The Family.

LYRIC OF ACTION.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
 O'er the past that is withered and dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
 What though the heart's music be fled?
 Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
 "Gird about thee thine armour, press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
 Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste
 Of a jealous and craven despair?
 Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valour and manhood arise,
 With the faith that illumes and the will that defies.

Too late! through God's infinite world,
 From his throne to life's nethermost fires—
Too late! is a phantom that flies at the dawn
 Of the soul that repents and aspires.
 If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no height the strong wings of immortals may gain
 Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in vain.

Then up to the contest of fate,
 Unbound by the past, which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
 What though the heart's music be fled?
 Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
And sublime as the angel who rules in the sun
 Beams the promise of peace when the conflict is won!

—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

AN OLD-FASHIONED ACCOMPLISHMENT.

THE father who said he would rather have his daughter come home from school a fine reader than a fine performer on the piano, if he were compelled to choose between the two accomplishments, was eminently sensible. The mother who said that she would rather have her daughter an accomplished housekeeper, than accomplished in all the modern decorative arts, was sensible also. Happily it is not necessary to choose between these accomplishments, for a capable, healthy young woman may be both, but it is very necessary to wisely judge as to their relative importance when there is not time and strength for both.

But after all is said and done; after all the changes wrought in the appearance of our homes by the progress of modern decorative art, and by the devices of the modern architect, what charm is equal to that of a well-kept house! and it is all the more impressive after experience has taught the difficulties that have to be overcome in modern housekeeping, and given us appreciation of the high order of faculty and administrative ability necessary to carry to perfection the art of living. The well-kept house can be recognized by its door-step, front-door and hall. Here begins the housekeeper's first battle with her most insidious and persistent annoyer and enemy, dust and dirt. Nothing is more discouraging to the young housekeeper than the fact that things will not stay clean, and no expression is more common than to wonder where all the dirt comes from. But it is a fact which must be accepted and to which the housekeeper must adapt herself. The method of the most successful housekeepers seems to be never to [illegible] drive [illegible] affairs. Another of her mottoes was, "Eternal vigilance is the price of a clean kitchen." As I have said before, for driving housekeeping nothing can equal a good early start in the mornings.

As a general rule, the earlier a house is "cleaned up" in the morning, the more smoothly will things run through the day.

The planning and preparation of food is the next item of importance in good housekeeping, and one where the exercise of forethought will greatly lessen the care and monotony of being obliged to get three meals a day. It is a great matter to keep certain kinds of cold meat and meat jellies, stock for quick soups and canned fish and meats always on hand. A well-arranged store-room or pantry, with all sorts of groceries carefully and systematically selected and laid in, and replenished before the articles are entirely exhausted, is a necessary department in every well-appointed house. A variety of food is always agreeable and healthful. Many families complain, and with cause, that they get tired of the sameness of the food. It is worth while to give a good deal of thought and attention to securing a variety on the table, and such thought and study will enable a family to have a really large variety of food out of simple materials.

Among the many items that a housekeeper has to look closely after, none is more important for convenience of the household, and none has more annoying results if left undone, than the putting away of clean clothes and the keeping of the clothing of the family generally in proper places. This is a habit in the training of her family which a mother may make up her mind to at the outset and is the most difficult one to inculcate and establish. She will for years, in all ordinary cases, have to oversee this department of housekeeping herself, and will have to "keep at" her children about it till their habits are formed. Of course, every child, and every member of the family should have his own place, be it ever so small, where he shall keep his own things. To keep things in their places is almost one-half the work of housekeeping. Scarcely anything is more discouraging to the mother than the difficulty so often experienced in forming habits of order in this direction. One thing, however, may safely be asserted, that it is of no use to scold about it. Children should be required to pick up and put away their own things, and each should be held personally responsible for his own things, or for the disorder he creates. In many households there is often a great deal of general scolding and complaining that "somebody" has put things out of order or left things out of place, the only effect of which is to create a pervasively disagreeable and uncomfortable atmosphere without accomplishing any good. The guilty escape in the general distribution of blame and reproof, and the innocent feel the injustice of being included in the general category. In all cases, if possible, find and call to account the guilty individual. It is a plan that has been found to work well by many mothers to call the heedless ones from their play or lessons in order to require them to put their books or clothes or rooms in order. A child who knows by experience that if he leaves his boots or his soiled collar or coat in the wrong place he stands a chance of being sent for at school, or when he is in the midst of a game and being kindly but firmly compelled to put his things in order, will probably, in course of time, learn to think of such things beforehand.

