make things homelike. The stove in the kitchen is second-hand one. We needed a larger one, and so we turned it out; it wouldn't bring much of anything for old iron, and yet it is a pretty good stove, and will save your mother paying for the moving of hers. As for the stove in the parlor, it is out of use this winter and may as well stand there as anywhere. And the furniture is a present to your sister Beth from my little girl. My boy, you have done for me this week what all the stoves, and carpets, and furniture, in all the world can never pay, and I didn't help furnish your new house for pay, but just because I wanted to. You can tell your mother you earned every cent of it and more too; for I put it there because she had a good, brave, trustworthy boy."

What was Reuben to say? He had never felt so stupid in his life. At last he made a bold dash:

"I don't know how to thank you," he said, looking up with frank, earnest eyes into Mr. Barrows' face. "I never learned how to thank folks, but I'm just as grateful as I can be, and I'll do the best I can."

"All right," Mr. Barrows said. It was a favorite sentence of his. "When I have learned how to thank you for taking care of my Gracie, perhaps you will have learned how to thank me for a stove and a few things. You see we are hardly even, my boy."

Reuben went away with red cheeks. Of course he was glad that he had used his wits and been able to rescue Gracie Barrows; but he told himself as he made ready for bed, that anybody would have done that, who knew enough; but there were lots of people who wouldn't have put all those nice things in the little house for his mother. And I suppose that was true.

The next day Reuben went to church in a new fashion. His church-going had been very fitful. He had sometimes climbed into the gallery of the great building where he went to Sunday-school, in order to hear the organ play and see the well-dressed people; but he always felt out of place and uncomfortable. Very few people sat up there, and those few looked forlorn and friendless. Nobody spoke to him or looked at him, and he gave very little attention to what was going on after the organ was still. The minister may have preached very good sermons; Reuben did not know. He was busy deciding how he would dress mother and Beth when he became rich, and which pew in the church he would hire, and whether he would drive to church in his carriage. All these plans and many more had Reuben, and church was the place in which they grew faster than anywhere else. But on this Sabbath he felt like somebody else. In the first place, he had a new overcoat.

"I wonder if Bennie's coat would fit him!" Mrs. Barrows had said at the breakfast table; and her husband, with a startled look on his face, had said that he shouldn't be surprised if it would; at least it might be tried if she said so.

After breakfast it was brought; a gray coat, long and heavy, with many pockets, and many handsome buttons. It fitted to a charm. "It was my little boy's," Mrs. Barrows said, her eyes looking tender and sad. "We bought it for him only a few months before he went away; I have never wanted anybody to wear it, but if it hadn't been for you, perhaps we should have had no little girl in the house this morning. My Bennie was a good boy. I think I'll give you his coat."

All this made the lump come into Reuben's throat, and swell larger than ever; but he resolved then and there he would never soil Bennie's overcoat by thinking a mean thought under it. It covered his worn and patched jacket to a nicety; covered even the patch on his pantaloons, and with his shoes blacked and his hair combed, he felt, someway, as though the good times of his dreams had begun to come, and he must attend to what was going on, instead of looking for any more. New things were pouring in on him so fast they needed all his present attention. So he sat up straight in the end of Mr. Barrows' pew, beside the gentleman, and though it was pretty warm, kept his overcoat on, tightly buttoned to his throat, and listened as well as he could to the sermon. But it was in the afternoon Sabbath-school that he did his best listening.

The class he was in was very unlike any that he had ever known about; at least the teacher was. In the first place she was a young and pretty lady. Reuben had a fondness for well-dressed people. He did not know it, at least, did not realize it, but he liked to look at them. He admired his teacher very much. The only other teacher with whom he was acquainted, had been a man who read questions at him from a book, questions that he did not understand, and did not care about. This one did not seem to him to be talking about a Sabbath-school lesson at all.

"I wonder if any of you boys know how to manage a boat?" she began, and some of them did, or thought they did, and others of them had questions to ask, and before he knew it, Reuben grew very much interested, and forgot all about the lesson.

"What do you think you would do in a storm?" she asked the boy who knew how to manage a boat. And that started talk afresh, and one told what he would do, and another criticised it, and at last when Reuben was appealed to, he had to own that he knew just nothing at all about boats.

