

The Family.

LEAD THEM HOME.

Lead, we can trust Thee for our holy dead ;
They under the shadow of Thy tomb
Have entered into peace ; with banded head,
We thank Thee for their rest ; and for our
lighted gloom.

Put Lord, our living—who, on stormy seas
Of sin and sorrow, still are tempest-tossed,
Our dead have reached their haven, but for
these—
Teach us to trust Thee, Lord, for these our
loved and lost !

For these we make our passion prayer by
night ;
For those we cry to Thee through the long
day.
We see them not—O, keep them in Thy sight ;
From them and us be Thou not far away.

And if not home to us, yet lead them home
To where Thou standest at the revely
gate !
That so from Thee they shall not farther roam ;
And grant a patient breath Thy gathering
time to wait !
—Sunday Magazine.

AN INCIDENT OF CHURCH-GOING.

DURING last winter our small family was domiciled for a few months in the neighbourhood of Suyvestant Square, and the pleasant, homelike locality became very familiar to us in our walks and saunterings. Especially did we enjoy that great centre of usefulness, old St. George's church, and the simple invitation, "Enter and pray," so plainly printed that none need fail to read, became to us, as it were, a living voice. On one of the bleakest days of that severe season, Little Comrade and I set out for our bit of "before dinner" fresh air, but as we left our own doorway the wind struck us like a knife, and my small companion remarking that we should not go far afield that time. Indeed, we could not, for, warmly clad as we both were, one brisk circuit of a block was sufficient to chill us through.

It had been our frequent custom to go into the church, and to sit or kneel for a while, in the almost absolute silence of this house of God, this time, however, my fingers and toes were already stinging, so that I was passing by the gates, but the child turned to enter. Apparently the most trivial of incidents, yet on it hung a woman's life. From the music that strayed out to us, I judged some rehearsal to be going on, and the more willingly followed my little guide. The organist and a young man were in the loft ; beside them, in the great building, one other solitary figure, a woman, kneeling in one of the back pews.

The warmth of the interior seemed delightful, the dim light of the closing day, the solemn hush of this place of His Feet, broken only by the sweet strains of music, had for me the deepest rest and charm. I was roused from meditation by a small hand stealing into mine, "Come, mamma." We left the pew, and walked toward the door, noticing that this other woman was yet there, still on her knees, as she had been when we came in. I did not think to interrupt her silent devotion, but as we paced slowly down the aisle, my eyes turned toward her, and, despite my feeling of indelicacy, would not turn away. As we came abreast her pew, I stopped, arrested by some influence outside myself, and observed, for the first time, that this petitioner was poor and very slight. She rose as I paused, and revealed a sad, pinched face. Her garments were black, rusty, cheap and old, but still tidily worn. Her faded, sorrowful eyes looked straight into mine with earnest questioning. I felt she was taking my measure, though the glance was not disrespectful. Thank God she felt me a sister woman, and did not fear to address me. "Madam," she said, "I am in sore distress. I—the faint colour crept up into her wan cheek, and guessing why, I spared her the necessity of begging. She was trembling so that she could scarcely stand, but sat down at my request, and told me her story, with a directness which convinced me of its truth.

A respectable country woman, she had come to the city to pleasure her children, who found the old home too quiet. Alas ! the new one had proved aught but the Elysium they dreamed of. Factory work had killed her daughter, the fall of an elevator had sent her boy to the hospital, there to lie for weeks, maybe months. The earnings of all three had been barely sufficient to maintain them decently ; that of these frail old fingers was a mere nothing. She had gone without food, had sold all her dead darling's clothes, pawned everything in their room, and now she had lost that shelter itself,—been "turned out" on that awful bitter day. Ignorant of city life she knew not where to seek for help, but had wandered about looking for something, anything to do. Naturally, no one would give her work, who seemed almost too feeble to walk. At last she had come to the church door, had read the urgent invitation, had remembered, with a slight uplifting of the downcast soul that the King rules in his crowded streets, as well as in his country lanes.

The first thing that she realized was the warm comfort of the place (she had nearly perished in her insufficient clothing), and the physical relief for a moment banished all other sense. She sat down in a cushioned pew and went to sleep, and sleeping dreamed—or did an angel minister unto her? For this was the word : "Fear thou not

for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God : I will strengthen thee ; yea, I will help thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." She had drifted back from her restful slumber on the sweet tones of the organ, and had felt that if she knelt down then and there, the Lord would come to meet her. Then we came in, it so was—the only visitors on that long afternoon : were we to be His messengers?

