### The Family.

HE CHOSE THIS PATH FOR THEE. He chose this path for thee, No feeble chance, no hard, releatiess fate, But love, His love, hath placed thy footstep-here.

here. He knew the way was rough and desolate ; Knew how thy heart would often sink with fest; Yet tenderly He whispered, "Child, I see This path is best for thea."

He chose this path for thee, Though well He knew sharp thouse would tear thy legt; have been the beauties would obstruct the Knew all the hidden dangers thou wouldst

Reet;
Knew bow thy faith would faiter day by day,
And still the whitper echoed, "Yes, I see
This path is best for thee,"

Hechosothis path for thee, And will life how that those must tread alone Its gloomy vales and ford each flowing stream; knew how thy bleeding heart would sobbleg

most, "Dear Lord, to wake and find it all a dream," e scanoed it all, yet still could say, This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for thee, What need'stabon more! This awester truth

toknow
That all along these strange, hewildering ways, O'er tocky steeps, and where dark steers flow, llis loring arms will bear thee "all the days." A few steps more and thou thyself shall see This path is best for thee,

-Union Signal.

#### TWO STATESMEN'S WIVES.

Nor long ago, when speaking of his wife, Prince Bismarck is reported to have said: "She it is who has made me what I am." There have been English statesmen who could say quite as much. Burke was sustained amid the anxiety and agitation of public life by domestic felicity. "Every care van-isbes," he said, "the moment I enter my own roof!" His description of his wife is too long to quote, but we must give an epitome of it. Of her beauty he said that it did not arise from features, from complexion, or from shape; She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a face can express, that forms her beauty. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall, she is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one. She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is a low, soft music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this adcompany from a crowd; it has this advantage, you must come close to her to hear it. To describe her body, describes her said; one leftle testicities of the other. She discovers the right and wrong of things, not by reasoning, but by sagacity. No person of so few years can know the world better, no person was ever less corrupted by that knowledge. She has a true generosity of temper, the most extravagant canno be more unbourded in their liberality the most covetous not more cautious in their distribution. Her politeness seems to flow rather from a Latural disposition to oblige, than from any rules on the It is long before she chooses, but then it is fixed for ever; and the first hours of romantic friendship are not warmer than hers after the Japae of years. As she never disgraces her good nature by severe reflections on anybody, so she never degrades her judgment by immoderate or ill-placed praises; for everything violent is contrary to her gentleness of disposition

and the evenness of her virtue." Lord Beaconsfield described his wife "the severest of critics, but a perfect She was the widow of his friend, wife.' Mr. Wyndhan: Lewis, and twenty years his elder. The great affection which Disraeli entertained for his wife, whom he always esteemed as the founder of walk to school. But there's the bell, you his fortunes, is well known. She was and Minnie rushes in radiant with the in the habit of travelling with him on almost all occasions. At a dinner party a friend of the earl had no better taste than to expostulate with him for always taking the viscountess with him. "I cannot understand it," said the "I cannot understand it," said the graceless man, "for, you know, you make youtself a perfect laughing-stock wherever your wife goes with you." Disraeli fixed his eyes upon him very expressively and said, "I don't suppose you can understand it, B——, I don't suppose you can understand it, for no cone could exer in the last and wildest one could ever in the last and wildest excursions of an insane imagination, suppose you to be guilty of gratitude."

On the 3rd of April, 1872, Disraeli made a great speech in the Free Trade Ilali, Manchester. In a box at the end of the hall, opposite the plat-form, sat several ladies, conspicuous We are told by one who was on the platform that "next in interest to the great speech of the avening transport of tra great speech of the evening were the of her.
sympathetic face of the orator's wife and the way in which, from time to time, the orator lifted his head, as if to ask for her approval. When all was over, Mr. Disrseli waited in the retiring room for a short time and was then driven rapidly to the house of his host (Mr. Romaine Callender), In Victoria Park. There Lady Beaconsfield was awaiting him, and no sooner were the carriagewheels heard upon the gravel than she hurried from the drawing room to the

band, embraced him rapturously, and exclaimed, "Oh, Dizzy | Dizzy | this is the greatest night of all | This pays for all!"—Cassel's Family Magasine for November.