As for the thousand and one things about a house which get out of order, and for which nobody seems responsible, the mother must take the care and responsibility of them patiently upon her own shoulders, especially while her children are small, and either with her own hands, or by special directions to servants, must keep things in order. Here, too, the chief secret seems to be not to let things get out of order. The art of picking up things, of putting things away before they accumulate in disorder is most necessary to successful housekeeping. To be sure it is often a thankless, wearying task; it seems to consume day after day with no appreciable progress; it is like constant pumping simply to keep water from rising instead of a labor to fill something; it is negative; it is work that attracts attention only when it is not done, but it is nevertheless one of the most absolutely essential things to the comfort of a home. The mother is the special providence of the house in small things as well as great, and in the home nothing is small that produces comfort or discomfort, ill temper or amiability. In the long performance of this task upon which every wife enters when she assumes the responsibilities of wifehood, she has need of those two fundamental household virtues—untiring patience and a deep-seated sense of duty.—*Mrs. E. H. Starrett in the Interior.*

A CIRCLE OF GIRLS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Now that summer is here, bringing sweeter airs and more gracious gifts, I have another word for the girls—a little word, but a vital one. It is "influence." I would like to indicate one or two practical ways in which every girl may make her influence felt for the good of her own sex and for the Master.

In the first place, there is the matter of dress. I allude to it because at this season it occupies a large part of the thought and time of most of you. Ethel, who told me lately of the beautiful costumes she prepared for her summer outfit—her dresses for boating, and driving, and walking, for the veranda in the morning, and the drawing-room in the evening—is not one whit more fully interested in her summer dressmaking than is Susy, whose problem it is to evolve a single decent gown from the "left-overs" of last year. Ethel has papa's check in her pocket-book, and leave to spend it at her own sweet will. Susy's income is acquired by her earnings in the public school, where she teaches a class of active boys, disciplining herself into finer self-control and lovelier patience while she impresses good lessons upon them. There are always a half-dozen calls upon Susy's salary, and she seldom can afford to indulge her individual tastes and preferences; *for did she not grow up eagerly anticipating the day when she might assist her mother, and do something for her brothers and sisters?*

Beyond Ethel and Susy again, and in the same Sunday-school class, is Anne, who is a saleswoman at J. & M.'s, and whose ambition it is, in every fold and crease, in every bunch and puff of her attire, from the feathers in her hat to the buttons on her shoes, to imitate Ethel. Does the girl who buys consider, as often as she should, the girl who sells, to whom she may, if she [illegible] rather than a stumbling-block? [illegible] whether, while pleasing [illegible] the daintiness, beauty [illegible] to it as to lead her to [illegible] wear, something simple [illegible] that she personally is above the need of self-denial, yet to study economy so as to set a good example to less fortunate girls might be a kindness to them, and would not be a hardship to her.

Pardon a digression. "*Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart?*" Else why are the little singing-birds trapped, and shot, and slaughtered cruelly by the thousands? Surely no tender-hearted girl could bring herself to wear a dead bird upon her hat if she thought of the song silenced, the nest robbed, the orchard cheated of its glitter of wings, and the summer defrauded of its own! She simply does not think.

It is to want of thought that much other ill must be ascribed. When women who can afford it, be they younger or older, make brilliant toilets for church and Sunday-school, they not only introduce a discordance in the harmony of the place and occasion, they cause their weak sister to offend. If she had more strength of mind, and a greater earnestness of purpose, she would not be affected by envy, or preyed upon by discontent; but it is in these qualities that she is deficient, and the richer and more fortunate woman should deny herself that she may assist her. In brief, girls who can afford to dress in costly fabrics, and with the details which mean expense as well as beauty, should set a fashion of plainness and frugality, so far as church and street costumes are concerned, for the sake of poorer girls.

