# The Pamily.

LIVE AND LET BE.

Live and let be! The Alpine heaven is bright;
Tired cloudlets sleep along you arrie sea!
Soft alresteal by, and whisper, feint and light,
Live and let be!

Live and let be! Is it not well to rest
Sometimes from labour? live as do the flowers?
Bask in the sunshine, lio on Nature's breast? Not counting hours !

Not heeding aught but on the pale worn cheek
To feel the warm breath of the murmuring pine,
And watch on many a rose-flushed hoary peak
Ifeaven's glory shine?

Is it not well? Sweet, too, at wondering eve To list that melody of tinkling bells, And hear old Echo in her distance weave Endless farewells!

Night, too, hath here her music, deep and strong, Of cataracts, solemn as an ancient psalm. Whence the soul's fever, born in heat and throng, Grows cool and calm.

Live and let be! It will be time enough literafter to resume the great world's care, When autumn's skies are troubled, winds are rough, And trees are bate.

Dare all the strife, the burden, and the pain, Rally the weak; the downcast, the forsaken, Lift up again I

Then to renew the fight, the cause rewaken,

And what thou doest then, in peace begotten,
Shali show like peace, her looks and tones recall,
And, all the frail and faulty past forgotten,
Bring good to all.

Till then let nothing past or future vex The untrammet'd soul, 'mid Nature's freedom free From thoughts that darken, questions that perplex ; Live and let be!

-Specialor.

#### 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. It makes no differ-ence whether it be the home of wealth or of poverty; whether the mother is a woman of education or comparatively unlettered; that which determines the mother's place in it transcends schools and circumstances It is the spiritual plane on which she lives; it determines her influence and measures her in the motive which influences her life, that power in moulding the character of her children. That which will place the mother in the highest relation in the home is the conviction on the part of her children, that unselfish love for them, and s desire to do right towards others will always guide her actions; that their mother may be depended upon for justice and generosity and truth toward every one. She will love her children with deep devotion and yet not wholly selfishly. Her mother-heart can take in the needs of children who are not here and devise kind and loving things for them. What lesson in kindness and care for others so effective to children as to see their mother taking thoughtful care for those who need it and whom it is in her power to help? What lesson in every moral and religious truth so effective to children as the knowledge that their mother is in all her actions guided by their high precess? There can be no doubt that the most effective

training for children is the training of example, and this truth the mother needs constantly to bear in mind. How can the impatient, querulous, faulti-finding mother teach patience and kindness and good-temper? How can the vain mother teach humility! How can the mother greatly absorbed in keeping up with the pomps and vanities of life, eager for place and show, teach her children the true principles of a happy life? How can the selfish mother teach generosity or kindness, or the discontented mother teach contentment?

And right here is one of the fundamental needs

of the mother -the need of being hans satisfied with her work in the home. All other ambitions and aims must be subservient to her work there during the period when her children are around her knees or need her constant care. Many a young mother makes here her first mistake. She has been accustomed, perhaps, to accomplish her own plans and aims, perhaps she has been devoted to some specific pursuit to which she gave regular hours and from which she reaped tangible results. Her work in her home and for her children is of such an entirely different nature that it often causes great pain and perplexity. A large part of the work of the home seems to be merely repairing the ravages of daily life, with no progress towards a defi-nite result. Children, with all their beautiful and loving ways, are for the first few years of their lives mainly little animals, and attending to their material needs fills up the mother's time and exhausts her vitality. Reeping them out of machief absorbs so much of her time that she seems to have intle for moral and religious instruction. If the mother allows herself to become discouraged at this period in her home work; to look with longing toward the pursuits and opportunities of the women who have no home cares; if she underestimates the honour and value of her work, circumacribed though it appear, she is in danger of undermining her own comfort and happiness, and couse-quently the comfort and happiness of the home. She should strengthen her heart by remembering that these confining home duties and cares occupy only a passing period in her life. What if she have not the unintersupted time she wishes for accomplishing her own plans, for study or reading or practice or society? She is studying the volume of universal human experience. She is learning the joys and sorrows of the mothers of the human race; she is practising an art-incomparably the highest of all ares-the moulding or human character, and she must give herself to these duties with an eye single to their right performance, and with a love for and devotion to the work which will make her happy in it. And it the mother thus loves and honours her work, she will make the atmosphere of the home a happy one under all ordinary cir-cumstances. Children who from their earliest recoilection remember their mother as kind and patient and devoted to their best interests-happy in spending and being spent for them, will inevitably feel the influence. The many beautiful in-stances related of great men who have usen from the humblest homes, and of their steadfast devotion to and affection for their faithful, though often unlettered mothers, are rich with instruction and

