

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

NOT AS I WILL.

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law, unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong;
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless laws are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will!" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will!" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the one
Who loved us first and best is gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfil—
"Not as we will."

FRIENDLY LIONS.

Every boy who has visited a menagerie knows that the lion is capable of being taught. A lion exhibited in a Dutch menagerie would leap through a barrel covered with blazing paper. He was so tame that the keeper took his food from him several times, with no resistance save a slight clutch and growl.

If a lion is captured when young, and treated with kindness, he becomes attached to his master, and will follow him like a dog. Anderson, the Swedish naturalist, saw, in the hut of an African trader, one who was not only fond of his owner, but lived on the most affectionate terms with the dog, cats and other domestic animals.

Layard says, in his "Nineveh and Babylon," that the Pasha of Hillah, the town built on the ruins of ancient Babylon, had a tame lion, who was allowed to stroll unattended through the bazaars. He had only one bad habit: when he was hungry, he would take possession of a butcher's stall, drive out the butcher, help himself to a joint, eat it, and then depart.

If he had a fancy to breakfast on fish, he would go down to the bank of the Euphrates, wait the coming of a fisherman's boat, scare away the owner, pick out the largest fish, and break his fast at his leisure.

The Pasha encouraged his pet to get his daily rations by this method, as it relieved him from paying fishermen's and butchers' bills.

When the lion had appeased his hunger, he would stretch himself in the sun, and allow the Arab boys to play with him, as if he was a large dog.

The captain of an English frigate kept a large pet lion, which he had reared from a cub, that was so tame as to be allowed the run of the ship.

"Prince," as he was called, was more attached to his keeper than to his owner. One day the keeper got drunk, and the captain ordered him to be flogged. The grating on which the keeper, stripped to his waist, was tied stood opposite Prince's cage. While preparations were being made for the flogging, the lion kept walking around his cage, stopping now and then to look at his friend and at the boatswain, who stood, "cat" in hand, waiting the word.

At the first stroke of the knotted tails on the man's bare back, the lion's sides resounded with the quick lashings of his tail. His eyes glowed with rage when he saw the blood begin to flow. With a roar of thunder, he dashed himself against the cage's bars. They bent, but did not give way; and the lion, finding that he could not break out, rolled on the floor, shrieking as if in agony.

"Out down the man!" said the captain to the boatswain.

"Go to your friend!" said he to the bleeding keeper.

When the man entered the cage, the lion seemed to be beside himself for joy. He caressed him with his paws, licked gently the mangled back, and then, folding him in his huge fore-limb, looked as if he dared the whole crew to take his friend from his embrace.—*Youth's Companion.*

YOUR EVENINGS.

Joseph Clark was as fine-looking and healthy a lad as ever left the country to go into a city warehouse. His cheeks were red with health, his arms strong, and his step quick. His master liked his looks, and said, "That boy will get on."

He had been a clerk six months, when Mr. Abbott observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eyes hollow, and he always seemed sleepy.

Mr. Abbott said nothing for a while. At length, finding Joseph in the counting-room one day, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," answered Joseph.

"You have looked sickly of late," said Mr. Abbott.

"I have the headache sometimes," the young man replied.

"What gives you the headache?" asked the merchant.

"I do not know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good time?"

Joseph blushed.

"As early as most of the young men, sir," he said.

"And how do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

"Oh, sir, not as my pious mother would approve," answered the young man, tears standing in his eyes.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, "your character and all your future usefulness and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it, it is a young man's evenings that make him or break him."

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

The following are some of the friendly hints which have been largely circulated in two large cities across the water, and will be just as useful here:

1.—Parents, knowing how immorality abounds, should exercise far more watchfulness over their children than many do—should know where they go, who are their friends, how their evenings are spent, and as far as possible become the companions of their pleasures. *Family life needs to be revived in our midst.* In many cases much may be done by making the home more attractive for the younger members of the family in the evenings, encouraging them to invite their friends in, instead of standing about in the streets; and by providing healthy reading and simple amusements in the house.

2.—Girls and boys ought to be told by their parents of the danger and temptations to which they will be exposed—ignorance is no safeguard of virtue, but its most subtle foe.

3.—Young men and young women should be warned against the degrading tendency of rough or unmannerly behavior in the streets and public walks.

4.—No situation should be taken on the strength of a mere advertisement, least of all situations in other towns and places.

5.—Let parents train up their children in the fear of God, and in reverence for their own bodies.

The observance of these simple rules, more needed here than in the old country, would save many children from a miserable life of shame and sin and premature destruction.—*Iron Cross.*

WHICH IS BEST?

An infidel was delivering a lecture at Northampton, England, and at the close he challenged discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old bent woman, in most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said:

"Sir, I have a question to put to you."

"Well, my good woman, what is it?"

"Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight little children unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and my family. I am now tottering to my grave, but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That's what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

"Well, my good friend, I don't want to disturb your comfort, but—"

"Oh, that's not the question," interposed the woman; "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again. The feelings of the people gave vent to uproarious applause, and he had to go away discomfited by an old woman.—*The Freeman.*

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

Advent now brings the year,
Opening with holy fear.
Haste, ye faithful, to prepare
For the coming in the air
Of the Lord with angels bright
Thronging from the heavenly height!
He shall come our Judge to be:
Haste, ye faithful; bow the knee;
Watch ye all, and watching pray:
"Jesus, spare us in that day!"

Christmas: time of exultation,
Joy, and peace, and adoration,
Telling how of old He came,
Sinless Babe of Saving name:
How the shepherds, angel-sent,
Swift to Bethlehem's manger went,
There to find the Child foretold
By all Prophet-tongues of old;
Little King, no sceptre bearing,
But the meanest shelter sharing;
Son of God, His glory hiding
And as Man with man abiding;
Son of Mary, lowly Maiden,
With eternal honor laden.
Little Jesus, coming still
To the hearts He fain would fill;
Finding with the meek a place
To exalt them through His grace;
While the angels, as of yore,
Praises still on praises pour,
And with "Merry Christmas" sweet,
Christians all good Christians greet.

Circumcision: showing forth
Of obedience to worth,
When the little Jesus brought
To the Rite commanded taught
All His Children to obey,
Following in the Church's way;
To be pure as He is pure,
Seeking pleasures that endure.

Epiphany: whose wondrous star
Led the Magi from afar,
And the Christ revealed to them
In the Babe of Bethlehem.
Precious gold to Him they bring,
Thus acknowledging their King;
Precious frankincense they pour
For the God whom they adore;
Precious myrrh their love supplies
For their Lord and sacrifice.
Every gift we can command
Of loyal heart and loyal hand,
Every deed that serves to show