# The Family.

THE BALANCE.

HE counted out the clinking coin,
And heaped it shining in the scale.
"A very goodly pile!" said he,
"These figures tell a pleasant tale."
And smilet to see the evening sun Burn redly on the coin he spun.

"You are not covetous, good dame,
Fise had you never seen my gold.
And yet I trow you scarce would scorn
This gleaming heap if truth were told."
She laughed and shook her proud young head.
"A goodly pile, indeed !" she said.

"You fore your yellow treasure, too,
I know, for—hask!" her fair cheek glowed.
"I, too, have weighed my growing wealth—
The scale those selfame numbers showed. Yours is a pretty sum, and round, Yet I can match it, pound for pound,"

" Forsooth 1" he cried, in merry scorn, Come, prithee bring the tiches out, That we may weigh them, 'pound for pound,'
And prove your word, beyond a doubt, Unless so locked away they be That you yourself have not the key!"

"Nay, friend," she laughed, with happy eyes, "I keep my treasures safely hid, But not within the moldy ground Or under neath an iron lid, I count it secretly apart, And wear it always next my heart."

She caught her buly from the floor,
A creeping, cooing, dimpled thing,
That struggled in its mother's arms
To reach the gold, with lusty spring, And tubbled at the dazzling sight, A wordless language of delight,

She pressed the velvet cheek to hers, And kissed the silken sunny head
"Come, are you ready? shall we weigh
The treasure, pound for pound?" she said, And then with tender triumph smiled, And in the balance laid her child.

-Margaret Johnson, in Wide-Attake

#### TO MY IRRITABLE SISTER-AN OPEN LETTER.

Yes, my dear fellow-housekeeper, I know all about it from experience. I know the eternal vigilance which is alone the price of decent cleanliness. I have fought the incessant battle with dust, and have envied those notable matrons whose windows are always brightly polished, whose floors never show speck or fluff, whose vestibules are never show speck or fiult, whose vestibutes are immaculate, and whose tables are not only abundantly provided, but invariably daintily served. I know how beautiful, in the reading, is the story of this woman or that, whose affairs move with no audible jar, and no visible friction. And I am aware, too, that it is not easy, in actual practice, to go through an ordinary domestic week, with its multiform activities, and feel neither jar nor friction. The ideal superlative transcends the positive tion. The ideal superlative transcends the positive actual with many of us, and the prettier our homes are, the harder it is, alas! to take the proper and exquisite care, which our very luxuries and conveni-

It came to me, the other day, as I sat in my chamber, and thought of your annoyances, and my own, that perhaps the most practical way of conquering the tendency to irritability of which you complain, and which I deplore, is resolutely to refuse it expression. We are not always able to control the impetuous rush of emotion, but we can repress the hasty speech and the severe frown. We can be silent, in the first flush of injured feeling, and refrain from the sharp word, the querulous outcry, and the indignant burst, of which we are sure to repent. Have we not repented over and over of having spoken impatiently, when to do so did no good, in fact, did but confuse child or servant, or yex the heart of our friend?

Apart from the repression of resentment, in look or words, we may do much toward the cultivation ing off two and puri four," and all the rest; yet of a gentle and not easily perturbed temper, by where is the girl who can learn to knit without of a gentle and not easily perturbed temper, by using habitually a gentle quietude of tone. Shail I ever forget my friend, the sweet mistress of a Virginia monse, her health fragile, her family large, her house overflowing with guests, and her hands with cares, while the best service at her command was both imperfect and uncertain? Her presence in the book-lined study was a benediction as we gathered for family prayers, or evening chat, and under no provocation, was the sweet voice ever raised. So tranquil, so unhurried, when I am weary the remembrance of her gentleness rests and

Very precious to my heart is Bonar's hymn, Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,

Soft resting on thy breast, Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm, And bid my spirit rest.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health, Calm in my hour of pain; Calm in my poverty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain."

When we have exhausted all our prescriptions, and tried all our remedies, dear, easily irritated sister, the one unfailing paracea awaits us. The leaves of the tree of life are forever for the healing of the nations. But we are often so slow to avail ourselves of the peace we might have for the ask-; we so often buy everything else before we go to Him who never fails us, when we carry our wants to His feet.

