of her social duties, regular in her closet exercises, ardent, yet equable, in her love. Conscious of her weakness, she diligently used all those aids, so fitted to sustain and cheer. Day by day, she rekindled her torch at the holy fire which comes streaming on to us from the luminaries of the past—from Baxter, Taylor, and Flavel, and many a compeer whose names live in our hearts, and lingers on our lips. She was alive to the present also. Upon her table a beautiful commentary, upon the yet unfulfilled prophecies, lay, the records of missionary labor and success. The sewing circle busied

her active fingers, and the Sabbath-school kept her affections warm, and rendered her knowledge practical and thorough. But at length the things of the world began insensibly to win upon her regard. She was the child of wealth, and fashion spoke of her taste and elegance. She was very lovely, and the voice of flattery mingled with the accents of honest praise. She was agreeable in manners, sprightly in conversation, and was courted and caressed. She heard with more complacency, reports from the gay circles she had once frequented, and noted with more interest the ever shifting pageantry of folly. Then she lessened her charities, furnished her wardrobe more lavishly, and was less scrupulous in the disposal of her time. She formed acquaintances among the light and frivolous, and to fit herself for intercourse with them, read the books they read, until others became insipid.

Edward Allston was proud of his sister, and loved her, too, almost to idolatry.

They had scarcely been separated from childhood, and it was a severe blow to him when she shunned the amusements they had so long shared together. He admired indeed

the excellency of her second life, the beauty of her aspirations, the loftiness of her aims, but he felt deeply the want of that unity in hope and purpose which had existed between them. He felt, at times, indignant, as if something had been taken from himself. Therefore, he strove by many a device to lure her into the path he was treading. He was very selfish in this, but he was unconscious of it. He would have climbed precipices, traversed continents, braved the ocean in its wrath, to have rescued her from physical danger, but, like many others, thoughtless as himself, he did not dream of the fearful importance of the result; did not know that the Infinite alone could compute the hazard of the tempted one. Thus far had he succeeded, that she had consented to attend with him a brilliant ball.

"It will be a superb affair," he said, half aloud, as he walked down the street. "The music will be divine, too. And she used to be so fond of dancing! 'Twas a lovely girl spoiled, when the black-coated gentry preached her into their notions. And yet—and yet—pshaw!—all cant!—all cant! What harm can there be in it? And if she does with-

stand all this, I will yield the point that there is something—yes, a great deal in her religion.

So musing, he proceeded to the shop of Mrs. Crofton, the most fashionable dress-maker in the place, and forgot his momentary scruples in the consultation as to the proper materials for Helen's dress, which was to be a present from himself, and which he determined should be worthy her grace and beauty.

The ball was over, and Helen stood in her festal costume, before the ample mirror in her chamber, holding in one hand a white kid glove she had just withdrawn. She had indeed been the belle of the ball-room. Simplicity of life, and a joyous spirit, are the wonder-workers, and she was irresistably bright and fresh among the faded and hackneyed of heated assembly rooms. The most delicate and intoxicating flattery had been offered her, and wherever she turned, she met the glances of admiration. Her brother, too, had been proudly assiduous, had followed her with his eyes so perpetually as to seem scarcely conscious of the presence of another; and there she stood, minute after minute,

lost in the recollections of her evening triumph.

Almost queen-like looked she, the rich folds of her satin robe giving fullness to her slender form, and glittering as if woven with silver threads. A chain of pearls lay on her neck, and gleamed amid the shading curls, which floated from beneath a chaplet of white roses. She looked up at length, smiled at her lovely reflection in the mirror, and then wrapping herself in her dressing-gown, took up a volume of sacred poems. But when she attempted to read, her mind wandered to the dazzling scene she had just quitted. She knelt to pray, but the brilliant vision haunted her still, and ever as the wind stirred the vines about the window, there came back that alluring music.

She rose with a pang of self-reproach. Instead of the confidence, the consciousness of protection, the holy serenity with which she usually sought her pillow, she experienced an excitement and restlessness which nothing could allay. She attempted to meditate, but with every thought of duty came memories of the festal garlands, and the blazing lamps, and the fitting figures of the merry dancers.

An open Bible lay on the window-seat and as she passed it she read: "Another parable put he forth unto them, saying: The kingdom of heaven is likened to a man which sowed good seed in his field. But while he slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way."

Tears sprang to her eyes, and she exclaimed, "In the field of my heart also hath the enemy sown tares." She took up the book, and read again; then too soul-full to remain quiet, she rapidly paced the chamber. Resolutely and carefully she reviewed the past, back, back to her first faint trembling hope. Rigorously, as in the presence of her Maker, she scanned her first departure from the narrow path; and if her earlier convictions were pungent, ten-fold more intense was the agony of this her second awakening.

In the solitude of his chamber, Edward thought with less elation of his successful plan. He believed that Helen would have yielded to no ordinary temptation, and felt that he had been scarcely generous to enlist her affections against her principles. His repeated, "It is but a trifle," did not satisfy him; and when he had listened hour after

hour to her footfall, he could no longer restrain his inclination to soothe her emotion. In vain he assayed all the arguments, all the sophistry, which the world employs to attract the luke-warm professor.

"Do not seek to console me," said Helen "for such tears are salutary, my dear brother. I have virtually said that the joys of religion are fading and unsatisfactory; I must sometimes seek for others. I have quieted more than one uneasy conscience, by throwing the influence of a professing Christian into the scale of the world. I have wandered from my Father's side to the society of his rebel subjects. And yet I have cause to mourn less for this one transgression, than the alienation of heart, which led the way to it. Had I not fallen far, very far, from the strength and purity of my earlier love, even your pleadings could not have moved me."

"But the Bible says nothing about such amusements, Helen."

"Not in words, perhaps, but in effect. Put the case to your own heart, Edward. Would you have me choose for my companions those who treat you with neglect? Would you wish me to frequent places,

whence I should return, careless and cold in my manner toward you? Ah, brother! I loved God once. I saw his hand in every thing around me. I felt his presence perpetually, and trusted, child-like, to his protecting arm. But now I regard him less, pray less, read less, and give less." And then she revealed to her brother her beautiful experience—beautiful till she grew negligent and formal—with a truth, an earnestness, a loving simplicity, that for the first time gave him some insight into the nature of true piety.

"And now, dear Edward," she said, "read to me Christ's prayer to the people, that I may feel sure that they prayed for me."

As she listened, the varying expressions of countenance indicated many and varied emotions. Submission, sorrow, love, and faith—all were there. When Edward had finished they knelt together, and Helen sorrowfully, yet hopefully, poured out her full soul in confession, and most touchingly she besought the divine compassion upon her erring brother.

The carol of the birds went up with the whispered amen of the penitent, the blos-

soms of the climbing honeysuckle sent in her fragrance, and the morning sun smiled on them as they rose from prayer. The face of Helen reflected her inward gladness, and restored peace shone in her dark eyes and tranquil countenance. "Thou art happier than I," said Edward: as he turned from the chamber.

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

"Aye, and the race is just begun,
The world is all before me now,
The sun is in the eastern sky
And long the shadows westward lie;
In everything that meets my eye
A splendor and a joy I find
A glory that is undesigned."
Ah! youth attempt that path with care,
The shadow of the cross is there.

"I've time," he said, "to rest awhile,
And sip the fragrant wine of life,
My lute to pleasure's halls I'll bring
And while the sun ascends I'll sing,
And all my world without shall ring
Like merry chiming bells that peal
Not half the rapture that they feel."
Alas! he found but tangled moss,
Above the shadow of the cross.

THE RIGHT DECISION.

IT was the beginning of vacation when Mr. Davis, a friend of my father, came to see us, and asked to let me go home with him. I was much pleased with the thought of going out of town. The journey was delightful, and when we reached Mr. Davis' house everything looked as if I were going to have a fine time. Fred Davis, a boy about my own age, took me cordially by the hand, and all the family soon seemed like old friends. "This is going to be a vacation worth having," I said to myself several times during the evening, as we all played games, told riddles, and laughed and chatted merrily as could be.

At last Mrs. Davis said it was almost bedtime. Then I expected family prayers, but we were very soon directed to our chambers. How strange it seemed to me, for I had never before been in a household without the family altar. "Come," said Fred, "mother says you and I are going to be bed-fellows," and I followed him up two pair of stairs to a nice

little chamber which he called his room; and he opened a drawer and showed me a box, and boat, and knives, and powder-horn, and all his treasures, and told me a world of new things about what the boys did there. He undressed first and jumped into bed. I was much longer about it, for a new set of thoughts began to rise in my mind.

When my mother put my portmanteau into my hand, just before the coach started, she said tenderly, in a low tone, "Remember, Robert, that you are a Christian boy." I knew very well what that meant, and I had now just come to a point of time when her words were to be minded. At home I was taught the duties of a Christian child; abroad I must not neglect them, and one of these was evening prayer. From a very little boy I had been in the habit of kneeling and asking the forgiveness of God, for Jesus' sake, acknowledging his mercies, and seeking his protection and blessing.

"Why don't you come to bed, Robert?" cried Fred. "What are you sitting there for?" I was afraid to pray, and afraid not to pray. It seemed that I could not kneel down and pray before Fred. What would he say?

Would he not laugh? The fear of Fred made me a coward. Yet I could not lie down on a prayerless bed. If I needed the protection of my heavenly Father at home, how much more abroad. I wished many wishes; that I had slept alone, that Fred would go to sleep, or something else, I hardly knew what. But Fred would not go to sleep.

Perhaps struggles like these take place in the bosom of every one when he leaves home and begins to act for himself, and on his decision may depend his character for time, and for eternity. With me the struggle was severe. At last, to Fred's cry, "Come, boy, come to bed," I mustered courage to say, "I will kneel down and pray first; that is always my custom." "Pray?" said Fred, turning himself over on his pillow and saying no more. His propriety of conduct made me ashamed. Here I had long been afraid of him, and yet when he knew my wishes he was quiet and left me to myself. How thankful I was that duty and conscience triumphed.

That settled my future course. It gave me strength for time to come. I believe that the decision of the "Christian boy," by God's

blessing, made me the Christian man; for in after years I was thrown amid trials and temptations, which must have drawn me away from God and from virtue, had it not been for my settled habit of secret prayer.

Let every boy who has pious parents, read and think about this. You have been trained in Christian duties and principles. When you go from home do not leave them behind you. Carry them with you and stand by them, and then in weakness and temptation, by God's help, they will stand by you. Take a manly stand on the side of your God and Saviour, of your mother's God and Saviour, of your father's God. It is by abandoning their Christian birthright that so many boys go astray, and grow up to be young men dishonoring their parents, without hope and without God in the world.

WHY HE DIDN'T SMOKE.

THE son of Mr. Jeremy Lord, aged fourteen, was spending the afternoon with one of his young friends, and his stay was prolonged into the evening, during which some male friends of the family dropped in. The boys withdrew into the recess of the bay-window, at the end of the room, and the men went on chatting about the most important matters of the day, politics, etc. Still apparently entertaining each other, the two boys yet kept their ears open, as boys will, and, taking their cue from the sentiments expressed by their elders, endorsed one or the other as they happened to agree with them.

"Gentlemen, will you smoke?" asked Mr. Benedict, the host. A simultaneous "Thank you," went round, and a smile of satisfaction lighted all faces but one. Not that he was gloomy, or a drawback on the rest, but his smile was not one of assent. A box of cigars was soon forthcoming, costly and fragrant, as the word goes.

"Fine cigar," said one, as he held it to his

nose, before lighting. "What, Linton, you don't smoke?" "I'm happy to say I do not," was the firm rejoinder.

"Well, now, you look like a smoking man jolly, care free, and all that. I'm quite surprised," said another.

"We are hardly doing right, are we," asked a rubicund-visaged man, who puffed away heartily "to smoke in the parlor? I condone that much to my wife's dislike of the weed. She makes a great ado about the curtains, you know."

"For my part, that's a matter I don't trouble myself about," said the host, broadly. "There's no room in this house too good for me and my friends to smoke in. My wife has always understood that, and she yields, of course."

"But you don't know how it chokes her," said young Hal Benedict. "Yes, indeed, it gets all through the house, you know, and she almost always goes into aunt Nellie's, when there are two or three smoking. There she goes now," he added, as the front door shut.

"Why, it's absolutely driving her out of the house, isn't it?" asked Johnny. "Too bad!"

"Why don't you smoke, Dalton?" queried one of the party. "'Fraid of it? Given it up lately? It don't agree with some constitutions."

"Well, if you want to know why I don't smoke, friend Jay," was the answer, "I will tell you, I respect my wife too much."

"Why, you don't mean—" stammered his questioner.

"I mean simply what I said. When I was married I was addicted to the use of cigars. I saw that the smoke annoyed her, though she behaved with the utmost good taste and ferbearance, and I cut down my cigars so as to smoke only when going and returning from business. I then considered what my presence must be to a delicate and sensitive woman, with breath and clothes saturated with the odor, and I began to be disgusted with myself, so that I finally dropped the habit, and I can't say I'm sorry."

"I shouldn't be I know," said another, admiringly. "I'm candid enough to own it, and I think your wife ought to be very much obliged to you."

"On the contrary, it is I who ought to be obliged to my wife," said Mr. Dalton, while

the host smoked on in silence, very red in the face, and evidently wincing under the reproof that was not meant.

"I say that Dalton is a brick," whispered young Benedict.

"He's splendid!" supplemented Johnny, who was thinking his own thoughts while the smoke was really getting too much for him, and presently he took his leave.

The next day Johnny was thoughtful, so quiet, indeed, that everybody noticed it, and in the evening, when his father lighted his pipe with its strong tobacco, Johnny seemed on thorns.

"I can't think that you don't respect mother," he blurted out, and then his face grew scarlet.

"What do you mean?" asked his father, in a severe voice. "I say, what do you mean, sir?"

"Because mother hates the smoke so; because it gets into the curtains and carpet—and—and because I heard Mr. Dalton last night give as a reason that he did not smoke that he respected his wife too much."

"Pshaw! Your mother don't mind my

smoking—do you mother?" he asked, jocularly, as his wife entered just then.

"Well—I—I used to rather more than I do now. One can get accustomed to anything, I suppose, so I go on the principle that what can't be cured must be endured."

"Nonsense! you know I could stop tomorrow if I wanted to," he laughed.

"But you won't want to," she said, softly.

I don't know whether Johnny's father gave up the weed. Most likely not; but if you want to see what really came of it, I will give you a peep at the following paper, written some years ago, and which happens to be in my possession.

"I, John Lord, of sound mind, do make, this first day of January, 1861, the following resolutions, which I pray God I may keep:—

First. I will not get married till I own a house, for I expect my uncle will give me one, one of these days; mother says he will.

Second. I will never swear, because it is silly as well as wicked.

Third. I will never smoke and so make myself disagreeable to everybody who comes near me, and I will always keep these words as my motto after I am married:—

“‘I don't smoke, because I respect my wife.’ Mr. Dalton said that, and I will never forget it. Signed etc., etc.”
 And Johnny kept his word like a hero.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

KEEP to the right as the law directs.
 Keep from others thy friend's defects.
 Keep all thy thoughts on purest themes.
 Keep from thine eyes the motes and beams.
 Keep true thy deed. Thy honor bright.
 Keep firm thy faith in God and right.
 Keep free from every sin and stain.
 Keep from the ways that bring thee pain.
 Keep free thy tongue from words of ill.
 Keep right thy aim and good thy will.
 Keep all thy acts from passion free.
 Keep strong in hope ; no envy see.
 Keep watchful care o'er tongue and hand.
 Keep firm thy feet, by justice stand.
 Keep true thy word, a sacred thing.
 Keep from the snares the tempters bring.
 Keep faith with each you call a friend.
 Keep full in view the final end.
 Keep from all hate and malice free.
 Keep firm thy courage bold and strong.
 Keep up the right and down the wrong.

THE TWO CLERKS.

BOYS are apt to think they are kept too strict, having to get such perfect lessons, and to work, and to go to Sabbath-school, and having to be so punctual, and so particular, and not allowed a great many amusements and indulgences which they would like so much. "What's the use?" they often discontentedly ask. Well, boys, there is a great deal of use in being brought up right; and the discipline which sometimes seems to you so hard, is precisely what your parents see that you need in order to make you worth anything; and I will tell you an incident, which has just come to my knowledge, to illustrate it.

William was the oldest child of a widowed mother, and she looked upon him, under God, as her future staff and support. He was trained to industrious habits, and in the fear of God. The day-school and Sabbath-school seldom saw his seat vacant. Idleness, that rust which eats into character, had no opportunity to fasten upon him.

By and by he got through being a school-boy, and succeeded in getting a situation in a store in the city. William soon found himself in quite altered circumstances; the stir and bustle of the streets was very unlike the quiet of his village home; then the tall stores, loft upon loft, piled with goods—boxes and bales now, instead of books and bat; then the strange faces of the clerks, and the easy manners and handsome appearance of the rich boy, Ashton, just above him in the store. William looked at Ashton almost with admiration, and thought how new and awkward everything was to himself, and how tired he got standing so many hours on duty, and crowding his way through the busy thoroughfares. But his good habits soon made him good friends. The older clerks liked his obliging and active spirit, and all had a good word for his punctuality. ➤ But William had his trials. One morning he was sent to the bank for money; and returning, laid the pile on the counting-room desk. His master was gone, and there was no one in the room but Ashton. Mr. Thomas soon came back. "Two dollars are missing," said he, counting the money. The

blood mounted to poor William's face, but he answered firmly, "I laid it all on your desk, sir." Mr. Thomas looked steadily into the boy's face, and seeing nothing but an honest purpose there, said, "Another time put the money into my hands, my boy." When the busy season came on, one of the head clerks was taken sick, and William rendered himself useful to the book-keeper by helping him add up some of his tall columns. Oh, how glad he was now for his drilling in arithmetic, as the book-keeper thanked him for his valuable help.

Ashton often asked William to go and ride, or to visit the oyster-saloons, or the bowling-alley, or the theater. To all invitations of this kind William had but one answer, and that answer was, No. William always said he had no time, or money, to spare for such things. After the day's work was done, he loved to get back to his chamber to read. He did not crave perpetual excitement, or any more eating and drinking than was supplied at his usual meals.

Not so with Ashton. Ashton had indulgent parents, and a plenty of money, or it seemed so to William ; and yet he ate it, or

drank it, or spent it in other things, so fast and so soon that he was often borrowing from the other clerks. Ashton joked William upon his stiff notions, but the truth was that William was far the happier of the two. At last a half bale of goods was missing; searching inquiries were made, and the theft was traced to Ashton. \ Oh! the shame and disgrace of the discovery; yet, alas, it was not his first theft. Ashton had been in the habit of petty pilfering, in order to get the means of gratifying his taste for pleasure; and now that his guilt had come to light, he ran off, and before his parents were aware of it, fled to a far country, an outcast from his beautiful home, from his afflicted friends, from all the comforts and blessings of virtuous life.

William is rapidly rising in the confidence and respect of his employers, fearing God, and faithful in duty. There is nothing new in all this; such things are happening every day; and what I want to do boys, is to mark the lesson which they teach, that vicious indulgences will certainly lead to shame and ruin, while true religion and solid worth have an exceeding great reward.

WHAT ONE LIE DID.

IT was winter twilight. Shadows moved about the room with noiseless feet, while the ruddy light flickered pleasantly between the ancient andirons. A venerable old lady, whose hair old time had silvered, but whose heart he had left fresh and young, sat musing in an arm-chair, drawn up closely by the fire-side. Suddenly the door opened, and fairy footsteps bounded to her side.

"Well, Bessie," said the old lady, laying her hand lovingly on the child's sunny ringlets, "have you had a good slide?"

"Beautiful, aunt Ruth; and now won't you tell me one of your nice stories?"

Bessie was an only child. Her mother had recently died, and Bessie had come to visit her aunt, of whose heart she at once took possession by her winning ways and affectionate disposition. But aunt Ruth's eyes were of the clear sort, and she soon discovered that Bessie was not only unscrupulous as to the truth, but that she displayed little sensitiveness when detected in a false-

hood. Now, if there was any one trait for which aunt Ruth was particularly distinguished, it was her unswerving rectitude; if there was any one thing that annoyed her more than all others, it was aught that came under the category of falsities. It was the language of her heart, "A liar shall not stand in my sight." She determined, with the help of God, to root out from her darling's character the noxious weed, whatever effort it might cost her. Of this she had been musing, and her resolve was formed.

"Get your cricket, dear, and come close beside me;" and in a moment the child's blue eyes were upturned to hers.

"I am old now, Bessie," and she tenderly stroked that fair brow, "and my memory is failing. But I can recall the time when I was a little dancing, sunny-haired girl, like you. You open your eyes wonderingly, but, if your life is spared, before you know it, child, you will be an old lady like aunt Ruth.

"In those young days I was in a spelling-class, at school, with a little girl named Amy, a sweet tempered, sensitive child, and a very good scholar. She seemed disposed

to cling to me, and I could not well resist her timid advances. Yet I did not quite like her, because she often went above me in the class, when, but for her, I should have stood at the head. Poor Amy could not account for my occasional coolness, for I was too proud to let her know the reason. I had been a truthful child, Bessie, but envy tempted me, and I yielded. I sometimes tried to prejudice the other girls against Amy, and this was the beginning of my deceit. She was too diffident to defend herself, and so I usually carried my point.

“One day our teacher gave out to us the word, *believe*. In her usual low voice, Amy spelt ‘*b-e-l-i-e-v-e, believe.*’ Her teacher misunderstanding her said, quickly, ‘Wrong—the next,’ but turning to her again, asked, ‘Did you not spell it *l-e-i-v-e?*’ ‘No ma’am, I said *l-i-e-v-e.*’ Miss R——, still in doubt, looking at me, inquired, ‘You heard Ruth; how was it?’ A wicked thought occurred to me—to disgrace her, and raise myself. Deliberately I uttered a gross falsehood, ‘Amy said *l-e-i-v-e.*’ The teacher turning toward her, but, confounded by my accusation, she was silent, while her flushed face

and streaming eyes gave her the appearance of guilt. 'Amy,' said her teacher sternly, 'I did not expect a lie from you. Go, now, to the foot of the class, and remember to remain after school.'

"I had triumphed, Bessie; Amy was disgraced, and I stood proudly at the head of my class, but I was not happy.

"When school was dismissed, I pretended to have lost something, and lingered in the hall. I heard the teacher say,—

"'Amy, come here,' and then I caught the light footsteps of the gentle child.

"'How could you tell that lie?'

"'Miss R—I did not tell a lie,' but even as she denied it, I could see through the key-hole that in her grief at the charge, and her dread of punishment, she stood trembling like a culprit.

"'Hold out your hand.'

"There I stood, as if spell-bound. Stroke after stroke of the hard ferule I heard fall upon the small white hand of the innocent child. You may well hide your eyes from me, Bessie. Oh, why did I not speak? Every stroke went to my heart, but I would not confess my sin, and so I stole softly from

the door. As I lingered on the way, Amy walked slowly along, with her books in one hand, while with the other she kept wiping away the tears, which yet would not cease to flow. Her sobs seeming to come from a breaking heart, sank deep into my own. As she walked weepingly on, her foot stumbling, she fell, and her books were scattered on the ground. I picked them up and handed them to her. Turning toward me her soft blue eye, swimming in tears, in the sweetest tones, she said,—

“‘I thank you, Ruth.’

“It made my guilty heart beat faster, but I would not speak ; so we went on silently together.

“When I reached home, ‘what is the use,’ said I to myself ; ‘nobody knows it, and why should I be so miserable ?’ I resolved to throw off the hated burden, and, going into the pleasant parlor, I talked and laughed as if nothing were the matter. But the load on my poor heart only grew the heavier. I needed no one, Bessie, to tell me the wages of sin. The eye of God seemed consuming me. But the worse I felt, the gayer I seemed ; and more than once I was checked

for my boisterous mirth, while tears were struggling to escape.

“At length I went to my room. I could not pray, and so hurrying to bed, I resolutely shut my eyes. But sleep would not come to me. The ticking of the old clock in the hall seemed every moment to grow louder, as if reproaching me; and when it slowly told the hour of midnight, it smote upon my ear like a knell. I turned and turned upon my little pillow, but it was filled with thorns. Those sweet blue eyes, swimming in tears, were ever before me; the repeated strokes of the hard ferule kept sounding in my ears. At length, unable to endure it longer, I left my bed, and sat down by the window. The noble elms stood peacefully in the moonlight, the penciled shadow of their spreading branches lying tremulously on the ground. The white fence, the graveled walks, the perfect quietness in which everything without was wrapped, seemed to mock my restlessness, while the solemn midnight sky filled me with awe I never felt before. Ah! Bessie, a reproving conscience and an angry God are too hard for a child to wrestle with!

“As I turned from the window, my eyes

rested on the snow-white coverlet of my little bed, a birth-day gift from my mother. All her patient kindness, rushed upon my mind. I felt her dying hand upon my head. I listened once more to her fluttering voice, as she fervently besought the blessing of heaven upon her first-born. 'Oh, make her a truthful, holy child!' I tried to banish from my thoughts this last petition of my dying mother; but the more resolute was my purpose, the more distinctly did those pleading tones fall upon my heart, till, bowing, upon the window, I wept convulsively. But tears, Bessie, could give me no relief.

"My agony became every moment more intense, till at length, I rushed, almost in terror, to my father's bed-side.

"'Father! father!' but I could say no more. Tenderly putting his arm around me, he laid my throbbing head upon his bosom; and there he gently soothed me, till I could so far control the torrent, as to explain its cause. Then, now fervently did he plead with heaven, that his sinning child might be forgiven!

"'Dear father,' said I 'will you go with me to-night to see poor Amy?'

“He answered, ‘To-morrow morning, my child.’

“Delay was torture ; but, striving to suppress my disappointment, I received my father’s kiss and went back to my room. But slumber still fled from my weary eyelids. My longing to beg Amy’s forgiveness amounted to frenzy ; and after watching for the morning, for what seemed to me hours, my anguish became so intolerable that I fled once more to my father, and with tears streaming down my cheeks, I knelt by his side, beseeching him to go with me to Amy that moment ; adding, in a whisper, ‘She may die before she has forgiven me.’ He laid his hand upon my burning, cheek, and, after a moment’s thought, replied,

“‘I will go with you, my child.’

“In a few moments we were on our way. As we approached Mrs. Sinclair’s cottage, we perceived lights hurrying from one room to another. Shuddering with an undefinable dread, I drew closer to my father. He softly opened the gate and silently we passed through it.

“The doctor, who was just leaving the door, seemed greatly surprised to meet us

there at that hour. Words cannot describe my feelings, when in answer to my father's inquiries, he told us that Amy was sick with a brain fever.

“ ‘Her mother tells me’ he continued, ‘that she has not been well for several days, but that she was unwilling to remain from school. She came home yesterday afternoon, it seems, very unlike herself. She took no supper, but sat at the table mute, as if stupefied with grief. Her mother tried every way to draw from her the cause of her sorrow; but in vain. She went to bed with the same heart-broken appearance, and in less than an hour I was summoned. In her delirium she has been calling upon you, dear Ruth, beseeching you with the most mournful earnestness to pity and to save her.’