The society girl has other places and times, as well as opportunities without number, when she may wear such gowns as she chooses, and dress beautifully and brightly, offending no one's taste, and tempting no one's vanity. The working girl, in many cases, has no place except the church, no time but the Sabbath, no occasion except the public promenade, for the display of her finery, which, at its best, is often only a travesty—a cheap imitation in tawdry, flimsy goods of what she admires in her richer acquaintances.

Ethel, Susy, Anne. The one may touch finger-tips in the circle with the other. Then Anne, extending her hand, may link it in Cora's. Cora works in a paper-box factory. She crosses the ferry hours before Ethel has stirred on her pillow in the morning; she has done a good part of her day's work before Susy rings the bells on her desk in the schoolroom; she has not time for the hot cup of tea which, with the half-hour's gossip, adds flavor to Anne's noonday luncheon. Her life is hard and exhausting, spent, daytimes, in a low-ceiled room up four flights of steep stairs, spent at night in a crowded tenement, where she shares her sister's bed in a stuffy, ill-ventilated apartment. Yet Cora, in feeling, is far above Mary, who lives with Ethel's married sister, takes care of the prettiest baby in the world, and walks out on a beautiful airy square in the morning sunshine, a white frilled cap on her brown head, and a white apron over her comfortable dark dress. And I am afraid that often, in her inmost heart, Mary secretly aspires to the work and wages of the girl in the factory. For would she not have her Sundays to herself, she queries, and every evening for her own? —oblivious to the fact that such freedom for unguarded girls is a very doubtful boon.

I like to see the circle of girls, in influence at least, taking in all these, and more. Ethel and her set, *standing where they have a certain vantage-*ground, can do much for the others, not by patronage, but by kindly and tactfully breaking the daily bread of life, so that the Lord can multiply it in benefit. The paper and the magazine which all in your household have read, should be passed from hand to hand, not left to cumber your own shelves or light the kitchen fire. The interesting book should be lent. And something should be done to give the working girl brighter evenings and a wider outlook, and a higher ideal of deportment, especially with regard to social intercourse with boys and young men.

In all this Ethel and Susy should be leaders, with Anne for aid-de-camp. And nobody should be, or ought to be, left out.—*S. S. Times.*

BREACHES OF TRUST.

WHEN a man takes and uses for his own benefit a few pennies that do not belong to him, the act is called theft; and if the thief is tried and convicted he is sent to jail for his crime. But if a man who is the trusted agent or treasurer of a corporation takes and uses thousands of the dollars left in his keeping, his act is called embezzlement.

If he is short in his accounts he is a defaulter. He, too, if he is tried and convicted, is compelled to undergo punishment. It is a common notion that the fate of the great rascal is easier than that of the vulgar thief. This is not the case in States where the administration of justice is strict; for theft is punished by a few months' confinement in a jail, while an embezzlement of trust funds carries with it the penalty of several years at hard labour in a State prison.

There is a difference, however, in one respect, in favour of the defaulter. The thief who escapes out of the country can be demanded by the Government, under the terms of extradition treaties, and will be sent back for trial and punishment. Such treaties do not provide for the return of persons charged with breach of trust; and if a man who has made way with the funds of a bank, a railroad, or a manufacturing company, can reach Canada in safety, the law will not touch him.

Whether human justice, the retribution meted out by courts, judges and juries, does or does not satisfy itself upon the persons of embezzlers, it cannot be doubted that in a vast majority of cases such persons suffer ten times the mental agony endured by the ordinary criminal. What must be the feelings of a man who occupies a position of trust for which he knows he is unworthy, and who lives in continual dread that some accident will reveal him to the community as he really is!

He lives a life which is wholly false. He must be constantly on his guard, and continually nursing the plans which are to conceal his wrong-doing. He must school himself to appear calm and cheerful, when care and anxiety are gnawing at his vitals.

