

IN NINETY YEARS.

Ninety years hence, not a single man or woman, now twenty years of age, will probably be alive. Ninety years! Alas! how many lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years shall have rolled away! And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told," a dream; an empty sound that passeth away on the wings of the wind and is forgotten.

Years shorten as we advance in age. Like the degrees in longitude, when travelling towards the frozen pole, man's life declines until it dwindles to a point and vanishes for ever.

Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the blooming beauties fade and disappear—all the pride and passion, the love, the hope, and joy, pass away in ninety years and be forgotten? "Ninety years!" says Death; "do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold, to-day, and to-morrow, and every day, are mine. When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust and be remembered no more!

Reader, seeing that life is so very short and uncertain, and that in a few years at most we shall be in eternity, ought we not to be earnest now in seeking that Divine grace may wear our hearts from the things of time, and quicken our souls from cleaving to the dust? Why should we set our affection on this vain, perishing world, and neglect to prepare for the never-ending life of happiness or misery which so soon awaits us? "Lord make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am."—*The Gospel Trumpet*.

FOR PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

There is a lesson in the following story:

A pretty story about a German family discloses the secret of a happy home, where joy abounded, though there are many to feed and clothe.

A teacher once lived in Strasburg who had hard work to support his family. His chief joy in life, however, was in his nine children, though it was no light task to support them all.

His brain would have reeled and his heart sunk had he not trusted in his heavenly Father, when he thought of the number of jackets, stockings and dresses they would need in the course of a year, and of the quantities of bread and potatoes they would eat.

His house, too, was very small for the many beds and cribs, to say nothing of the room required for the noise and fun which the merry nine made. But the father and mother managed very well and the house was a pattern of neatness and order.

One day there came a guest to the house. As they sat at dinner, the stranger, looking at the hungry children about the table, said, compassionately, "Poor man what a cross you have to bear!"

"I? A cross to bear?" asked the father, wondering, "what do you mean?"

"Nine children, and seven boys at that!" replied the stranger, adding bitterly, "I have but two, and each of them is a nail in my coffin."

"Mine are not," said the teacher, with prompt decision.

"How does that happen," asked the guest.

"Because I have taught them the noble art of obedience. Isn't that so, children?"

"Yes," cried the children.

"And you obey me willingly?"

The two girls laughed roguishly, but the seven youngsters shouted:

"Yes, dear father, truly."

Then the father turned to the guest and said: "Sir, if death was to come in at the door, waiting to take one of my children, I would say"—and here he pulled off his velvet cap and hurled it at the door—"Rascal, who cheated you into thinking I had one too many?"

The stranger sighed; he saw that it was only disobedient children that made a father unhappy.

A GOOD LIFE.

A little girl of nine summers came to ask her pastor about joining the Church. She had been living a Christian for nine months, had been properly taught, and answered the usual questions promptly and properly. At last the pastor said:

"Nellie, does your father think you are a Christian?"