“ Bessie, may you never know how his words pierced my heart!

“ My earnest pleas to see Amy just one minute, prevailed with her widowed mother. Kindly taking my hand—the murderer’s—she led me to the sick chamber. As I looked on the sweet sufferer, all hope deserted me. The shadows of death were already on her forehead, and in her large blue eyes.

Kneeling by her bed, in whispered words my heart pleaded, Oh, so earnestly ! for forgiveness. But, when I looked entreatingly toward her, in her delirious gaze there was no recognition. No, Bessie ! I never was to be comforted by the assurance of her pardon.

“ When I next saw Amy, she was asleep. The bright flush had faded from her cheek, whose marble paleness was shaded by her long eye-lashes. Delirium had ceased, and her aching heart was still. That small, white hand, which had been held out tremblingly, to receive the blows of the harsh ferule, now lay lovingly folded within the other. Never again would tears flow from those gentle eyes, nor that bosom heave with sorrow.—That sleep was the sleep of death !

“ My grief was wilder, if not deeper, than that mother's of whose lost treasure I had robbed her. She forgave me ; but I could not forgive myself. What a long, long winter followed. My sufferings threw me into a fever, and in my delirium I called continually upon Amy. But God listened to the prayers of my dear father, and raised me from this sickness. And when the light foot-steps of spring were seen upon the green

earth, and early flowers were springing up around the grave of Amy, for the first time, I was allowed to visit it.

“My head swam, as I read, lettered so carefully on the white tablet:—

“‘AMY SINCLAIR,

Fell asleep September third.’

“Beside that fresh turf I knelt down, and offered, as I trust, the prayer of faith. I was there relieved, and strengthened too, Bessie,” said aunt Ruth, as she laid her hand tenderly upon that young head bowed down upon her lap. Poor Bessie’s tears had long been flowing, and now her grief seemed uncontrollable. Nor did her aunt attempt consolation; for she hoped there was a healing in that sorrow.

“Pray for me!” whispered Bessie, as, at length, looking up through her tears, she flung her arms about her aunt; and from a full heart aunt Ruth poured out her petitions in behalf of the weeping child.

That scene was never forgotten by Bessie; for in that dim hour, from the depths of her repentant tears, a light dawned upon her, brighter than the morning. And, although

it had cost aunt Ruth not a little to call up this dark shadow from the past, yet she felt repaid a thousand-fold for her sacrifice. For that sweet young face, lovely as a May morning, but whose beauty had been often marred by the workings of deceit and falsehood, grew radiant in the clear light of that truthful purpose which was then born in her soul.

PAST AND FUTURE.

THE past is lost to us—the book is sealed,
By mortal ne'er to be unclosed again ;
The past is gone—beyond all human power
To change the record of but one short hour,
Though since repented of in tears and pain.

The future lies before us—a fair page,
Whereon 'tis ours to write whate'er we will !
Then let us pause in case our careless hand
Shall make a stain which will forever stand,
Through endless time a silent witness still.

'Tis not enough to keep the pages pure,
And let them ever but a blank remain ;
Each leaf in turn should on its surface bear
Some writing that shall stand out clean and fair,
To prove our lives have not been spent in vain.

CHRIST OUR REFUGE.

THERE were six cities in the land of Canaan which were set apart as places of refuge, to which a man might flee if he had, either by accident or design, killed another. These cities were easy of access. Three were on the west side of the river Jordan, and three on the east side. Every year the roads leading to them were examined, to see that they were in good condition, and that there was nothing in the way to stop the man-slayer as he was running from his pursuer. At different points there were guide-boards, and on them were written, REFUGE! REFUGE!

If any man by accident killed another, and reached one of these cities before his pursuer, he was allowed to stay there until the death of the high-priest who was then living. But if in anger a man had purposely killed another, then, although he sought refuge in one of these cities, he was given up to the avenger of blood to be slain. You will find more about these cities and their names if you will read the thirty-fifth chapter of Num-

bers, the nineteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, and the twentieth chapter of Joshua.

But what interest can boys and girls and all older persons have in these cities?

I will try to tell you. God has different ways of teaching. A great many things about which we read in the Old Testament are what is called types. A type, in scripture language, means a pattern or a likeness to a person who is to come, or to an event which is to take place. It is supposed to point forward to something more valuable than itself. Thus, for example, the blood of the lamb which was slain on the Jewish altar was a type or a foreshowing of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ for our Salvation. Hence John the Baptist pointing to the Saviour, said to his disciples, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." John 1:29. The paschal lamb, which was slain to commemorate the deliverance of the Jews from the bondage of Egypt, and the lamb which was offered daily, both morning and evening, in the service of the temple, were representations of the greater sacrifice which Christ came from heaven to make for our salvation.

So the land of Canaan was a type of heaven. The lifting up of the brazen serpent on a pole was a type of our Saviour's crucifixion; and the cities of refuge were a beautiful type of Jesus Christ, who is the sinner's refuge.

You know, my dear children, that we have all sinned, and that we all need a place of safety. The avenger says, "Thou shalt surely die." Escape for thy life. But that we may not die eternally, God has given us the Bible as our guide-board; and the Bible is constantly pointing to Jesus Christ as the sinner's refuge. He is our hiding-place. It is to him Isaiah refers when he says, "And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

The way to our city of refuge is plain. "I am the way," is the Saviour's own direction. The gate is always open, and the assurance is, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

I want you to remember, dear children, that it is a great deal easier to run to this city of refuge when you are young, than it

will be if you put it off until you are older. The promise of the Saviour is, "Those that seek me early shall find me." Will you not flee to Jesus as your hiding-place? Will you not seek him when he may be found? How sad it will be if you neglect to do so. You will need a refuge when the tempest of God's judgments shall burst upon the wicked. Oh, then how glad you will be if you can say, as David said of his trust in God, "Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."

TOM'S TRIAL.

IT was a pleasant day in that particularly pleasant part of summer time, which the boys call "vacation," when Tiger and Tom walked slowly down the street together. You may think it strange that I mention Tiger first, but I assure you Tom would not have been in the least offended by the preference. Indeed, he would have assured you that Tiger was a most wonderful dog, and knew as much as any two boys, though this might be called extravagant.

Nearly a year ago, on Tom's birth-day, Tiger arrived as a present from Tom's uncle, and as he leaped with a dignified bound from the wagon in which he made his journey, Tom looked for a moment into his great, wise eyes, and impulsively threw his arms around his shaggy neck. Tiger, on his part, was pleased with Tom's bright face, and most affectionately licked his smooth cheeks. So the league of friendship was complete in an hour.

Tom had a pleasant, round face, and you

might live with him a week, and think him one of the noblest, most generous boys you ever knew. But some day you would probably discover that he had a most violent temper. You would be frightened to see his face crimson with rage, as he stamped his feet, shook his little sister, spoke improperly to his mother, and above all, displeased his great Father in heaven.

Now I am going to tell you of one great trial on this account, which Tom never forgot to the end of his life. Tiger and Tom were walking down the street together, when they met Dick Casey, a school-fellow of Tom's.

"O Dick!" cried Tom, "I'm going to father's grain store a little while. Let's go up in the loft and play."

Dick had just finished his work in his mother's garden, and was all ready for a little amusement. So the two went up together, and enjoyed themselves highly for a long time. But at last arose one of those trifling disputes, in which little boys are so apt to indulge. Pretty soon there were angry words, then, (Oh, how sorry I am to say it!) Tom's wicked passions got the mastery of him, and he beat little Dick severely. Tiger,

who must have been ashamed of his master, pulled hard at his coat, and whined piteously, but all in vain. At last Tom stopped, from mere exhaustion.

"There, now!" he cried, "which is right, you or I?"

"I am," sobbed Dick, "and you tell a lie."

Tom's face flushed crimson, and darting upon Dick, he gave him a sudden push. Alas! he was near to the open door. Dick screamed, threw up his arms, and in a moment was gone. Tom's heart stood still, and an icy chill crept over him from head to foot. At first he could not stir; then—he never knew how he got there, but he found himself standing beside his little friend. Some men were raising him carefully from the hard sidewalk.

"Is he dead?" almost screamed Tom.

"No," replied one, "we hope not. How did he fall out?"

"He didn't fall," groaned Tom, who never could be so mean as to tell a lie, "I pushed him out."

"*You* pushed him, you wicked boy," cried a rough voice. "Do you know you ought to be sent to jail, and if he dies, maybe you'll be hung."

Tom grew as white as Dick, whom he had followed into the store, and he heard all that passed as if in a dream.

"Is he badly hurt?" cried some one.

"Only his hands," was the answer. "The rope saved him, he caught hold of the rope and slipped down; but his hands are dreadfully torn—he has fainted from pain."

Just then Tom's father came in, and soon understood the case. The look he gave at his unhappy son, so full of sorrow, not unmingled with pity, was too much for Tom, and he stole out followed by the faithful Tiger. He wandered to the woods, and threw himself upon the ground. One hour ago he was a happy boy, and now what a terrible change! What has made the difference? Nothing but the indulgence of this wicked, violent temper. His mother had often warned him of the fearful consequences. She had told him that little boys who would not learn to govern themselves, grew up to be very wicked men, and often became murderers in some moment of passion. And now, Tom shuddered to think he was almost a murderer! Nothing but God's great mercy in putting that rope in Dick's way, had saved him from carrying that

load of sorrow and guilt all the rest of his life. But poor Dick, he might die yet—how pale he looked—how strange! Tom fell upon his knees, and prayed God to “spare Dick’s life,” and from that time forth, with God’s help, he promised that he would strive to conquer this wicked passion.

Then, as he could no longer bear his terrible suspense, he started for Widow Casey’s cottage. As he appeared at the humble door, Mrs. Casey angrily ordered him away, saying: “You have made a poor woman trouble enough for one day.” But Dick’s feeble voice entreated, “O mother, let him come in; I was just as bad as he.”

Tom gave a cry of joy at hearing these welcome tones, and sprang hastily in. There sat poor Dick with his hands bound up, looking very pale, but Tom thanked God that he was alive.

“I should like to know how I am to live now,” sighed Mrs. Casey. “Who will weed the garden, and carry my vegetables to market? I am afraid we shall suffer for bread before the summer is over,” and she put her apron to her eyes.

“Mrs. Casey,” cried Tom, eagerly, “I will

do everything that Dick did. I will sell the potatoes and beans, and will drive Mr. Brown's cows to pasture."

Mrs. Casey shook her head incredulously, but Tom bravely kept his word. For the next few weeks Tom was at his post bright and early, and the garden was never kept in better order. And every morning Tiger and Tom stood faithfully in the market-place with their baskets, and never gave up, no matter how warm the day, till the last vegetable was sold, and the money placed faithfully in Mrs. Casey's hand.

Tom's father often passed through the market, and gave his little son an encouraging smile, but he did not offer to help him out of his difficulty, for he knew if Tom struggled on alone, it would be a lesson he would never forget. Already he was becoming so gentle and patient, that every one noticed the change, and his mother rejoiced over the sweet fruits of his repentance and self-sacrifice.

After a few weeks the bandages were removed from Dick's hands, but they had been unskillfully treated, and were drawn up in very strange shapes. Mrs. Casey could not conceal her grief. "He will never be the

help he was before," she said to Tom, "he will never be like other boys, and he wrote such a fine hand, now he can no more make a letter than that little chicken in the garden."

"If we only had a great city doctor," said a neighbor, "he might have been all right. Even now his fingers might be helped if you should take him to New York."

"Oh, I am too poor, *too poor*," said she, and burst into tears.

Tom could not bear it, and again rushed into the woods to think what could be done, for he had already given them all his quarter's allowance. All at once a thought flashed into his head, and he started as if he had been shot. Then he cried in great distress:—

"No, no, anything but that, I can't do *that!*"

Tiger gently licked his hands, and watched him with great concern. Now came a great struggle. Tom stroked backward and forward, and although he was a proud boy, he sobbed aloud. Tiger whined, licked his face, rushed off into dark corners, and barked savagely at some imaginary enemy, and then came back, and putting his paws on Tom's

knees, wagged his tail in anxious sympathy. At last Tom took his hands from his pale, tear-stained face, and looking into the dog's great honest eyes, he cried with a queer shake in his voice:—

“Tiger, old fellow! dear old dog, could you ever forgive me if I sold you?”

Then came another burst of sorrow, and Tom rose hastily, as if afraid to trust himself, and almost ran out of the woods. Over the fields he raced, with Tiger close at his heels, nor rested a moment till he stood at Major White's door, nearly two miles away.

“Do you still want Tiger, sir?”

“Why yes,” said the old man in great surprise, “but do *you* want to sell him?”

“Yes, please,” gasped Tom, not daring to look at his old companion. The exchange was quickly made, and the ten dollars in Tom's hand. Tiger was beguiled into a barn, and the door hastily shut, and Tom was hurrying off, when he turned and cried in a choking voice—

“You will be kind to him, Major White, won't you? Don't whip him, I never did, and he's the best dog—”

“No, no, child,” said Major White, kindly;

"I'll treat him like a prince, and if you ever want to buy him back, you shall have him."

Tom managed to falter "Thank you," and almost flew out of hearing of Tiger's eager scratching on the barn door.

I am making my story too long, and can only tell you in a few words that Tom's sacrifice was accepted. A friend took little Dick to the city free of expense, and Tom's money paid for the necessary operation. The poor crooked fingers were very much improved, and were soon almost as good as ever. And the whole village loved Tom for his brave, self-sacrificing spirit, and the noble atonement he had made for his moment of passion.

A few days after Dick's return came Tom's birth-day, but he did not feel in his usual spirits. In spite of his great delight in Dick's recovery, he had so mourned over the matter, and had taken Tiger's loss so much to heart, that he had grown quite pale and thin. So, as he was permitted to spend the day as he pleased, he took his books and went to his favorite haunt in the woods.

"How different from my last birth-day," thought Tom. "Then Tiger had just come, and I was so happy, though I did n't like him

half as well as I do now." Tom sighed heavily; then added more cheerfully, "Well, I hope some things are better than they were last year. I hope I have begun to conquer myself, and with God's help I will never give up trying while I live. Now if I could only earn money enough to buy back dear old Tiger." While Tom was busied with these thoughts he heard a hasty familiar trot, a quick bark of joy, and the brave old dog sprang into Tom's arms.

"Tiger, old fellow," cried Tom, trying to look fierce, though he could scarcely keep down the tears, "how came you to run away, sir?"

Tiger responded by picking up a letter he had dropped in his first joy, and laying it in Tom's hand:—

"MY DEAR CHILD: Tiger is pining, and I must give him a change of air. I wish him to have a good master, and knowing that the best ones are those who have learned to govern *themselves*, I send him to you. Will you take care of him and greatly oblige

Your old friend, MAJOR WHITE."

Tom then read through a mist of tears—

"P. S. I know the whole story. Dear young friend, 'be not weary in well doing.'"

“WHAT ARE THOSE SCARS?”

“WHAT are those scars?” said Mary Lanman to her father, as she sat in his lap, holding his hand in her own little hands.

“Those scars! my dear? If I were to tell you the history of them, it would make a long story.”

“But do tell me, papa,” said Mary, “I should like to hear a long story.”

“These scars my child, are more than forty years old. For forty years they have every day reminded me of my disobedience to my parents and my violation of the law of God.”

“Do tell me all about it, father,” said Mary.

Her father then related the following story:—

“When I was about twelve years old, my father sent me one pleasant autumn day into the woods to cut a pole to be used in beating apples off the trees. It was wanted immediately to supply the place of one that

had been broken. I took my little hatchet and hastened to the woods to execute my important mission. I looked in every direction for a long, slender tree that would answer the purpose; and every time I stopped to examine a young tree, a taller and straighter sapling caught my eye farther on. What seemed most surprising to me was that the little trees that looked so trim and upright in the distance, grew deformed and crooked as I approached them. Frequently disappointed, I was led from tree to tree till I had traversed the entire grove and made no choice.

“My path opened into a clearing, and near the fence stood a young cherry-tree loaded with fruit. Here was a strong temptation. I knew very well to whom this tree belonged and that it bore valuable fruit. I knew too that I had no right to touch a single cherry. No house was near, no person was in sight. None but God could see me, and I forgot that his eye looked down upon me.

“I resolved to taste the tempting fruit. I climbed the tree and began to pick the rich, ripe cherries. I found no pleasure in the taste of them, I was so fearful of surprise

and detection. Some one might come and find me in the tree. I therefore resolved to break off some richly-loaded boughs, and feast upon the cherries as I hastened home. The top of the tree was bowed with the weight of its fruit. I climbed as high as I could, and bending down the top, attempted to cut it off with my knife. In my eagerness to secure my prize I did not guard my left hand which held down the top of the tree. My knife slipped from the yielding wood to my fingers and passed with unspent force across all the fingers of my left hand, cutting the flesh to the bone. I never could look at fresh blood without fainting. My eye caught sight of the red drops that oozed from every finger, and my heart began to die within me. I slipped through the limbs of the tree to the ground. The shock of the fall drove away the faintness, and I soon stood upon my feet. I wrapped my handkerchief about my bleeding fingers and hurried home. My mission was worse than useless; I had not accomplished the purpose for which I was sent, I had committed a crime and disabled myself for work; I was wanted as an apple-picker.

"I found no sympathy from anybody; my father reproved me, and threatened chastisement when my wounds were healed. My mother, who dressed my aching fingers, looked very sorrowfully upon me, and I knew that I had grieved her deeply by my disobedience. I assisted in picking the apples, but I was compelled to work with one hand, while the other hung in a sling. That was a sad day to me. It required some weeks to heal the deep gashes made by my knife, and the scars are as bright, after forty years, as they were when the wounds were first closed. If the scars in the flesh were all it would be comparatively a trifle. The soul was wounded as well as the body. The conscience was defiled with guilt which no human agency could remove. Tears of repentance could not wipe away the stain. Nothing but the blood of Christ could give health to the wounded spirit.

"As wounds leave scars, so my dear child, do youthful sins leave the traces of their existence. Like the scars of the healed wound, they disfigure and weaken the soul. The follies of youth may be overcome, but they are always sure to leave their mark.

Every sin of childhood hangs like a weight
upon the neck of manhood. The blood of
Jesus Christ alone cleanseth from all sin."

THE SCAR WILL REMAIN.

Oh, ye who from crime and pollution are free,
Watch well the temptations that throng around thee !
A character tarnished ne'er loses the stain,
The wound may be healed, but the scar will remain.

'Tis true that the vilest forgiveness may earn,
The sorrowing lost to the fold may return ;
But sad recollection will bring with it pain,
The wound may be healed, but the scar will remain.

The misty bloom brushed from the cheek of the plum
No more to its delicate surface can come ;
And the pure heart polluted ne'er freshens again,
The wound may be healed, but the scar will remain.

The slave of vile appetites, touched by remorse,
May weep o'er his follies and alter his course ;
But still on life's tablet his record is plain,
The wound may be healed, but the scar will remain.

Then shun ye the tempter, and seek ye the goal,
Which promises peace to the world-weary soul,
If ye sin ye will strive to forget it in vain,
The wound may be healed, but the scar will remain.

"GIRLS, HELP FATHER."

MY hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilbur, as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behind hand.

"Can I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crotchet work.—"I shall be glad to do so if you will explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you could, Lucy," he said reflectively. "Pretty good at figures are you?"

"It would be sad if I did not know something of them, after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you, in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier since I put on spectacles."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted to lie idle all the even-

ing, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy chair, enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty—"Thank you daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"It's rather looking up, where a man can have such an amanuensis," said the father. "It's not every farmer that can afford it."

"Not every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said the mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing, if able," said Mr. Wilbur, which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or labor. If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and unwilling air that robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father! Give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting

because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents, as parents do on their children.

DON'T LET MOTHER DO IT!

DAUGHTER, do n't let mother do it!
Do not let her slave and toil,
While you sit, a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Do n't you see the heavy burdens
Daily she is wont to bear,
Bring the lines upon her forehead—
Sprinkle silver in her hair?

Daughter, do n't let mother do it!
She has cared for you so long,
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waken from your listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless;
And your grief will be less bitter
When the sods above her press.

Daughter, do n't let mother do it!
You will never, never know
What were home without a mother
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from earthly care or pain—
To the home so sad without her,
Never to return again.

THE PREMIUM.

I THINK I am sure of one premium at least," said Edward, as he placed himself upon the form among his school-fellows.

It was examination day, and many a young heart was beating quick with the hope of approbation and reward, or with the fear of disgrace. Some had looked forward to this day, and applied to their tasks, knowing how carefully they should be examined, and commended or punished according to their deservings. Others had chosen to forget that such a day must come, and idled away the time which they would now have given a great deal to have at their disposal again.

In the center of the school-room was placed a long table, covered with books of various sizes and of different value. There were Bibles and Testaments, both large and small, the histories of Rome, of Greece and of England. There were volumes elegantly bound and pamphlets just stitched together. The school was extensive, and it was wished that

every one who had exerted himself to the best of his ability, however little that might be, should carry home with him some mark of encouragement, to remind him that diligence and perseverance were not overlooked.

Like the servants to whom the Lord intrusted the talents, some had five, and some had but one, yet these last could not be excused for hiding and neglecting it because it was small; even the youngest and the simplest child at school may make something of the reason and opportunities which the Lord has given him to improve.

With anxious hearts and busy faces the boys arranged themselves around the table; and were examined with great care and patience by their teachers, as to the progress they had made in their studies.

Now, Edward had set his heart on one particular premium, the Roman History, neatly bound, and making two very pretty volumes, which he thought would handsomely fill up a vacant space on his little book-shelves. He allowed himself to think of this until no other prize was of any value in his sight, a great fault, often committed by children, and grown people too; who

instead of thankfully receiving whatever the bounty of Providence assigns them, would choose for themselves; and become discontented and unhappy in the midst of blessings, because the wisdom of God sees fit to withhold some one thing that their folly deems necessary to their happiness.

Edward passed his examination with much credit, and one of the first premiums was adjudged to him; but instead of the Roman History, a very neat Bible, in excellent large type, was placed in his hands. Many of his school-mates had wished for that Bible, but Edward regarded it not; and the eyes of the foolish boy filled with tears, as he saw the elegant History of Rome presented to another, who, perhaps would gladly have exchanged with him.

The next day Edward returned home and related his disappointment to his parents, who thought his desire for the Roman History a mark of great learning and taste; but since he had distinguished himself so well they did not much care what prize he received.

Edward's father lived in the country, not far from the sea-side, in a most delightful

and healthy situation ; and at this time his mother's brother, who was in a very sickly state, had just arrived there to enjoy the benefit of the sea breezes, and rest a little from the toil and bustle of his employments in London.

Mr. Lewis was a young man of the most pleasing manners and appearance. He was gentle and serious, but not at all gloomy or severe. His bad health only served to show forth his patience in enduring it without a murmuring word or discontented look ; and Edward, who was really a kind-hearted and affectionate boy, soon became very much attached to his uncle, who had not seen him since he was an infant, and who was much pleased at the attentions his nephew delighted to pay him.

Young hearts are soon won ; and it was only three days after Edward's return from school, that he went bounding over the grounds in search of his uncle, whose society he already preferred to his hoop and ball.

Mr. Lewis was seated under a fine old oak, the high and knotted roots of which served as a seat ; while the soft moss, interspersed with many delicate little flowers, was like a

carpet beneath his feet. A rich and extensive tract of country lay spread before his eyes; and, at a distance the mighty ocean bounded the prospect, whose deep green waters were seen in beautiful contrast with the pale yellow cliff, that with a graceful, yet abrupt curve, interrupted the view to the right. Thin clouds were floating past the sun every now and then, and threw all the varieties of light and shade upon the lovely scene below.

Mr. Lewis had a book in his hand, into which he frequently looked, and then raised his eyes again to gaze upon the varieties that surrounded him; and so intent he seemed, that Edward doubted whether he ought to disturb him, until his uncle, seeing him at some little distance, kindly beckoned him to come near.

“Is not this a pretty place uncle?” said Edward, as he seated himself beside him; “and do you not find the breeze from the water very refreshing?”

“It is beautiful indeed, my dear boy; and I am deriving both refreshment and instruction while I look around me.”

“Is that a Bible, uncle?”

"Yes. It is God's word, which I always find the best commentary upon his works ;— they explain each other."

"I love the Bible too, uncle," said Edward, "and got much credit for my answering on Scripture questions last half-year."

"And which, Edward, afforded you the greater satisfaction, the Scriptures, or the credit you got for studying them?"

Edward looked a little embarrassed and did not immediately reply.

"It is quite right to take pleasure in the well-earned approbation of your teachers," continued Mr. Lewis, "and I was glad to hear that you obtained a premium at the last examination also."

"Yes, uncle, but not the prize I wished for. There was a Roman History that I should have liked better, and it was just of equal value with the Bible that I got."

"How of equal value, Edward?"

"I mean that it was not reckoned a higher prize, and it would have been a nicer book for me."

"Then you had a Bible already?"

"Why, no, uncle, not of my own, but it is easy to borrow one on the Sabbath; and

I had gone through all my Scripture proofs, and do not want it on other days."

"Read these four verses for me," said Mr. Lewis, pointing to the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy "commencing with the sixth verse."

Edward read: "And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up; and thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes, and thou shalt write them upon the posts of thine house, and on thy gates."

"To whom was this command given Edward?"

"To the Jews, uncle."

"Yes; and the word of God, which cannot pass away, is as much binding on us as on them, in everything excepting the sacrifices and ceremonies, which foreshowed the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, and which was done away with, by his death fulfilling all those types and shadows."

"Then," said Edward, "we are com-

manded to write the Bible on our hands and on our door posts."

"No, my dear boy, not literally, but in a figure of speech; as the Lord, when declaring he never will forget Zion, says, "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." The meaning of the passage you first read is, that we must have the word of God as continually present to our minds as anything written on our hands, and on every object around us, would be to our bodily sight. And how are we to get our thoughts so occupied by it, Edward?"

"By continually reading it I suppose," replied Edward, rather sullenly.

"By reading it often, and meditating on it much," said his uncle; "and that we can do without interfering with our other business. Without prayer you cannot obtain any spiritual blessing, nor maintain any communion with God; and without reading the Scriptures you will have but little desire to pray. We are like people wandering in the dark, while the Bible is as a bright lamp held out to direct us in the only safe path. You cannot be a child of God if you do not

his will; you cannot do it unless you know it, and it is by the Bible he is pleased to communicate that knowledge. Do you begin to see, Edward, that the Bible is more suitable to be an every-day book than your profane history?"

"Why, yes, uncle; but the Bible is a grave book, and if I read it so constantly I never should be merry."

"There is no merriment among the lost, Edward; and that dreadful lot will be your portion if you neglect the great salvation which the Scriptures set forth. Besides, there is no foundation for what you suppose to be the effect of reading the Bible. I have known people naturally melancholy and discontented, become cheerful and happy by studying it; but I never in my life saw an instance of a person becoming unhappy because they had a good hope of going to heaven."

Edward paused a moment, and then said, "Uncle, I remember it is written concerning wisdom, that 'her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'"

"Most true, my dear boy, 'quietness and assurance forever' is the portion of God's

people. 'Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, rejoice.' 'The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' Are such expressions as these likely to make us gloomy, Edward?"