#### CANADA'S "GREAT RESERVE."

Is misfortunes never come singly we do not expect a multiplication of wind-Two additions to the national possessions, such as those described in the prospectus of the Imperial British Past Africa Company and the report to the Canadian Government on the Great Mackenzie Basin, are almost enough to turn the head of the average British citlzen. As regards the Canadian "find," he feels very much as a man would feel who owned a barren mountain in the north of Scotland and was told on good authority that it certainly contained rich veins of gold, and that only the best modern machinery was wanted for him at once to realise his treasures. Any one who will look et a recent map of the Dominion of Canada will see that there is an immense area of land to the north of British Columbia, Athabasca, Saskatchewan, and Manuoba, which is at present devoid of towns or villages, the only sign of occupation by man shown on the map being a few forts placed very far apart. A Commission has for sometime been inquir-ing into the resources of this giganic territory, hitherto regarded as not worth the labour of developing, with the result that the Dominion is now credited with having a reserve of 656,000 square miles fitted for the growth of potatoes, 407,000 for barley, and 316,000 for wheat. These figures apparently over-lar, as the total area is stated at 1,260, ooo square miles, of which 400,000 square miles are described as useless for the pasturage of domestic animals or cultivation. The difficulty of conveying produce to markets in the South seems to have been specially provided for by nature in the chains of great lakes and connecting rivers. The larger lakes furnish navigable coast lines of 4,000 miles, and there is a river navigation, for steamers, of 2,750 miles. But it is not as agricultural land only that the Great Mackenzie Basin promises to add to the national wealth. There are 150,000 square miles of autiferous country east of the Rocky Mountains, not to speak of the large area to the west of that range. Silver, copper, iron, graphite, ochre, brick and pottery clay, mica, gypsum, lime and sandstone, sand for glass and moulding, and asphaltum are all known to exist; while the petro-leum area is so extensive that the Com-missioners recommend a reservation from sale of 40,000 square miles, to be treated hereafter as a State domain. The question of colonization is not complicated here by the existence of large tribes with claims to hold the lands against new consers. The Indian

population, in group and percepte, Western Ontario, and to present no insuperable difficulties to European habitation. Canadian securities are almost as high as Consols now, and if this report is confirmed we may expect them to go cren higher. — Christian World.

#### LETTERS TO GIRLS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PAINFAR GIRLS." ABOUT PRIENDSHIP.

"WHAT is your ideal of friendship?" writes my girl. "I would not have a friend who did not love Christ." A great reformer said: "I resolved

to have no friends by chance, but by choice, and to choose only such as would help me in my spiritual life." If you make that resolve to-day, and keep have helped each other and Paul? t, will it change anything in your friendsbipe?

"I will choose only such as will help me in my school-life," you say.

You make your resolve as you sit down with your Geometry an hour be-fore school; you have half an hour for study and half an hour for the long morning air and in coquettish costume, and exclaims, "Studying such a morn-ing as this! That stupid Geometry! it's just elegant out. Let's go the long way around, and we'll be just in time to meet the boys going down town to business. I trimmed my hat over this morning. Isn't it becoming?"

She shuts the Geometry for you with

a bang, and you laugh and spring up and hurry off; and mother sighs as she watches you down the steps, and wishes you would not choose such girls for friends.

Is that the ending? or does Minnie dash away alone and do you go back

to your proposition?
When you enter the class room you give Minnie a glance, and she is peeping into her Geometry the last moment, flushed and disturbed. Jennie beseech

"Let's write our French together," shoulder, and Henrietta tosses here away half floished; you cannot decide whether to stay and have fun with them, or settle down to hard study with faith-

ful, painstaking Sallie.
"Whisper a word or two to me pleads Mary, "when you see me heal-

hall rushed into the arms of her hus. You in your school-life?