Well, I had a letter from my old lady to day,—back among her loved green hills and honest neighbours,—and it reads thus : "Tom writes to me that he never goes near a church which keeps open all the time, without thinking of the day when a warm church kept me from freezing, and he often stops in and gives a bit of thanks about it. He used to be a great hand to swear at professors, but he ain't no more. 'Mother, says he, when he was to see me last, 'you'd 'a died in the streets that night, you was so far gone and confused, if it hadn't been for that blessed notion o' yours.' But I told him it wa'n't a 'notion,' 'twas a leading if ever there was one ; and I hope every church will keep its door unlocked forevermore. Summer heat and winter cold sees great aches and misery all the year round. I know,—I've lived in it. And when you are writin' sometime, won't you just tell the true experience and guiding we had that day, an' the blessing that came through them open doors. It's all right that 'His house should always be in order, expecting of Him home. And if it gets printed, I hope lots of ministers 'll read it and be glad to know one case where it done so much good."

So I have fulfilled her grateful desire, and told you this one true incident ; its own sweet argument in favour of, and commendation for the liberality now so common in our churches.—*Christian at Work.*

THE PHYSICIAN OF THE POOR.

IT is one of the cruel realities of life that there are poor people in every part of the world. While many are living in comfort and some in luxury, others are working all day and far into the night for wages which give them only the poorest food and the most insufficient clothing.

But in spite of the impossibility of payment the poor are provided for in times of sickness. In country towns the churches, charitable people, kind-hearted physicians, and the public authorities see to it that every one who is sick shall have a doctor's care. In nearly all great cities, where the poor are more plentiful, and therefore not easily cared for, kind-hearted Christian people have subscribed great sums of money to found dispensaries, where medicines and medical advice may be had for nothing ; to pay physicians who go about among those of the sick poor who cannot leave their beds, and to supply nourishing food to all those who may need it, and are too sick to work.

Some of the daily experiences of the physician of the poor in Boston may be given, but it should be remembered that the work is the same everywhere. One morning, while at the dispensary office, he received such patients as were able to go out of doors.

A burly coal heaver, blackened with coal-dust, was the first visitor. A piece of coal-dust had lodged in his eye, and irritated the tender member. A little dexterous movement of the doctor's instrument dislodged the small but painful bit of coal. The eyes were bathed with a healing lotion, and the man was sent back to his work.

The next visitor was a little girl with blue eyes, golden hair and pretty features, but dressed in shabby clothes, hardly warm enough for the cold, wintry weather. While playing near the stove in the one room where her mother and little brothers and sisters lived, she had been scalded by the overturning of the hot teakettle.

Her little arm was covered with great blisters, and the child winced when the physician unrolled the bandages, but she bravely kept back the tears. The blisters were pricked, and a soothing ointment was applied, after which the little girl went home with a penny, a kiss, and a cheery word from the good doctor.

A disipated-looking man, with his arm done up in a sling, was the next caller.

"How is your arm to-day, Mike?" asked the doctor, looking rather suspiciously at his patient.

"Sure, it's worse, docther, I couldn't slape all night wid the sorrow of it."

"You have been drinking again. That has caused the inflammation. Do not dare to deny it," said the doctor sharply, seeing signs of an attempt to deceive him. "If you come here again, and I see you have been drinking, I'll cut your arm off. Then what will become of liiddy and little Patsy?"

"Oh, for the love of God, don't do that, your honour ! It was only a drop, but I won't touch the cratur again. In-dade I won't."

His arm was dressed, and he went away, frightened into present abstinence.

Many others came and went during that morning. Every kind of sickness, some caused by unhealthy surroundings, others by dissipation and bad habits, and still others by accidents, were treated by the pleasant-faced doc-

tor. And when the time came for his outdoor visits, he had to leave a number of patients who were waiting in the ante room of the dispensary. However, another doctor took his place and continued his work.

In the old North End of Boston, there are many great mansions where the old colonial merchants once lived. The gardens, which formerly surrounded the stately houses, have been built over with tenements, inhabited by the poor. Liquor saloons, gin-shops and low dance halls, which are always found where people can least afford to be vicious, abound where the proud old colonial aristocrats once maintained their grandeur.

In this district, always disagreeable and sometimes dangerous, the physician of the poor finds many patients. His first visit was to an old tenement house. After climbing a flight of half-rotten stairs, protected by a noble curved balustrade of mahogany, now stained with dirt and filth, he entered a large room, at the window of which a woman was busily working at a sewing machine. Hardly looking up from her work she motioned the doctor to a bed on which a man of forty lay at length. The flushed cheek and hectic cough, the wasted limbs and hollow voice, told plainly enough that consumption had nearly ended his life.