"O no, uncle; and I often wonder that you, who suffer so much pain, and read the Bible constantly, are not melancholy."

"How can I be melancholy, Edward, when the Bible tells me that all these things are working together for my spiritual good? that He who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, will with him also freely give us all things? When I think of what my sins deserve, and see the Lamb of God bearing the chastisement that should fall on me, how can I be melancholy? When I feel that the Spirit of God is bringing these things to my remembrance, and enabling me to love the Lord Jesus, who has done so much for me, must I not rejoice? I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing; and since God has promised forgiveness to all who seek that

blessing through his Son; and since I feel assured that I have sought that blessing, and feel peace and joy in believing, surely the song of praise, not the moan of lamentation, becomes me. Yet I do lament, Edward, daily lament my many offenses against God; but I am assured that Christ's blood cleanseth from all sin, and that in him I have a powerful and all-prevailing Advocate with the Father. I know in whom I have believed, and that he will never cast off nor forsake me. I am sinking into the grave, but I do not shrink from that prospect, because the bitterness of death is taken away by my Saviour, who died for my sins, and rose again for my justification; and though this body returns to dust, I shall live again, and enter into the presence of my Redeemer, and rejoice there evermore."

Edward looked at the animated countenance of his uncle, and then cast down his eyes; they were full of tears. At last he said, "Uncle, indeed I am a very sinful boy, neglecting the Bible, because I know it would show me my sin, and the consequences of it. But I will trifle no more with God's displeasure. I will get that precious Bible, worth a

thousand Roman histories, and I will read it daily, with prayer, that I may be wise unto salvation."

Mr. Lewis did not live long after this. He died, rejoicing in hope of eternal life; and as often as Edward was permitted to return home from his school, he was to be seen under the old oak, with the Bible in his hand, from which he learned more and more the will of his God and Saviour—the utter sinfulness of his own nature—his inability to help himself; and from this holy word he learned to place all his dependence on the righteousness of his Saviour—to follow the example of his Saviour, in prayer, in resignation, and in doing good to the poor around him.

He often thought of his dear uncle, and counted that day happy when he sat to listen to his kind advice, which, as a means, brought him to a knowledge of himself and of his heavenly Father.

TAKING A SITUATION.

WELL, girls," said my uncle Barnabas, "and now what do you propose to do about it?"

We sat around the fire in a disconsolate semicircle, uncle Barnabas Berkelin sat with us erect, stiff, and rather grim. Uncle Barnabas was rich and we were poor. He was wise in the ways of the world and we were inexperienced. Uncle Barnabas was prosperous in all he did; while if there was a bad bargain to be made, we were pretty sure to be the ones to make it. Consequently, we looked up to him and revered his opinions.

"What do we propose to do about it?" Eleanor slowly repeated. "Yes, that's exactly it," said my mother, nervously; "because, Brother Barnabas, we don't pretend to be business women, and it's certain that we cannot live comfortably on our present income. Something has surely got to be done."

And then my mother leaned back in her chair with a troubled face.

"Yes," said uncle, "something has got to be done! But who's to do it?"

And another dead silence succeeded.

"I suppose you girls are educated?" said uncle Barnabas. "I know I found enough old school bills when I was looking over my brother's papers."

"Of course," said my mother, with evident pride, "their education has been most expensive. Music, drawing, use of the globes—"

"Yes, yes, of course," interrupted uncle Barnabas; "but is it practical? can they teach?"

Eleanor looked dubious. I was quite sure I could not. Madame Lenoir, among all her list of accomplishments, had not included the art of practical tuition.

"Hump!" grunted uncle Barnabas. "A queer thing this modern education. Well if you can't teach you can surely do something! What do you say, Eleanor, to a situation?"

"A situation?"

"I spoke plain enough, didn't I?" said uncle Barnabas, dryly. "Yes, a situation!"

"What sort of a situation, uncle Barnabas?"

"Well I can hardly say. Part servant,

part companion to an elderly lady!" explained the old gentleman.

"Oh, uncle Barnabas, I couldn't do that."

"Not do it? And why not?"

"It's too much—too much," whispered Eleanor, losing her regal dignity in the pressure of the emergency, "like going out to service."

"And that is precisely what it is!" retorted uncle Barnabas, nodding his head. "Service! Why, we're all out at service, in one way or another, in this world!"

"Oh, yes I know," faltered poor Eleanor, who, between her distaste for the proposed plan, and her anxiety not to offend uncle Barnabas, didn't quite know what to say. "But I—I've always been educated to be a lady."

"So you won't take the position, eh?" said uncle Barnabas, staring up at a wishy-washy little water-color drawing of Cupid and Psyche, an "exhibition piece" of poor Eleanor's which hung above the chimney piece.

"I could n't, indeed, sir."

"Wages twenty-five dollars a month," mechanically repeated uncle Barnabas, as if

he were saying off a lesson. "Drive out in in the carriage every day with the missus, cat and canary to take care of, modern house, and all improvements. Sunday afternoons to yourself, and two weeks, spring and fall, to visit your mother."

"No, uncle Barnabas, no," said Eleanor, with a little shudder. "I am a true Berkelin, and I cannot stoop to menial duties."

Uncle Barnabas gave such a prolonged sniff as to suggest the idea of a very bad cold in his head.

"Sorry," said he. "Heaven helps those who try to help themselves, and you can't expect me to be more liberal-minded than Heaven. Sister Rachel," to my mother, "what do you say?"

My mother drew her pretty little figure up a trifle more erect than usual.

"I think my daughter Eleanor is quite right," said she. "The Berkelins have always been ladies."

I had sat quite silent, still with my chin in my hands, during all this family discussion; but now I rose up and came creeping to uncle Barnabas' side.

"Well, little Susy," said the old gentle-

man, laying his hand kindly on my wrist, "what is it?"

"If you please, uncle, I would like to take the situation," said I with a throbbing heart.

"Brave!" cried uncle Barnabas.

"My dear children!" exclaimed my mother.

"Susannah!" uttered Eleanor, in accents by no means laudatory.

"Yes," said I, "twenty-five dollars a month is a great deal of money, and I was never afraid of work. I think I will go to the old lady, uncle Barnabas. I'm sure I could send home at least twenty dollars a month to mother and Eleanor, and then the two weeks, spring and fall, would be so nice! Please, Uncle Barnabas, I'll go back with you when you go. What is the old lady's name?"

"Her name?" said uncle Barnabas, "Didn't I tell you? It's Prudence—Mrs. Prudence."

"What a nice name! I know I shall like her," said I.

"Well, I think you will," said uncle Barnabas, looking kindly at me. "And I think she will like you. Is it a bargain for the nine o'clock train to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," I answered stoutly, taking care not to look in the direction of my mother and Eleanor.

"You'r the most sensible of the lot," said uncle Barnabas, approvingly.

But after he had gone to bed in the best chamber, where the ruffled pillow-cases were, and the chintz-cushioned easy chair, the full strength of the family tongue broke on my devoted head.

"I can't help it," quoth I, holding valiantly to my color. "We can't starve. Some of us must do something. And you can live very nicely, indeed, mother, darling, on twenty dollars a month."

"That is true, sighed my mother from behind her black-bordered pocket-handkerchief. "But I never thought to see a daughter of mine going out to—service!"

"And uncle Barnabas isn't going to do anything for us after all," cried out Eleanor, indignantly. "Stingy old fellow; I should think he might at least adopt one of us! He's as rich as Cræsus, and never a chick nor a child."

"He may do as he likes about that," I answered, independently. "I prefer to earn my own money."

So the next morning I set out for the unknown bourne of New York life.

"Uncle Barnabas, how shall I find where Mrs. Prudence lives?" said I as the train reached the city.

"Oh, I'll go with you," said he.

"Are you well acquainted with her?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, very well, indeed!" replied uncle Barnabas, nodding his head approvingly.

We took a carriage at the depot and drove through so many streets, that my head spun round and round, before we stopped at a pretty brown stone mansion—it looked like a palace to my unaccustomed eyes—and uncle Barnabas helped me out.

"Here is where Mrs. Prudence lives," said he with a chuckle.

A neat little maid, opened the door, and I was conducted into an elegant apartment, all gilding, exotics and blue satin damask, when a plump old lady, dressed in black silk, came smilingly forward, like a sixty-year old sunbeam.

"So you've come back, Barnabas, have you," said she, "and brought one of the dear girls with you. Come and kiss me, my dear."

"Yes, Susy, kiss your aunt," said uncle Barnabas, flinging his hat one way and his gloves another, as he sat complacently down on the sofa.

"My aunt?" I echoed.

"Why, of course," said the plump old lady. "Don't you know? I'm your aunt Prudence."

"But I thought," gasped I, in bewilderment, "that I was coming to a situation!"

"Well, so you are," retorted uncle Barnabas. "The situation of adopted daughter in my family. Twenty-five dollars a month pocket money; the care of aunt Prudence's cat and canary, and to make yourself generally useful."

"Oh! uncle," cried I, "Eleanor would have been so glad to have come if she had known it."

"Fiddlestrings and little fishes!" illogically responded my uncle. "I've no patience with a girl that's too fine to work. Eleanor had the situation offered to her and chose to decline. You decided to come, and here you stay!"

And this was the way I drifted into my luxurious home. Eleanor in the country

cottage envies me bitterly, for she has all the tastes which wealth and a metropolitan home can gratify. But uncle Barnabas will not hear to my exchanging with her. But he lets me send them liberal presents every month, and so I am happy.

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to foster pride,
And squander time in show ;
For friends thus won are sure to run,
In time of want and woe.
The noblest worth
Of all on earth,
Are gems of heart and brain,
And conscience clear,
A household dear,
And hands without a stain.

It never pays ! A blunt refrain,
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn the truth,
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right,
In heaven's sight,
Is always sure to bless.

WHERE THE GOLD IS.

TOM JONES was a little fellow, and not so quick to learn as some boys; but nobody in the class could beat him in his lessons. He rarely missed in geography, never in spelling, and his arithmetic was always correctly done; as for his reading, no boy improved like him. The boys were fairly angry sometimes, he outdid them so. "Why, Tom, where do you learn your lessons? You don't study in school more than the other boys." "I rise early in the morning and study two hours before breakfast," answered Tom. Ah, that is it! "The morning hour has gold in its mouth."

There is a little garden near us, which is the prettiest and most plentiful little spot in all the neighborhood. The earliest radishes, peas, strawberries, and tomatoes, grow there. It supplies the family with vegetables, besides some for the market. If anybody wants flowers, that garden is sure for the sweetest roses, pinks and "all sorts," without number. The soil, we used to think,

was poor and rocky, besides being exposed to the north wind; and the owner is a busy business man all day, yet he never hires. "How do you make so much out of your little garden?" "I give my mornings to it," answered the owner, "and I don't know which is the most benefited by my work, my garden or myself." Ah, "the morning hour has gold in its mouth."

William Down was one of our young converts. He united with the church, and appeared well; but I pitied the poor fellow when I thought of his going back to the ship-yard to work among a gang of loose associates. Will he maintain his stand? I thought. It is so easy to slip back in religion—easier to go back two steps than advance one. Ah, well, we said, we must trust William to his conscience and his Saviour. Two years passed, and instead of William's losing ground, his piety grew brighter and stronger. Others fell away, but not he, and no boy perhaps was placed in more unfavorable circumstances. Talking with William one evening, I discovered one secret of his steadfastness. "I never, sir, on any account let a single morning pass without secret

prayer and the reading of God's word. If I have a good deal to do, I rise an hour earlier. I think over my weak points and try to get God's grace to fortify me just there." Mark this. Prayer is armor for the battle of life. If you give up your morning petitions you will suffer for it; temptation is before you, and you are not fit to meet it; there is a guilty feeling in the soul, and you keep at a distance from Christ. Be sure the hour of prayer broken in upon by sleepiness can never be made up. Make it a principle, young Christian, to begin the day by watching unto prayer. "The morning hour has gold in its mouth;" aye, and something better than gold—heavenly gain.

MORNING.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side,
 The lowing herd—the sheepfold's simple bell;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
 The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

TAKING HIM IN HAND.

TWO boys met in the street and the following conversation ensued:—

“Isaac,” said George, “why don’t you take that fellow in hand? he has insulted you almost every day for a week.”

“I mean to take him in hand,” said Isaac.

“I would make him stop, if I had to take his ears off.”

“I mean to make him stop.”

“Go and flog him now. I should like to see you do it. You can do it easily enough with one hand.”

“I rather think I could; but I sha n’t try it to-day.”

At this point in the conversation the school-boys parted, as they were on their way home, and their roads led them in different directions.

* The boy alluded to was the son of an intemperate man, who was angry with Isaac’s father, in consequence of some effort to prevent his obtaining rum. The drunkard’s son took up the cause of his father, and called

Isaac hard names every time he saw him pass; and as he did not do anything by way of retaliation, he went farther and threw stones at him.

Isaac was at first provoked at the boy's conduct. He thought he ought to be thankful that his father was checked in any measure in procuring rum, the source of so much misery to himself and family. But when he thought of the way in which he had been brought up, his ignorance and wretchedness, he pitied him, and ceased to wonder, or be offended with his conduct. He resolved, indeed, to "take him in hand," and to "stop him," but not in the sense in which his school-fellow understood those terms.

The boy's name was James, but he was never called anything but Jim. Indeed, if you were to call him by his true name, he would think you meant somebody else.

The first opportunity Isaac had of taking him in hand was on election day. On that day as Isaac was on his way home, he saw a group of boys a little off the road, and heard some shouting and laughing. Curiosity led him to the spot. He found that the group were gathered around Jim, and another boy,

a good deal larger than he was. This boy was making fun of Jim's clothes, which were indeed very ragged and dirty, and telling how he must act to become as distinguished a man as his father. Jim was very angry, but when he attempted to strike his persecutor, he would take hold of Jim's hands, and he was so much stronger that he could easily hold them. Jim then tried kicking, but as he was barefoot, he could not do much execution in that line; besides, while he was using one foot in this way, his tormentor would tread on the other with his heavy boot. When Isaac came up and saw what was going on, he remonstrated with the boys for countenancing such proceedings; and such was his influence, and the force of truth, that most of them agreed that it was "too bad;" though he was such an "ugly boy," they said, "that he was hardly worth pitying."

The principal actor, however, did not like Isaac's interference; but he soon saw that Isaac was not afraid of him, and that he was too popular with the boys to be made the object of abuse. As he turned to go away, he said to Jim: "I'll keep my eyes upon you, and when you go home, I'll go with you. It

is on my way, and I'll keep off the crows; they sha'n't hurt you; so don't cry any more."

"Come Jim, go home with me; I'm going now," said Isaac.

Jim did not look up or make any answer. He did not know what to make of Isaac's behavior toward him. It could not be because he was afraid of him, and wished to gain his good will, for he was not afraid of one much stronger than he. He had never heard of the rule, "Love your enemies; do good to those who hate you;" for he had never been to Sabbath-school, and could not read the Bible.

He followed silently and sullenly, pretty near to Isaac, till he had reached home, if that sacred name can with propriety be applied to such a wretched abode of sin and misery.

He parted with Isaac without thanking him for his good offices in his behalf. This Isaac did not wonder at, considering the influences under which he had grown up. That he parted with him without abusing him, Isaac considered as something gained.

The next morning George and Isaac met

on their way to school, As they passed the drunkard's dwelling, Jim was at the door but he did not look up or say anything as they passed. He looked very much as though he had been whipped. George did not know what had taken place the day before.

"What keeps Jim so still?" said he.

"Oh, I've had him in hand."

"Have you! I'm glad of it. When was it?"

"Yesterday."

"At election?"

"Yes."

"Anybody see you do it?"

"Yes; some of the boys."

"Found it easy enough, did n't you?"

"Yes."

"Did you give him enough to stop him?"

"I guess so; he is pretty still this morning, you see."

Upon the strength of this conversation, George circulated a report that Isaac had flogged Jim. This created a good deal of surprise, as it was not in keeping with Isaac's character. The report at length reached the ears of the teacher. He inquired about the matter, of Isaac, and learned that George

had been deceived, or rather had deceived himself. He warmly commended Isaac for his new mode of taking his enemies in hand, and advised him to continue to practice it.

A few days afterward, as Isaac was on his way to school, he met Jim driving some cattle to a distant field. The cattle were very unruly, Jim made very little headway with them. First one would run back, and then another, till he began to despair of being able to drive them to pasture. He burst out crying, and said, "Oh dear, I can't make them go, and father will kill me if I don't."

Isaac pitied his distress, and volunteered to assist him. It cost him a good deal of running, and kept him from school nearly all the morning. When the cattle were safe in the pasture, Jim said, "I sha n't stone you any more."

When Isaac reached the school-house, he showed signs of the violent exercise he had been taking. "What has Isaac been about?" was the whispered question which went round. When put to him he replied, "I have been chasing cattle to pasture." He was understood to mean his father's cattle.

After school, he waited till all the pupils had left the school-room, before he went up to the teacher to give his excuse for being late at school.

"What made you so late?" said the teacher.

"I was taking Jim in hand again, sir;" and he gave him an account of his proceeding, adding at the close, "I thought you would excuse me, sir."

"Very well, you are excused."

Reader, if you have enemies who annoy you, *take them in hand* in the same way that Isaac did, and you will be certain, if you persevere to conquer them.

SPEAK not harshly—learn to feel
Another's woes, another's weal;
Of malice, hate, and guile, instead,
By friendship's holy bonds be led;
For sorrow is man's heritage
From early youth to hoary age.

SUCCESS IS THE REWARD OF
PERSEVERANCE.

IF a person has ambition to engage in any enterprise, he desires to succeed in his undertaking. It is generally right that he should prosper in all that is truly good or great; and the fact that success is attainable by continued effort, we have all verified so many times in our pursuit for different objects, that we feel sure we can accomplish almost any purpose if we with patient perseverance bend all our energies in the right direction. If there is much to be gained, we may make apparently slow progress; but if we apply ourselves closely, and do not let little things discourage us we shall eventually succeed. There are always plenty of little things in the way of the accomplishment of any good or great thing. These must be gotten out of the way; and if, in our first attempt, we fail to win the prize, we must make another effort, varying the manner of our labor as circumstances shall suggest.

It takes only a little at a time to accomplish a great deal if we work long enough. Perhaps most of you have read of the little girl whose mother was presented with a ton of coal by a charitable neighbor. She took her little fire-shovel, and began to take up the coal, a shovelful at a time, and carry it into the cellar. A friend, who was passing by, said to the child, "Do you expect to get all that coal in with that little shovel?" "Yes sir," said the little girl, dipping her shovel again into the heap, "I'll do it if I work long enough." She possessed the right spirit.

The true spirit of success is not to look at obstacles, but to keep the eye on the many ways in which to surmount them. This may be illustrated by the incident of the little factory girl who had one of her fingers so badly mangled in the machinery that she was obliged to have it cut off. Looking at the wounded hand she said, "That is my thimble finger; but I must learn to sew with my left hand." She did not think of her loss, but of what she still possessed with which to work.

We may prosper in the several schemes in

which it is lawful for Christians to take part, but, if we fail to win in the strife for eternal life, we shall have lived in vain. To make life a success, the glory of God must be the ruling motive to actuate us in all the walks of life. If we do really glorify him in our lives, success will surely crown our efforts—everlasting life will be our reward.

Another instance of perseverance, against apparently insurmountable difficulties, is given in an anecdote, not generally known out of Russia, connected with a church spire of St. Petersburg; which place is remarkable for its spires. The loftiest is the church of St. Peter and St. Paul.

The spire, which is properly represented in an engraving as fading away almost into a point in the sky, is in reality terminated by a globe of considerable dimensions, on which an angel stands supporting a large cross. This angel fell into disrepair; and some suspicions were entertained that he designed visiting, uninvoked, the surface of the earth. The affair caused some uneasiness, and the government at length became greatly perplexed. To raise a scaffolding to such a height would cost more money than all the

angels of this description were worth ; and in meditating fruitlessly on these circumstances, without being able to resolve how to act, a considerable time was suffered to elapse.

Among the crowd of gazers below, who daily turned their eyes and their thoughts toward the angel, was a mujik called Telouchkine. This man was a roofer of houses (a slater, as he would be called in countries where slates are used), and his speculations by degrees assumed a more practical character than the idle wonders and conjectures of the rest of the crowd. The spire was entirely covered with sheets of gilded copper, and presented to the eye a surface as smooth as if it had been one mass of burnished gold. But Telouchkine knew that the sheets of copper were not even uniformly closed upon each other ; and, above all, that there were large nails used to fasten them, which projected from the side of the spire.

Having meditated upon these circumstances till his mind was made up, the mujik went to the government and offered to repair the angel without scaffolding, and without assistance, on condition of being reasonably paid for the time expended in the labor.

The offer was accepted; for it was made in Russia, and by a Russian.

On the day fixed for the adventure, Telouchkine, provided with nothing more than a coil of ropes, ascended the spire in the interior to the last window. Here he looked down at the concourse of people below, and up at the glittering "needle," as it is called, tapering far above his head. But his heart did not fail him, and stepping gravely out upon the window, he set about his task.

He cut a portion of the cord in the form of two large stirrups, with a loop at each end. The upper loops he fastened upon two of the projecting nails above his head, and placed his feet in the others. Then digging the fingers of one hand into the interstices of the sheets of copper, he raised up one of the stirrups with the other hand, so as to make it catch a nail higher up. The same operation he performed on behalf of the other leg, and so on alternately. And thus he climbed, nail by nail, step by step, and stirrup by stirrup, till his starting-point was undistinguished from the golden surface, and the spire had dwindled in his embrace till he could clasp it all around.

But Telouchkine was not dismayed. He was prepared for the difficulty, and the means by which he essayed to surmount it exhibited the same astonishing simplicity as the rest of the feat.

Suspending himself in his stirrups, he girded the needle with a cord, the ends of which he fastened around his waist; and, so supported, he leaned gradually back, till the soles of his feet were planted against the spire. In this position, he threw, by a strong effort, a coil of cord over the ball; and so coolly and accurately was the aim taken, that at the first trial it fell in the required direction, and he saw the end hang down on the opposite side.

To draw himself into his original position, to fasten the cord firmly around the globe, and with the assistance of his auxiliary to climb to the summit, were now easy portions of his task; and in a few moments more Telouchkine stood by the side of the angel, and listened to the shout that burst like sudden thunder from the concourse below, yet came to his ear only like a faint and hollow murmur.

The cord, which he had an opportunity of fastening properly, enabled him to descend

with comparative facility; and the next day he carried up with him a ladder of ropes, by means of which he found it easy to effect the necessary repairs.

This person must have put forth all the energies of his being to accomplish what he did. If we will strive as hard for the society of good angels as he did to reach the artificial one, we shall be sure of their society and a place in the new earth.

“ONWARD AND UPWARD.”

ONWARD—ever 'mid the strife,
Nobly act thy part in life;
Upward—Onward—ever right,
Be thou foremost in the fight;
Do not languish with despair,
Bravely do and boldly dare;
The strong in heart shall never fail
Thou wilt o're life's ills prevail.

Fear not though the waves be dark
That shall gather round thy bark;
Steadfast as the ocean-rock,
Stem the tide, receive the shock;
Strength will conquer, never fear,
Let no doubts disturb thee here;
Onward be thy great desire,
Soaring upward—higher—higher.

As the eagle upward flies
Where the sun in gladness lies,
Far above the clouds of day
That have dimmed the earthly ray,
So mayest thou, with purpose true,
And a worthy end in view,
Rise above the shades of earth
That would check all lofty birth.

Onward, then! Though dark and drear
Be the sky above thee here;
Thou shalt reach the goal at last,
Every toil and danger past;
Pause not, then, to mourn or weep,
Onward up the rugged steep;
Every step will bear thee higher,
Every day still upward higher.

Onward, then, and upward stray,
Minding not the thorny way,
Heeding not the wayside snares,
Pausing not at worldly cares;
Gaining courage day by day,
Walking in the better way;
With a purpose firm and true,
Thou shalt gain the end in view.

"I WILL DO IT."

JOHN CORSON was a tall, stout boy for his years. He was full of life and spirit as a boy could be, running over with frolic and good feeling and restless energy. Any out-of-door business was his delight. He could skate, fish, row, hoe garden, and drive horses as well for his age as the best. He was manly and truthful, too—a noble fellow in his boyish style, that his mother loved, and his father was very proud of. Everybody liked him; I don't know indeed why it should not be so, for he was my ideal of a boy. Only he was not quite perfect, just as nobody in this world is. He had a quick, passionate temper; but that is no fault if it is not allowed to get the mastery of a man. John's temper did sometimes rule him; he had not learned to say "Down!" to the tyrant.

John liked to read. "Robinson Crusoe," all sorts of war histories, tales of adventure and heroism, and wild, exciting stories were devoured as greedily as a lunch at recess.

Oh, how his boy imagination reveled in all dangerous exploits and longed for the dash and the daring of a soldier or a savage !

He went to school, as most boys do ; but that was the place he never appeared to the best advantage. He was a favorite in the school-yard, and was admired for many fine qualities by his teachers ; but he did not like to apply himself to a book ; his out-door nature rebelled against the confinement of the school-room and the discipline of close, earnest thinking. He was not much of a scholar ; I should say, perhaps, such was his reputation, since many boys younger and weaker and less talented than he stood above him in every class study. But really John had all the capacities of a true student, and if he were only diligent, he could have been as far ahead of the majority of the school in mathematics and classics as he was in archery and horsemanship.

Well was it for the boy that his preceptor was a judicious man ; he opened no contest with his pupil, but he took with a true eye the measure of his capacity, and resolved to inspire him with an ambition he had never felt. For a day or two he waited, watching

closely the boy's habits and moods, not as one determined himself to subdue, but whose purpose it is to lead the offender, through his own sense of honor and right, to self-mastery.

There he sat holding his grammar, and feeling as a bird fresh from the wood does the first day in a cage, and putting himself into ill-humor because he could not go off on some rollicking expedition with horse or dog. He was dreaming of Crusoe life, and wishing there were no such things as school-masters and Latin verbs.

The bell struck, and John's class was called for recitation. John's lesson was the least understood and the worst recited of the whole. Such a failure was common to John's case. He had been reproved, assisted, and encouraged, but his impatience of discipline left him always far below the standard of his fellows.

The master looked stern; the boy, bright, noble and beautiful, stood before him, with his one great failing uppermost over all his young manliness. Mr. L. felt that the hour was a crisis in that young life. He could no longer allow in him the self-indulgence which should leave him weak and superficial in

mental requirement; he must teach him to control his restless spirit, and to train his mind to think closely, and reason exactly, and act within itself in a way to become efficient in all worthy uses.

"John Corson," said Mr. L., "do you want to be a man?"

John smiled, and answered promptly, "Yes, sir."

"A whole, true, finished man, John, that can always do whatever he finds to do, being a power in himself—that can fight the bad with the good, and be always a victor?"

"Why, yes, sir," said John.

"I thought so; will you please tell me now what makes just such a man?"

John had a pretty good idea of a man; he looked as though he had some pretty strong independent thoughts about it, but he did not know just how to express his thoughts.