"I don't see the use of goidg to school," evclaimed Louise, coming in from school yesterday and flinging a book across the table. "I am just wasting the best years of my life thut up in a school-room."

"What do you like to do?" questioned somebody. "Oh, read."

"Read what?"
"Vell-stories, I like stories better

than anything."

Will you choose the friendship of such a gisl as a help in your school-

"But isn't it selfish," you ask, "to choose somebody to help me? Ought'nt

I to choose somebody I can help?" By and by-not yet; wast until you are strong enough to be a helper. Even now there is careless Susie, nice years younger than you are: choose to help her, and stupid Hattle, who never knows whether to multiply or divide. They cannot hinder you, and you can

help them.
"I will choose a friend to help me in my home life," you resolve.
Will Sadie help you, who is disrespectful to her father, thoughtless of her mather's wishes selfish where her

mother's wishes, selfish where hos brothers and sisters are concerned?

"Oh, mamma always mends my stockings," said Esther, tucking a muti-lated pair into her mother's over-crowded basket. "I don't have time when I go to school and practise two hours a day."

She has time to read The Heir of

Redeliffe you lent her, and to follow that fascinating serial in Harper's Monthly.

You may not be studious; you need a studious friend to spur you on. You masters of several places by that name; may not be sufficiently interested in and a reply came from one of them your home-life (how few girls are I), and informing me that a family by the you need a friend of your own age to name I had given him were living in show you how lovely a life a girl may his town. live in her own home

brightest nearest home." And then, girls, there is your society-

A young mother said anxiously to me: "I never like to hear my husband society, for I do not want her to be that."

What do you wish to be in " society "

life? " Miss -– knows bow to dress, but then she is always talking about it."
Do you wish that said of you?
Then do not choose Miss —— for

your bosom friend.

"How self forgetful Miss—— is!
How prettily she talks, and with what
good sense!"

"Miss—— lives for somp "Miss — lives for some you can tell that in your first half

with her." "Miss -- must be lovely at bome She does not say one word about her

eelf, any more then belower the forheroust Extended but you can to or understanding what her home-life is."
Would you not love to have her for a friend?

And there is your life in the church. Are you a member, and a working member?

Sarah "belongs" to the church, and that is all; no one would ever think that the church belonged to her and that she had something to do in it.

Will she help you in your church life?
And the life which is in the thurchlife—the heavenward life—the "spiritual life," of which the "great Reformer

spcaks. Have you one chosen friend who helps you in your spiritual life as Peter helped John and Rizabeth helped Mary?—as Tryphena and Persis and Phebe and all those "helpers" must

help some one else. Do not choose she became remarkably successful in her your friends out of selfishness. Is not business not only, but in elevating to a choosing a friend among the "whatso-ever-ye-do" things that we may do in the name of the Lord Jesus? In His name and for Him choose the friend for yourself that He would choose for

Choose the wisest, the loveliest, the most growing, that you may be wise and lovely and grow. "Ye are my friends," said Christ, "if

ye do whatsoever I command you."
Would you not love to be His friend?
—Sabbath-School Visitor.

# A TRUE STORY.

MANY years ago I went on Ward's Island, New York, to visit a brother, who was at that time a member of the medical department there, and also to see if I could get a young girl to assist me in taking care of our two children.

While passing through one of the wards I observed a young girl sitting alone in a small darkened room, and over her eyes there was a large green shade. At once my sympathics went out to her, as they always do toward the unfortunate or afficted. The physician of the ward told me that the girl, Gretchen was her name, had taken cold while on board of the ship, and it Sallie proposes; and Juliet frowns over had produced inflammation in her eyes. here and copies over somebody's He said, furthermore, that all she rehad produced inflammation in her eyes. quired was good care and sympathy. She had come to this country with the expectation of living with her only sister, who had been here a number of years: but, unfortunately, while on st phoard, Gretchen had lost her sister's address. When she arrived in New York she had De you choose the girls that belp almost blind condition, she was sent to ward's Island.