"Why do you not clean up this room and give him fresh, pure air?" the doctor asked, addressing the woman at the window.

"How can I?" she answered, wearily, but without stopping her clicking machine. "If I stopped work there would not be anything to eat. The Lord, who cares for us, knows that the air from that alley is worse than here, and Jim can't bear the noise of the singing and swearing and hooting. I do my best, but we'll both do better when we're at rest." Tears dropped from her eyes as she spoke.

"Now, Molly, you must let the chanty"—He could not finish the sentence, for the woman quickly interrupted him.

"No charity for us, doctor. We can't stand it. Besides, what use would it be? He can't be saved now."

The doctor bowed his head, wrote out a simple prescription, bade them good-by as cheerily as possible, and went onward. Such cases are common enough. The honest poor avoid charity as long as possible ; often so long that when it comes, it is too late.

After a short walk the physician next entered a tenement house of rather better appearance, though inhabited by poor people. A flight of neatly kept stairs led to a single room in which a man, his wife, and four children lived together. The man lay on the bed and gazed wistfully as the doctor came in.

"Good morning, Sam ! How are you to-day?" the physician asked, cheerfully.

"I think I'm a little better, sir," was the answer. "I can move a little now."

The doctor talked busily in an undertone, inquiring about symptoms, pains, and the like. His patient here was a house-painter, suffering from lead-poisoning. Utterly prostrated, he still kept up his spirits, hoping for the day when he should be able to be at work once more. Meanwhile his wife kept everything about the room as neat and clean as possible, and, though poor, they seemed hopeful and happy. Yet the sentence of death had come for the poor house-painter. The doctor had told them that he could only hope for the best.

The man had hidden his head for a moment, and said, "God's will be done ;" the wife dried her tears, and both tried to look hopefully at the future. It was impossible not to wish them good cheer and better days to come. Even the physician, in spite of his gloomy anticipations, had said that hope and pleasant surroundings might yet work a cure.

The next scene was by far the most disagreeable. A ladder from a courtyard led up to a rude bridge of rotten boards, over which the visitors walked. At the end they entered a room filled with a most terrible smell. It was near the harbour, and the smell of tide-water, defiled by decaying refuse, combined with the odour of dirt within, almost nauseated those who came in from the open air.

A woman of fifty, with unkempt hair and ragged clothes, whose general appearance showed that she thought washing unnecessary, was cooking something on the stove. A man of sixty, whose immense frame and square face showed that he had at one time been strong and lusty, was lying on a bed, covered only with a dirty counterpane. His once brawny arms and legs were distorted and misshapen. An attack of rheumatism had prostrated him, and lack of care had brought him to this pass.

The woman, who had been drinking, asked, gruffly, "When will he get well?"

"Not till you stop giving him drink," answered the doctor, and turning to his patient, "Well, shipmate, how goes it?"

"Ay, ay, sir ! Hearty, hearty !" answered the old seaman. "I hope to get ready for another cruise soon. Nowadays I can't do much, except talk like a ship's lawyer, and cut out gimcracks like these, for Jinny to sell."

He pointed to a number of toy ships wonderfully carved.

"Why do you not go to the Snug Harbour for awhile?" was the next question. "You might get yell if you had good food and fresh air."

"Well, you see, sir," he answered, "Jinny has stood by me for many a day, and I reckon 'll stick by her while there is a shot in the locker. I'm afraid 't'll all go before I get well, but until then I won't move."

The woman seemed strangely moved. Tears filled her eyes, and she came near and stroked his pillow softly. Even the poison of liquor seemed to have left her.

"I think you had better go, Jack," she said, quietly. "I'll go down home and stay with my sister. We'll both let the drink alone, and perhaps you may get well. Then, please God, we will lead better lives." She threw herself upon her knees, hid her head in the dirty bedding, and sobbed aloud. It is pleasant to add that Sailor Jack is well again, owing to the care he received at the Sailor's home, and the two are now united, and live among better surroundings.—*Charles William Bacon, in Youth's Companion.*

LETTERS TO GIRLS.
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FAIRFAX GIRLS."

A girl friend of mine writes that she has taken a new motto. "Do something for somebody." She adds : "I never knew how selfish I was until I tried to follow it. It is so hard to give up my own way and try to do things for people."