"Well, in any danger," said the teacher. "Suppose you are in some place where you know there is danger; you have done the very best you know, and yet you feel sure you are in great danger, and know of no way to help yourselves; what would you do next?"

"Why, there wouldn't be anything to do," declared one boy, "only to stand still and let it come."

"Or run away from it," said another.

"Suppose you couldn't run away from it," said the teacher; "suppose it would run away with you?"

"I'd find a way out somehow," said another.

"But we are supposing that you had tried all your ways out, and were not out, only felt yourself getting deeper and deeper into trouble, what then? Think, all of you. Is there one in the class who has ever been in a great trouble, out of which he could not help himself?"

Quick as thought did Reuben's mind go back to that wild ride with Spunk and his drunken master, over dark and dangerous roads, with the flying express train chasing them. He had kept pretty still until then, an eager listener, with little to say, but at the memory of his danger and his escape, he drew a long, half-shuddering sigh and said almost before he knew it: "I tell you what it is, I've been there."

The boys turned and looked at him, and the teacher smiled on him and questioned: "In danger, my boy?"

"Yes'm."

"And did you know what to do?"

"Some things I knew, and did them; but there came a time that there wasn't anything left to do only hold on, and that I did with all my might; but it didn't seem to be doing any good."

"And then what?"

"And then," said Reuben in a slow, grave tone, his face paling over the memory of it all, "I told God about it."

"And did he answer?"

"Yes'm," said Reuben simply.

The boys looked at him respectfully. His face was flushed now, and he looked down at the floor. He wasn't used to being talked with about such things.

"I'm very glad," said the teacher brightly. "You are better able, perhaps, than any of the rest of us, to understand how Peter felt when he got out on that water, trying to walk on it, and found that he couldn't; found himself sinking. It wasn't until then that he called out to the Lord. I wonder, Reuben, if you waited until you had done for yourself everything that you could think of before you called to him."

"Yes'm," said Reuben, going swiftly back over his experience. "I did just that."

"People are apt to," she said. "Peter did so too."

(To be Continued.)

A WOODEN MAN would be just as good as some Sunday-school teachers; when they enter their class, they don't speak to a single boy, nor ask a question about their homes and families, but go through the whole business like a machine. If they would only give each scholar a warm shake of the hand, and say to one, "'Tom, how is your father?" and to another, "William, how's the baby?" they would soon hear them saying, "we like that kind of a teacher."—*Moody.*

THE POETRY OF HOUSEWORK.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"What a curious expression—'The poetry of housework'—Oh, Aunty!"

"And did you never think, Nell, that housework had its poetry?"

"I? No, indeed. It is slop and muss from morning till night. Hands spoiled, temper spoiled, time thrown away, brains wasted!"

"That is putting it very strongly."

"I feel strongly on that subject."

"But housework, like everything else, has two sides. I fear you have seen only the wrong side."

"It is all wrong side to me. Those who have sufficient keenness of vision to discern a right side to housework should be the housekeeper, that is all I have to say."

Nell was a young wife, fresh from boarding-school; and having married a poor man, had undertaken to do without a servant. Her Aunt Ellen, for whom she was named, feeling sure that there would be trouble in the new home within a month, had very opportunely made a visit, arriving at the moment when "little Nell," as she was called, was at the last gasp of discouragement.

And now to have Aunt Ellen come into that disorderly kitchen, where soiled dish-towels, and broken china, and little stacks of dry bread, and sticky pots and pans formed a terrible combination, and talk about the poetry of housework—that was a little to much.

"You have heard me speak of my grandmother," said Aunt Ellen, as she tied on a wide kitchen-apron, taken from the depths of her travelling bag.

Nell smiled with as much brightness as she could call to her face under the circumstances. Aunt Ellen was always dragging her grandmother forward, metaphorically speaking, to serve as an example to her idle, or careless, or ignorant nieces.

"I was once at my grandmother's when I was your age, and hated housework quite as rancorously. It was cleaning-day, and she was scouring her kitchen tables, giving vigorous rubs, after it seemed to me as white as need be. I made some scornful remark about wasting strength, and grandmother said 'Perfect freshness and cleanliness is the poetry of housework.' I can see the dear old lady now—her spotless cap, her calico dress with its little cape, and her blue-checked gingham apron. By the way, Nell, have you no kitchen-apron?"