"Speak right out, John," said the master; "tell us what you think."

"Why, sir," said John, "a *man* is noble; he do n't do anything mean; and he *is somebody*."

"Not a bad definition, my lad; a *man*, you suppose, does his duty, comes right up

to the mark, whether it is pleasant to him or not, and makes as much of himself as he can?"

"Yes, sir."

"John, who do you suppose does the most for one toward making a man of him—a man, as you say, that *is somebody*?"

"I don't know, sir, unless it is his father."

"A good father helps a great deal—a good teacher also; good companions and good books very much; but the work is done chiefly by the man himself. It is self-work, such as none other can do for him—more than everything else together. God gives one a being full of capacities to be developed and strengthened and enlarged; all good and right, you know; but they must be very carefully guarded and educated so as to do the best work and the most of it, and in the best manner. Some have more in themselves upon which to build a fine manhood than others; but it is for every one to say for himself how much of a man he shall be—whether little or noble—nobody or somebody. Did you ever think of this, John?"

"Not very much, I guess."

"So I suppose. You see how it is—one

must be determined to correct the bad traits of character if he would become a good man. His too strong points, like a hasty, disagreeable temper, he must subdue and keep down, because it is not noble to be overcome of a harsh and hateful passion; the weak places he must teach and train and strengthen as much as he can, or there will be great defects to shame and hinder him. The slack places he must take special care of. If there is anything in his duties of learning or training he does not like to do, he must gird his will and his resolution right up to see that he does not lose his chance of being a man just then.

"You have some nice accomplishments, John, and I am glad for it; they will help you to be a man; and you can be as brave and noble in many things as any boy I know, and that makes me proud and happy. But, oh, the slack spot, John! do you know where it is?"

"It is about the lesson, I suppose," said John.

"Yes. Here you are, a bright, strong boy, ready to walk right up to a true, finished manhood if you will; but you come here day after day and sit restlessly and idly, with

your hands full of true and important and beautiful work, which you leave half done because you are too slack to do it; you do n't want to grow strong and large in intellect; to learn the best ideas of the noblest minds; to reason and compare and calculate, because it costs an effort you are not fond of now. And I never feel that my pupil, with all his talent for being somebody, is sure to become a noble man, full grown in mind and soul, because he does not take his work with a right manly courage and say, *I will do it!*

"You see, the battle is all to yourself, John, and nobody can fight it out but you—the battle between duty and discipline on one side and ill-tempered slackness on the other. How shall it be?—will you conquer the lessons, and so grow efficient in mind and manly in will? or shall the lessons conquer you while your intellect lies weak and untrained, and your manhood becomes only a dwarf to the strong, brave character it can as well grow to as not? In this great life-battle will you be a common soldier, or an officer fit to command yourself and to lead other men?"

John could not bear to think of being less than a man; he saw and was ashamed of his

weakness. But he did not say much that day, and Mr. L. left him to his own meditations.

The next day John came to school and sat down to his duties.

"Well, my lad," said the master, very kindly, "have you decided who shall conquer?"

"*I will do it!*" answered John, promptly and nobly; "please, sir, see if I don't!"

"That is the point to be gained, John; hold to it, and I expect you to be a man."

Oh, it was hard work, sometimes—up-hill work for awhile, but John Corson persevered and conquered. All the boy's better nature was enlisted; the new motive, the manly aim, accomplished the master's ideas. Mr. L. became proud of his pupil.

I wish you could see John now that ten years are added to his age—ten years of close study and earnest thinking and doing. He has been looking carefully to the weak places and the slack places, for which he has reaped an honorable and glorious reward. He *is somebody*, and whoever looks upon his intelligent face and manly figure acknowledges it.

John Corson will never forget that school-

master; he loves him with a noble friendship, and thanks God that there was one to inspire at the right moment with a right ambition. I think, also, that Mr. L. was never more grateful that God had given him some true work to do than when a few years ago John called on his old teacher to express his gratitude for the few kind words that startled him out of his indolence, and set before him a true and noble endeavor.

"Conquer or be conquered, as you spoke the word that afternoon," said he, "has stood by me ever since."

"Rather say," replied Mr. L., "that the '*I will do it!*' you uttered the next morning has carried you through."

Boys, take up the "*I will do it,*" fill out the pattern of your best, noblest being, and see if that is far different from, or much less than genius!

VALUABLE SECRET.

MARAH, I wish you would lend me your thimble. I can never find mine when I want it."

"Why can you not find it, Mary?"

"If you do not choose to lend me yours, I can borrow of somebody else."

"I am willing to lend it to you, Mary. Here it is."

"I knew you would let me have it."

"Why do you always come to me to borrow when you have lost anything, Mary?"

"Because you never lose your things, and always know where to find them."

"How do you suppose I always know where to find my things?"

"I am sure I cannot tell. If I knew, I might, perhaps, sometimes contrive to find my own."

"This is the secret. I have a place for everything, and after I have done using anything, it is my rule to put it away in its proper place."

"Yes, just as though your life depended upon it."

"My life does not depend upon it, Mary, but my convenience does very much."

"Well, I never can find time to put my things away."

"How much more time will it take to put a thing away, in its proper place, than it will to hunt after it, when it is lost?"

"Well, I'll never borrow of you again, you may depend on it."

"Why? you are not affronted, Mary, I hope!"

"Oh no, Sarah. But I am ashamed that I have been so careless and disorderly, and now resolve to do as you do, to have a place for everything, and everything in its place."

"Well, Mary, this is a good resolution and will be easily carried out, if you bear in mind that, 'Heaven's first law is order.'"

TELLING MOTHER.

A CLUSTER of young girls stood about the door of the school-room one afternoon, engaged in close conversation, when a little girl joined them, and asked what they were doing.

"I am telling the girls a secret, Kate, and we will let you know, if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply.

"I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her everything, for she is my best friend."

"No, not even your mother, no one in the world."

"Well, then I can't hear it; for what I can't tell mother, is not fit for me to know."

After speaking these words, Kate walked away slowly, and perhaps sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation.

I am sure that if Kate continued to act on that principle, she became a virtuous, useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be

likely to take a sinful course, if Kate's reply is taken for a rule of conduct.

As soon as a boy listens to conversation at school, or on the play-ground, which he would fear or blush to repeat to his mother, he is in the way of temptation, and no one can tell where he will stop. Many a man dying in disgrace, in prison or on the scaffold, has looked back with bitter remorse to the time when first a sinful companion gained his ear, and came between him and a pious mother.

Boys and girls, if you would be honored and respected here in this life, and form characters for heaven, make Kate's reply your rule: "What I cannot tell my mother, is not fit for me to know;" for no other person can have as great an interest in your welfare and prosperity as a true Christian mother.

Every child and youth should always remember that a pious mother is their best earthly friend, from whom no secret should be kept.

“MAKING FUN OF PEOPLE.”

A HABIT of making fun of the peculiarities of individuals is indulged to such an extent that if line upon line discountenancing it would have the effect to reform any, we would favor agitating the subject quite frequently. Aside from its sinfulness, the habit is so offensive to good taste that a really well-bred person does not indulge it; therefore we believe that if the young were properly instructed regarding so unbecoming a practice, they would avoid it altogether.

We well remember receiving a sharp rebuke from an associate in our younger days for participating in this sort of mirth. The crime was made to appear almost unpardonable, so that the impression was lasting.

We were admonished, “*Never, upon any occasion, indulge in sport at the expense of others; it is heartless, and cruel in the extreme. When tempted to do so, place yourself in their circumstances, and the temptation will immediately vanish.*”

These were weighty words to come from

the lips of one who did not even profess to be influenced by the spirit of the Saviour. If this friend so scrupulously regarded the feelings of others, what should we expect from those who claim a relationship to Christ? Accompany the Saviour during every act of his earthly mission, and none but the most tender feelings of pity and sympathy for the oppressed and afflicted can be discerned.

Destitute of the same spirit, we need not cherish a hope of being recognized by Him when he comes to claim the subjects of his kingdom.

We will here relate a story that represents a class of individuals who may have indulged innocently in this sort of merriment; but when light comes, it is duty to obey, and refrain from such a course:—

Once, when traveling in a stage-coach, I met with a young lady who seemed to be upon the constant lookout for something laughable. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and sheep looked demurely at us, little dreaming that folks could be merry at their expense.

All this was, perhaps, harmless enough. Animals are not sensitive in that respect.

They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them ; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing.

So it seemed to me ; for, after a while, an aged woman came running across the fields, lifting up her hand to the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good-natured coachman drew up his horses, and the old lady, coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself through between two posts which were very near together.

The young lady in the stage-coach made some ludicrous remark, and the passengers laughed. It seemed very excusable ; for in getting through the fence the poor woman made sad work with her old black bonnet, and now, taking a seat beside a well-dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind.

This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card, pretended to take a pattern of her bonnet, and in various other ways sought to raise a laugh at her.

At length the poor woman turned a pale face toward her and said :—

"My dear girl, you are new young, and healthy, and happy. I have been so, too, but that time is past. I am now old and forlorn. The coach is taking me to the death-bed of my only child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in the world, where merry girls will think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes and sad appearance, forgetting that the old woman has loved and suffered, and is left alone."

The coach now stopped before a poor-looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the mother.

"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.

The driver mounted his box and we were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and you may be sure I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we greatly hoped would do her good.

SUSIE'S PRAYER.

IT was a half holiday. The children were gathered on the green and a right merry time they were having.

"Come, girls and boys," called out Ned Graham, "let's play hunt the squirrel."

All assented eagerly, and a large circle was formed with Ned Graham for leader because he was the largest.

"Come, Susie," said one of the boys, to a little girl who stood on one side, and seemed to shrink from joining them.

"Oh, never mind *her*!" said Ned, with a little toss of his head, "she's nobody, anyhow. Her father drinks."

A quick flush crept over the child's pale face as she heard the cruel, thoughtless words.

She was very sensitive, and the arrow had touched her heart in its tenderest place.

Her father *was* a drunkard, she knew, but to be taunted with it before so many was more than she could bear; and with great sobs heaving her bosom, and hot tears filling her eyes, she turned and ran away from the playground.

Her mother was sitting by the window when she reached home and the tearful face of the little girl told that something had happened to disturb her.

"What is the matter, Susie?" she asked, kindly.

"Oh mother," Susie said, with the tears dropping down her cheeks, as she hid her face in her mother's lap, "Ned Graham said such a cruel thing about me," and here the sobs choked her voice so that she could hardly speak; "He said I wasn't anybody, and that father drinks."

"My poor little girl," Mrs. Ellet said, very sadly. There were tears in her eyes, too.

Such taunts as this were nothing new.

"Oh, mother," Susie said, as she lifted her face, wet with tears, from her mother's lap, "I can't bear to have them say so, and act just as if *I* had done something wicked. I wish father wouldn't drink! Do you suppose he'll ever leave it off?"

"I hope so," Mrs. Ellet answered, as she kissed Susie's face where the tears clung like drops of dew on a rose. "I pray that he may break off the habit, and I can do nothing but pray, and leave the rest to God."

That night Mr. Ellet came home to supper, as usual. He was a hard-working man, and a good neighbor. So everybody said, but he had the habit of intemperance so firmly fixed upon him that everybody thought he would end his days in the drunkard's grave. Susie kissed him when he came through the gate, as she always did, but there was something in her face that went to his heart. A look so sad, and full of touching sorrow for one so young as she!

"What ails my little girl?" he asked as he patted her curly head.

"I can't tell you, father," she answered, slowly.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because it would make you feel bad." Susie replied.

"I guess not," he said, as they walked up to the door together. "What is it, Susie?"

"Oh, father," and Susie burst into tears again as the memory of Ned Graham's words came up freshly in her mind, "I wish you wouldn't drink any more for the boys and girls don't like to play with me, 'cause you do."

Mr. Ellet made no reply. But something stirred in his heart that made him ashamed

of himself; ashamed that he was the cause of so much sorrow and misery.

After supper he took his hat, and Mrs. Ellet knew only too well where he was going.

At first he had resolved to stay at home that evening, but the force of habit was so strong that he could not resist, and he yielded, promising himself, that he would not drink more than once or twice.

Susie had left the table before he finished his supper, and as he passed the great clump of lilacs by the path, on his way to the gate, he heard her voice and stopped to listen to what she was saying.

"Oh, good Jesus, please don't let father drink any more. Make him just as he used to be when I was a baby, and then the boys and girls can't call me a drunkard's child, or say such bad things about me. Please, dear Jesus, for mother's sake and mine."

Susie's father listened to her simple prayer with a great lump swelling in his throat.

And when it was ended he went up to her, and knelt down by her side, and put his arm around her, oh, so lovingly!

"God in Heaven," he said, very solemnly, "I promise to-night, never to touch another

drop of liquor as long as I live. Give me strength to keep my pledge, and help me to be a better man."

"Oh, father," Susie cried, her arms about his neck, and her head upon his breast, "I'm so glad! I shan't care about anything they say to me now, for I know you won't be a drunkard any more."

"God helping me, I will be a *man!*" he answered, as, taking Susie by the hand he went back into the house where his wife was sitting with the old patient look of sorrow on her face,—the look that had become so habitual.

I cannot tell you of the joy and thanksgiving that went up from that hearthstone that night. I wish I could, but it was too deep a joy which filled the hearts of Susie and her mother to be described.

Was not Susie's prayer answered?

GOD SEEN IN ALL HIS WORKS.

IN that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, as you travel on the west bank of the river, which you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself. About forty years ago, there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, Baron Phillipie. He had only one son, who was not only a companion and a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's estate. It happened, on a certain occasion, that, this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to the castle, who began to talk of his heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old Baron's blood, who reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God?" The gentleman replied that he was not, for he had never seen him.

The Baron did not notice this answer, but the next morning he took his visitor about the castle grounds, and among other objects showed him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired

it very much, and remarked, that whoever drew that picture, knew how to use the pencil.

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a clever man," replied the gentleman.

The Baron then went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him beautiful flowers, and plantations of forest trees.

"Who had the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; "he knows every plant here, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," replied the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron then took him into the village, and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young people who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his expense. The children in the house looked so innocent and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased; and when he returned to the castle, he said to the Baron, "What a happy man you are to have so good a son?"

"How do you know that I have so good a son?"

"Because I have seen his works; and I know that he must be good and clever, if he has done all that you have showed me."

"And you have not seen him?"

"No; but I know him very well, for I judge of him by his works."

"True," replied the Baron; "and in this way I judge of the character of our heavenly Father. I know by his works that he is a being of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness."

The French gentleman felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good old Baron any more by his remarks.

CREATION.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
 All creatures great and small,
 All things wise and wonderful,
 The Lord God made them all.

He gave us eyes to see them,
 And lips, that we might tell
 How great is God Almighty,
 Who has made all things well.

GIVING OFFENSE.

IT is certainly very desirable that Christians should possess pleasant manners, a genial spirit, and all the nameless graces which constitute an attractive deportment. They cannot too assiduously cultivate them, or mourn too deeply the so frequent want of them. Nor can it be denied that, in their efforts to do good, they should avoid giving needless offense. And yet, it seems to me, many persons make this fact a wretched excuse for their indolence or indifference in stimulating others or in bringing the truth to bear upon the minds of men.

"Did you try to persuade Mary Green to come to our prayer-meeting? She seems thoughtful, and you have so many opportunities of influencing her," says Sarah Brewerton to Louisa Dunn.

"No, I did n't," replied Louisa, "and I do n't intend to do it either; it might give offense, and then I should do more harm than good." And yet the same Louisa did not hesitate, a fortnight before, to offend Jenny

White by keeping a piece of music longer than was courteous. "Jenny will be very angry with me if I don't return this music to-day ; but then she'll get over it, and the air is so lovely I must learn it thoroughly before I send it back," were her remarks upon the occasion.

"Oh, Miss Harcourt ! I am so glad to see you," said Edith Gray to a lady somewhat older than herself, but of whom she was very fond. "I want to try my new piano for you. I exchanged my old one for it, and paid a hundred dollars to boot. I have been learning the hymn, 'Nearer, my God, to thee.' Would you like to hear me sing it ?"

"Very much," replied Miss Harcourt.

After conversing awhile, Edith went to the piano and commenced singing. When she finished the first verse, Miss Harcourt turned to her in an earnest way, and said :—

"Do you really want to live nearer to God, Edith?"

"Of course I do—yes, indeed," replied Edith. She went on with the hymn. Just as she had sung the lines,

"Steps up to heaven,
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,"

the door opened, and in walked her sister Milly, a child about seven years of age, with a parcel in her hand, through which peeped a blue ribbon.

"O Milly!" said Edith, turning quickly round, "you have got my new sash; you naughty girl, why did you touch it?"

"I brought it in for Miss Harcourt to look at," said Milly.

"A good excuse," said Edith, "but you must not take my things again, Milly—now, remember. It is a lovely shade, Miss Harcourt, is it not?" she continued, turning to that lady. "Aunt Fanny sent it to me for the assemblies. It was so kind of her, for I have been out so much this winter, my things are just as shabby as can be."

"Are the assemblies very pleasant?" asked Miss Harcourt.

"Charming this year," replied Edith. "I am on the go all the time."

"Do you find *them* 'steps up to heaven'?" asked Miss Harcourt.

"Why, n-o, I can't say I do exactly," replied Edith, blushing and looking very much confused.

Miss Harcourt saw that her remark had

made an impression, and concluded to let it take root without adding anything more.

So she rose, saying: "I must really go, Edith; I have an engagement."

When she had taken leave, Edith returned to close the piano. "I suppose Miss Harcourt do n't approve of my gay life," she said to herself. "Well, it does seem absurd to sing, 'Nearer to God' and lead the life I do. But parties are so fascinating. I must go to one more at any rate, for aunt Fanny will be awfully offended if I do n't, after she has sent me a sash and gloves."

"Stop now. Choose ye this day whom you will serve," pleaded conscience. After a hard struggle with herself, Edith resolved to amend, and retired to her room to pray for strength to remain firm to her purpose. It was difficult to resist the entreaties of her friends, but she came off victorious.

About three months after this, two ladies were walking together from church, when one of them said: "What has come over Edith Gray? she seems so much more in earnest than she used to be. She has resumed her Sunday-school class, and shows great improvement in every way." Now, if Miss Harcourt

had been so afraid of giving offense as many seem to be, how different might have been the result! In many things we offend all. Let us set a watch at the door of our lips that we offend not in word; but oh! do not let us cloak our lukewarmness in the cause of Christ with the specious plea: "We fear to give offense."

THE SEED AND THE SOWER.

If the seed be good, we rejoice in hope
Of the harvest it will yield;
We wait and watch for its springing up,
Admire its growth, and count on the crop
That will come from the little seeds we drop
In the great wide field.

But if we heedlessly scatter wide
Seeds we may happen to find,
We care not for culture, or what may betide,
We sow here and there on the highway side;
Whether they've lived, or whether they've died,
We never mind.

Yet every sower must one day reap
Fruit from the seed he has sown;
How carefully then it becomes us to keep
A watchful eye on the seed, and seek
To sow what is good, that we may not weep
To receive our own.

OBEDIENCE OR SACRIFICE ?

I WISH I had lived in those times !” exclaimed Henry Sharp, a rather enthusiastic boy, as he finished reading the account of the death of Latimer and Ridley.

“Why ?” inquired Mr. Severn, his tutor.

“Because I should like to have been a martyr,” replied Henry slowly ; “it seems such a glorious thing to die for what you believe to be right.”

The opinion did not seem to be in the least shared by his school-fellows, who showed their astonishment and dissent by various gestures ; some were ready to laugh, and looked towards the master, with faces expressive of their ideas of their own superior wisdom, and anticipating the rebuke that was to fall upon their comrade.

But Mr. Severn was not a man to judge things hastily, or to pronounce a remark silly, and so leave it without trying to explain the matter, so he said quietly :—

“Do you really think so, Henry ? Do you believe that you would have courage and

firmness to submit to the severe and often lingering agonies which those persecuted men endured?"

"Of course I can't be sure that I should, sir," replied Henry; "but it seems to me that the thought of gaining heaven must be enough to sustain any one in ever so much pain."

"I can sympathize with your feelings," continued Mr. Severn, "for I remember as a boy to have had the same idea; but as I grew older and able to understand the state of my own heart better, I came to the conclusion that I was deceiving myself.

"I found out, in examining myself, that while thus longing for martyrdom as a means of gaining heaven, I was unconsciously looking upon that pain and suffering as more easy to bear than the yoke which Christ has laid upon us. Or to express myself more simply, I mean that I was really thinking I would rather submit to a cruel death than struggle daily and hourly to live as Jesus would have me live. While fancying I was wishing to give the strongest proof of my love to God, I was really shrinking from the service he had appointed me, and trying to find out an easier way for myself."

"I cannot of course tell what you feel," continued Mr. Severn; "I only give you my own experience to guide you; but I must add further caution—martyrdom is not a certain means of entering heaven."

"Not certain!" exclaimed several of his hearers, and Henry looked particularly astonished.

"I admit," answered Mr. Severn, "that it is difficult to imagine a man willing to die for his religion, who has not a firm and saving faith in his Saviour; but that it may be the case, we have St. Paul's own testimony,— 'Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.'

"Many have tried to find out paths that please them better than God's narrow way. You remember the history of Naaman the Syrian. He went to Elisha to be cured of his leprosy, and willing, as subsequent events proved, to do a great deal to get cured of his fearful and loathsome malady; but when the prophet sent out the message to him to go and dip seven times in the river Jordan, the very simplicity of the means to be employed offended him. If he had been told to undertake some weary pilgrimage, to go through

some painful sufferings, no doubt he would have submitted cheerfully; but to wash in that river Jordan! his pride rebelled against it. Nay, even if he must be cured by washing, why not let it be the mightier streams of his own land, Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus! Thus he argued; anything rather than what God's prophet appointed. And we are very much like Naaman. Sin is like leprosy, and when we ask to be cured of it, we are told that there is but one means,—to wash in the fountain that is opened for all sin and for all uncleanness, to rely for cleansing upon the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. Human pride revolts against this, and would prefer a salvation which left man to 'do some great thing' for himself, and did not merely place him in the purifying stream humbly and confidingly like a little child.

"We must not deceive ourselves but try and forget such fancies for doing some great thing, and endeavor instead to do the everyday duties that are before us. So many more are called upon to perform such deeds, than to do great things, that I believe they are fully as pleasing in the sight of God, when

done from a simple desire to his glory. We do his will in striving to perform our daily duties, however trivial and simple, as he would have them done; and in believing that, let them be what they will, it is noble work, because it is what he has given us to do. In the Bible how many instances we have of those who have employed their talents well, receiving more; of men called to greater honors, or more extensive labor, when they were simply employed in attending to their every-day concerns.

“A shepherd guarding his father-in-law’s flock upon Mount Horeb;—a voice comes to him, and he is called to confront a powerful king,—to free, by signs and wonders, an enslaved people from his unwillingly relaxed grasp,—to become the leader and lawgiver of this rescued nation, and to be a favored servant of God.

“Another youth, also employed in keeping sheep; the prophet sent to his father’s house, sees all his brothers, but does not find among them the chosen of the Lord. This youngest is then sent for from his humble occupation, and upon his head is poured the anointing oil, and into his heart the sanctifying grace,

which gains for him that glorious title, 'The man after God's own heart.'

"Another man plowing with twelve yoke of oxen; Israel's great prophet passes by and casts his mantle upon him, calling him to be his successor; yes, even to receive a double portion of the spirit which rested upon him, and he had stood fearless and alone on the side of God among the multitudes of Baal's prophets and the prophets of the groves.

"Where was Matthew when Jesus called him? At the receipt of custom. Where Peter, James, and John? At their simple craft of fishing. Was not Gideon threshing wheat when called to be a Judge of Israel? But I need not repeat any more examples; those I have quoted are sufficient to point out what I mean."

"I suppose my wish was a very foolish one," said Henry, "and I have been deceiving myself as you suspected. I have not looked at things in the light you represent them. The view you have would make us more contented with our lot, however humble. It certainly would cause us to feel more interest in our daily duties to think that they are a part of God's work upon earth."

"It does indeed," answered Mr. Severn; "and to omit evident duties in order to select those we fancy would be better, is just as strange a way of showing our obedience as if you, when desired by me to prepare a page of Plato, were to bring up to the class a page of Sophocles instead. You might think it more difficult and a greater merit, but it would not be what I had given you to do. The continual sense of our being about God's work, and of his eye seeing us, gives importance and worth to all we have to do."

Are there not many who like Henry feel that it would be a glorious thing to make some great sacrifice, who, perhaps, might find it very difficult to yield their will in very trivial matters, or to submit to the discipline of parents and teachers, forgetting that "to obey is better than sacrifice or to hearken than the fat of rams?"

THE RECORD.

A MOTHER wrote a story about her daughter in which she represented her as making some unkind and rude remarks to her sister. Julia was a reader of the newspapers, and it did not escape her notice. The incident was a true one, but it was one she did not care to remember, much less did she like to see it in print.

"Oh! mother, mother," she exclaimed, "I do not think you are kind to write such stories about me. I do not like to have you publish it when I say anything wrong."

"How do you know it is you? It is not your name." Julia then read the story aloud.

"It is I. I know it is I, mother. I shall be afraid of you if you write such stories about me, I shall not dare to speak before you."

"Remember, my child, that God requireth the past, and nothing which you say, or do, or think, is lost to him."

Poor Julia was quite grieved that her

mother should record the unpleasant and unsisterly words which fell from her lips. She did not like to have any memorial of her ill-nature preserved. Perhaps she would never have thought of those words again in this life ; but had she ever read this passage of fearful import, the language of Jesus Christ: "But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Julia thought that the careless words which had passed her lips would be forgotten, but she should have known that every word and act of our lives is to be recorded and brought to our remembrance.

I have known children to be very much interested, and to be influenced to make a great effort to do right by an account-book which was kept by their mothers. When such a book is kept at school, and every act is recorded, the pupils are much more likely to make an effort to perform the duties required of them. So it is in Sabbath-schools. I recently heard a Sabbath-school superintendent remark that the school could not be well sustained unless accounts were kept of the attendance, etc., of the pupils.

Many years ago a man, brought before a tribunal, was told to relate his story freely without fear, as it should not be used against him. He commenced to do so, but had not proceeded far before he heard the scratching of a pen behind a curtain. In an instant he was on his guard, for by that sound he knew that notwithstanding their promise a record was being taken of what he said.

Silently and unseen by us the angel secretaries are taking a faithful record of our words and actions, and even of our thoughts. Do we realize this? and a more solemn question, What is the record they are making?

Not long ago I read of a strange list. It was an exact catalogue of the crimes committed by a man who was at last executed in Norfolk Island, with the various punishments he had received for his different offenses. It was written out in small hand by the chaplain, and was nearly three yards long.

What a sickening catalogue to be crowded into one brief life. Yet this man was once an innocent child. A mother no doubt bent lovingly over him, a father perhaps looked upon him in pride and joy, and imagination saw him rise to manhood honored and trusted

by his fellow-men. But the boy chose the path of evil and wrong-doing regardless of the record he was making, and finally committed an act, the penalty of which was death, and he perished miserably upon the scaffold.

