

The Family.

THE BALANCE.

He counted out the clinking coin,
And heaped it shining in the scale.
"A very goodly pile!" said he,

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.

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,

Apart from the repression of resentment, in look or words, we may do much toward the cultivation of a gentle and not easily perturbed temper,

Very precious to my heart is Bonar's hymn,
"Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast,

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,

When we have exhausted all our prescriptions, and tried all our remedies, dear, easily irritated sister, the one unfailing panacea awaits us.

I have addressed this bit of talk to you, my irritable, my discouraged, my over-wrought sister. You are irritable, because you are overwrought,

—Mrs. M. E. Sangster in The Interior.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, NEW YORK.

ONE 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.

I suppose it was about twenty years after, when I was a minister myself in the capital of the country. I had a Bible class in the lecture-room of the church every Saturday.

Lead me not into temptation! O young man, thinking within yourself "I am so strong, there is no fear about me," I tell you you make the most dreadful mistake.

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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.

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,

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."

You may say that in such schools all the boys will become mechanics, and all the girls become dressmakers. Some may, many will not; and yet whatever they do, be it preaching, keeping a store,

—From "The Children's Exhibition," by Charles Barnard in St. Nicholas for October.

CONSCIENCE.

WHAT'S TO WRECK BE GIVEN O'er,
Let man his conscience keep!
A life boat waiting him to shore,
However wild the deep.

COLLEGE BOYS ON A TRAIN.

It was a railroad 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?

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?

"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!"

Meantime, another took out of his pocket a little phial of *cachou*, saying "I must take a little something 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 necessary 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, "Excuse 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."

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

"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 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 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!"

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 help and that they, with all other youth going out from the influence of Christian homes to meet the temptations of college life, might be kept from falling, through the power of Christ resting upon them.

THE DOLL THAT WENT TO JAPAN.

ABOUT four years ago some ladies were packing a 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 herself.

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, Japan, 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 those 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 everything 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 occupations.

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.

TENEO ET TENOR.

THE 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 sewing.

"Father," said Harry, looking up from his book, "what does 'teneo' 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 Europe 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 see hanging above his desk the motto, 'Teneo et tenor.' 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 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 so mechanical playthings wound and set in motion for our especial benefit."

"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 pavement. Unintentionally, he looked downward; a feeling of dizziness began to come over 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 help 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 safely."

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

"And do you like the morals so very much, kitten, that you want one for every story?"

"No—o, papa, I'm afraid it isn't that. But it's so interesting to see it begin in the story and follow it out, and it's so nice when the moral I find is the same as the one you have."

"And what one did my May find here?"

"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. Hold 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 the description given by Isaiah of the attire of 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 odour 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 thought 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 habits; 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. Dyker.

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."

"How is it," said a Scotch minister to his 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."