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. How beautiful to hear grown children, who have perhaps

gotten far along the road of life themselves, say that, as in early childhood, so in mature years, their mothers are their best, most faithful friends and their most consoling and helpful counsellors I l'overty and privation strengthen rather than weaken such bonds between mother and children. "We were poorer than poverty," said a now wealthy business man, talking of his early life, "but it never seemed to us children that we were noor, because our mother always seemed happy poor, because our mother always seemed happy with us. She was constantly planning some little pleasure for us that was all our own, and we thought we had the nicest time at home of any children we knew. It was making us little rabbits or birds out of bread dough, or some molasses candy, or turnover plea in fruit season, or some little thing to give us pleasure and show how much she thought of us continually. Then she was slways encouraging us to hope for better days, and always hopeful herself for the great things her children were going to do for her when they grew up to be good and useful men. We went to school barefoot and carried with us, our dinners, often only corn bread and molasses, but it was always wrapped up in a clean white bit of cloth, so that it might look attractive; and one of the most touching recollections of my childhood is of seeing my dear mother patiently washing and ironing those bits of white cloth for our school lunches." And when that mother in after years was suddenly stricken with a fatal sickness, a special train, chartered with Instantaneous haste, took two of those stalwart sons, with all the dispatch that money and influence could buy, to that mother's bedside in time to receive her parting words of

love and blessing and witness her dying smile.

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. Of the home as of the life, it is ever true that "the kingdom of heaven is within." To such a mother a poet son, after he had himsell nobly encountered and conquered the severest temptations and trials of life, addressed these words:

Thou type of noblest womanhood !
Thou who in manhood's evil day, As by the couch of infancy
Still faithful stood;
Unfaltering, and with purpose strong,
Rebuking all the hosts of wrong
With 'Love is more than gift of song,
And virtue is the highest good.'

"Oh, would these wildwood flowers for thee Were robed in Beauty's charm and bloom, Made rich with every rare perfume Of poesy; With every grace of heart and mind, With woman in all reverence shrined,

In part repaying so in kind
A debt as boundless as the sea." -Mrs. H. E. Starrett in The Interior.

### 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 Mario comes next, born July 6, 1868, and the youngest princess, Maude Charlotte Marie Vic-toria, 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.

What has been the home life of these children 
"born in purple," do you ask? In the household 
of a great prince there are, of course, servants and 
servants. The little baby has a nurse, and an 
under-nurse, and a dresser, and two other attendants. She is carefully watched and a bulletin of her health is sent daily to the Queen, and a thousand great ladies and noble lords are interested in the announcement of her baby ailments. A duchess makes a low curiesy when she enters the loyal nursery to the unconscious little thing; and as the children grow up they are traced in suppose you were the publisher, and he was in afternoons to weeks after weeks of race meablest as the children grow up they are traced in suppose you were the publisher, and he was in afternoons to weeks after weeks of race meablest as the children grow up they are traced in suppose you were the publisher, and he was in afternoons to weeks after weeks of race meablest as the children grow up they are traced in suppose you were the publisher, and he was in afternoons to weeks after weeks of race meablest as the children grow up they are traced from a few suppose you were the publisher. as the children grow up they are treated by all, outside of their nearest kin, as if they were something better than human clay. It is, to an American, a surprising sight to see this perpetual bending of the knee to a little child or a youth.