Dear readers, most of you are young, and your record but just commenced. Oh, be warned in time, and seek to have a list of which you will not be ashamed when scanned by Jehovah, angels, and men. Speak none but kind, loving words, have your thoughts and aspirations pure and noble, crowd into your life all the *good* deeds you can and thus crowd out *evil* ones.

We should not forget that an account-book is kept by God in which all the events of our lives are recorded, and that even every thought will be brought before us at the day of judgment. In that day God will judge the secrets of men; He will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the heart.

There is another book spoken of in the Bible. The book of Life, and it is said that no one can enter heaven whose name is not written in the Lamb's book of Life.

Angels are now weighing moral worth.

The record will soon close, either by death or the decree, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous let him be righteous still; and he that is holy let him be holy still." We have but one short, preparing hour in which to redeem the past and get ready for the future. Our life-record will soon be examined. What shall it be!

THE RECORD BOOKS.

THERE are two angels that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action, closes
His volume and ascends with it to God;
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

THE beautiful precept, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," is drawn from our Lord's sermon on the mount, and should be observed by all professing Christians. But unless we are truly his children, we can never observe this great command as we ought.

History records the fact that the Roman emperor Severus was so much struck with the moral beauty and purity of this sentiment, that he ordered the "Golden Rule," to be inscribed upon the public buildings erected by him. Many facts may be stated, by which untutored heathen and savage tribes in their conduct have put to shame many of those calling themselves Christians, who have indeed the form of godliness, but by their words and actions deny the power of it. One such fact we here relate.

Many years ago, on the outskirts of one of our distant new settlements, was a small but neat and pretty cottage or homestead, which belonged to an industrious young farmer. He

had, when quite a lad, left his native England, and sought a home and fortune among his American brethren. It was a sweet and quiet place; the cottage was built upon a gently rising ground, which sloped toward a sparkling rivulet, that turned a large saw-mill situated a little lower down the stream. The garden was well stocked with fruit-trees and vegetables, among which the magnificent pumpkins were already conspicuous, though as yet they were wanting in the golden hue which adorns them in autumn. On the hill-side was an orchard, facing the south, filled with peach and cherry-trees, the latter now richly laden with their crimson fruit. In that direction also extended the larger portion of the farm, now in a high state of cultivation, bearing heavy crops of grass, and Indian corn just coming into ear. On the north and east, the cottage was sheltered by extensive pine woods, beyond which were fine hunting-grounds, where the settlers, when their harvests were housed, frequently resorted in large numbers to lay in a stock of dried venison for winter use.

At that time the understanding between the whites and Indians, was not good; and

they were then far more numerous than they are at the present time, and more feared. It was not often, however, that they came into the neighborhood of the cottage which has been described, though on one or two occasions a few Minaterree Indians had been seen on the outskirts of the pine forests, but had committed no outrages, as that tribe was friendly with the white men.

It was a lovely evening in June. The sun had set, though the heavens still glowed with those exquisite and radiant tints which the writer, when a child, used to imagine were vouchsafed to mortals to show them something while yet on earth, of the glories of the New Jerusalem. The moon shed her silvery light all around, distinctly revealing every feature of the beautiful scene which has been described, and showed the tall, muscular figure of William Sullivan, who was seated upon the door steps, busily employed in preparing his scythes for the coming hay season. He was a good-looking young fellow, with a sunburnt open countenance; but though kind-hearted in the main, he was filled with prejudices, acquired when in England, against Americans in general, and the North Ameri-

can Indians in particular. As a boy he had been carefully instructed by his mother, and had received more education than was common in those days; but of the sweet precepts of the gospel he was as practically ignorant as if he had never heard them, and in all respects was so thoroughly an Englishman, that he looked with contempt on all who could not boast of belonging to his own favored country. The Indians he especially despised and detested as heathenish creatures, forgetful of the fact that he who has been blessed with opportunities and privileges, and yet has abused them, is in as bad a case, and more guilty in the sight of God, than these ignorant children of the wilds.

So intent was he upon his work, that he heeded not the approach of a tall Indian, accoutred for a hunting excursion, until the words:—

“Will you give an unfortunate hunter some supper, and a lodging for the night?” in a tone of supplication, met his ear.

The young farmer raised his head; a look of contempt curling the corners of his mouth, and an angry gleam darting from his eyes, as he replied in a tone as uncourteous as his words:—

"Heathen Indian dog, you shall have nothing here; begone!"

The Indian turned away; then again facing young Sullivan, he said in a pleading voice:—

"But I am very hungry, for it is very long since I have eaten; give only a crust of bread and a bone to strengthen me for the remainder of my journey."

"Get you gone, heathen hound," said the farmer; "I have nothing for you."

A struggle seemed to rend the breast of the Indian hunter, as though pride and want were contending for the mastery; but the latter prevailed, and in a faint, voice he said:—

"Give me but a cup of cold water, for I am very faint."

This appeal was no more successful than the others. With abuse, he was told to drink of the river which flowed some distance off. This was all that he could obtain from one who called himself a Christian, but who allowed prejudice and obstinacy to steel his heart—which to one of his own nation would have opened at once—to the sufferings of his red-skinned brother.

With a proud yet mournful air the Indian

turned away, and slowly proceeded in the direction of the little river. The weak steps of the native showed plainly that his need was urgent; indeed he must have been reduced to the last extremity, ere the haughty Indian would have asked again and again for that which had been once refused.

Happily his supplicating appeal was heard by the farmer's wife. Rare indeed is it that the heart of woman is steeled to the cry of suffering humanity; even in the savage wilds of central Africa, the enterprising and unfortunate Mungo Park was over and over again rescued from almost certain death by the kind and generous care of those females whose husbands and brothers thirsted for his blood. The farmer's wife, Mary Sullivan, heard the whole as she sat hushing her infant to rest; and from the open casement she watched the poor Indian until she saw his form sink, apparently exhausted, to the ground, at no great distance from her dwelling. Perceiving that her husband had finished his work, and was slowly bending his steps toward the stables with downcast eyes—for it must be confessed he did not feel very comfortable—she left the house, and was soon at the Indian's side, with

a pitcher of milk in her hand, and a napkin, in which was a plentiful meal of bread and roasted kid, with a little parched corn as well.

"Will my red brother drink some milk?" said Mary, bending over the fallen Indian; and as he arose to comply with her invitation, she untied the napkin and bade him eat and be refreshed.

When he had finished, the Indian knelt at her feet, his eyes beamed with gratitude, then in his soft, tone he said: "Carcoochee protect the white dove from the pounces of the eagle; for her sake the unfledged young shall be safe in its nest, and her red brother will not seek to be revenged."

Drawing a bunch of heron's feathers from his bosom, he selected the longest, and giving it to Mary Sullivan, said:—"When the white dove's mate flies over the Indian's hunting-grounds, bid him wear this on his head."

He then turned away, and gliding into the woods, was soon lost to view.

The summer passed away; harvest had come and gone; the wheat and maize, or Indian corn, was safely stored in the yard; the golden pumpkins were gathered into their winter quarters, and the forests glowed with the rich

and varied tints of autumn. Preparations now began to be made for a hunting excursion, and William Sullivan was included in the number who were going to try their fortune on the hunting-grounds beyond the river and the pine forests. He was bold, active, and expert in the use of his rifle and woodman's hatchet, and hitherto had always hailed the approach of this season with peculiar enjoyment, and no fears respecting the not unusual attacks of the Indians, who frequently waylaid such parties in other and not very distant places, had troubled him.

But now, as the time of their departure drew near, strange misgivings relative to his safety filled his mind, and his imagination was haunted by the form of the Indian whom in the preceding summer he had so harshly treated. On the eve of the day on which they were to start, he made known his anxiety to his gentle wife, confessing at the same time that his conscience had never ceased to reproach him for his unkind behavior. He added, that since then all that he had learned in his youth from his mother upon our duty to our neighbors had been continually in his mind; thus increasing the burden of his self-

reproach, by reminding him that his conduct was displeasing in the sight of God, as well as cruel toward a suffering brother. Mary Sullivan heard her husband in silence. When he had done, she laid her hand in his, looking up into his face with a smile, which was yet not quite free from anxiety, and then she told him what she had done when the Indian fell down exhausted upon the ground, confessing at the same time that she had kept this to herself, fearing his displeasure, after hearing him refuse any aid. Going to a closet, she took out the beautiful heron's feather, repeating at the same time the parting words of the Indian, and arguing from them that her husband might go without fear.

"Nay," said Sullivan, "these Indians never forgive an injury."

"Neither do they ever forget a kindness," added Mary. "I will sew this feather in your hunting cap, and then trust you, my own dear husband to God's keeping; but though I know he could take care of you without it, yet I remember my dear father used to say that we were never to neglect the use of all lawful means for our safety. His maxim was, 'Trust like a child, but like a man;' for we

must help ourselves if we hope to succeed, and not expect miracles to be wrought on our behalf, while we quietly fold our arms and do nothing." "Dear William," she added, after a pause, "now that my father is dead and gone, I think much more of what he used to say than when he was with me; and I fear that we are altogether wrong in the way we are going on, and I feel that if we were treated as we deserve, God would forget us, and leave us to ourselves, because we have so forgotten him."

The tears were in Mary's eyes as she spoke; she was the only daughter of a pious English sailor, and in early girlhood had given promise of becoming all that a religious parent could desire. But her piety was then more of the head than of the heart; it could not withstand the trial of the love professed for her by Sullivan, who was anything but a serious character, and like "the morning cloud and the early dew," her profession of religion vanished away, and as his wife she lost her relish for that in which she once had taken such delight. She was very happy in appearance, yet there was a sting in all her pleasures, and that was the craving of a spirit

disquieted and restless from the secret though ever present conviction that she had sinned in departing from the living God. By degrees these impressions deepened; the Spirit of grace was at work within, and day after day was bringing to her memory the truths she had heard in childhood and was leading her back from her wanderings by a way which she knew not. A long conversation followed; and that night saw the young couple kneeling for the first time in prayer at domestic worship.

The morning that witnessed the departure of the hunters was one of surpassing beauty. No cloud was to be seen upon the brow of William Sullivan. The bright beams of the early sun seemed to have dissipated the fears which had haunted him on the previous evening, and it required an earnest entreaty on the part of his wife to prevent his removing the feather from his cap. She held his hand while she whispered in his ear, and a slight quiver agitated his lips as he said, "Well, Mary dear, if you really think this feather will protect me from the red-skins, for your sake I will let it remain." William then put on his cap, shouldered his rifle, and the

hunters were soon on their way seeking for game.

The day wore away as is usual with people on such excursions. Many animals were killed, and at night the hunters took shelter in the cave of a bear, which one of the party was fortunate enough to shoot, as he came at sunset toward the bank of the river. His flesh furnished them with some excellent steaks for supper, and his skin spread upon a bed of leaves pillowed their heads through a long November night.

With the first dawn of morning, the hunters left their rude shelter and resumed the chase. William, in consequence of following a fawn too ardently, separated from his companions, and in trying to rejoin them became bewildered. Hour after hour he sought in vain for some mark by which he might thread the intricacy of the forest, the trees of which were so thick that it was but seldom that he could catch a glimpse of the sun ; and not being much accustomed to the woodman's life, he could not find his way as one of them would have done, by noticing which side of the trees was most covered with moss or lichen. Several times he started in alarm,

for he fancied that he could see the glancing eye-balls of some lurking Indian, and he often raised his gun to his shoulder, prepared to sell his life as dearly as he could.

Toward sunset the trees lessened and grew thinner, and by and by he found himself upon the outskirts of an immense prairie, covered with long grass, and here and there with patches of low trees and brush-wood. A river ran through this extensive tract, and toward it Sullivan directed his lagging footsteps. He was both faint and weary, not having eaten anything since the morning. On the bank of the river there were many bushes, therefore Sullivan approached with caution, having placed his rifle on half-cock, to be in readiness against any danger that might present itself. He was yet some yards from its brink, when a rustling in the underwood made him pause, and the next instant out rushed an enormous buffalo. These animals usually roam through the prairies in immense herds, sometimes amounting to many thousands in number; but occasionally they are met with singly, having been separated from the main body either by some accident, or by the Indians, who show the most wonderful

dexterity in hunting these formidable creatures. The buffalo paused for a moment, and then lowering his enormous head, rushed forward toward the intruder. Sullivan took aim; but the beast was too near to enable him to do so with that calmness and certainty which would have insured success, and though slightly wounded, it still came on with increased fury. Sullivan was a very powerful man, and though weakened by his long fast and fatiguing march, despair gave him courage and nerved his arm with strength, and with great presence of mind he seized the animal as it struck him on the side with its horn, drawing out his knife with his left hand, in the faint hope of being able to strike it into his adversary's throat. But the struggle was too unequal to be successful, and the buffalo had shaken him off, and thrown him to the ground, previously to trampling him to death, when he heard the sharp crack of a rifle behind him, and in another instant the animal sprang into the air, then fell heavily close by, and indeed partly upon the prostrate Sullivan. A dark form in the Indian garb glided by a moment after, and plunged his hunting-knife deep into the neck of the buf-

falo, though the shot was too true not to have taken instant effect, having penetrated to the brain; but the great arteries of the neck are cut, and the animal thus bled, to render the flesh more suitable for keeping a greater length of time.

The Indian then turned to Sullivan, who had now drawn himself from under the buffalo, and who, with mingled feelings of hope and fear, caused by his ignorance whether the tribe to which the Indian belonged was friendly or not, begged of him to direct him to the nearest white settlement.

"If the weary hunter will rest till morning, the eagle will show him the way to the nest of his white dove," was the reply of the Indian, in that figurative style so general among his people; and then taking him by the hand he led him through the rapidly increasing darkness, until they reached a small encampment lying near the river, and under the cover of some trees which grew upon its banks. Here the Indian gave Sullivan a plentiful supply of hominy, or bruised Indian corn boiled to a paste, and some venison; then spreading some skins of animals slain in the chase, for his bed, he signed to

him to occupy it, and left him to his repose.

The light of dawn had not yet appeared in the east when the Indian awoke Sullivan; and after a slight repast, they both started for the settlement of the whites. The Indian kept in advance of his companion, and threaded his way through the still darkened forest with a precision and a rapidity which showed him to be well acquainted with its paths and secret recesses. As he took the most direct way, without fear of losing his course, being guided by signs unknown to any save some of the oldest and most experienced hunters, they traversed the forest far more quickly than Sullivan had done, and before the golden sun had sunk behind the summits of the far off mountains, Sullivan once more stood within view of his beloved home. There it lay in calm repose, and at a sight so dear he could not restrain a cry of joy; then turning toward the Indian, he poured forth his heart-felt thanks for the service he had rendered him.

The warrior, who, till then, had not allowed his face to be seen by Sullivan, except in the imperfect light of his wigwam, now fronted him, allowing the sun's rays to fall

upon his person, and revealed to the astonished young man the features of the very same Indian whom, five months before, he had so cruelly repulsed. An expression of dignified yet mild rebuke was exhibited in his face as he gazed upon the abashed Sullivan; but his voice was gentle and low as he said: "Five moons ago, when I was faint and weary, you called me 'Indian dog,' and drove me from your door. I might last night have been revenged; but the white dove fed me, and for her sake I spared her mate. Carcoochee bids you to go home, and when hereafter you see a red man in need of kindness, do to him as you have been done by. Farewell."

He waved his hand, and turned to depart, but Sullivan sprang before him, and so earnestly entreated him to go with him, as a proof that he had indeed forgiven his brutal treatment, that he at last consented, and the humbled farmer led him to his cottage. There his gentle wife's surprise at seeing him so soon was only equaled by her thankfulness at his wonderful escape from the dangers which had surrounded him, and by her gratitude to the noble savage who had thus repaid

her act of kindness, forgetful of the provocation he had received from her husband. Carcochee was treated not only as an honored guest, but as a brother ; and such in time he became to them both.

Many were the visits he paid to the cottage of the once prejudiced and churlish Sullivan, now no longer so, for the practical lesson of kindness he had learned from the untutored Indian was not lost upon him. It was made the means of bringing him to a knowledge of his own sinfulness in the sight of God, and his deficiencies in duty toward his fellow men. He was led by the Holy Spirit to feel his need of Christ's atoning blood ; and ere many months passed, Mary Sullivan and her husband both gave satisfactory evidence that they had indeed "passed from death unto life."

Carcochee's kindness was repaid to him indeed a hundred fold. A long time elapsed before any vital change of heart was visible in him ; but at length it pleased the Lord to bless the unwearied teaching of his white friends to his spiritual good, and to give an answer to the prayer of faith. The Indian was the first native convert baptized by the

American missionary, who came about two years after to a station some few miles distant from Sullivan's cottage. After a lengthened course of instruction and trial the warrior, who once had wielded the tomahawk in mortal strife against both whites and red-skins, went forth, armed with a far different weapon, "even the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," to make known to his heathen countrymen "the glad tidings of great joy," that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He told them that "whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life," whether they be Jews or Gentiles, bond or free, white or red, for "we are all one in Christ." Many years he thus labored, until, worn out with toil and age, he returned to his white friend's home, where in a few months he fell asleep in Jesus, giving to his friends the certain hope of a joyful meeting hereafter at the resurrection of the just.

Many years have passed since then. There is no trace now of the cottage of the Sullivans, who both rest in the same forest churchyard, where lies the bones of Carcoochee ; but their descendants still dwell in the same town-

ship. Often does the gray-haired grandsire tell this little history to his rosy grand-children, while seated under the stately magnolia which shades the graves of the quiet sleepers of whom he speaks. And the lesson which he teaches to his youthful hearers, is one which all would do well to bear in mind, and act upon, namely, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

LOVING AND FORGIVING.

O LOVING and forgiving,
Ye angel-words of earth,
Years were not worth the living
If ye too had not birth !
O loving and forbearing,
How sweet your missions here ;
The grief that ye are sharing
Hath blessings in its tears.

O stern and unforgiving,
Ye evil words of life,
That mock the means of living,
With never ending strife.
O harsh and unpretending,
How would ye meet the grave,
If Heaven as unrelenting,
Forbore not, nor forgave !

THE LITTLE WEAVER.

AT a great sacrifice, a little maiden was once rescued from cruel bondage by a noble and powerful king. Many others had been ransomed in like manner, and the monarch extended to them all an invitation to unite in a grand jubilee to celebrate their liberation.

These captives wrought at the loom, and the king bade each weave a beautiful robe to wear at the great feast. If the work was faithfully performed, he promised to receive them into his own palace, as members of the royal family.

Filled with love and gratitude to her deliverer, the little maiden eagerly began her task. Day after day, the shuttle flew swiftly to and fro, weaving, in a pure white groundwork, beautiful figures of bright blue and shining gold.

As time passed on, she grew weary; the syren's song fell sweetly on her ear, and soon she left her toil to join the giddy throng worshipping at pleasure's shrine. But she found

their fair exterior covering oft an aching heart; sharp, cruel thorns were hidden 'neath the roses wreathed around her brow, and the silver-hued illusions vanished from her grasp. Then she remembered him who had redeemed her at so great a price and turned back to her task again. Alas! an enemy had been at work. There were dark stains on the white groundwork, and the golden threads were tarnished. With bitter tears of penitence she confessed her wanderings and hastened to the fountain where the soiled fabric might be made pure once more. No longer could the gayety around attract her notice, for beyond the distant hills her fancy saw the sunlight gleaming on the palace-walls, and with new courage she plied the shuttle.

Sometimes her cunning foe would steal the golden thread and substitute a false tinsel, but it was detected by the test—the precious guide-book which the king had given—and she carefully removed it, for a single thread would mar the garment and bar her forever from her promised home.

In every time of need the king provided help, and still she persevered. Others who had dropped their shuttles, now resumed

them, once more sought the golden thread, and washed their defiled garments in the all-cleansing fountain. A few of the gay revelers, attracted by her glad songs and cheering words of the bright land afar, turned from their folly and joined her in the service of the master.

At last the work was done. The king, with all his retinue, came to receive his faithful servants. With joy, and yet in fear, the maiden went to meet him. Deeply she felt her own unworthiness, and timidly advancing fell at his feet as he received the fabric she had wrought. He gazed with loving tenderness on the bowed form before him, and gently bade her rise again; "Thou hast done well the work which I commanded, and behold, I have received thee;" then he passed his hand over the garment, and the tears that had fallen here and there became pure, shining pearls. Throwing over it a transparent, silvery covering of dazzling brightness, he cast the robe around her, placed in her hand a harp, and on her brow a glittering crown, where, for every one whom she had led to serve the king, a star shone now.

Oh! pen may not describe, or artist picture.

ture, the beauty of that land which was to be the home of the redeemed; and as they reached its shining portals, the king himself threw back the palace gates and bade them enter in, amid the glories there, to dwell forevermore.

Dear reader, this is no fancy sketch. We are all working at the loom. Let us weave, for our robe of character, the spotless white of purity, the clear, bright blue of truth, and the golden thread of love to God and man. Let us beware of the tinsel of selfishness, for it can never enter the holy City. Let us set a guard over ourselves lest in a thoughtless hour we weave in threads soiled and spotted with envy, deceit and kindred evils; for only a character formed by a life of faithful obedience to God and cleansed by the atoning blood of Christ, can receive that glorious covering—His righteousness.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

ALL day, all night, I can hear the jar,
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go always around.
Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom,
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack ! there's a thread of love wove in !
Click, clack ! and another of wrong and sin ;
What a checkered thing will this life be,
When we see it unrolled in eternity !

Time, with a face like a mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with its warp outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.
When shall this wonderful web be done ?
In a thousand years ? Perhaps in one ;
Or to-morrow. Who knoweth ! Not you nor I,
But the wheels turn on, and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end, I know.
And some day the last thread shall be woven in,
God grant it be love instead of sin.
Are we spinners of woof for this life-web—say ?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day ?
It were better then, oh my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread, than a thread of sin.

Book class

THE USE OF LEARNING.

I AM tired of going to school," said Herbert Allen to William Wheeler, the boy who sat next to him. "I do n't see any great use, for my part, in studying geometry, and navigation, and surveying, and mensuration, and the dozen other things that I am expected to learn. They will never do me any good. I am not going to get my living as a surveyor, or measurer, or sea captain."

"How are you going to get your living, Herbert?" his young friend asked, in a quiet tone, as he looked up into his face.

"Why, I am going to learn a trade; or, at least, my father says that I am."

"And so am I," replied William; "and yet my father wishes me to learn everything that I can; for he says that it will all be useful some time or other in my life."

"I'm sure I can't see what use I am ever going to make, as a saddler, of algebra or surveying."

"Still, if we can't see it, Herbert, perhaps our fathers can, for they are older and wiser

than we are. And we should endeavor to learn, simply because they wish us to, even if, in everything that we are expected to study, we do not see clearly the use."

"I can't feel so," Herbert replied, tossing his head, "and I don't believe that my father sees any more clearly than I do the use of all this."

"You are wrong to talk so," his friend said, in a serious tone. "I would not think as you do for the world. My father knows what is best for me, and so does your father know what is best for you; and if we do not confide in them, we will surely go wrong."

"I am not afraid," responded Herbert, closing the book over which he had been poring reluctantly for half an hour, in the vain effort to fix a lesson on his unwilling memory; and, taking some marbles from his pocket, he began to amuse himself with them, at the same time that he concealed them from the teacher's observation. William said no more, but turned to his lesson with an earnest attention. The difference in the character of the two boys is too plainly indicated in the brief conversation we have recorded, to need further illustration. To their teacher

it was evident in numerous particulars—in their conduct, their habits, and manners. William always recited his lessons correctly, while Herbert never learned a task well. One was always punctual at school, the other a loiterer by the way. William's books were well taken care of, Herbert's were soiled, torn, disfigured and broken.

Thus they began life. The one obedient, industrious, attentive to the precepts of those who were older and wiser, and willing to be guided by them; the other indolent, and inclined to follow the leadings of his own will. As men, at the age of thirty-five, we will again present them to the reader. Mr. Wheeler is an intelligent merchant, in an active business; while Mr. Allen is a journeyman mechanic, poor, in embarrassed circumstances, and possessing but a small share of general information.

"How do you do Mr. Allen?" said the merchant to the mechanic, about this time, as the latter entered the counting-room of the former. The contrast in their appearance was very great. The merchant was well dressed, and had a cheerful look; while the other was poorly clad, and seemed troubled and dejected.

"I cannot say that I do very well, Mr. Wheeler," the mechanic replied, in a tone of despondency. "Work is very dull, and wages low; and, with so large a family as I have, it is tough enough getting along under the best circumstances."

"I am really sorry to hear you say so, Mr. Allen," replied the merchant, in a kind tone. "How much can you earn now?"

"If I had steady work, I could make nine or ten dollars a week. But our business is very bad. The substitution of steam engines on railroads for horses on turnpikes has broken in seriously upon the harness making business. The consequence is, that I do not average six dollars a week, the year round."

"Is it possible that railroads have wrought such a change in your business?"

"Yes; in the harness making branch of it, especially in large cities like this, where the heavy wagon trade is almost entirely broken up."

"Did you say that six dollars a week was all that you could average?"

"Yes, sir."

"How large is your family?"

"I have five children, sir."

"Five children! And only six dollars a week!"

"That is all sir; but six dollars a week will not support them, and I am, in consequence, going behindhand."

"You ought to try to get into some other business."

"But I don't know any other."

The merchant mused awhile, and then said: "Perhaps I can aid you in getting into something better. I am president of a newly-projected railroad, and we are about putting on the line a company of engineers, for the purpose of surveying and locating the route. You studied surveying and engineering at the same time I did, and I suppose have still a correct knowledge of both; if so, I will use my influence to have you appointed surveyor. The engineer is already chosen, and at my desire he will give you all requisition, until you revive your early knowledge of these matters. The salary is one hundred dollars a month."

A shadow, still darker than that which had before rested there, fell upon the face of the mechanic. "Alas! sir," he said, "I have not the slightest knowledge of survey-

ing. It is true I studied it, or rather pretended to study it, at school; but it made no permanent impression on my mind. I saw no use in it then, and am now as ignorant of surveying as if I had never taken a lesson on the subject."

"I am sorry, Mr. Allen," the merchant replied in real concern. "If you were a good accountant, I might, perhaps, get you into a store. What is your capacity in this respect?"

"I ought to have been a good accountant, for I studied mathematics long enough; but I took little interest in figures, and now, although I was for many months, while at school, pretending to study book-keeping, I am utterly incapable of taking charge of a set of books."

"Such being the case, Mr. Allen, I really do not know what I can do for you. But stay; I am about sending an assorted cargo to Buenos Ayres, and thence to Callao, and want a man to go as supercargo, who can speak the Spanish language. The captain will direct the sales. I remember that we studied Spanish together. Would you be willing to leave your family and go? The

wages will be one hundred dollars a month."

"I have forgotten all my Spanish, sir. I did not see the use of it while at school, and therefore it made no impression upon my mind."

The merchant, really concerned for the poor mechanic, again thought of some way to serve him. At length he said: "I can think of but one thing that you can do, Mr. Allen, and that will not be much better than your present employment. It is a service for which ordinary laborers are employed, that of chain carrying to the surveyor to the proposed railroad expedition."