At last the catastrophe comes. Perhaps the wretched man finds that discovery is inevitable before any man can accuse him to his face of rascality. Perhaps he is suddenly confronted in his office or in his own home with the evidence of his defalcation. So far as his reputation is concerned it is all one to him. It was to save his name that he dissimulated so many years, and his good name is gone, irretrievably and forever.

Perhaps he will escape to Canada and save his person from the penalty which he has merited. [illegible] will remain at home, unprosecuted by [illegible] he has defrauded. Perhaps he will, [illegible] dictates of the remnant of his honour, [illegible] with a certain dignity and coura[illegible] uncomplainingly, serve out his sen[illegible]

Or, most tragic fate of all, in his despair, in his cowardice, or in his unwillingness to survive the loss of the respect of the community that has always believed in him, he takes his own life. Who can read the heart of the man, detected at last in a *course of action which it has cost him days and* nights, months and years, of wearing anxiety to hide, who is willing to appear before the judgment throne of God rather than to answer for his misdeeds to a human tribunal?

Each fresh discovery of a breach of trust causes a shock, even a thrill of horror in the community. The modern methods of business require that men shall be put in positions where large sums and vast interests are confided to them, and where the sole security of the trust is in the honour of the trustee. When confidence is misplaced, not only is a good name wrecked, but society suffers.

It is only a malicious heart which can see anything but sadness in such a downfall. It is worse than frivolous to joke upon the flight of cashiers to Canada.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE FAITH OF LITTLE HANS.

A FIERCE wind came sweeping around the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue one morning in the winter of '84; *down the deserted street it rushed, whirling* the freshly fallen snow into little light heaps, then scattering it madly in every direction. Against this storm a young woman was making what progress she could toward the post-office. A pair of dark eyes and a very pink nose were all that was visible above her wrappings. "I must hurry," she thought, as she glanced up at the great clock, and in a few minutes she was at her desk in the Dead-letter Office. Her work was to open and read all the letters whose destination could not be found from the envelope, and whose contents often revealed the desired address.

What a motley pile it was that lay before her! Here was one from a broken-hearted father, begging a wayward son to come home, and telling him that his voice and smile alone could remove the gentle melancholy that had settled upon the dear old mother.

Here was another from some queer old gentleman full of the small talk and scandal of his own village, and touching upon political scandal then rife in the city where his letter had found lodgment.

There were letters full of the vivacity of the school-girl, letters full of the burning love of the college boy, letters whose prim, upright hand and gossipy nature suggested spinsterhood, letters to convulse you with laughter, and letters that would give you the heartache. Yet, strange to say, not one of these eager correspondents had taken the pains to write the correct address on the envelope that contained so much that seemed to be of the greatest importance. Perhaps they were too much absorbed in what they had said from their hearts to take thought of the formal writing on the outside. The young clerk had worked her way down through a large heap, and was beginning to think of lunch, when she came upon a peculiar little envelope addressed in German to "Jesus, in Heaven;" she tore it open hastily, and found a soiled sheet written all over in a child's cramped hand. Some of the words seemed blurred with *tears, and she could scarcely make them out.*

Here is the translation:

"DEAR JESUS,—I have prayed so hard to you, but I guess you could not hear me so far off, so I am going to write you a letter. We came over a big ocean when it was summer time. My mamma has been sick all the time. Can't you send her something to make her well? And, dear Jesus, please send my papa some work to do, so he can buy us some warm clothes and something to eat, and please do it quick, for we are cold and hungry.

"Nobody knows I am writing to you. I thought you might send us something for a surprise.

"HANS BRAHM.

"P.S.—My hands are so cold I can't write very well."

Katrina's eyes were filled with tears as she came to the end. She sat for some time with the letter in her hand; as she folded it she resolved to do something to make the little boy happy. She said: "Whatever his parents may be, this beautiful child-faith must not be destroyed."

That evening after dinner, she told several of her friends about the matter, and they were eager to help her make up a box.

It was ready in a few days. There were some flannels for the mother and little Hans, comfortable clothes for the father, and toys enough to make the boy believe that the Christ-child did not live in Germany only. At the very top lay a crisp ten dollar bill. As soon as the box left the house Katrina wrote a letter to Hans. She told him his letter had been received, and that Jesus had sent one of his servants on earth to help him, and that a nice box was on its way out West.