I have not a doubt that every one of you, girls, has tried doing something for somebody—for many somebodies—so I want to give you a motto akin to it, and to my thinking, rather harder to follow. "Do something for somebody." Do you not know that it is much harder for most of us to do something than to do something? The doing, to energetic natures—and most girls are energetic and enthusiastic—is a natural part of youthful life ; you cannot exist without it. Who of you can think of doing any harder thing than doing nothing? While the doing is natural, you may say that doing for somebody is not so natural ; true, it is more unselfish than just doing for one's own comfort and help. Being somebody is not so natural and therefore a great deal harder.

It may not be hard to run on somebody's errand, but it may be very hard to be cheerful about it. You may give up that book you are "aching" to read that somebody may finish it first, but are you sweet about it? Does she think you love to do it? You may stay at home that somebody may go, but are you so ready to do it that somebody may think she is making you happy in accepting your sacrifice? One may do something for somebody from morning until night, and yet not one doing may be sweet in God's sight. You may do it because it makes you feel how unselfish you are and you love to be unselfish. Or you may do it because you want to be doing something and can't bear to be thought idle or lazy. You may do kind things simply and only because they are right to do and you would feel uncomfortable if you did not do them. I know somebody who lived a long life trying to do the commands of God and never learning to love the doing because the things were so sweet and good and true and beautiful, and to thank God because he let her do them. And you may desire to do them because others do them. I know somebody who goes with the tide without seeming to have any decided will in the matter ; she simply does what the people in the house are doing. So unless we do something for somebody as Christ did, we are not pleasing his Father and ours. He did it because he loved us and because he loved God.

But you can't love everybody? I'll tell you a secret : the first step toward loving others is doing something for them. I almost think that even Christ loved the leper better after he touched him. At school there was an unattractive girl that I used to pass with a cool "Good-morning" until one day finding her "bothered" over an example, I sat down and worked it out with her, and ever after that I had such a new, warm feeling towards her, that I used to stop and speak.

God made us so that we might begin to understand how his continual doing for us helps him to love us so perfectly. Do you remember what he said about a green thing he made to grow? You will find it in the wonderful story of Jonah : "And the Lord said thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it grow." If God loves you because he does something for you, you will love him because you do something for him. Remember that you do something for him every time you do something for those who belong to him. Doing something is nothing at all unless at the same time you love something.

What are the things you must be or should be for a somebody?

Be quiet. A quiet spirit in the sight of God is of great price. It is of such great price that you cannot pray for it, you can have it only for the asking. Christ has bought it for you.

Said some one of a sweet-tempered girl, "She did not say one word when she was forbidden to do something she had set her heart on, but her eyes filled

with tears." You may think it is easy to be cheerful ; try it when you are cross.

It is not easy to be perfectly neat as to finger nails, hair, collar, gloves, shoes ; but of what a pretty picture for somebody to look at, a neat girl makes of herself!

It may be hard to be willing, and yet God has given a promise to the willing—a promise that we do not have to wait to go to heaven to get. I will let you find it for yourselves. Obedience is nothing without the spirit of obedience. That promise is to the willing and obedient—two things that God loves so that he blesses them.

Be truthful. Surely I need not dwell on that. It is not as natural for most young people to be grateful as to be truthful.

And just a hint at your last "be." A respectful tone is sweeter than your clear soprano.

Then be careful that you do and be something for somebody, and pray for that quiet spirit that holds so high a price.—*Forward.*

A RARE TALENT.

ONE of the graces of the true Christian is for him to be able to make himself completely at home with all his friends, male and female, high and low, rich and poor, under any and all circumstances. The man who can sit down and converse with the orator and the poet, who can sit upon the plow-beam with his farmer brother, and talk intelligently with him ; who can talk sympathetically with the plain, old-fashioned mother, whose world is her little cabin home and its narrow environments ; who can talk to the ragged boy so as to get his confidence, and give him a word of cheer ; and who can enlist the interest of the little four-year-old, in his first pants, and leave a sunbeam in his heart, possesses talents which, when compared to earthly riches, eclipse them into midnight.—*Selected.*

BE CAREFUL.

An old man is like an old wagon ; with light loading and careful usage it will last for years ; but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. Many persons reach the age of fifty, sixty, or even seventy, measurably free from most of the pains and the infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, and an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift, an hour of heating work, an evening of exposure to rain and damp, a severe chill, an excess of food, the unusual indulgence of any appetite or passion, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine—any of these, or other similar things, may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hope of usefulness and enjoyment a shapeless wreck.—*Selected.*

The Children's Corner.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

When I was sick and lay a bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets ;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant, great and still,
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him dim and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

SEWING-ACHES.