"What are the wages, sir?"

"Thirty-five dollars a month."

"And found?"

"Certainly."

"I will accept it, sir, thankfully," the man said. "It will be much better than my present employment."

"Then make yourself ready at once, for the company will start in a week."

"I will be ready, sir," the poor man replied, and then withdrew.

In a week the company of engineers started, and Mr. Allen with them as a chain

carrier, when, had he, as a boy, taken the advice of his parents and friends, and stored up in his memory what they wished him to learn, he might have filled the surveyor's office at more than double the wages paid to him as chain carrier. Indeed, we cannot tell how high a position of usefulness and profit he might have held, had he improved all the opportunities afforded him in youth. But he perceived the use and value of learning too late.

The writer earnestly hopes that none of his young readers will make the same discovery that Mr. Allen did, when it is too late to reap any real benefit. Children and youth cannot possibly know as well as their parents, guardians, and teachers, what is best for them. They should, therefore, be obedient and willing to learn, even if they cannot see of what use learning will be to them.

THE GARDEN OF PEACE.

IN an ancient city of the east, two youths were passing a beautiful garden. It was closed by a lofty trellis, which prevented their entering; but, through the openings they could perceive that it was a most enchanting spot. It was embellished by every object of nature and art that could give beauty to the landscape. There were groves of lofty trees, with winding avenues between them; there were green lawns, the grass of which seemed like velvet; there were groups of shrubs, many of them in bloom, and scattering delicious fragrance upon the atmosphere.

Between these pleasing objects, there were fountains sending their silvery showers into the air; and a stream of water, clear as crystal, wound with gentle murmurs through the place. The charms of this lovely scene were greatly heightened by the delicious music of birds, the hum of bees, and the echoes of many youthful and happy voices.

The two young men gazed upon the scene with intense interest; but, as they could only

see a portion of it through the trellis, they looked about for some gate by which they might enter the garden. At a little distance they perceived a gateway, and they went to the spot, supposing they should find an entrance there. There was, indeed, a gate; but it was locked, and they found it impossible to gain admittance.

While they were considering what course they should adopt, they perceived an inscription over the gate, which ran as follows:—

“Ne'er till to-morrow's light delay
What may as well be done to day;
Ne'er do the thing you'd wish undone,
Viewed by to-morrow's rising sun.
Observe these rules a single year,
And you may safely enter here.”

The two youths were very much struck by these lines; and, before they parted, both agreed to make the experiment by trying to live according to the inscription.

I need not tell the details of their progress in the trial; both found the task much more difficult than they at first imagined. To their surprise, they found that an observance of the rule they had adopted required an almost total change of their modes of life; and this taught them what they had not felt before, that a very large part of their lives—

a very large share of their thoughts, feelings, and actions—were wrong, though they were considered virtuous young men by the society in which they lived.

After a few weeks, the younger of the two, finding that the scheme put too many restraints upon his tastes, abandoned the trial. The other persevered, and, at the end of the year, presented himself at the gateway of the garden.

To his great joy he was freely admitted; and if the place pleased him when seen dimly through the trellis, it appeared far more lovely, now that he could actually tread its pathways, breathe its balmy air, and mingle intimately with the scenes around.

This garden fitly represents the happy home promised to those who conquer selfishness, those who conquer their passions, and do their duty. The tall gateway is the barrier interposed by human vices and human passions, which separates mankind from that peace, of which we are all capable. Whoever can conquer himself, and has resolved firmly that he will do it, has found the key to that gate, that he may freely enter here. If he cannot do that, he must continue to be an outcast from the Garden of Peace.

DICK HARRIS : OR, THE BOY-MAN.

DICK HARRIS was called a clever boy. No one believed this more firmly than himself. He was only fourteen years of age, and yet he dearly loved to be thought a man. As he was about to leave school, his friends often asked him what he intended to be. Dick could not tell; only, that it must be something great. Now while Dick had learned some good things in school, he had also learned many evil habits—among them the practice of smoking. Dick's father smoked. He saw men smoking in the streets and so Dick thought it would be manly to smoke. Along with some of his school-mates, he used to hide himself and take his turn of the one pipe or cigar which they had among them; as they were afraid of being found out, they hid the pipe when any one came near. His father, who although he smoked himself, forbade Dick doing so, asked him one day why his clothes smelled so of tobacco-smoke.

“Some of my school-mates smoke, father.”

“But do you smoke!”

“No.”

"Take care you don't then ; it's all very well for men, but I won't have any of my children smoking."

Dick went away, as the Bible says, " with a lie in his right hand."

And yet he wanted to be a man. Now look at that, my lads. What is it that makes a man—I mean a true man ? There are many things. The Bible says that the glory of young men is their strength—strength of body, and strength of mind. Would Dick, get this kind of glory by smoking ? He certainly would not strengthen his body, for it has been proved again and again that boys who smoke weaken their bodies. Tobacco is a poison—slower perhaps than strong drink, but quite as sure ; and although it may not kill you outright, because the quantity taken is not large enough, yet it polutes the blood, injures the brain and stomach, and paralyzes many of the healthy functions of the body. The result is stunted growth and general weakness. A boy who smokes much never can have the glory of bodily strength. Dick found this out for himself, to his bitter experience, And besides this, did his conduct show strength of mind ? He began the practice of smoking, not because

he believed it to be right, but because *men* smoked. He was only a boy, yet he wished to appear *a man*—that is, to appear what he was *not*. What could be more weak than for a boy to have no reason for doing a thing than this—Men do it and I must do it? But it led to something worse. He was smoking on the sly, and to conceal it he became a liar. He lied in the school by his conduct, he lied at home by his words. We could have respected him, although we pitied him, had he smoked openly and taken the consequences; but who can respect a coward? He is not worthy of the name of *a man*. Dick continued to smoke after he left school, and was apprenticed in a large warehouse. Here again the old desire to be like men influenced him. They had cigars, he must have one; they smoked he must do so. This conduct had its invariable effects. He became the associate of “fast” young men—got into debt—learned to drink—stayed out late at night—and before his apprenticeship had ended was ruined in health; and, but for the indulgence of his employers would have been discharged in disgrace. Was that acting the part of a man?

This happened many years ago. Last

week, amidst a crowd who surrounded a polling booth, there stood a man about forty years of age—he looked twenty years older. On his head was a battered hat; he wore a seedy black coat; both his hands were in his pockets, and in his mouth the stump of a cigar which had been half-smoked by another man; his face was bloated, his eyes bleared and languid. Even a vulgar crowd looked at him with contempt. I looked into his face thinking there was in it a resemblance to one I had known. Slowly and painfully came the sad truth, that the drunken creature was Dick Harris; he had become a man, but he was a lost man. It has often been said, What a great fire a small spark kindles. The spark which kindled a blaze among Dick's evil passions was the spark which lit the tobacco-pipe at school. Bad habits are easily acquired, but they are hard to get rid of. See what smoking had done for Dick. It led him to drink, and the two habits have left him a wreck.

But you say to me, There are many thousands who smoke, and yet are strong men. It is so. But in almost all cases these strong smokers did not begin the habit while they

were boys; if they had done so, the likelihood is they would never have become strong men. Besides, how much stronger might they have been if they had *never* smoked. Many also who smoke and appear strong have their constitution undermined, and when an unusual strain comes upon it there is a collapse.

But again you say, All who smoke do not learn to drink, and so lose true manhood. That may be, and yet there is a significant fact that scarcely such a one can be found as a confirmed drunkard who does *not* smoke. It has recently been shown that the great majority of those who break their temperance pledge are smokers. Smoking and drinking are branches of the same deadly tree, whose leaves curse the nation.

And now my lads, "Quit you like men, be strong." The next time any one says to you, "Have a cigar," Say "No."

And if he says it is manly to smoke, say "No; it is manly to be self-restrained, to act from principle, to have cleanly habits, to be unselfish, to pay one's debts, to be sober, and to have the approval of one's conscience—and I might lose all these elements of manhood if I learned to smoke."

BERTHA'S GRANDMOTHER.

BERTHA GILBERT was fourteen years of age, and had just come home from boarding-school, where she had finished her first year—a very nice, pleasant school, of about thirty girls, besides the day-scholars; and Mrs. Howard made it, as she promised, a kind of social, united family, giving each one her immediate supervision. Bertha had improved a great deal in her studies and deportment, and was a very lady-like, agreeable girl.

But as no little boys and girls are perfect, or large ones either, for that matter, I am going to tell you what a mistake Bertha made, and how she was cured of a feeling that might have settled into a very disagreeable habit. Indeed, I have met with some grown people who have fallen into the way of treating elderly members of the family with a disregard that bordered on contempt.

Bertha was delighted to be at home once more, to be clasped to her dear mother's heart, to find her father quite improved in health, and her two little brothers as merry as ever;

and to meet her dear old grandmother, an old lady who was nearly eighty years of age, yet bright and active, with a fair, sweet face, and silvery hair, which was nearly all covered with a fine muslin cap, the border being crimped in the daintiest fashion you ever saw. I used to think she looked just like a picture, of a summer afternoon, when she put on a fresh cap and kerchief—as she used to call the white half square of lawn that she wore round her shoulders—and her clean, checked apron. For all she was such an old lady, she did a great deal of work around the house, and I do not believe George and Willie would have known how to live without her.

The Gilberts were in very moderate circumstances, for Mr. Gilbert had been compelled to leave his business and retire to the country on account of ill health. This little village of Hillside was a very pretty place. A river ran on one side, and on the opposite side ran a railroad that led directly to New York. Consequently, a good many rich and fashionable people lived here, as well as a poorer class.

Bertha had often looked at one handsome house with much admiration. It was occu-

pieced by a Mr. and Mrs. Bell, very wealthy people. The lawn and gardens were very beautiful, and they had an elegant greenhouse and a grapery, indeed, everything heart could wish. Then Mrs. Bell had travelled nearly all over Europe, and had been to China.

Bertha had met with two of Mrs. Bell's nieces at school; one was a young lady, and the other a little girl not quite as old as herself; but somehow she and Ada Wilson became great friends. The two girls were to visit Mrs. Bell during their vacation, and Ada had promised to spend a day with Bertha—indeed, to come and see her real often.

“For Aunt Bell is such a great lady,” Ada had said, “and there are no children; so I'm afraid I shall be lonesome; and you must return my calls.”

The idea of going to the grand house quite elated Bertha. She told it over to her mother with a great deal of pleasure.

But nothing ever happens just as one wants it. The Gilberts' parlor had been re-papered, and there was some delay in getting the new carpet down. They would surely be in order by the time the Wilsons arrived, Bertha thought to herself one afternoon, as she

brought her tiny work-basket to the sitting-room and took out a piece of braiding to finish.

There was a long piazza across the front of the house. In the center was the hall-door—the parlor being on one side, the sitting-room on the other. As Bertha's eyes roved idly out of the window, she saw Mrs. Bell's beautiful grays coming down the road, and a carriage full of ladies. That made her think of her friend Ada. Why, they were actually stopping; the man handed out two ladies and a little girl, and opened the gate for them.

Indeed, the Wilsons had reached Hillside a week earlier than they had expected. When Ada spoke of her friend, Mrs. Bell proposed that they should call as early as possible, so that Ada and Bertha might see the more of each other.

"O, mother!" Bertha exclaimed, in astonishment, "here they are—Ada and Miss Frances, and their aunt."

"Go and receive them, my dear," said her mother; and she rose also.

The introductions took place on the porch. Mrs. Bell was very gracious, and with a certain unassuming sweetness that immediately set at ease every one with whom she met.

She and Mrs. Gilbert exchanged very pleasant greetings. Then they were all led into the sitting-room, and Bertha flushed a little. She seemed to see all its shabbiness at a glance—the worn spot of carpet by her father's desk, and another in front of the sofa, the old-fashioned furniture, and grandmother sitting there in her corner, knitting a blue yarn stocking.

Old Mrs. Gilbert rose and courtesied to the ladies. Her dress had no fashionable trail, but showed her low prunella shoes and white, home-knit stockings. She was a prim little body, looking as neat as a pin, but very old-fashioned.

Mrs. Bell presently crossed over to her. "It looks quite like old times to see any one knitting," she said, in her low, pleasant voice. "I think there ought to be a grandmother in every house; they always give a place such a comfortable, home-like look. I remember how my great-grandmother used to knit when I was a little girl."

"It isn't of much account," returned grandmother. "Stockings are so cheap nowadays; but I do think hum-knit wears better for boys. George and Willie do scour out stockings 'mazin' fast. And then it serves to keep an old woman like me busy."

Ada Wilson glanced up with a peculiar look, and Bertha flushed. The young ladies at Mrs. Howard's were taught to pronounce their words correctly, and not allowed to use any careless phrases.

Mrs. Bell continued the conversation, however, and grandmother did her best to be entertaining. But she was old-fashioned, and confused her grammar in various ways. Ada, in the meantime, showed a strong disposition to laugh, and finally begged Bertha to take her out to look at the flowers.

"O dear!" she exclaimed, as they went around the walk at the side of the house; "O dear! Isn't your grandmother a funny old woman! I couldn't keep my face sober." Ada laughed as if she considered it very amusing.

Bertha ought to have understood that this was very ill-bred, and espoused her grandmother's cause at once; but instead of that she was ashamed of her, and felt like crying. If she could but have taken her guests in the parlor, where they would not have seen grandma.

"Such a funny old woman, with that immense check apron! Bertha, she looks like

some of the little old lady pin-cushions that I've seen, and she makes such a queer mouth when she talks. She hasn't a tooth in her head, has she? and I guess they didn't teach grammar when she went to school. Why do you let her wear that white cap? all the old ladies that I know wear black lace caps, with ribbons. And I thought I should laugh outright when she made that little dip of a courtesy."

"But she is real old," said Bertha, deprecatingly, "and she has lived in the country most of her life."

"I should think she had come from the backwoods! I wonder she doesn't make you wear 'hum-knit' stockings; or don't you 'scour yours out?' O dear!"

"It is not right to laugh at old persons," Bertha said, summoning all her courage; yet she was mortified and humiliated in the extreme.

"Oh! I don't mean anything, you know—only it's so funny! You ought to see *my* grandmother. She is nearly eighty, I believe, but she only owns to seventy."

Bertha was too deeply hurt to make any comment. Then Ada kissed her and coaxed

her into good humor, telling her of the enjoyments aunt Bell had in preparation.

When they returned to the room, Mrs. Bell was preparing to leave, and the carriage stood at the gate.

"We have decided on Thursday, Ada," Mrs. Bell said to her niece; "and, Miss Bertha, I have coaxed your grandmother to pay *me* a visit. I think a pleasant old lady, in possession of all her faculties, is rare good company—quite a treat for me. Now, Mrs. Gilbert, I shall send the carriage, and you will be sure not to disappoint me, if you are well."

"You are very kind, indeed;" and old Mrs. Gilbert gave another little "dip of a courtesy."

Bertha looked amazed.

She was very quiet after her visitors had gone. Her mother appeared to admire Miss Frances Wilson, and grandma said of Mrs. Bell: "She's a tender, true-hearted Christian lady."

"Mother," said Bertha, the next day, when they were alone; "couldn't you fix grandma up a little to go to Mrs. Bell's?"

"Why, she has a nice brown silk dress to wear, and a clean cap and kerchief."

"But she looks so—so—old-fashioned."

"My dear, she is an old-fashioned lady. I think she looks a great deal prettier than to be dressed like people thirty or forty years younger than she is."

"But—"

"O Bertha! you are not ashamed of dear grandmother?" and Mrs. Gilbert looked at her daughter in amazement.

Bertha's cheeks flushed, and tears came to her eyes.

"My little daughter, I am deeply pained!"

Some way the story came out, and Bertha sobbed away her mortified feeling.

"My dear Bertha!" her mother said, "I am disappointed to see you evince so little true courage and warmth of heart. Ada Wilson has certainly shown herself very ill-bred and heartless in thus criticising so old a person to one of her own relatives. I am not sure but it would be better to decline the invitation altogether."

"O mother! I do not think Ada meant any real harm. She laughs at the girls, and mimics everybody; but she's real good and generous, for all that. And grandma does make mistakes."

“Bertha, when you are tempted to despise your dear old grandmother, I want you to think of her life—a little girl, twelve years old, going to work in a mill, to help her mother take care of her younger brothers and sisters, and then afterward taking the whole charge of the family upon herself. Fifty-three years ago she married a plain farmer, and went West, into what was a wilderness at that time. In her turn, she was left a widow, with a large family, and I shall always honor her for the wisdom she displayed. It would be hard to find four better men than your uncles and papa. Aunt Bessy was poor and had a great deal of trouble, but grandma staid with her to the very last, and now she has come to me. I really don't know what I should do without her, and her life has been most praiseworthy in every respect. To-day she would give her life for any of us. Suppose she were cross and fretful, and thought, as some old ladies do, that we ought to work every moment, and never take a bit of pleasant recreation! She is a genial, tender-hearted woman, serving God and doing good every day of her life, and I am sure Mrs. Bell honors her.

“Suppose, Bertha, that I began to fret at her old-fashioned ways, the caps she loves to wear, and the manner in which she expresses herself? It would make her nervous and timid, and if she thought we were growing ashamed of her, I really believe her heart would break. Would you be willing to give her such a wound?”

“Oh no,” returned Bertha, sobbing. “Dear grandmother.”

“I think the commandment to honor one’s father and mother takes in one’s grandparents equally. And, most of all, I want to see my little daughter brave enough to respect true worth, even if it is not clad in fashionable garments, and fresh from school.”

Bertha began to think she had been very weak and foolish, and after a nice long talk with her mother, she resolved that Ada should never speak so disrespectfully in her presence again.

And so, when Mrs. Bell’s carriage came, they started on their visit, grandma looking as fresh and sweet as a rose. For all she was wrinkled, her skin was white and clear, and her soft brown eyes were overflowing with love.

Mrs. Bell welcomed them warmly ; but she took possession of grandma while the young folks amused themselves. Such a lovely house as it was, and full of curiosities, beautiful pictures, handsome statues, and elegant furniture !

Some unexpected visitors came in the afternoon, and Bertha found her grandmother quite the center of attraction. She overheard one lady say : "What a charming old lady, Mrs. Bell ! I feel like envying her relatives !"

As for Ada, she made no further remarks. Her sister had been shocked at her thoughtless levity, and had threatened to inform aunt Bell, of whom she stood in awe ; and so Bertha had a very pleasant visit, after all.

She grew up with a sincere respect for old age ; and Bertha Gilbert's pretty manners were often remarked upon. If she met with people less refined than herself, or poorly educated, instead of ridiculing, she tried to think of their hard lives and few advantages, and was most tender and gracious. Let us all try to be kind to the poor and aged, for some of them are God's choicest jewels.

“WITH A WILL, JOE.”

IT was a summer afternoon; the wheelbarrow stood before Mrs. Robins' door; the street was empty of all traffic, for the heat was intense. I sauntered languidly along on the shady side opposite the widow's house, and noticed her boy bringing out some linen in baskets to put on the wheelbarrow. I was surprised at the size of the baskets he was lugging along the passage and lifting on to the wheelbarrow, and paused to look at him. He pulled, and dragged, and then resting a moment began again, and in the silence of the street, I heard him saying something to himself. I half crossed the road. He was too busy to notice me, and then, in a pause of his toil, I heard him gasp out, "With a will, Joe." He was encouraging himself to a further effort with these words. At last, bringing the large basket to the curbstone, he ran in and got a piece of smooth wood as a lever; resting one end of the basket on the wheelbarrow, he heaved up the other end, and

saying a little louder than before, "With a will, Joe," the basket was mounted on to the wheelbarrow.

As he rested, and looked proudly at his successful effort, he saw me, and his round, red face, covered with perspiration, became scarlet for a moment, as I said, "That's a brave boy." The mother's voice sounded in the passage, "I'm coming, Joe," and out she came as the child, pointing to the basket, said, "I've managed it, mother." It was a pretty sight, the looks of the widow and her willing boy. Though no further word was spoken, the sense of satisfaction on each face was very plain, and I have no doubt in each heart there was a throb of pleasure that words have no language for.

I went on my way, but the saying, "With a will, Joe," went with me. How much there was in that simple phrase, "With a will!" How different is our work according as we do it with or against our will. This little fellow might have cried or murmured, or left his mother to do the work, and been dissatisfied with himself, and a source of discontent to his mother, but he had spurred himself on to toil and duty,

with his words, powerful in their simplicity—
“With a will, Joe.”

Often since have I recalled the scene and the saying. When some young lady complains to me, “I have no time to give to doing good. I’ve visits to make, and shopping to do, and embroidery to finish, how can I help the poor when I’m so pressed for time?” I am apt to say mentally, “How different it would be with her, if she had ever said to herself, ‘With a will.’”

Yes, with a will we can do almost anything that ought to be done; and without a will we can do nothing as it should be done. To all of us, whatever our station, there come difficulties and trials. If we yield to them we are beaten down and conquered. But if we, ourselves, conquer the temptation to do wrong, calling the strength of God to aid us in our struggle with the enemy, we shall grow stronger and more valiant with every battle, and less liable to again fall into temptation. Our wisdom and our duty are to rouse ourselves,—to speak to our own hearts as the child did in his simple words, “With a will, Joe.” When there is any wrong thing that we want to do, our will then is strong

enough. The *Evil One* comes with his temptation, and helps us to our ruin, with his strength.

The times when we flag are when we want to do right. "When I would do good, evil is present with me," was the testimony of the apostle of the Gentiles, and it is the experience of all, unless they go to Him who can make our wills obedient to His will. Our prayer should be, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit (will) within me."

DO WITH YOUR MIGHT.

WHATSOEVER you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might!
Never be a *little* true,
Or a *little* in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

ANGRY WORDS.

LET'S play visiting," said Jennie. "You be uncle John, and I'll be mother, and I'll come and make you a visit."

"Pshaw!" said Dick, scornfully; "that's girls' play, and it's silly. Let's play soldier, that's ever so much better!"

"It isn't a bit more silly than soldier is, and not half as hard work. I won't play it, anyway," and Jennie sat down on the steps very determinedly.

"You're real mean!" cried Dick, impetuously, "and I know you're lazy or you wouldn't say playing soldier was hard work. I'd like to play it all day. Come now, won't you?"

"Oh, Dick, I can't," said Jennie, pushing her hair out of her eyes; "it's so warm, and I'm so tired."

"Tired! pooh! Lazy you mean!" Dick said, with a contemptuous sneer.

"I'm not lazy," protested Jennie; "not a bit more than you are."

"Then come and play," said Dick.

"I'll play visiting," said Jennie, "but I won't play soldier."

Dick's temper was up.

"You ugly, good-for-nothing girl. I'll never play with you again! I hate you! there now! And I wish you'd never speak to me again so long as you live!"

Dick did not stop to think what he was saying. His anger was so fierce and deep that he could not check it, and it poured itself out in a torrent of bitter words. Did I say he could not check it? Perhaps he might have done so, but he did not try.

"I don't care what you say," answered Jennie, very coolly. "I won't play soldier anyway," she added, with a laugh at Dick's red face and angry gestures.

Dick did not answer back, for he was too mad to speak, and Jennie got up and went into the house, leaving him alone. Shortly after Mrs. Grey called Dick, and sent him to the village on an errand.

It was nearly dark before he got back, and his mother informed him that Jennie had gone to bed not feeling very well. So Dick did not see her again that day. The next morning he was told that she was very sick.

She had been taken ill suddenly, and the doctor had been sent for in the night. He came and pronounced it a very bad case of fever.

Poor Dick! The very first thought that entered his mind was—what if Jennie should die? And then the memory of his cruel, wicked words came up before him, and he felt ashamed of himself; and somehow he could not get the thought out of his mind that if she should die he should feel guilty all his life. How much he would have given to unsay those words. But there was no way in which he could get them out of his mind. They haunted him continually.

Day by day Jennie grew worse. Dick plead to be allowed to see her for just one moment, but the doctor would not allow it. Strict quiet was ordered, and none but her parents were admitted into the sick room. It seemed to Dick that he could not possibly get along a great while without asking her forgiveness. He could think of nothing but his unkindness. It seemed so strange that he could ever use such words to her, his only sister!

At last the doctor said that there was no

hope for Jennie. She would die in spite of all he could do for her. When Dick heard this, he made up his mind that he must see her again. He did not see how he could stand it if she were to die and not tell him that she forgave him for being so unkind, and saying such bad, cruel things. He remembered how she had complained of feeling tired, and he knew she must have felt the approach of the disease that now had her in its clasp. And he had called her "lazy" when she was sick!

How still the room was where Jennie lay. He was not refused when he asked to see her once more. There was no need of his being kept away any longer, for the disease had gone too far to admit of hope, Dr. Thorne said.

Dick stood by the bed and looked down into the poor, pale face of his little sister. Great tears welled up into his eyes, and dropped over his cheeks like rain, when he saw the change a week had wrought.

"Oh, Jennie, say you forgive me before you die! Please, do, Jennie, for I can't bear it any longer so," Dick cried, and knelt down by the bedside with his face close to hers.

"I love you Dick," she replied in a faint, weak voice, and held up her lips for a kiss. Dick kissed her with such a pang at his heart! How he would miss her when she was gone!

Jennie closed her eyes wearily. They thought she was dying, and the doctor lifted Dick up gently from the bed. But it was not death; after a little she opened her eyes again, and then with a sweet, touching smile said she was going to sleep. And she did sleep, not the last, long sleep of death, as they imagined it to be, but slumber quiet and refreshing. When she awoke from it, the doctor said she would recover if nothing happened to prevent it more than he could foresee. Her disease had turned, and Jennie had a chance for her life after all.

And she did get well. Dick was her most faithful nurse. The lesson he had learned was never forgotten, and he never afterward let his anger get the control of his better judgment.

GUARD WELL THY LIPS.

GUARD well thy lips ; none, none can know
What evils from the tongue may flow ;
What guilt, what grief, may be incurred,
By one incautious, hasty word.

Be "slow to speak;" look well within,
To check what there may lead to sin ;
And pray unceasingly for aid,
Lest unawares thou be betrayed.

"Condemn not, judge not"—not to man
Is given his brother's faults to scan ;
One task is thine, and one alone,
To search out and subdue thine own.

Indulge no murmurings ; oh, restrain
Those lips so ready to complain !
Let words of wisdom, meekness, love,
Thy heart's true renovation prove.

Set God before thee ; every word
Thy lips pronounce by Him is heard ;
Oh, couldst thou realize this thought,
What care, what caution, would be taught !

Think on thy parting hour ; ere long
The approach of death may chain thy tongue,
And powerless all attempts be found,
To articulate one meaning sound.

"The time is short"—this day may be
The very last assigned to thee ;
So speak, that shouldst thou ne'er speak more,
Thou mayst not this day's words deplore.

STAND BY THE SHIP.

DO, grandmother, tell us about the little drummer boy whose motto was, 'Stand by the ship.'"