It is due to the Prince of Wales to say that be

has seen the danger of this homage and adulation, this over-worship, and he is trying to arrest its effect in the education of his children. He provides them with simple pleasures, environs them as far as possible, with rural life, he romps and plays with them, he lets them follow and peep in at the grand dinners; they play with the Queen far more freely than her own children were permitted to do. Lady Ely, who is a very intimate friend of the Queen and always taking care of her, declares that she is frightened when the young grandchildren come to see the Queen, for after their first deep curtesy they all "lay hold of grandmamma" and pull her about. She describes the Princess Maude as most like the Queen, and naturally, a great friend of her august relative, as "they see them-selves in each other's eyes." They like to go to the Tower, "like any other little girls," and were great friends with Jumbo, the famous elephant who was killed in this country. Indeed, so much did they like Jumbo, that Princess Maude, who is said to inherit a good deal of her grandma's authoritative disposition, wrote an autograph letter to the owner of Jumbo, forbidding his selling her favour-ite beast to "the American."

The princesses have lived largely at the country estate at Sandringham, prefering it to the more courtly state of things at Marlborough House. All English people have an unaffected love of the country and of animals. All English ladies like to go out with their dogs and horses, and their donkey carts, and their children, into the beautiful woods, all carpeted with wild flowers. Never were there such primroses and purple byacinths and violets as in the woods about Sandringham. Here these royal children' have been free: to frolic, and here they have been allowed to go and see the cottagers and carry them comforts, and to help their mother establish some clean, comfortable homes for her poor folk down at Newton, where she has a echool and church for the labourers on the estate. They are very fond, too, of visiting the Southdowns and Devons, and the pigs, and the champion sheep, for the Prince is a model farmer, and the young princesses and princes are very fond of the rustic picnics at the houses, of the farmers. They have been trained to be horsemen and horsewomen, like encouragement for all mothers. In every case such the Queen's own family. They have been used to

the saddle always. They follow their mother in the saddle always. They follow their mother in her rambles on their ponies; owing to a lame knee the l'rincess ridea on the "wrong side of the saddle," as we should say. They follow the hounds twice a week. Then they have special pets to enjoy and to care for. They have a delightful pair of tigers and two elephants, all their own, which the l'rince brought home from India, and they have grouse preserves, and pouter pigeons, and no end of dogs. With all this, plain dressing and plain living is the rule.

They have always kent early hours, being up at

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. They are very carefully taught in music, and required to obey their nave an early dinner at two. I ney are very carefully taught in music, and required to obey their
governess. They have a talent for languages, and
enjoy going to see their grandmother in Denmark,
because they can talk "Danish." Royal girls
never go to school, of course, but they have no end
of teachers and lessons. Charming as are the
Prince and Princess with their children, they are
by no means indulgent. When Prince George was
thereouse the required to obey their
girl scowled as they clutched at her fur cloak, and
drew it closer about her; but Mother Bunch
child on her knee. A draught from an open window blew on a sickly-looking girl, and Mother
lunch drew it down.
"What a fine face that old lady has," whispered
by no means indulgent. When Prince George was
reputed as neglecting his studies at the naval never go to school, of course, but they have no end of teachers and lessons. Charming as are the liunch drew it down.

Prince and Princess with their children, they are by no means indulgent. When Prince George was reputed as neglecting his studies at the navailable the Defecting his studies at the navailable to the least the recomment. school, the Prince sent word that he was to be disgraced, exactly like any other student, if he fell

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 glimpie of the magnificent life which is all around them, are thenceforth trained carefully in etiquette and the observances of royal courtesy. Presently they are allowed to go to the royal dinner-table, then to a drawing-room, and so on. Each is always accompanied by her governess, later on by her companion, who is generally French.—Wide Awake,

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

Then, in this same boat beside, Sat two contrades, old and tried; One, with all a father's truth, One, with all the fire of youth.

So whene'er I turn my eye Back upon the days gone by, Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me, Friends who closed their course before me.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee, Take, I give it willingly, For, invisible to thee, Spirits twain have crossed with me.

-Ulhand.

## 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!
A follower of Christ, praying daily, as taught by
his Master, "Thy kingdom come," and yet not knowing or caring to know what progress that

kingdom is making !
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 in. How can a pro-fessor of religion answer for discrimination in favour of the world? How defend himself against the charge it involves? He can not do it, and he had better not try, but go or write immediately for suppose you were the publisher, and he was in arrears to you, what would you think he ought to do in that case? I just ask the question. I don't care about the answer .- Dr. Nevins.