I think we instinctively run to Him in the time of ialamity or disaster. Then we cannot help it. The inpulse dominates us, and as the hurt child cries out for the mother-comfort, we fly to our heavenly Friend. But, the children are naughty, the chimney smokes, there are business worries, the servant leaves suddenly, the dinner is spoiled through somebody's carelessness, the baby is teething, and we are worn out, and we call all these little things, and think we must bear them all alone. They are the very things in which the Lord is waiting to be our gracious helper, if we will only carry them straight to Him, to "drop the burden at his feet, and bear a song away."

I have addressed this bit of talk to you, my irretable, my discouraged, my over-wrought sister. You are irritable, because you are overwrought, and your discouragement springs from the same reason. I do not know your name, but God knows it, for is it not written in the Lamb's book of life? Let us pray for each other, and let us take care to rule our spirits if we can, lest haply we offend one of His little ones, by our unkindness or sinful exas-peration.—Mrs. M. E. Sangster in The Interior. APTER TWENTY YEARS.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, NEW YORK

ONR of the most impressive spectacles that I ever saw is many a time present to my mind. I was a young student at college not above fourteen years, not even quite that. On a week day one of the largest churches in the city where the college was placed was crowded with people. It was a very unusual service. A large platform was filled with the ministers of the Presbytery and of the neighbourhood. They were to do something that had never been done there before. They were to designate a group of young men to go from the Irish General Assembly as missionaries to Gujarat, in India. You can fancy how it impressed the people that had never seen a thing of the kind before. I sat, as it were, upon the end of that gallery, and I looked down; and I tell you as I saw those young men kneel down upon the platform and saw the Presbyters lay their hands together upon their heads, and then invoke the blessing of God Almighty upon them as they went into heathendom to preach the Gospel—as a boy, I thought they were entering upon the most brilliant and noble career of which I could well conceive. And they went to India.

I suppose it was about twenty years after, when I was a minister myself in the capital of the country. I had a lible class in the lecture-room of the church every Saturday. I remember very well, on one gloomy, rainy Saturday, as I was conducting the class, the sexton came to me and apologised for disturbing me, and said, "There is a man here, sir, that I don't know. He looks as if he had been a gentleman once, but he is very poor now, and I can't get rid of him. He says he must see you, and I was afraid to make any disturbance and so I have come to you." I arranged for the class as well as I could for the little while that I was absent, and went out into the passage. There was a man with clothing that had once been respectable, speaking in such a way as to show that he had been well educated. It was a very rainy day: he that no could see the naked feet. And he began to tell me that he had come to get a little money.
"You don't know me," he said, and then he proceeded to tell me who hewas—one of the young men on whom I had seen the hands of the Presbytery laid as he was sent forth to do the work of missions in India. He had been led into temptation; he had yielded to the temptation. And he had become a pitiable, helpless drunkard. It became necessary for the Presbytery to send him home. Charity had put forth its hand in his favour again and again, and there he was, a poor, wretched, despicable, hopeless tramp, begging like the cover less beggar in the atreets.

less beggar in the atreets.

Lead me not into temptation! O young man, thinking within yourself "I am so atrong, there is no fear about me," I tell you you make the most dreadful mistake. The very fact that you think yourself so strongopens up the way for the devil and his insidious attacks. Fling the temptation aside! Come to the Lord's side and pledge yourself to Him and be His; and when you say "Lead me not into temptation," move in the direction of your prayer, and God will give you the strength in which alone you shall be able to conquer that tempter. Then you will be delivered from evil, and then you will look up to God, not taking credit to yourself, but saying "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory."—The Christian.

## INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

THERE is a new kind of school and there are new lessons and new teachers coming. Books we must have. To learn, we must read. But we may read all about boats, and yet we can never learn to sail a boat till we take the tiller in hand and trim the sail before the breeze. The book will help wonderfully in telling us the names of things in the boat and, if we have read about sailing, we shall more quickly learn to sail; but we certainly never shall learn till we are in a real boat. We can read in a book how to turn a heel in knitting, and may commit to memory whole rules about "throwthe needles in

This then is the idea of the new school-to use the hands as well as the eyes. Boys and girls who go to the ordinary schools, where only books are used, will graduate knowing a great deal; but a boy who goes to one of these new schools, where, besides the books, there are pencils and tools, work-benches as well as writing-books, will know more. The other boys and girls may forget more than half they read, but he will remember every-thing he learned at the drawing table or at the work-bench, as long as he lives. He will also remember more of that which he reads because his work with his hands helps him to understand what

I remember long ago a tear-stained book of tables of weights and measures, and a teacher's impatience with a stupid child who could not master the "tables." And I have seen a school where the tables were written on a blackboard—thus: two pints are equal to one quart," and on a stand in the school-room was a tin pint measure and a tin quart measure, and a box of dry sand. Every happy youngster had a chance to fill that pint with sand and pour the sand in the quart measure.
Two pints filled it. Ho knew it. Did he not see
it, did not every boy try it? Ah! Now they knew
what it all meant. It was as plain as day that two
pints of sand were equal to one quart of sand; and with a merry smile those six year-old philosophers learned the tables of measures; and they will never forget them. This is, in brief, what is meant by in-dustrial education. To learn by using the hands,— to study from things as well as from books. This is the new school, these are the new lessons. The children who can sew, or design, or draw, or carve wood, or do joinering work, or cast metals, or work in clay and brass, are the best educated children, because they use their hands as well as their eyes and their brains.

You may say that in such schools all the boys will become methanics, and all the girls become dressmakers. Some may, many will not; and yet whatever they do, be it preaching, keeping a store, or singing in concerts, they will do their work better than those who only read in books. - From "The Children's Exhibition," by Charles Barnard in St. Nicholas for October.

CONSCIENCE.

WHATE'ER to wreck be given o'er, Let man his conscience keep; A life boat wasting him to shore, However wild the deep.

COLLEGE BOYS ON A TRAIN.

IT was a rallroad train they were on, although the use of the word in another and familiar sense would not be incorrect; and could boys be blamed for feeling somewhat exuberant at their release from the severer training for a whole year—four years for aught I know? Their conversation, though by no means rude, was loud enough to be public property, so that whatever of it was of public interest may be publicly repeated. I withold, however, all names, places, and dates (only giving, in a parenthetical whisper, this clew to the curious reader—that the incident occurred on a wellknown railway east of the Mississippi during the month of June last past; that the young men were members of an American institution of learning; and that they were between fourteen and twenty-one years the use of the word in another and familiar sense they were between fourteen and twenty-one years of age.) They talked freely about the brilliant pranks of the closing days (or nights) of the term something about transposed signs, stenciled fences, and somebody's horse carried somewhere where he didn't belong, or painted in an unnatural colour, green for instance—just the same silly things that college boys did to the best of my knowledge and memory, a generation ago—and I wondered that, with the marvellous progress in the science of education, they had not outgrown such fooleries. (These probably come in, however, as electives.)

After awhile one of the students took out from his hand-bag a package of letters, and seemed absorbed in reading them, one after another; the writing as I could see across the side was neat and delicate-were they a mother's letters? and were they being read now for the first time? The young man answerered the first question, if not the second, when his companion rallied him about his "love

"O they are only my mother's letters; I thought it would be the right thing to read them over, and get a little familiar with the home news before I got there I"

Meantime, another took out of his pocket a little phial of cuchous, saying "I must take a little some-thing to cleanse my breath before I get to my mother, it might make her feel badly—not but that she probably knows I smoke, but I don't want to come in upon her so suddenly, and it is neces-sary to practise a little deceit, you know, to have every thing smooth and pleasant."

When the conversation had again subsided a

middle-aged, motherly-looking lady who sat near them, and had of course seen and heard all that had passed, leaned forward and touched the arm of the last speaker, saying in a kindly way, "Excuso me for speaking to you, but I would like to ask you a question or two. I am thinking of sending my boy to your college, and I am curious to know whether it is customary for students there to read their mother's letters for the first time when on their way home; if so, I might save myself all the trouble of writing, and tell it all to him in vacation."