"Grandmother is not used to telling children stories; but, if you will be quiet, she will try." And this is the story she told us :—

During one of the fiercest battles of the late rebellion, the colonel of a Michigan regiment noticed a very small boy, acting as drummer. The great coolness and self-possession of the boy, as displayed during the engagement; his habitual reserve, so singular in one of his years; his orderly conduct, and his fond devotion to his drum—his only companion, except a few well worn books over which he was often seen to pore—in which he took delight; this had attracted notice, both from the officers and the men. Colonel B.'s curiosity was aroused, and he desired to know more of him. So he ordered that the boy should be sent to his tent. The little fellow came, his drum on his

breast, and the sticks in his hands. He paused before the colonel and made his best military salute. He was a noble looking boy, the sunburnt tint of his face in good keeping with his dark crisp curls; but strangely out of keeping with the rounded cheeks and dimpled chin, was the look of gravity and thoughtfulness, although at variance with his years. He was prematurely taught the self-reliance of a man. A strange thrill went through Colonel B.'s heart as the boy stood before him.

"Come forward, I wish to talk to you." The boy stepped forward, showing no surprise under the novel position he found himself. "I was very much pleased with your conduct yesterday," said the colonel, "from the fact that you are so young and small for your position."

"Thank you colonel; I only did my duty; I am big enough for that, if I *am* small," replied the noble little fellow.

"Were you not very much frightened when the battle commenced?" questioned Colonel B.

"I might have been, if I had let myself think of it; but I kept my mind on my

drum. I went in to play for the men ; it was that I volunteered for. So I said to myself: 'Don't trouble yourself about what don't concern you, Jack, but do your duty, and stand by the ship.'

"Why that is sailors' talk," said the colonel.

"It is a very good saying, if it is, sir," said Jack.

"I see you understand the meaning of it. Let that rule guide you through life, and you will gain the respect of all good men."

"Father Jack told me that when he taught me to say, 'Stand by the ship.'"

"He was your father?"

"No, sir—I never had a father, but he brought me up."

"Strange," said the colonel, musing, "how much I feel like befriending this child. Tell me your story, Jack."

"I will tell it, sir, as near as I can like Father Jack told it to me. My mother sailed on a merchant ship from France to Baltimore, where my father was living. A great storm arose; the ship was driven on rocks, where she split, and all hands had to take to the boats. They gave themselves up

for lost ; but at last a ship bound for Liverpool took them up. They had lost everything but the clothes they had on ; but the captain was very kind to them ; he gave them clothes, and some money. My mother refused to remain at Liverpool, though she was quite sick, for she wanted to get to this country so badly ; so she took passage in another merchant ship, just going to New York. She was the only woman on board. She grew worse after the ship sailed ; the sailors took care of her. Father Jack was a sailor on this ship, and he pitied her very much, and he did all he could for her. But she died and left me, an infant. Nobody knew what to do with me ; they all said I would die, all but Father Jack ; he asked the doctor to give me to him. The doctor said : "Let him try his hand, if he has a mind to ; it's no use, the little one will be sure to go overboard after its mother." The doctor was wrong. I was brought safe to New York. He tried to find my father, but did not know how to do it, for no one knew my mother's name. He left me with a family in New York, when he went to sea again ; but he could never find out anything about

my mother, although he inquired in Liverpool and elsewhere. The last time he went to sea, I was nine years old, and he gave me a present on my birthday, the day before he sailed. It was the last—he never came back again—he died of ship fever. He did a good part by me; he had me put to a free school, at seven years of age, and always payed my board in advance for a year. So you see, sir, I had a fair start to help myself, which I did right off. I went errands for gentlemen, swept out offices and stores. No one liked to begin with me, for they all thought me too small, but they soon saw I got along well enough. I went to school just the same. I did my jobs before nine in the morning, and after school let out, I had plenty of time to work and learn my lessons. I wouldn't give up my school, for Father Jack told me to learn all I could, and some day I would find my father, and he must not find me a poor ignorant boy. He said I must look him in the face, and say to him without falsehood: 'Father, I may be poor and rough, but I have always been an honest boy and stood by the ship, so you needn't be ashamed of me.' Sir, I could never forget

those words." He dropped his cap, drum and sticks; he bared his little arm, and showed the figure of a ship in full sail, with this motto beneath it, pricked into the skin: "Stand by the ship."

"When I was twelve, I left New York and came to Detroit with a gentleman in the book business. I was there two years, when the war broke out. One day, a few months after the war broke out, I was passing by a recruiting office. I went in. I heard them say they wanted a drummer. I offered; they laughed and said I was too little; but they brought me a drum and I beat it for them. They agreed to take me. So the old stars and stripes was the ship for me to stand by."

The colonel was silent; he seemed to be in deep thought. "How, do you ever expect," he said "to find your father? You do not even know his name."

"I don't know, sir, but I am sure I shall find him, somehow. My father will be sure to know I am the right boy, when he does find me, for I have something to show him that was my mother's," and he drew forth a little canvas bag, sewed tightly all around,

and suspended from his neck by a string. "In this," he said, "is a pretty bracelet that my mother always wore on her arm. Father Jack took it off after she died, to keep for me. He said I must never open it until I found my father, and that I must wear it so around my neck, that it might be safe."

"A bracelet, did you say?" exclaimed the colonel, "let me have it—I must see it at once!"

With both his little hands clasped around it, the little boy stood looking into Col. B.'s face; then, slipping the string from over his head, he silently placed it in his hand. To rip open the canvas was but the work of a moment.

"I think I know this bracelet," stammered Col. B. "If it be as I hope and believe, within the locket we will find two names—Wilhelmina and Carleton, date, May 26, 1849."

There were the names as he said. Col. B. clasped the boy to his heart, saying, "My son! my son!"

I must now go back in my story. In the first year of his marriage, Col. B. and his lovely young wife sailed for Europe, expect-

ing to remain several years in Southern Europe, on account of the delicate health of his wife. He was engaged in merchandise in the city of Baltimore. The sudden death of his business partner compelled his return to America, leaving his wife with her mother in Italy. Soon after he left, his mother-in-law died. Mrs. B. then prepared to return to Baltimore at once, and took passage on the ill-fated steamer which was lost. Vainly he made inquiries; no tidings came of her. At last he gave her up as lost; he almost lost his reason from grief and doubt. Fourteen years had passed; he did not know that God in his mercy had spared to him a precious link with the young life so lost and mourned. Restless, and almost aimless, he removed to Michigan. When the war broke out, he was among the first to join the army.

There stood the boy, tears streaming down his cheeks. "Father," he said, "you have found me at last, just as Father Jack said. You are a great gentleman, while I am only a poor drummer boy. I have been an honest boy, and tried my best to do what was right. You won't be ashamed of me, father?"

"I am proud to call you my son, and thank

God for bringing you to me just as you are."

My little hero is now a grown man. As the
boy was so is the man. "Stand by the ship."

LIFE.

LIFE, believe me, is not a dream
So dark as sages say ;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day,
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all ;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
Oh, why lament its fall ?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life's sunny hours flit by,
Gratefully, cheerily,
Enjoy them as they fly !

What though Death at times steps in,
And calls our best away ?
What though sorrow seems to win,
O'er hope, a heavy sway ?
Yet hope again elastic springs,
Unconquered, though she fell ;
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear us well.
Manfully, fearlessly,
The day of trial bear,
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can courage quell despair !

COMPANY MANNERS.

WELL," said Bessie, very emphatically, "I think Russel Morton is the best boy there is, anyhow."

"Why so, pet?" I asked, settling myself in the midst of the busy group gathered around in the firelight.

"I can tell," interrupted Wilfred, "Bessie likes Russ because he is so polite."

"I don't care, you may laugh," said frank little Bess; "that is the reason—at least, one of them. He's nice; he don't stamp and hoot in the house—and he never says, 'Halloo Bess,' or laughs when I fall on the ice."

"Bessie wants company manners all the time," said Wilfred. And Bell added: "we should all act grown up, if she had her fastidiousness suited."

Bell, be it said in passing, is very fond of long words, and has asked for a dictionary for her next birthday present.

Dauntless Bessie made haste to retort. "Well, if growing up would make some folks more agreeable, it's a pity we can't hurry about it."

"Wilfred what are company manners?" interposed I from the depths of my easy chair.

"Why—why—they're—It's *behaving*, you know, when folks are here, or we go a visiting."

"Company manners are good manners;" said Horace.

"Oh yes," answered I, meditating on it. "I see; manners that are *too* good—for mamma—but just right for Mrs. Jones."

"That's it," cried Bess.

"But let us talk it over a bit. Seriously, why should you be more polite to Mrs. Jones than to mamma? You don't love her better?"

"Oh my! no indeed," chorused the voices.

"Well, then, I don't see why Mrs. Jones should have all that's agreeable; why the hats should come off and the tones soften, and 'please,' and 'thank you,' and 'excuse me,' should abound in her house, and not in mamma's."

"Oh! that's very different."

"And mamma knows we mean all right. Besides, you are not fair, cousin; we were talking about boys and girls—not grown up people."

Thus my little audience assailed me, and I was forced to a change of base.

“ Well, about boys and girls, then. Cannot a boy be just as happy, if, like our friend Russel, he is gentle to the little girls, doesn't pitch his little brother in the snow, and respects the rights of his cousins and intimate friends? It seems to me that politeness is just as suitable to the play ground as the parlor.”

“ Oh, of course ; if you'd have a fellow give up all fun,” said Wilfred.

“ My dear boy,” said I, “ that isn't what I want. Run, and jump, and shout as much as you please ; skate, and slide, and snowball ; but do it with politeness to other boys and girls, and I'll agree you shall find just as much fun in it. You sometimes say I pet Burke Holland more than any of my child-friends. Can I help it? For though he is lively and sometimes frolicsome, his manners are always good. You never see him with his chair tipped up, or his hat on in the house. He never pushes ahead of you to get first out of the room. If you are going out, he holds open the door ; if weary, it is Burke who brings a glass of water, places a chair, hands a fan, springs to pick up your handkerchief—and all this without being told to do so, or

interfering with his own gayety in the least.

This attention isn't only given to me as the guest, or to Mrs. Jones when he visits her, but to mamma, aunt Jenny, and little sister, just as carefully; at home, in school, or at play, there is always just so much guard against rudeness. His courtesy is not merely for state occasions, but a well fitting garment worn constantly. His manliness is genuine loving kindness. In fact, that is exactly what real politeness is; carefulness for others, and watchfulness over ourselves, lest our angles shall interfere with their comfort."

It is impossible for boys and girls to realize, until they have grown too old to easily adopt new ones, how important it is to guard against contracting careless and awkward habits of speech and manners. Some very unwisely think it is not necessary to be so very particular about these things except when company is present. But this is a grave mistake, for coarseness will betray itself in spite of the most watchful sentinelship.

It is impossible to indulge in one form of speech, or have one set of manners at home, and another abroad, because in moments of confusion or bashfulness, such as every

young person feels sometimes who is sensitive and modest, the habitual mode of expression will discover itself.

It is not, however, merely because refinement of speech and grace of manners are pleasing to the sense, that our young friends are recommended to cultivate and practice them, but because outward refinement of any sort reacts as it were on the character and makes it more sweet and gentle and lovable, and these are qualities that attract and draw about the possessor a host of kind friends. Then again they increase self-respect.

The very consciousness that one prepossesses and pleases people, makes most persons feel more respect for themselves, just as the knowledge of being well dressed makes them feel more respectable. You can see by this simple example, how every effort persons make toward perfecting themselves brings some pleasant reward.

WHAT RUINED HIM.

A YOUNG man, who was in prison awaiting his trial for a serious crime, was asked what ruined him.

“Sir,” he replied with tears in his eyes, “it was my street education that ruined me! I had a good home education, but I would slip out of the house and go off with the boys in the street. In the street, I learned to lounge. In the street, I learned to swear. In the street, I learned to smoke. In the street, I learned to gamble. In the street, I learned to steal.”

So you see, my dear children, the street ruined that youth. It seemed pleasant to him, as it does to some of you, to spend his hours abroad with idle, boisterous lads. No doubt he thought his father and mother were too strict, too particular, and notional, when they wished him not to frequent the street; and, thinking so, he chose to have his own way even at the price of disobeying his parents. He did have his own way. To what did it lead him? To destruction! I

think he paid too high a price altogether for having his own way. Do you agree with me in this opinion? If so, beware how you imitate him, beware how you cherish a love for the street, and street companions. Find your enjoyment at home, especially in the evening.

You may depend upon it, boys and girls, that to pass safely along the ways of life, you must be careful of your steps. It will not do for you to tread a path merely because flowers grow in it and you feel a desire to pluck them. The most flowery paths often lead to the most dangerous places. You must seek, therefore, for the right rather than for the pleasant way. Indeed, the right path is always the most pleasant in the end.

To find the right way, and thus to avoid the dangers of the wrong one, you need a guide for your feet. I have read somewhere, that, on a part of the seashore in England, there are steep cliffs rising abruptly from the beach. To keep smugglers from landing foreign goods on which duties have not been paid, a guard is stationed to watch, night and day. The men composing this guard have to ascend and descend the cliffs in the night.

Their path is very narrow, and it runs close to the edge of the cliff. A single misstep would cause a man to fall over on to the beach, and to be dashed in pieces.

How do you suppose the men of that guard find their way up and down those cliffs at night in safety? If you were to examine their path, you would see a row of very white stones set in it all the way up from the beach. These stones can be seen in the darkest night. The men look for them and thus traverse the giddy path with safety.

Now, my dear children, God meant his holy book to be to you, on your life journey, what those white stones are to the men who guard that cliff in England. It tells you where to go and where not to go, what to do and what to avoid. If you wish, then, for safety, you must both study and obey the Bible. If you will not, why, like the young man in the prison, you must find pain, shame, and death in your pathway.

THE HEART AND TONGUE.

ONE Mr. Tongue, of much renown,
Who lived at large in Tattletown,
Was mischief full, and wicked too,
As all could tell, if Tongue they knew.

The statute brought the charge was plain,
That tongue was full of deadly bane.
Tongue then was seized, to court was brought,
Pleading himself the impending suit:

'Tis neighbor Heart, plead Mr. Tongue,
Who leads me into so much wrong.
I should be good, as neighbors are—
As Mr. Nose, or eye, or ear,—

If neighbor Heart, who lives below,
Were changed by grace, or made anew.

'Tis very hard to bear the wrong
Of neighbor Heart, said Mr. Tongue.

The plea was sound of Mr. Tongue.
Jurors and Judge said, all as one
While neighbor Heart is all so wrong,
No good, they said, could come from Tongue."

The Court decide, as the best good,
To renovate the neighborhood,
That Mr. Heart *must be renewed*,
Or never Tongue can be subdued.

MAY AND MIGHT.

"Oh!" thought Anna Markham to herself as she closed the book she had been reading, a history of the mission in Madagascar, "How I wish it were possible for me to do something like this for Christ," and here Anna lost herself in a sort of heroic dream. She pictured herself teaching, exhorting the heathen in India, or in some far African station, where the gospel had never before been heard. She thought of herself as parting, almost without a regret from her friends, to encounter all the hardships of a mission life, the dangers of fever, wild beasts and persecution, especially the persecution. Anna fancied herself enduring suffering, starvation, imprisonment and torture for her faith, and had just come so far in her romance as to be "led out for execution," and "forgive her murderers with her last breath," when her mother called her from the next room.

The rapt ecstatic look on Anna's face gave way instantly to a fretful frown. "Oh, dear!" she said sharply to herself, "I never *can* be let alone a minute."

She threw down the book and went to her mother.

"Well, what is it?" she said in a most ungracious tone.

"I want you to run over to Mrs. O'Hara and take her the dinner Katy has got ready for her, and Anna, if you can, get her up and make up her bed."

"Oh, mother!" said Anna, as if she had been asked to perform impossibilities, "I can't bear to go to Mrs. O'Hara's, and the house is so dirty and disagreeable."

"She is an old lady, and all alone," said her mother in some displeasure. "She cannot do anything for herself now, and it is the duty of her neighbors to take care of her till she is well."

"She might go to the hospital and let the Sisters of Charity take care of her."

"She won't go, as you know very well, and there are some good reasons on her side too, and besides do you think it would be any more agreeable for the Sisters to nurse Mrs. O'Hara than it is for you?"

"Well I don't like to," said Anna very crossly.

"I'll go, Aunt Jane," said Anna's cousin,

Miss Kent, who was drawing by the window.

"No Milly, Anna will go," said Mrs. Markham. "I advise you to think what manner of spirit you are of, my daughter."

Anna made no answer and she obeyed her mother, for she knew she must; but she performed her errand in so ungracious and uncharitable a manner, and assumed such an air of martyrdom, that Mrs. O'Hara, who was by no means reserved in speech, told her rather decidedly, that she'd "never be the lady her mother was," and Anna went home disgusted, and wished herself away from a home where "no one understood her."

By the next day, however, she had forgotten about the matter, and was talking to her cousin Milly about the missionary work of the church.

"Oh," she said with enthusiasm, "I should like nothing better than to go as a missionary to Africa."

"What would you do there?" asked Milly, rather amused.

"Oh! teach the children, and the women, and take care of the sick, and so forth."

"You think the heathen savages of Africa would be less disagreeable than Mrs. O'Hara

and you would take more pleasure in doing for them than for your own neighbor?" said Milly.

Anna was very much vexed for a moment, but then she began to feel a little ashamed.

"Isn't it rather better on the whole," said Milly, "to look about us and see what little things we can do if we will, than to spend the time fancying what great things we would do if we only could?"

After a little consideration Anna began to see how little of the true missionary spirit she possessed, and to feel that she was not actuated by right motives.

Nothing is more natural than for us to be selfish and love our own ways; but a feeling that would lead us to be unmindful of the fact that others have equal rights and desires for enjoyment with ourselves is a selfishness that should be overcome.

We must be willing to take up the little crosses that lie in our pathway, and to labor for the good of others. In doing this we may show a true missionary spirit.

BERT'S THANKSGIVING.

AT noon on a dreary November day, a lonesome little fellow stood at the door of a cheap eating-house, in Boston, and offered a solitary copy of a morning paper for sale to the people passing.

But there were really not many people passing, for it was Thanksgiving day, and the shops were shut, and everybody who had a home to go to, and a dinner to eat, seemed to have gone home to eat that dinner, while Bert Hampton, the newsboy, stood trying in vain to sell the last "Extra" left on his hands by the dull business of the morning.

An old man, with a face that looked pinched, and who was dressed in a seedy black coat, stopped at the same doorway, and, with one hand on the latch, he appeared to hesitate between hunger and a sense of poverty, before going in.

It was possible, however, that he was considering whether he could afford himself the indulgence of a morning paper seeing it was Thanksgiving day; so at least Bert thought, and accosted him accordingly,

"Buy a paper, sir? All about the fire in East Boston, and arrest of safe-burglars in Springfield. Only two cents."

The little old man looked at the boy with keen gray eyes which seemed to light up the pinched look of his face, and answered in a shrill voice :—

"You ought to come down in your price, this time of day. You can't expect to sell a morning paper at 12 o'clock for full price."

"Well, give me a cent then," said Bert. "That's less than cost; but never mind. I'm bound to sell out, anyhow."

"You look cold," said the old man.

"Cold," replied Bert, "I'm nearly froze. And I want my dinner. And I'm going to have a big dinner, too, seeing it's Thanksgiving day."

"Ah! lucky for you, my boy!" said the old man. "You've a home to go to, and friends, too, I hope."

"No, sir; no home, and no friend—only my mother." Bert hesitated and grew serious, then suddenly changed his tone—"and Hop Houghton. I told him to meet me here, and we'd have a first-rate Thanksgiving dinner together—for it's no fun to be eating

alone Thanksgiving day! It sets a fellow thinking—if he ever had a home, and then hasn't got a home any more."

"It's more lonesome not to eat at all," said the old man, his gray eyes twinkling. "And what can a boy like you have to think of? Here, I guess I can find one cent for you—though there's nothing in the paper, I know."

The old man spoke with some feeling, his fingers trembled, and somehow he dropped two cents instead of one into Bert's hand.

"Here! you've made a mistake!" cried Bert. "A bargain's a bargain. You've given me a cent too much!"

"No, I didn't—I never give anybody a cent too much!"

"But—see here!" And Bert showed the two cents, offering to return one.

"No matter," said the old man. "It will be so much less for *my* dinner—that's all."

Bert had instinctively pocketed the pennies, when, on a moment's reflection, his sympathies were excited.

"Poor old man!" he thought; "he's seen better days, I guess. Perhaps he's no home. A boy like me can stand it, but I guess it

must be hard for him. He meant to give me the odd cent, all the while; and I don't believe he has had a decent dinner for many a day."

All this, which I have been obliged to write out slowly in words, went through Bert's mind like a flash. He was a generous little fellow, and any kindness shown him, no matter how trifling, made his heart overflow.

"Look here," he cried; "where are *you* going to get your dinner, to-day?"

"I can get a bite here as well as anywhere—it don't matter much to me," replied the old man.

"Dine with me," said Bert, "I'd like to have you."

"I'm afraid I couldn't afford to dine as you are going to," said the man, with a smile, his eyes twinkling again.

"I'll pay for your dinner!" Bert exclaimed. "Come! we don't have a Thanksgiving but once a year, and a fellow wants a good time then."

"But you are waiting for another boy."

"Oh! Hop Houghton. He won't come now, it's too late. He's gone to a place

down in North street, I guess—a place I don't like, there's so much tobacco smoked and so much beer drank there." Bert cast a final glance up the street.

"No, he won't come now. So much the worse for him! He likes the men down there; I don't."

"Ah!" said the man, taking off his hat and giving it a brush with his elbow as they entered the restaurant, as if trying to appear as respectable as he could in the eyes of a newsboy of such fastidious tastes.

To make him feel quite comfortable in his mind on that point, Bert hastened to say:—

"I mean rowdies, and such. Poor people, if they behave themselves, are just as respectable to me as rich folks. I ain't the least mite aristocratic!"

"Ah, indeed!" And the old man smiled again, and seemed to look relieved. "I'm very glad to hear it."

He placed his hat on the floor, and took a seat opposite Bert at a little table which they had all to themselves. Bert offered him the bill of fare.

"I must ask you to choose for me; nothing very extravagant, you know I am used to plain fare."

"So am I. But I'm going to have a dinner, for once in my life—and so are you," cried Bert, generously. What do you say to chicken soup—and wind up with a big piece of squash pie? How's that for a Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Sumptuous!" said the old man, appearing to glow with the warmth of the room and the prospect of a good dinner. "But won't it cost you too much?"

"Too much? No, sir!" said Bert. "Chicken soup, fifteen cents; pie—they give tremendous big pieces here, thick, I tell you—ten cents. That's twenty-five cents; half a dollar for two. Of course, I don't do this way every day in the year! But mother's glad to have me, once in a while. Here! waiter!" And Bert gave his princely order as if it were no very great thing for a liberal young fellow like him, after all.

"Where is your mother? Why don't you dine with her?" the little man asked.

Bert's face grew sober in a moment.

"That's the question! Why don't I? I'll tell you why I don't. I've got the best mother in the world! What I'm trying to do is to make a home for her, so we can live

together, and eat our Thanksgiving dinners together, sometime. Some boys want one thing, some another—there's one goes in for good times, another's in such a hurry to get rich, he don't care much how he does it; but what I want most of anything is to be with my mother and my two sisters again, and I am not ashamed to say so."

Bert's eyes grew very tender, and he went on; while his companion across the table watched him with a very gentle, searching look.

"I haven't been with her now for two years—hardly at all since father died. When his business was settled up—he kept a little hosiery store on Hanover street—it was found he hadn't left us anything. We had lived pretty well, up to that time, and I and my two sisters had been to school; but then mother had to do something, and her friends got her places to go out nursing—and she's a nurse now. Everybody likes her, and she has enough to do. We couldn't be with her, of course. She got us boarded at a good place, but I saw how hard it was going to be for her to support us, so I said, 'I'm a boy; I can do something for myself; you just pay

their board and keep them to school, and I'll go to work, and maybe help you a little, besides taking care of myself."

"What could you do?" said the little old man.

"That's it; I was only eleven years old; and what could I do? What I should have liked would have been some nice place where I could do light work, and stand a chance of learning a good business. But beggars mustn't be choosers. I couldn't find such a place; and I wasn't going to be loafing about the streets, so I went to selling newspapers. I've sold newspapers ever since, and I shall be twelve years old next month."

"You like it?" said the old man.

"I like to get my own living," replied Bert, proudly. "But what I want is, to learn some trade, or regular business, and settle down and make a home for my mother. But there's no use talking about that."

"I've told you about myself," added Bert; "now suppose *you tell me* something?"

"About myself?"

"Yes. I think that would go pretty well with the pie."

But the man shook his head. "I could go

back and tell you about my plans and hopes when I was a lad of your age ; but it would be too much like your own story over again. Life is n't what we think it will be, when we are young. You'll find that out soon enough. I am all alone in the world now ; and I am nearly seventy years old."

"It must be so lonely, at your age ! What do you do for a living ?"

"I have a little place in Devonshire street. My name is Crooker. You'll find me up two flights of stairs, back room at the right. Come and see me, and I'll tell you all about my business and perhaps help you to such a place as you want, for I know several business men. Now don't fail."

And Mr. Crooker wrote his address, with a little stub of a pencil, on a corner of the newspaper which had led to their acquaintance, tore it off carefully, and gave it to Bert.

Thereupon the latter took a card from his pocket and handed it across the table to his new friend.

"*Herbert Hampton, Dealer in Newspapers,*" the old man read, with his sharp gray eyes, which glowed up funnily at Bert, seeming to say, "Isn't this rather aristocratic for a twelve-year-old newsboy ?"

Bert blushed and explained. "Got up for me by a printer's boy I know. I had done some favors for him, and so he made me a few cards. Handy to have, sometimes, you know."

"Well, Herbert," said the old man, "I'm glad to make your acquaintance, and I hope you'll come and see me. You'll find me in very humble quarters; but you are not aristocratic, you say. Now won't you let me pay for my dinner? I believe I have money enough. Let me see."

Bert would not hear of such a thing; but walked up to the desk, and settled the bill with the air of a person who did not regard a trifling expense.

When he looked around again, the little old man was gone.

"Now mind; I'll go and see him the first chance I have," said Bert, as he looked at the penciled strip of newspaper margin again before putting it into his pocket.

He then went round to his miserable quarters, in the top of a cheap lodging-house, where he made himself ready to walk five miles into the suburbs, and get a sight, if only for five minutes, of his mother.

On the following Monday, Bert having a leisure hour, went to call on his new acquaintance in Devonshire street.

Having climbed the two flights, he found the door of the back room at the right ajar, and, looking in, saw Mr. Crooker at a desk, in the act of receiving a roll of money from a well dressed visitor.

Bert entered unnoticed, and waited till the money was counted and a receipt signed. Then, as the visitor departed, old Mr. Crooker looked round and saw Bert. He offered him a chair; then turned to place the money in the safe.

"So this is your place of business?" said Bert, glancing about the plain office room.

"What do you do here?"

"I buy real estate, sometimes—sell—rent—and so forth."

"Who for?" asked Bert.

"For myself," said old Mr. Crooker, with a smile.

Bert started, perfectly aghast, at this situation. This, then, was the man whom he had invited to dinner and treated so patronizingly the preceding Thursday!

"I—I thought—you were a poor man!"