# 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. Belligerent is a long word, but the boys who are reading esar may tell the others that it is made up of two Latin words, one of which means war, and the other waging or carrying on, so that when two children are quarreling and saying cross words, which may presently cause blows, they are properly called belligerents. Mother is a happy woman if she can trust her big boy to be her right-hand man, to settle all that goes wrong, and to set a good

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. How safe they feel when brother Tom advances boldly to the rescue, and how proud they are of him, with reason, too! for is he not strong and brave and quick to act, knowing just what to do and just how to do it? I never yet beard of a cowardly big brother; did you?

On excursions, picnics, and all sorts of summer expeditions a big brother should act as general and commander-in-chief. The success of such pleasure trips depends a good deal on the planning and on the orderly carrying out of the plans. A big brother with a head for managing will make everything go amouthly from morning till night.

Of course a big brother knows how to mend a ball, how to cover one which is wearing out and in need of doctoring; how to make a kite and to fly it; how to tie up a cut finger and extract a thorn; how to soothe a sleepy child with a song or a story, and to receive visitors cordially in the absence of pater and mater. Some of these duties fall naturally to the lot of the elder sister, yet there is no reason why the brother should not share them. Two lines of poetry, which some of you remember, express my idea of the big brother.

"The bravest are the tenderest, The loving are the daring. -Harper's Young People. 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. A tall girl, elegantly dressed, with her escott, entered the attect-car behind her. The conductor took their umbrelles shook shem door that and become umbrellas, shook them dry, shut, and brought them in. The young woman nodded haughtly, but the old lady thanked him in so gentle a voice that the man, with a look of surprise, smiled and touched his cap. A poor woman with a baby and two or three children next scrambled in ; the pretty

The young lady scanned her from head to foot.

"Gentlewoman! Her whole suit, bonnet and all, would not cost twenty dollars!" she said, contemptuously.

Again the door opened, and a stooping figure

entered, preceded by a whirling rush of now. It was old Jacob, with his basket of needles, shoelaces and sticks of peppermint candy. Everybody knew the old negro who squatted generally on the

"Beg yer pardon, missy," said the old man, jerking off his cap humbly. "I'so kind o' blind, ennyhow."

He dropped into a seat by the old lady. "You are going hume 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."

After a while she noticed that the old man sighed to himself, and that his lips and Jaws were sunken and ashen. She was quick to reach conclusions.

How much did you make to-day?" she whis-

"Bress goodness, not one cent."

"And you'te hungry."

He started, looked at her and nodded. She slipped something into his hand. "That is for

you—you and Sally."

He looked at his hand and then at her, his wrinkled face beaming as only a negro's can, and began to thank her, when the conductor opened the door. Change for Oak Lane! Here's your car, Jacob I

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,"

The passengers all went out. The old negro lay on the snowy track, quite still. He had been killed on the instant. His hand was shut tight, and his old face still had the happy smile on it.

The young girl looked at him, trembling, and burst into tears. "I would give the world if I had made the old man happy in his last moments!" she said. Then, after a shudder or two, she went back into the car. But Mother Bunch was talking to the driver. She, too, was trembling and pale, for she was old and easily moved.

"Where does old Sally live?" she said. "I will go to her."—Youth's Companion.

# 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. and the wind becomes untuned for anything else."

These words are not part of a Puritan's diatribe against racing, but were written by a man who loved sport as keenly as Melville himself

And we will cap his reflections by a remarkable passage from the diary of one of the most notable turfices 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 čemoralizing druggery, which I am conscious reduces me to the level of all that is most disreputable 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 tempteit by lis charm. Children, hate it ! Touch it never, Fight it ever.

Do you know what causeth woe, Bitter as the heart can know? Tis that self same ruby wine Which would tempt that soul of thine. Children hate it. Touch it never, Fight it ever.

Never let it pass your lips; Never even let the tips Of your fingers touch the bowl; Hate it from your inmost soul!
Touly hate it! Touch it never, Fight it ever.

Fight it! With Go I's help stand fast, Long as life or breath shall lest a lifeart meet heart, and hand join hand, Hurl the Demon from out 1 ind ! Oh, then hate it ! Touch it never, Fight it evet. - Presbyterian Journal.