After talking with her for a short test within a darkene't room in a chari time, I resolved to take her home with table hospital? Surely, her words have water a very fierce flash came, followed me; for while I was sitting by her side, come true: 'She has found many by a roar of thunder. Rosalie stopped whom she can assist in one way or short: "Oh, Ben," she said, "that another." She was greatly interested sounds like God was telling us not to thou art come to the kingdom for such in Home and Foreign Missions, an a they got to the edge of the did not end of it."

So they did not cross. Ben tucked then that I might be the one sent "for the did not neglect her own church his asserts red shawl up over her head. a time as this?" It seemed to me, while she gave liberally to those causes, then, that I might be the one sent "for she did not neglect her own church his sister's red shawl up over her head, such a time as this," to the afflicted, claims in Linnfield. She lived—as in and they stood close together under a friendless girl-the one to give her the care, sympathy, and protection she so sorely needed.

And I soon found that it was a comfort not only to myself to wait upon her, but my husband and even the children took delight in ministering to her wants, she was so grateful for every service rendered. And in less than three months' time, to the delight of all of us, her eyes were entirely well. We soon became greatly interested not only, but very much attached to Gret chen. She always went with us to church and Sunday-school; and I sent her to day school, for I wanted to give her as good an education as I could. She learned quickly; in fact, whatever she did, she did thoroughly as well as expeditiously. She would often say to me, "I want to live a true and useful life, for it seems to me that I will find many persons whom I will be able to

assist in one way or another." Gretchen had lived with us fifteen years when one day she came into my room saying, excitedly, "It has just come into my mind that Linnfield is the name of the place where my sister lives, or did live. I am almost sure that Linnfield was the name written on the scrap of paper I lost while on ship-

I immediately wrote to the post-

The light that shines farthest shines to spend a month with her aister. At pray, as he always does, that Bessle appeared to be but one course for may grow up and be an 'ornament to Gretchen to pursue; she must leave us society,' for I do not want her to be and go back to her sister's aid, albeit it almost broke her heart to part with us; and ours-ah I

Gretchen had lived with us fifteen years. We had never considered her our servant, but as one of the family. It had been fitteen years of real comfort and pleasure with us all. By the stood before the congregation in our atood before the congregation in our Reformed (Dutch) Church, and then and there publicly had confessed her faith in Christ. To the sick and sorrowing she had not only been of great assistance, but a sympathising friend. Such a taggiber of a family or of society could not depart without leaving sweet

and precious memories, 1.
During the time Greichen was with us, she saved quite a sum of money. Consequently, when she went to Unnfield she rented a more comfortable house for her sister, and placed the two children in an excellent school.

The sister lived only three months ifter Greichen found her. The day before she died she said, "Sweet sister, I want to tell you that the past three months have been the happiest a have seen since you and I were together on the vine clad bills of our far away native land."

Alter her sister's death, Gretchen took upon berself the education of her nephew and niece. She was particularly anxious to educate them, so that they would be qualified to take positions as teachers in a school; and day they are filling those positions. She ave helped each other and Paul?

also opened a small store, and as LinnWhen you have been helped you can field is a large manufacturing town, business not only, but in elevating to a higher and nobler standard of living, many of the families working in the various factories.

Twice a week she had a Bible-class and prayer-meeting for factory girls, in a large unoccupied room in the rear of her store, and there many, through her instrumentality, were brought to Christ. She had a sewing class also, and once a week the poor girls came to her room for two hours in the evening to be taught how to make and mend their clothing.