The student took it good-naturedly, and explained, but the lady had another question.

"And do all the young men have to take those little silver pills before they get home, so as not to distress their mothers?"

O she knows I smoke only-"Yes, I heard what you said about it." And then she went on, in a lower voice to tell him (and the rest, for all were listening) the experience of one of her sons, who—as nearly as I could catch one of her sons, who—as nearly as I could cately the story—while away at some other school or college, had been converted to Christ, and then wrote home how, by the grace of his new life, he had given up one bad or doubtful habit after that given up one bad or doubtful habit after that after the same as the one you have."

"And what one did my May find here?"

another—wine, tobacco, cards.

The last of her words I heard plainly "He has been a very happy boy since, and I have been a very happy mother!"

I could see the tears in her eyes as she spoke, and I have he had I have been a spoke, and I have been a spoke.

and, I thought, in those of the students too.

By this time the cars had reached "the quiet little town," as the boys called it, where they lived, and they got out. I am sure that sincere prayer followed them then, and has gone up for them since, that the words so fitly spoken might be made words of belp and that they, with all other youth going out from the inflence of Christian homes to meet the temptations of college life, might be kept from falling, through the power of Christ resting upon them.—Passenger, in The Congregationalist

## THE DOLL THAT WENT TO JAPAN.

About four years ago some ladies were packing Christmas box to send to Japan. Books and toys, pictures, everything, were thankfully received by them for the little ones in a heathen land.

A little girl In Brooklyn sent a French doll, to add to the contributions, accompanied by a note from her father saying, that whoever became the owner of the doll, he would be pleased to have her write, telling about herseif.

It takes a long while for a letter to come from Japan to America, and the little girl doubtless had forgotten all about the dollie she had sent, when one day her father surprised her by putting a letter into her hands from Japan. She eagerly opened it, and found it was from a little girl in Yokohama,

apan, who became the happy possessor of the doll.

In the letter she described the Christmas tree, and how happy she was when she received her present. She named the doll after the little girl, and spent many a happy hour playing with it. She was at the American Mission Home at Yokohama, and very far advanced in her studies for a girl of her age. She was learning Chinese and English, and wrote a very nice letter. She was a Christian, too, which was best of all.

The little girl answered the letter, and so the correspondence has been kept up ever since, and the Japanese girl is counted among the warmest friends of the little American. They exchange presents at Christmas, and I will describe some of

hose sent from Japan. One year she sent her a cunning little Japanese doll, dressed in crepe and silk, and one of the cutest Tam O'Shanter caps on its head. In one apartment of the box there were pieces of material like those the dress was made of, and a pair of wooden shoes. Also a miniature needlecase, with every thing exactly like the larger ones used in Japan.

There was a box of toy musical instruments, which make very sweet sounds, though I doubt if you could play a tune on them; a beautiful little card-case, which aside from its value as a useful article, was worth a great deal more because it came from Japan; two bright coloured silk balls, which are very pretty as ornaments, and last, but not least, is the little Japanese girl's picture.

If the little girl had refused to give up one of her dolls, and thereby make another happy, she would have missed the pleasant intercourse which has been such a pleasure to her, and she would also have missed the opportunity of knowing something about heathen lands, the people and their occupa-

Such a little thing, and yet how much came of it? Would you not like to do likewise? "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."-Selected.

#### TBNEO ET TENEOR.

Tith Morris family was sitting around the large open fire in the dining-room one winter evening last December. Harry, aged twelve, was busy with his Latin Reader, while the other children were looking at pictures, and Mrs. Morris was

"Father," said Harry, looking up from his book, "what does 'tenult' mean? I can't find it in my lexicon."

"I don't wonder, my boy; it is the perfect of 'teneo,' I hold. By and by, I shall have a story to tell about that verb when you shall have finished your studying."

Half an hour later the four children were gathered

around Mr. Morris, and he began—

"A number of years ago I was travelling in Ruropo in company with some gentlemen, friends of mine. I think you have all heard me speak of Mr. Eaton; he was one of the party, and if you were to go into his office to-day you would seu hanging above his desk the motto, 'Tenco et teneor.' What does that mean, Harry?"