"I am a poor man," said Mr. Crooker, locking his safe. "Money don't make a man rich. I've money enough. I own houses in the city. They give me something to think of, and so keep me alive. I had truer riches once, but I lost them long ago."

From the way the old man's voice trembled and eyes glistened, Bert thought he must have meant by these riches friends he had lost, wife and children, perhaps.

"To think of me inviting you to dinner!" he said, abashed and ashamed.

"It was odd. But it may turn out to have been a lucky circumstance for both of us. I like you. I believe in you, and I've an offer to make you. I want a trusty, bright boy in this office, somebody I can bring up to my business, and leave it with, as I get too old to attend to it myself. What do you say?"

What could Bert say?

Again that afternoon he walked—or rather ran—to his mother; and, after consulting with her, joyfully accepted Mr. Crooker's offer.

Interviews between his mother and his employer followed. The lonely, childless old

man, who owned so many houses, wanted a home; and one of these houses he offered to Mrs. Hampton, with ample support for herself and children if she would also make it a home for him.

Of course this proposition was accepted; and Bert soon had the satisfaction of seeing the great ambition of his life accomplished. He had employment, which promised to become a profitable business, as indeed it did in a few years. He and the old man proved useful to each other; and, more than that, he was united once more with his mother and sisters in a happy home, where he has since had a good many Thanksgiving dinners.

WORK TO DO.

Be kind to those around you,
To charity hold fast;
Let each think first of others,
And leave himself till last.
Act as you would that others should
Act always unto you;
Much may be done by every one—
There's work for all to do.

EFFECTS OF DISOBEDIENCE.

THE following affecting narrative was given by a father to his son, as a warning derived from his bitter experience of the sin of resisting a mother's love and counsel :—

What agony was on my mother's face when all that she had said and suffered failed to move me. She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke to me no more until she reached her own door.

"It is school-time now," she said. "Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

"I shan't go to school," said I.

She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly :—

"Certainly you will, Alfred! I command you!"

"I will not," said I.

"One of two things you must do, Alfred—either go to school this minute or I will lock you up in your room, and keep you there until you promise implicit obedience to my wishes in the future."

"I dare you to do it," I said; "you can't get me up stairs."

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me I will kick you," said I in a fearful rage. God knows I knew not what I said!

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No," I replied, but I quailed beneath her eyes.

"Then follow me," said she as she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—"O, my son, hear me"—I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother. How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me. I kicked my mother, a feeble woman—my mother. She staggered back a few steps and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. "O, Heavenly Father," she cried, "forgive him, he knows not what he does." The gardener, just then passing the door, and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself, came in.

"Take this boy up stairs and lock him in his room," said she, and turned from me. It was a look of agony, mingled with most in-

tense love, it was the unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment I would fling myself from the open window, but I felt that I was afraid to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubbornness rose in an instant, and bade me not yield yet. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on my bed and fell asleep. Just at twilight I heard a footstep approach my door. It was my sister.

"What shall I tell mother for you?" she said.

"Nothing," I replied.

"O, Alfred, for my sake and for all our sakes, say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you."

I would not answer. I heard footsteps slowly retreating, and flung myself on the bed to pass a wretched night.

Another footstep, slower and more feeble than my sister's, disturbed me. "Alfred, my son, shall I come in?" she asked.

I cannot tell what influence, operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my

feelings. The gentle voice of my mother, that thrilled me, melted the ice from my heart, and I longed to throw myself upon her neck ; but I did not. My words gave the lie to my heart when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.

I was awakened from an uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my bedside.

“ Get up Alfred, Don't wait a minute. Get up and come with me, mother is dying.”

I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up mechanically, and followed my sister. On the bed, pale as marble, lay my mother. She was not yet undressed. She had thrown herself upon the bed to rest, and rising again to go to me she was seized with heart disease, and borne to her room. I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse was tenfold more bitter from the thought she never would know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her, I could not weep. My heart burned within me, my brain was on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a motion of

mother's hand ; her eyes unclosed. She had recovered her consciousness, but not her speech. I could not understand her words.

"Mother! mother!" I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me."

She could not tell with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She looked upon me, and lifting her thin white hands, she clasped my own within them, and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer and thus died. I remained kneeling beside her, that dear form, till my sister removed me, the joy of youth had left me forever.

Boys who spurn a mother's counsel, who are ashamed to own they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, beware. One act of disobedience may cause a blot that a lifetime cannot wipe out. Wrong words and wrong actions make wounds that leave their scars. Be warned, subdue the first risings of temper, and give not utterance to the bitter thoughts. Shun the fearful effects of disobedience. Lay not up for yourselves sad memories for future years.

“FATHER! DON'T GO.”

THAT there is a sphere of influence possessed by every one, not even excepting the child, was affectingly illustrated in the following incident:—

“Some years ago,” said the late Benjamin Rotch, in one of his telling speeches, “I was addressing a public meeting in the neighborhood of Aylesbury; and in the course of my remarks I endeavored to enforce individual duty, and the right exercise of individual influence. There sat, on the front form, a fine looking but weather beaten railway laborer, who paid very earnest attention to me. He had, sitting on his knee, a little girl about five years old. By way of refuting the common excuse for indolence, ‘I have no influence,’ I remarked that the little girl sitting on the working man’s knee, in front of me, even she, had influence. The man, as if acting under some magic spell, jumped on his feet, put the child on the floor, and then

striking his hand against his thigh exclaimed, 'That's true !'

"This singular interruption somewhat disconcerted me. The man, evidently embarrassed at what he had done, took his seat, reinstated his little girl on his knee, and again drank in the truths delivered to the meeting. As I was leaving the room this man was waiting at the door. I said to him, 'Now, my good man, tell me what induced you to conduct yourself in the way you did ?'

"'Some time ago,' said he, 'I was employed on the railway, and was in the habit of going every night to a beer shop, from which I seldom returned sober. I had,' said he, with a big tear glistening in his eye, 'at that time a daughter nineteen years of age; she was a dutiful child, with a warm and affectionate heart. She used to come after me to the beer shop, but she would never go inside, though I sometimes pressed her to do so. She would wait outside the door, in the cold and wet, until I came out that she might conduct me home. She was afraid, if left to myself, I might fall into some pit, or down some precipice, and lose my life. By this conduct, poor thing, she caught a severe

cold. It turned to consumption, and she died.

“I felt her death very much, though I still went to the beer shop; but somehow or other I never, after her death, liked to go that way alone, especially in the night; and for the sake of company, I used to take with me the little girl whom you saw sitting on my knee to-night.

“‘But one night,’ he continued, ‘I was walking along with the little girl, she holding on to my coat; and when we got very near the beer shop there was a great noise within, and my little girl shrank back and said, ‘*Father, don't go!*’ Vexed with her I took her up in my arms and proceeded; but just as I was entering the beer-house door I felt a scalding tear fall from her eyes. It went to my heart. I turned my back upon the public house. This was twelve months ago, and I have never tasted drink since. I could not help getting up and doing as I did; but I hope, Sir, you will forgive me.’”

A father bore upon his arm
A girl of tender years;
She shiver'd sadly with the cold,
Her eyes were full of tears.

I paused to see why she should weep—
A girl so young and fair—
And why her father wore a look
Of horror or despair.

I did not need to tarry long
Her tears to understand,
For on a gin-shop's half-shut door
The father laid his hand.

Loud was the wintry wind without,
Loud was the noise within ;
But o'er them all I heard her words,
" Oh ! father, don't go in ? "

He turned him sternly from the door
And strode along the street,
Thanking his young deliverer
With words and kisses sweet.

Strong were the few and gentle words
The little girl did speak ;
But stronger far the silent tear
That trickled down her cheek !

THE WIDOW'S CHRISTMAS.

MRS. MULFORD was a woman who doted on ruins. Nothing in the present was as beautiful as she had enjoyed in the past; and it seemed utterly impossible for her to imagine that there was anything in the future that could compensate her for the trials she had endured.

In her girlhood Mrs. Mulford had been surrounded with the luxuries of life; and after her marriage her surroundings were but a trifle less magnificent. In such an air of luxury and ease, her children were being reared when suddenly a great change came.

Mr. Mulford was a rash speculator, and on that memorable "Black Friday," the idol he had worshiped, the god of gold, proved itself to be nothing but clay, and was as dust in his hands. He could not rally from the shock; pride, ambition, courage, were all annihilated; and Mrs. Mulford, to whom beggary seemed worse than death, could only mingle her tears with his in speechless agony.

Arthur, the eldest child, a boy of fourteen.

endeavored to comfort his grief-stricken parents.

"I will work for you father. I can easily get a place in a store."

"My boy! my boy!" said the poor man, clasping his son affectionately in his arms; "stay by your mother, and the girls, they will need you, dear boy!" And he imprinted a kiss on the glowing cheek, that had in it a father's blessing and farewell.

The next morning Mrs. Mulford was a widow, and her children fatherless. A trifle the creditors allowed her was all she had to depend upon, the money she had inherited from her father having been swept away by the financial tornado.

She had taken a little place in the country, and with Arthur's help, and Bridget's,—who had followed the fortunes of her mistress—had really succeeded in making things look quite cozy and attractive.

"Sure ma'am," says Bridget, in her homely attempts to comfort her mistress, who dragged herself about like a sable ghost, "if ye'd only smile once in a while ye'd be surprised at the comfort ye'd get!"

"Ah, Bridget," Mrs. Mulford replies, with

a long drawn sigh, "my smiling days are over. I try to be patient, but I cannot be cheerful."

"Ah, but, it's the cheerful patience that brings the sunshine; and ye really shouldn't grieve the children so."

"Do they mind it, Bridget?"

"Sure, an' they do! Master Arthur, bless the boy! says it's just like a tomb where ye are; and Miss Minnie and Maud have their little hearts nearly torn out of them; and they such wee, little birdies!"

But Mrs. Mulford could not be easily beguiled from her sorrow, especially as she was obliged to have recourse to her needle to eke out the limited allowance, and every stitch she took was but an additional reminder of the depth to which she was reduced.

To such a disposition the needle is but a weapon of despair, bringing neither comfort nor hope, nor in any way lightening the burdens of life. The recurrence of an anniversary was, to Mrs. Mulford's mind like the unvailing of a monument to the departed, and was usually spent in solitude and tears.

She had managed to exist through the Thanksgiving season, and Bridget had done

her best to make the occasion worthy to be remembered—by the children at least; and if it hadn't been for that kitchen goddess, I don't see how the house could have held together.

She had always some comical story to tell the children, something to excite their wonder or admiration, and every few days would surprise them with some fresh molasses candy or cunning little cakes baked in curious patty pans.

Minnie and Maud rather enjoyed their poverty, as it allowed them more freedom and exemption from little rules that society enjoined. It was such fun to roll in the snow, and draw each other on the sled, without any caution in regard to ruffles and frills that used to be such a torment to them, and such a restraint on their buoyant natures.

Christmas was drawing near, and its approach filled Mrs. Mulford with uncontrollable despondency. It had been a gay season in her young days, and her own children knew it as the season of especial rejoicings and unlimited toys and candies. Now it was all so changed! Even a moderate expendi-

ture was not to be thought of, when it was so difficult to procure even the necessaries of life, and she really wished the day was over, for she dreaded its arrival. The furniture never looked so dingy and faded, nor the curtains so coarse, nor her surroundings so pitiful, as when she looked around and thought that Christmas was coming.

Neither did the past ever seem so beautiful and glowing as when she cast a retrospective glance in that direction at this memorable season. But in the kitchen all was animation and excitement; as different an atmosphere as if there were ever so many degrees of latitude between them; Mrs. Mulford occupying the frigid, and Bridget the torrid zone. Every afternoon and early in the morning, Minnie and Maud were down in a corner of the kitchen very busy over some mystery, in which Bridget was as much interested as they were themselves.

Arthur bustled about from one room to another, always the active, cheery, hopeful boy, who kept everybody informed of what was going on in the outside world; and he, too, evidently had some weighty secret pressing against the buttons of his jacket. Christmas

eve came, and the children began to think it never would be dark enough for them to get ready for Santa Claus.

"What are you going to do Minnie?" inquired Mrs. Mulford, as Minnie brought in the stockings to hang by the fire.

"Get ready for Santa Claus, mamma," was the reply. "You know that to-morrow is Christmas!"

"But Santa Claus don't come to poor people, my child," and the tears filled her eyes at the recollection of the generous gifts of former years.

"Oh, yes he does, mamma," said Minnie, who was eleven years old, and two years the senior of her sister; "yes he does! He knows where we live." And she continued pinning the stockings upon the line she had stretched across the mantel.

"I wish I could have afforded a tree!" sighed the mother, watching her daughter's movements with considerable curiosity.

"We don't want a tree, do we Maud? A stocking is ever so much nicer. It looks so funny all stuffed out, and then you don't know what's in it, and you have to shake it out, and hunt way in the toe! Then you

can put such tiny things in, to make everybody laugh."

Then she pinned on the names which Arthur had printed very nicely on slips of paper, and stood off a little distance to admire her handiwork.

Bridget was called in from the kitchen to see if it was all right, and Arthur was induced to leave his work just for a minute to note the effect of the display.

"Here now!" he exclaimed, "I told you to hang up the clothes bag for me. You don't suppose that little thing will hold all my treasures, do you? Is the chimney clear?" And he pretended to search anxiously for anything that might prevent the descent of good old Santa Claus, whose coming had never before been anticipated with such unqualified delight.

Mrs. Mulford was in the midst of a troubled dream, when shouts of "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" rang through the house, and awakened her to the reality of the day she so long had dreaded.

She knew how dreadfully disappointed the children would be, it is so hard for them to understand the exigencies of life, and wished

she might keep her room all day and have Bridget bring up her meals.

"If ye please, ma'am," said the worthy maid-of-all-work, not stopping to knock at the door, "if ye please ma'am ye'd better come down stairs; the children are nigh about crazy waiting for ye;" and the sunshine of her face illuminated the long room after she had retreated down the stairway.

"They can't feel very bad," said Mrs. Mulford, as she slowly turned from her room. "It seems to me I never heard them laugh so heartily. Oh, to be a child again!" And she sighed heavily.

As she entered the sitting-room, what a sight met her eyes! There were wreaths of green over her portrait and papa's; a narrow border running round the mantel; and festoons falling in every direction.

"Come, mother," said Arthur, "you first; Bridget can hardly wait, and our breakfast won't be worth eating."

"Oh, no," said the mother, "Maud should have the first chance;" and the impatient child eagerly availed herself of the privilege.

It was astonishing what an amount of goodies rolled out of that stocking, and after

they were laid aside there were one or two parcels to be opened. There was a nice pair of warm gloves, just what she wanted to use in drawing the sled, or making snow-balls; a new doll, and a book full of pictures. Minnie's stocking was quite as bountifully stocked, and every new surprise seemed to enkindle their mirth and enthusiasm.

Arthur had filled his own stockings with all sorts of odds and ends, on purpose to increase the fun and hilarity, and pretended to be surprised that Santa Claus patronized second-hand shops. Bridget sat down with the children to unload her collection of treasures, and even Mrs. Mulford was forced to laugh heartily at her comical remarks, especially when she drew out a potato, which was labeled, "The last of the Murphys!" "May they always be first in the field!" said Bridget.

When Mrs. M. was finally induced to examine the contents of her own stocking, the children, with Bridget, who was only an older child, gathered around, and watched anxiously the proceedings.

There were a pair of nice brackets hanging outside, which Arthur had cut with a pen-

knife; and as she took up each article that had been wrought by loving little fingers, the worsted pulse-warmers, the pretty mats and tidies, she felt that it was indeed possible for love to build upon the old ruins a beautiful palace for the heart to dwell in.

"Forgive me my dear children!" she exclaimed, embracing them each in turn. "Bridget, my good girl, we will begin the world anew. I have been a weak woman."

"Sorry a bit of it!" said Bridget, wiping away her tears with the corner of her apron. "It's a heavy cross ye had, but we're all going to help carry it."

"And, mother," broke in Arthur, "I've got a situation in a grocery store."

"Arthur!"

"Yes. It isn't much, but I'll learn the business; and then, you know, I can take care of you."

What a Christmas breakfast they had! It wasn't so much what was on the table, although Bridget had made delicious waffles, and everything was super-excellent, but it was the guest that sat at the board with them that made it a feast to be remembered. While they were at the table, talking over

plans in which the mother manifested undoubted interest, there was a sudden, sharp knock at the door that startled all the inmates of the house.

"A new calamity!" sighed Mrs. Mulford, falling back into the old attitude.

"It must be Santa Claus himself!" exclaimed Bridget, putting her head through the kitchen door. Arthur admitted the gentleman, so swathed in an immense scarf about the neck and chin as to leave one in doubt as to whether he were friend or foe.

"Well, well!" said the stranger, divesting himself of his wraps, and stamping the snow from his boots in the little hall; "Such a tramp as I have had! Where's Carrie?"

"Carrie?" inquired Arthur, fearing he had admitted a lunatic.

"Yes, Carrie. My niece, Carrie Wharton. Are you her boy?"

"I don't know, sir."

"No more do I. She was Carrie Wharton, married Ned Mulford, and a long tramp I've had to find her."

"Have you any bad news?" inquired Arthur, laying a detaining hand on the stran-

ger's arm ; "because, if you have, I'd rather you wouldn't mention it to-day. My name is Arthur Mulford, and we've had such a happy Christmas."

"No fear, my boy, bless your tender heart! Why, I've come from Santa Claus myself, and am chock full of sunshine that turns into gold." Saying which, he entered the room where Mrs. Mulford and her children were sitting, and Bridget hurrying to clear off the breakfast things.

"Carrie!" said the stranger in eager tones, advancing toward Mrs. Mulford, who seemed to have heard a voice from the far-away past. She was in her own home again, a careless child; father and mother were living, death had never crossed her threshold, and all was joy and happiness. A bewildered moment, and then a flash of recognition.

"Uncle Nathan!"

"Yes, dear child! Would I could have got to you sooner;" and he held the weary head close to his generous heart, and smoothed the worn brow.

"I felt I was growing old, and had a hankering after a home to die in, and always

the face of my little niece, Carrie, seemed to give me the heartiest welcome."

"Then you did n't die," said Arthur, looking on the scene as if it were a part of a fairy story.

"Of course I did n't. Came near it, a dozen times, but always escaped. Couldn't see why I was spared and better folks taken, but it's all clear now. Why, I had as hard work finding out anything about Ned Mulford, or Ned Mulford's widow, as if I'd been trying to find Captain Kidd."

"It's because of our poverty," sighed the widow.

"Yes, I suppose so. It's the way of the world! But who cares? We'll begin the world anew."

Mrs. Mulford stared at hearing her own words repeated, and Bridget, who kept an ear on the proceedings, stood for a moment in open mouthed amazement, much as if she feared that there was to be another great convulsion of nature.

"Yes," continued Uncle Nathan, "yes, that's what brought me back. Money don't make a home, I know that well enough, for I've seen it tried. Arthur, what are your plans?"

"I was going into Mr. Chase's grocery the first of January."

"Do you want to? Any taste for hams, herrings, tape and shoe-strings?"

"No, sir," replied Arthur, laughing at the combination, "but I'd like to help mother. I promised father to see after her."

"You've done your duty. But my opinion is you'd rather go to college than into a grocery."

"Oh sir!" and the flush on the boy's face was not to be misunderstood.

"College it is, then. Carrie, you are to be my housekeeper; these are my little girls;" clasping the children in a hearty embrace, "and see if we don't turn out a happier family than any Barnum ever exhibited."

The Christmas dinner was a marvel of cookery, and Uncle Nathan enlivened the meal with accounts of his adventures.

"And this was the Christmas I had dreaded!" said Mrs. Mulford, as she retired to her room.

The children had reluctantly gone to bed fearing that this good "Santa Claus," as they persisted in calling Uncle Nathan, would disappear in the night, and leave them as suddenly as he came.

Arthur dreamed of his books and college, and woke up half a dozen times in the night to assure himself that the great man sleeping so soundly beside him was not simply the magician of the "Arabian Nights."

Mrs. Mulford's pride was truly humbled by this manifestation of God's goodness, and long and earnestly she prayed that henceforth, whatever trials might come upon her, she might bear the burden with cheerful patience, trusting in God to lead her through the shadows into the sunshine of a more perfect day. And in after life no memory was more precious to her than that of a Christmas morning when the children taught her a lesson of unselfishness and duty.

Come into our homes, oh ye Christmas angels! Brush away the cobwebs that regret and selfishness have strewn around, and put in their stead the wreaths and vines that are fragrant with the immortality of love! No home so poor that will not be the brighter for your coming! No heart that is not enriched by your presence, oh ever blessed Christmas guests!

A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.

GERHARDT was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor.

One day he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked :—

“How far is it to the nearest village?”

“Six miles, sir,” replied the boy; “but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed.”

The hunter looked at the crooked track and said :—

“My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty; I have lost my companions and missed my way; leave your sheep and show me the road. I will pay you well.”

“I cannot leave my sheep, sir,” rejoined Gerhardt. “They will stray into the forest and may be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers.”

“Well, what of that?” queried the hunter. “They are not your sheep. The loss of

one or more would n't be much to your master, and I'll give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep; if I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I stole them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get some food, drink and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head. "The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and—" he stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the hunter, angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master; how do I know that you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad had fairly cornered him. He said:—

"I see, my lad, that you are a good faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me

the road, and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt then offered the contents of his script to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the grand duke, who owned all the country around. The duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after that, and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very great and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.

TRUTH.

THE worth of truth no tongue can tell,
 'T will do to buy, but not to sell.
 Truth like a diamond shines most fair,
 More worth than pearls or rubies are ;
 More rich than gold or silver coin,
 Oh may it always in us shine.
 Oh happy they who in their youth,
 Are brought to know and love the truth ;
 For none but those whom truth makes free,
 Can e'er enjoy true liberty.
 Truth like a girdle let us wear,
 And always keep it clean and fair ;
 And never let the tale be told,
 That truth by us was ever sold."

THE SIGN BOARD.

EVERYBODY liked Tom Hall, and everybody was sorry for him. It was sad to see such a fine young man a victim to drunkenness, and Tom had fallen into the mocker's power unwittingly, it seems. A new spirit shop had been opened close to the foundry at which he worked, and he, along with others, was in the habit of going in for a glass of ale. When the cold weather set in he took something stronger, and he imagined that spirits agreed with him. Tom went on, and the liking for strong drink increased and grew stronger, until at all hours he might be seen staggering out of the "Rainbow," dizzy and stupified with the drugs of the intoxicating cup.

Tom's was a very sad case. He belonged to a very respectable family, and had been religiously trained, and until he was drawn into the snare he was an affectionate son and brother, and friends counseled and ministers preached and every means were tried to reclaim him, but all effort seemed lost—Tom

was bound hard and fast in the invisible chains of the mocker. His family mourned him as lost and many a silent tear his sister let fall on his tattered garments as she sat darning and patching them.

"Ah, these rents will not darn again!" sighed Jennie, as she turned over Tom's ragged raiment. In Tom's better days he had pride, and it was a sad change when he did n't care who saw him "out at the elbow."

But somehow Jennie could not find it in her heart to abandon the brother she still loved, and so Tom's tattered garments were taken up again and made the most of.

"*Kindness* may win him back," said Jennie, and when he came home at the worse he was met in peace, if in sorrow.

Just when the trees were beginning to bud with the promise of spring, Tom came home looking thoughtful. He was sober after a long run.

In the last rays of the setting sun his sister was trying to cover some old darns.

Tom sat down beside her, and silently watched the patient fingers for some time.

"That's tiresome work, Jennie," he said. His sister held up her seam before him.

"Why, that is a bunch of rags," said Tom.

"Yes, Tom ; and a bunch of rags would be the best sign board that a publican could hang across his door," said Jennie, sadly.

Tom made no reply ; he looked at the rags in silence.

Next morning Tom went back to his work and continued steady for two or three weeks.

He looked in the "Rainbow," but didn't go in.

"Hallo ! what's up with Tom Hall ?" wondered Sinclair, as he filled up a glass of Tom's favorite whisky for another customer at the counter.

Sinclair was not the only one who was astonished at the change.

Every day Tom went to his work ; every night he came home sober, and after a time he appeared at church on the Sabbath. Then people began to believe Tom was in earnest, and really meant to reform.

"Has Tom Hall really become a teetotaler wondered Sinclair, when a whole month had passed without a visit to the "Rainbow."

Well, it seemed so, for nothing stronger than water had passed his lips in the shape of drink since that night on which his sister had

shown him the bunch of rags. "I'll have a talk with Tom and learn how he got off the scent, though," Sinclair resolved.

An opportunity came sooner than he expected. In the beginning of summer a terrific thunder-storm passed over Airlie and among a general devastation, Sinclair's sign board was shivered to atoms.

Tom happened to be passing the "Rainbow" next morning, and stopped to glance up at the old mark.

"Fine work here," remarked Mr. Sinclair, who was standing in his door, "the storm's done for us, and I'll have to get a new sign board."

"Is it so bad as that?" said Tom.

"Yes, the 'Rainbow' is in shivers," said Mr. Sinclair.

"Then you'll want a new sign board," said Tom.

"Of course; is n't that what I'm telling you?"

"Is it to be the 'Rainbow' again?" asked Tom.

"I suppose so," answered Mr. Sinclair, "unless you can give a new idea, Tom," continued he.

"I think I can," returned Tom; "but I must go home first."

"Don't forget, though," said Mr. Sinclair.

"You're a stranger, now-a-days, by the by, Tom."

"I won't be long," cried Tom, and with a brisk step he walked down the street.

A better sign board than "The Rainbow" Mr. Sinclair did not expect to get; he was only joking with Tom Hall, and he raised his eyebrows when Tom made his appearance, with a bundle under his arm, and requested him to look at the new sign board.

"I didn't think you would catch me up; but step in, Tom, and let me see your idea."

Tom gravely untied his bundle, and held up a bunch of rags before the publican's astonished eyes.

"What do you mean, Tom?" asked Mr. Sinclair, feeling confident Tom had lost his senses.

"You want a new sign board, do n't you?" said Tom.

"Well, what has a bunch of rags got to do with that?" said Mr. Sinclair.

"Ask yourself, sir, if a bunch of rags is not the best sign board that can hang across the publican's door," said Tom, and his lip quivered.

"Was it that bunch of rags that made you a teetotaler, Tom?" said Mr. Sinclair, more confused than he liked to confess.

"It was one of the means, sir," answered Tom, "and, perhaps, poor wretches, seeing there the end of drink, may bless you for the sign board."

Tom walked away to his work, and Mr. S. went back to his counter, but all day the bunch of rags troubled him.

It, was a busy day, but every new comer seemed more deplorably wretched and worse off than the last served. He was thankful when night came.

The last customer was a woman literally covered with rags. A little infant sat on her arm. It was crying with the cold!

"Go home and put clothes on your child," said Mr. Sinclair, flinging back the money the woman had laid down.

"I have nothing but rags," said the woman.

"Tom is right," said Mr. Sinclair, as he locked his door; "the end of drink is misery and rags, and the man who has a taste for that sort of thing may put his name on the *new sign board!*"

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