

The Family.

HE CHOSE THIS PATH FOR THEE.

He chose this path for thee, No feeble chance, no hard, relentless fate, But love, His love, hath placed thy footsteps here.

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."

band, embraced him rapturously, and exclaimed, "Oh, Daisy! Daisy! this is the greatest night of all! This pays for all!"—Castell's Family Magazine for November.

CANADA'S "GREAT RESERVE."

If misfortunes never come singly we do not expect a multiplication of windfalls. Two additions to the national possessions, such as those described in the prospectus of the Imperial British East 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 citizen.

"I don't see the use of going to school," exclaimed Louise, coming in from school yesterday and flinging a book across the table.

"What do you like to do?" questioned somebody.

"Oh, read?" "Read what?" "Well—stories, I like stories better than anything."

Will you choose the friendship of such a girl as a help in your school-life?

"But isn't it selfish," you ask, "to choose somebody to help me? Oughtn't I to choose somebody I can help?"

By and by—not yet; wait until you are strong enough to be a helper. Even now there is careless Susie, five years younger than you are: choose to help her, and stupid Hattie, who never knows whether to multiply or divide.

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

"Oh, mamma always mends my stockings," said Esther, tucking a mutilated pair into her mother's overcrowded basket.

"She has time to read The Hair of Reddicks 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 may not be sufficiently interested in your home-life (how few girls are!), and you need a friend of your own age to show you how lovely a life a girl may live in her own home.

"The light that shines farthest shines brightest nearest home."

And then, girls, there is your society-life.

A young mother said anxiously to me: "I never like to hear my husband pray, as he always does, that Bessie may grow up and be an 'ornament to society,' for I do not want her to be that."

"What do you wish to be in 'society' life?"

"Miss— knows how 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 some one; you can tell that in your first half hour with her."

"Miss— must be lovely at home! She does not say one word about herself, any more than 'I love' of her own person, but you can understand 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; do one would ever think that the church belonged to her and that she had something to do in it.

And the life which is in the "church-life"—the heavenward life—the "spiritual life," of which the "great Reformer" speaks.

Have you one chosen friend who helps you in your spiritual life as Peter helped John and Elizabeth helped Mary?—as Tryphena and Penia and Phoebe and all those "helpers" must have helped each other at Paul?

When you have been helped you can help some one else. Do not choose your friends out of selfishness. Is not choosing a friend among the "whatsoever-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 you.

Choose the wisest, the loveliest, the most generous, 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 sympathies went out to her, as they always do toward the unfortunate or afflicted. 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 had produced inflammation in her eyes.

He said, furthermore, that all she required 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 board, Gretchen had lost her sister's address.

After talking with her for a short time, I resolved to take her home with me; for while I was sitting by her side, Mordecai's words to Esther flashed into my mind: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

It seemed to me, then, that I might be the one sent "for such a time as this," to the afflicted, 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 Gretchen. 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-board."

I immediately wrote to the post-masters of several places by that name; and a reply came from one of them informing me that a family by the name I had given him were living in his town.

At once Gretchen went to Linnfield to spend a month with her sister. At the expiration of that time she returned to us 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 Gretchen to pursue; she must leave us and go back to her sister's aid, albeit it almost broke her heart to part with us; and ours—ah!

Gretchen had lived with us fifteen years. We had never considered her our servant, but as one of the family. It had been fifteen years of real comfort and pleasure with us all. By the side of our two daughters, she had stood 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 sympathizing friend. Such a member of a family or of society could not depart without leaving sweet and precious memories.

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

The sister lived only three months after Gretchen 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 I have seen since you and I were together on the vine clad hills of our far away native land."

After her sister's death, Gretchen took upon herself 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 to-day they are filling those positions.

She also opened a small store, and as Linnfield is a large manufacturing town, she became remarkably successful in her 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 herself, during her mercantile life, was an occasional 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 enterprise. We read: 'God loveth the gates of Zion.'"

I said to myself then, "Can it be possible that this is the same Gretchen, giving her check to the gentlemen, who twenty-five years ago I found (God directing my steps), sitting solitary and alone, homeless, friendless, and penni-

less within a darkened room in a charitable hospital? Surely, her words have come true: 'She has found many whom she can assist in one way or another.'" She was greatly interested in Home and Foreign Missions, and while she gave liberally to those causes, she did not neglect her own church claims in Linnfield. She lived—as in truth she told me she wished to live—a true, useful life, a life consecrated and devoted to Christ and His cause.

She died as her sister 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 Gretchen's burial day, "She not only showed us how to live, but how to die. And let us while life lasts be up and doing."

"One of these days will our hands be folded; One of these days will our work be done."—Christian Intelligencer.

PERSONAL WORK.

A YOUNG man was listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last, approaching a basket filled with whole-some-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 chanced to overhear his words, "if you do me a trifling favour."

"And what is that?" asked the other. "Only to tend this line till I come back; I wish to go on a short errand." The proposal was gladly accepted.

The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them 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 presenting 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 other 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 know a little saying That is always true, My little boy, my little girl, That saying is for you. The little O-bins and black eyes, And gray, so deep and bright; No child in all this careless world Is ever out of sight.

THE NAME OF THE WOLF.

ROSALIE and Ben had never been to the country in their lives before last summer.

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

The woods east of the farm-house were as safe as could be, but still, mamma, with her city ideas, was timid about their venturing too far in.

"Don't cross the brook, chickens," 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 tone.

"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. That brook was a great temptation, and Ben several times suggested happenings that might make it right for them to cross it.

One day a rain-storm came up suddenly 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 shed or we'll get wet."

They started on a run, but neither little conscience felt easy, for they knew they were disobeying mamma.

just as they got to the edge of the water a very fierce flash came, followed by a roar of thunder. Rosalie stopped short: "Oh, Ben," she said, "that sounds like God was telling us not to do it."

So they did not cross. Ben tucked his sister's red shawl up over her head, and they stood close together under a large tree. In a few minutes Farmer Brown's coloured man found them, and 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!"

"What wolf, mamma?"

"His name was Disobedience," said 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 drink of water?"

"Yes," said 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 hats and caps hung the dinner-pails, 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 careful 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 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 pail with a chuckle of satisfaction.

But now an unlooked-for circumstance took place. Bobby had forgotten 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 boy" was standing in the doorway, regarding him with a peculiar expression.

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

"That's your pail," said Bobby.

"I'd like to know why you," 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 thing for?" demanded the other with a shake.

"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 afraid 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 redbell 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-cake, and finally a big yellow banana, at the vanishing of which last Bobby burst into a loud wail 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 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 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, grating 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 practise our Saviour's own golden rule.—Child's Paper.

You wish to assist the Publishers in extending the circulation of THE REVIEW. Our Special Offers to new subscribers indicate one way of helping us.