"I hold and I am held," was the prompt reply.

"Well, among other places which we visited was the Strasbourg Cathedral. Up and up the tower we went until we reached the platform where travellers usually stop. The view was a grand one, but we were ambitious and wanted to go even higher. So the guide uplocked a door and was higher. So the guide unlocked a door, and we climbed up, up, until we reached the end of the inside staircase. We were up so high that everything below looked like little toys, and we could hardly realize that the people and horses were no mechanical playthings wound and set in motion for our especial benefit.

" But Mr. Eaton was not satisfied; he wanted to "But Mr. Eaton was not satisfied; he wanted to go to the top. To do this it was necessary to make the remainder of the ascent on the outside—a very dangerous thing even for one so cool-headed as he. Notwithstanding our warning he stepped out and commenced his hazardous climb. Slowly, slowly, farther and farther up he went, until he finally reached the top, more than four hundred feet above the paveinent. Unintentionally, he looked downward; a feeling of dizziness began to come over him, and he began to realize that he could not very him, and he began to realize that he could not very long keep his balance. Glancing around he saw only the four iron bars which support the cross on the very top. These were too far apart; they could not he'p him. Looking upward, so as to keep his eyes from below, he saw an iron ring hanging from the foundation of the cross. So dizzy that he could hardly see to guide himself, he put first one hand, then the other, on that ring and held on. Fortunately the ring was so firmly fixed that it held too." "But, papa, how did he get down?" queried

Harry. "Oh, he waited, with his eyes closed, until his dizziness passed away, then he climbed down

Mr. Morris leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. Then May clumbed up on his lap, and said-" But papa, you didn't tell us the moral, most all of your stories have morals."

"I don't know as I can spress myself, but I think you meant that we should hold to the Cross,

not the one at Strasbourg, but the other."
"Yes, May, that is just what I meant. Itold to the Cross of Christ, and be held by it."—Christian Intelligencer.

### THE BEAUTY OF SIMPLICITY.

Next to suitability, I say, let there be simplicity. John Newton, giving advice to a lady said, "Madam, so dress and so conduct yourself that persons who have been in your company shall not recollect what you have on." That counsel, if followed, would lead to quite a different style of dress from that which is far too prevalent now. Simplicity seems banished, and we are forcibly reminded of by Isaiah of the the description given women in Jerusalem in his days. The description is given in the third chapter of his Prophecies. There is a pretty fable of the angel and the rose bud which conveys the very lesson I am now seeking to enforce. It is said that "the angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring day in the shade of a rosebush. When he awoke, he said, 'Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odor and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favour, how willingly would I grant it !' "Adorn me, then, with a new charm," said the spirit of the rosebud in a beseeching tone. So the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss. Sweetly it stood there in its modest attire, the moss-rose, the most beautiful of its kind So the costliest ornaments are often the simplest;" and it will be generally found that simplicity characterizes the highest refinement, Hence, never allow fashion to triumph over your common sense or your good taste. Do not comply with the reigning modes at the expense of simplicity and suitability.—Quiver.

RUTH was still but a young woman; and yet she hought of the day of her death; and thoughts of that day perhaps contributed to fix her resolution to cleave to Naomi. It is best to live with those whose death we wish to die .- Dr. Lawson.

It is our own past which has made us what we are. We are the children of our own deeds. Conduct has created character; acts have grown into habita; each year has pressed into us a deeper moral print; the lives we have led have left us such as we are to day.—Dr. Dykes.

A MINISTER in the country had some clothing repaired by a local tailor, and, in conversing with him, said incautiously: "When I want a good coat, I go to Boston. That's the place. By the way," he added, "do you ever go to church?" "Yes, sir, when I want to hear a good sermon, I go to Boston. That's the place." go to Boston. That's the place."

"How is it," said a Scotch minister to his servant, "that you never go a message for me servant, "that you never go a message for me anywhere in the parish but you take to much spirits? People don't offer me whisky when I'm making visits in the parish." "Weel, sir," answered John, "I canna precessely explain it, unless on the supposition that I'm a wee mair popular wi' some o' the folks."