

The Family.

LIVE AND LET BE.

LIVE and let be! The Alpine heaven is bright; Tired cloudlets sleep along yon azure sea! Soft airs steal by, and whisper, faint and light, Live and let be!

THE MOTHER AT HOME.

THE mother is the heart of the home. She it is who determines its characteristics and diffuses through it that subtle atmosphere, which every sensitive person can feel when introduced into the home circle, and from which can quickly be inferred the ruling spirit of the home.

mothers will be found to have held their children's love by their unselfish devotion to and great love for their children, and the respect they compelled their elevated moral and religious character.

Such a place, such a kingdom in the hearts of her children, it is worthy any mother's toil and care and weariness to win. Outward circumstances need not greatly affect the inner life of the true home or the faithful, loving mother.

THE CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales is named Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar. She was born February 20, 1867. Victoria Alexandra Olga Marie comes next, born July 6, 1868, and the youngest princess, Maude Charlotte Marie Victoria, was born in November, 1869; so they are very near of an age, and the eldest, then nineteen, was the oldest bridesmaid of her royal Aunt Beatrice, at the wedding.

the saddle always. They follow their mother in her rambles on their ponies; owing to a lame knee the Princess rides on the "wrong side of the saddle," as we should say.

They have always kept early hours, being up at five o'clock in summer, and dressed in flannel suits for calisthenics. They breakfast on plain food and have an early dinner at two.

A lady who had lived long at Windsor describes the daily life of these young royal girls as very much like that of other people, except that they are far more industrious, kept more closely, up to fifteen; at that age they are allowed a glimpse of the magnificent life which is all around them, are thenceforth trained carefully in etiquette and the observances of royal courtesy.

TAKE, O BOATMAN.

MANY a year is in its grave Since I crossed the restless wave; And the evening, fair as ever, Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

GIVE up many things before you give up your religious newspaper. If any one that ought to take such a paper does not, I hope some one to whom the circumstance is known will volunteer the loan of his to him, directing his attention particularly to this article.

Who is he? A professor of religion, and not taking a religious newspaper! A member of the visible church, and voluntarily without the means of information as to what is going on in the Church!

But I must not fail to ask if this person takes a secular paper. Oh, certainly he does. He must know what is going on in the world, and how else is he to know it? It is pretty clear, then, that he takes a deeper interest in the world than he does in the Church, and this being the case, it is not difficult to say where his heart is.

THE BIG BROTHER.

THERE are many things which nobody at home can do half so well as the big brother. For one thing he can keep the peace. If there is a dispute between two of the little ones, or a general row in the nursery, the big brother has only to say the word, and the belligerents will cease their strife.

Nobody equals a big brother in taking the children's part when they are attacked, whether it is by a savage dog, an occasional bull in the meadow, or the bad boys from the next street.

IN THE STREET-CAR.

"HERE comes Mother Bunch," said a child, as the car-door opened. She was a homely little middle-aged woman, but something in her face showed that she had one of those souls to which needy folk come to be warmed and fed.

"What a fine face that old lady has," whispered her companion to the beauty. "She looks like a thorough gentlewoman."

He dropped into a seat by the old lady. "You are going home early, uncle," she said.

"Yes'm. Dead beat out by de storm. Nobody kin see me and I kin see nobody. I tought I go home to Sally."

"Bress goodness, not one cent." "And you're hungry?" He started, looked at her and nodded. She slipped something into his hand. "That is for you—you and Sally."

"How much did you make to-day?" she whispered. "Bress goodness, not one cent."

The old man went out laughing, and groping his way. Before the car moved there was a wild cry, a rush of the crowd outside, and then a silence. The conductor looked in presently, his jaws pale under his whiskers. "He fell on the cobble-stones and one of the horses kicked him in the forehead," he said.

WARNING WORDS OF A SPORTING MAN.

LOOKING at the system of betting generally, not one man in five can afford to lose, and certainly not one in twenty can afford to win. This may seem a paradox; but few men, unless they have a very large fortune indeed, can take settling quietly. It can't be done. A young man drawing his first winnings is like a tiger tasting his first blood; he seldom stops again till he is brought to a deadlock as a defaulter; his visits are extended from a few afternoons to weeks after weeks of race meetings, and the wind becomes untuned for anything else.

And we will cap his reflections by a remarkable passage from the diary of one of the most notable turfites of the century. "May 27, 1833—All last week at Epsom, and now, thank God, these races are over. I have had all the excitement and worry, and have neither won nor lost; nothing but the hope of gain would induce me to go through this demoralizing drudgery, which I am conscious reduces me to the level of all that is most despicable and despicable, for my thoughts are eternally absorbed by it. Jockeys, trainers, and blacklegs are my companions, and it is like dram-drinking; having once entered upon it, I cannot leave it off, though I am disgusted with the occupation all the time. * * * While the fever it excites is raging, and the odds are varying, I can neither read nor write nor occupy myself with anything else."—English Quarterly Review.

TOUCH IT NOT.

CHILDREN, do you see the wine In the crystal goblet shine? Be not tempted by its charm. Children, hate it! Touch it never, Fight it ever.