The only recreation she allowed her-self, during her mercantile life, was an ocrasional visit of a week at our house. Although our daughters had grown to womanhood twice told, yet she ever spoke of them as "the children." And every summer "the children" spent a month at Linnfield; although Gretchen never thought they stayed long enough. As I have said, Gretchen was very successful in her business; and while she was making money she spent it liberally and judiciously.

I remember one evening while she and I were sitting in her little cosy parlour, a couple of gentlemen came in to see if she would contribute some money toward a new church they were building—not of her denomination, however. She took up her pen and made out a check for five hundred dollars, saying cheerfully, "It gives me great pleasure to assist you in this en-terprise. We read: "God loveth the terprise. We gates of Zion.

I said to myself then, "Can it bo possible that this is the same Gretchen. giving her check to the gentlemen, who twenty-five years ago I found (Ood directing my steps), sitting solitary and little conscience felt easy, for they subscribers indicate one way of help-laton, homeless, friendless, and penni-laton, beautiful disobeying mamma. Its us.

youth she told me she wished to live- large tree. In a few minutes Farmer a true, useful life, a life consecrated and Brown's coloured man found them, and died as her eister had died, with that

fatal disease, consumption. To her nephew and niece she bequeathed several thousand dollars apiece. And how surprised and touched were we, when we found that she had left an annuity to my husband and me, which after our death was to be equally divided between our children. Oh, the power of a life consecrated to Christ and the good of others! Twas the power of a life so consecrated that caused many, many to say on Gret-chen's burist day, "She not only showed us how to live, but how to die. And cet us while life lasts be up and doing,

"'One of these days will our hands be folled, One of these days will our work be done,"" —Christian Intelligencer,

### PERSONAL WORK.

A YOUNG man was listlessly watchng some anglers on s bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last, approaching a basket filled with wholesome-looking fish, he sighed: "If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price and buy me food and lodgings." "I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who had changed to said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you do me a name I had given him were living in his town.

At once Gretchen went to Linnfield to spend a month with her aister. At the expiration of that time she returned to as with a sad heart. She had found her sister dying with consumption, and her two children, a boy and a girl, spending their time in the street. There appeared to be but one course for depression in the excitement of pulling thein in, and when the owner of the line returned he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, on pre-senting them to the young man the old fisherman said: "I fulfil my promise from the fish you have caught to teach you whenever you see others earning wages you need to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself."—Exchange.

# The Children's Corner.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT I xxow a little saying That is attourner into fifth hosping in the last of th

Is ever out of sight. No matter whether field or glen,
Or city's crowded way.
Or pleasure's laugh or labour's hum,
Eatice your feet to stray;
Some one is always watching you,
And, whether wroog or right.
No child in all this besy world
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you,
And marking what you do,
To see if all your childhood's acts
Are honess, brave and tree;
And, watchful more than mortal kind,
God's angels pure and white
In gladeess or in sorrowing
Are keeping you in sight.

Oh, bear in mind, my little one, And let your mark he high ; You do whatever thing you do Beneath some seeing eye. Oh here in mird, my little one And kery your good name bright:
No child upon the rozad, round earth
Is ever out of sight.

-Aden, in Northern Advacate.

the country in their lives before last

And how glad pape was to be able to send mamma and them and Baby Bess away from the glating, dusty days and the baking smothering nights out to the shady woods and the wide grass-

The woods east of the farm-house were at safe as could be, but still, mamms, with her city ideas, was timid about their venturing too far In-"Don't cross the brook, chickles,"

she said to them every morning when they left the farm-house door,
"Oh, mother, we could cross it just
as easy as easy," said Ben In a coaxing

"But you must not," said the mother positively.

"Not for anything?"

"No, not for anything;" and that was the end of the matter Not quite the end, either.

brook was a great temptation, and Ben several times suggested happenings that might make it right for them to One day a rain-storm came up sud-

dealy before the little folks under the trees had noticed the cloud, "Now, Rosalie," said Ben, "we must run across the brook and get inside the

abed or we'll get wet."