Not long after there came a letter of warm thanks from the father. He explained how they had been in the country but a few months, and had not yet found work.

As the weeks went by another and another *letter came, telling of fairer prospects* and better days. One thing, they assured Katrina—"that they could never forget her kind letter and generous help in their time of saddest need."—*Harper's Young People.*

HOW TO SPOIL CHILDREN.

SCENE in a library—gentleman writing, child enters:

"Father, give me a penny."

"Haven't any; don't bother me."

"But, father, I want something particular."

"I tell you I haven't got one about me."

"You must have one; you promised me one."

"I did no such thing. I won't give you any more pennies; you spend too many. I won't give it to you, so go away."

Child begins to whimper. "I think you might give me one."

"No—go away—I won't do it; so there's an end to it."

Child cries, teases, coaxes—father gets out of patience, puts his hand in his pocket, takes out a penny, and throws it at the child. "There, take it, and don't come back again to-day."

Child smiles, looks shy, goes out conqueror—determines to renew the struggle in the afternoon with the certainty of a like result.

* * * * *

Scene in the street—two boys playing; mother opens the door; calls one of them, her own son.

"Joe, come into the house instantly."

Joe pays no attention.

"Joe, do you hear me? If you don't come I'll beat you good."

Joe smiles and continues his play. His companion is alarmed for him and advises him to obey.

"You will catch it if you don't go, Joe."

"Oh! no, I wont; she always says so, but never does. I ain't afraid."

Mother goes back into the house greatly put out, thinking herself a martyr to bad children.

That's the way, parents. Show your children by your example that you are weak, undecided, untruthful, and they learn aptly enough to despise your authority, and regard your word as nothing. They soon graduate liars and mockers, and the reaping of your own sowing will not fail.—*Selected.*

THE QUEEN AND MAGGIE FERGUSON.

ONE of the most pleasant incidents of the Queen's three days' sojourn last week in the Scottish capital was Her Majesty's visit to the West Craigmiller institution for the blind, of which she is patroness. The asylum, established on a moderate scale in Nicolson-street by Rev. Dr. Anderson, of Newhaven, in 1793, has grown to be the largest institution for the education and employment of the blind in the world. General Nepean Smith pointed out to Her Majesty Maggie Ferguson, one of the female workers in the Nicolson-street buildings, and explained that she had been fifty years connected with the institution. The Queen at once *stepped forward and shook hands with Maggie,* remarking that she was pleased to see her so well employed. Her Majesty was astonished and delighted at the manner in which the blind pupils read and wrote; and the singing of "Comin' thro' the rye" by Lizzie Nicholson, seemed to be greatly enjoyed by the Queen and the royal party. The children joined in singing the last line of each verse as a chorus.

MR. MOODY'S LATEST SCOTCH ANECDOTE.

MR. MOODY, in one of his latest addresses, said: A friend of mine was coming back from Europe, a few days ago, together with an old Scotchman. There were two or three modern philosophers on board. One was picking away at the Bible. He said he had examined the Bible in the light of science. "The Bible says that Balaam's ass spoke. I have taken pains to examine an ass's throat, and I find it is so formed that it would be impossible for it to speak." "Ah! man," said the Scotchman, "you make the ass, and I will make him speak." The idea that God that made the ass couldn't make him speak! What we want is to hold on to the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. Take the whole of it.

THE little church at Crathie, which the Queen attends, is just now much frequented by tourists. A writer in *The Congregationalist* recently attended this church as a fellow-worshipper of Her Majesty. The Queen, with her daughter and son-in-law, we are told, took their seats simply and unaffectedly as members of the congregation. The stranger had often seen nameless people make their entry into a church with more fuss and ostentation. The service was extremely simple, and even rude, presenting a strong contrast to the high Anglican ritual to which royalty is supposed to be accustomed. But the Queen took part in the whole of it, singing the old Scotch psalms to tunes set by the village precentor.