JESSIE sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked, in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew," and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side," said Jessie in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she said in a few minutes more. "Oh, my hand is so tired!" was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble. At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for a doctor?" said her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly. A little girl so full of pains and aches must be sick, and the sooner we have the doctor the better."

"Oh, mother," said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing-aches. I am well now."

Have heard of other little girls besides Jessie who had sewing-aches and pains whenever their parents had any

work for them to do. This is a disease called "selfishness," and I hope none of my little girls are afflicted with it.—*Baptist Weekly.*

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

It was a quiet, little, seashore place where Ross Canter and his mother were spending the hot summer weeks. There were no great noisy hotels with bands and balls and fine dressing. The fashions kept there were mainly the fashions of fisher-folk, but Ross and his mother were very happy and comfortable.

The little boy never seemed to tire of making sand houses and gathering shells, while with book and sewing-bag Mrs. Canter sat on the dry beach enjoying every hour of the sun and breeze.

"Don't go out of my sight, Rossy," was the only precaution needed ; and Ross had been trained to obey.

"Mother, can't I go 'round the bend for half an hour?" he asked one day—"just 'round the bend, mother. I won't go into the surf; I'll be as careful as a pussy cat."

"Yes," said his mother, with a little hesitation. "I think I may trust you 'round the bend."

"Come, Ross," cried Sam, a big, kind-hearted fisher-lad, fifteen minutes later, "git in my boat and I'll give you a sail."

"Can't," answered Ross, looking wistfully at the boat—"mother don't 'low me."

"But she is out of sight," said the untaught lad ; "she'll never know."

"Ho!" answered the little man, pulling himself up very straight, and opening his eyes in an amazed stare ; "Ho ! but we ain't ever out of our Heavenly Father's sight, I reckon."

And that was the best sermon Fisher-man Sam had ever heard. He never forgot it.

In many a stormy sail, in many a tempted hour, the little, piping voice came back to him :

"We ain't ever out of our Heavenly Father's sight, I reckon."—*Ex.*

QUITE BLACK.

PERHAPS you have seen a missionary box in the shape of a black—a very black little boy. He has a black skin and black curly hair and black legs, and a most beseeching look in his black eyes as he clasps his hands and looks up into your face to ask for a penny. And when you do put the penny into his hat he actually nods his head, which is his way of saying "Thank you." A very polite and a very grateful person is this our little black boy.

But he is only make believe, and not real, though he does real good to the missionary cause in drawing pennies out of pockets.

Should you not like to hear of a true live black boy—indeed, two of them—and that not far away in Africa, but in our own country? I was reading about them the other day, and they have such funny little ways. I think you will be amused to listen to the story of some of them.

The two little boys' names are M'Teva and Bompote, and they have been brought over from the Congo, the great river which, as you can see on the map, flows through the south west part of Africa. It is very hot there, so think how cold the little black boys must have been when they landed on a raw, dreary December day ! And if you could have looked in at them eating their breakfast soon after, wrapped up in shawls, you would have thought they were a very odd little pair.

They soon got more acquainted, and in their quiet way they were very much amused at some of our habits. Would you believe it, they had never seen anybody hiss !

One day they were sitting over the fire and talking to each other in their own language, and then in that awfully quiet way they began to laugh merrily.

"What are you laughing at, M'Teva?" asked the lady who tells us about them, and who was sitting down writing.

He would not answer for awhile, but at last he said, "If any lady come here, you kiss her—what for?"

It was not easy to make M'Teva understand that they kissed because they were friends—as the Congo people never kiss one another. I do not think it would be nice to go and live there, do you?

The two boys are supposed to be about ten and twelve, but it is not known for certain. The father of Bompote was rather a great man, and Bompote remembers that when he died a great many slaves were sacrificed at his funeral. But if you ask his father's name, he will not tell you, because in that country, when a man dies, you must never say his name, for his spirit might be listening and be angry!

I daresay they will soon learn to play games like our children, for you know the difference between you is only skin deep. Their hearts are like yours ; and oh ! just like yours, they are sinful hearts, and need to be washed clean in the precious blood of Jesus.

And we hope and believe that, some day, when the little black boys have been trained and taught as Christians, they will go back and tell their own countrymen of the Saviour whom they have found in the white man's land—*Little Folk's Paper.*