They started on a run, but neither

So they did not cross. Ben tucked his sister's red shawl up over her head, devoted to Christ and His cause. She with umbrella and wraps hurried them home.

"My dear little Red Riding hood," said mamma, taking off the wet shawl, while Rosalie told about their not crossing the brook, "you met your wolf in the woods after all, and I am so glad you refused to follow him to

"His name was Disobedience," sald mamma, smiling.—Sunbeam.

#### BOBBY'S MISTAKE.

It was nearly noon, and Bobby's hand was up to attract the teacher's attention.
"What is it, Bobbie?" asked Miss

Ellis.
"Please, ma'am, may I go get a

"Yes," sald Miss Ellis, "go quickly.
First class in geography will stand up."
Bobby went quickly, but he did not return as fast; there was a little business in the entry that he had made up his mind to attend to first. Under the row of bats and caps hung the dinnerpails, and this was Bobby's opportunity for a delightful joke he had played once or twice before, not often enough to get found out, however. Bobby was care-ful about that. He was a fair haired little fellow, who wore generally an expression of angelic goodness, and was the last boy in school to be suspected

of any mean trick. But he had no time to waste: he must be in his seat again before the bell for intermission. Bobby took bell for intermission. Bobby took down one of the most battered among the pails, and emptied its contents indiscriminately down the well outside the door. It would be such a fine joke when Tim Dooley came to open his dinner-pail and there would be nothing in it! If Bobby had not been in such a hurry he would have noticed that the lunch was quite different from that which Tim was in the habit of carrying; but, as it was, he returned to the entry and hung up the empty pall with a chuckle of satisfaction.

But now an unlooked-for circumstance took place. Bobby had for-gotten that one of the "great boys". had been sent for an armful of wood just before he himself had asked leave to get his water, and now the "great was standing in the doorway, regarding him with a peculiar expression.

"What are you doing with my pail,
sir?" inquired the bigger boy.

"Ta'n't your pail," said Bobby,"

"I'd like to know why not," said the "I'd like to know why not," said the 'great boy,' taking it down and looking within. "What do you mean by swallowing my dinner, you little imp?" "O-oh! don't! I didn't!" cried Bobby, terrified by the hand on the back of his neck; "I threw it down the well. I didn't know it was yours; I thought it was Tim Dooley's."
"What did you want to do such a

"What did you want to do such a thing for?" demanded the other with a

"Just for fun," whined Bobby.
"Please let me go; I never wanted to take yours."

"No, you preferred to take a poor Irish boy's whom you were not airaid of. I think worse of you than ever. I guess this isn't the first time you have played this trick, but you are going to have a lesson now."

With this the big boy, the recess-

bell having rung, made Bobby bring his own dinner pail and sit on the steps beside him. Then, according as he was ordered, poor Bobby took out morsel after morsel of his nicely-packed lunch, and had the satisfaction of seeing them disappear in a mouth certainly not his own—biscuit, apple pie, Jelly-THE NAME OF THE WOLF.

ROSALIE and Ben had never been to at the vanishing of which last Bobby burst into a loud wall of rage and disappointment.
"Shut up," said his persecutor, as he

threw away the skins and rose to his feet, "unless you want the whole school asking questions. I'm not going to tell on you; but mind, now, hereafter I shall watch, and if any boy's pail is empty at intermission, I shall see to it that he has your dinner. You bring very good dinners, and your mother knows how to have the knows how to put them up. I enjoyed mine very much."

Bobby wailed again. "You go to Sunday-school, don't you?" inquired the 'great boy."
"This little game is merely a new phase of the golden rule—others doing to you handle to the golden rule—others doing to you as you do to them. Applied in this way, It often leads to a good reformation of character." Then he put his hands in his pockets and went whistling away, and Bobby put away the pail, groaning over his heedless mistake.

Nevertheless the new golden rule dwelt for a long while in his memory, and we are glad to say that in time he learned to love and practice our Saviour's own golden rule.—Child's

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