The young wife shook her head languidly.

"Your education has been neglected. No kitchen-apron! No holders! Dear me! We must go to work this very afternoon and make a kitchen outfit. No wonder you burn your fingers, using a piece of stiff paper to open the oven door. Fie!"

Nell looked down at her white, Hamburgh-edged apron, and then at her blistered hand.

"It is a bother to fuss about such little things," she said, with a discontented look on her handsome, intellectual face.

Aunt Nell was too busy at that minute to answer. In an incredibly short time she had gathered the soiled towels and put them to soak in warm water, had rinsed the stale bread and laid it aside to be dried in the oven and grated, had made a strong suds from the Frank Siddall soap and with a bit of sacking had cleansed the sink till it was perfectly fresh. She set Nell to removing the dishes from the pantry shelves, and in a little while they were restored to clean, sweet quarters. The pantry floor was cleaned, Aunt Ellen getting heroically on her hands and knees, and the benches were fragrant and spotless.

Nell's eyes brightened. She breathed easier. The place, as far as they had gone, was so sweet and clean and neat.

"Why," she said," quite forgetting her former disgust, "I'd like to make something. I mean cake or cookies, or something. I am just tempted to go to work. And how pleasant the sunshine is! I have hated to see the sunshine in this place."

Aunt Ellen laughed. Nell laughed. The clean pantry seemed to laugh too. In a few minutes more the dish-towels, a dozen of them, wrung from hot water, were drying in the sun.

"Sally Briggs shall come and clean the kitchen," said Nell.

"And then we'll begin again," said Aunt Ellen. "The rest of the house looks fairly well already."

"Oh, yes. I've always kept the parlor and our room pretty nice."

"Well, well, there's excuse enough for you. When you learn to love your kitchen as well as your parlor and 'our room,' it will be all right. In a certain sense, a house rightly managed keeps itself clean. When our work gets ahead of us it isn't easy to overtake it.

"Oh, I've been so discouraged, auntie!" pleaded the little wife. "But I see now, perhaps not very plainly, what you mean by the poetry of housework. The more than clean enough, the freshness added after the place is what some call decent, that is the poetry."

"We might say," answered Aunt Ellen, "that all poetry consists in the more than enough." You have hit the subject capitally. I shouldn't have patience to take so much pains with you if you wern't so intelligent."

Afterwards, making kitchen aprons of blue and white gingham, on the easy running sewing-machine,—a present, by the way, from Aunt Ellen, they took up the subject again.

"I was really happy getting dinner today," said Nell. "My new holder, and my clean, wide apron, and the false sleeves you made for me, the more-than-clean-enough kitchen, quite raised my spirits. And when Charley came in he kissed me and said I didn't know what a relief it was to him to see me look so much brighter. Why he had actually been thinking of giving up our home, and boarding."

"There's a fairy in soap-suds," said Aunt Ellen, "and scrubbing liberates her, and she laughs and sings, and people wonder what makes the place so pleasant."

"Well, I'm sure there's a demon in dirt," said Nell, smiling at her aunt's words.

"It is demon *versus* fairy with all housekeepers," was the answer. "And I'm sure there is no longer a question which will be in the ascendant in this house."—*Standard.*

KEEPING THE SABBATH.

A lady who spoke recently in the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, ascribed her conversion to the following incident: She was travelling through New Mexico, three years ago, and was side-tracked at Santa Fe one Sunday. She and a lady friend had some handkerchiefs which they wanted washed, and spying a Chinese camp a short way off went to it, and she asked a Chinaman if he would wash the handkerchiefs. He replied, "No, me no washee to-day." The lady friend, thinking, of course, that John was lazy, recommended her to display her cash, and renew the request. So she held out a dollar bill to John, together with the handkerchiefs, and asked him again to wash them. At this John grew solemn, and reaching up to a shelf took down a book, which the lady was surprised to see was a Bible, and holding it in one hand and pointing to it with the other looked into her face, while a tear stood in his eye, and said: "You savee, me a Chinaman and you Melican lady; and I lovee that book. You no good lady." There were no handkerchiefs washed that day, and a profound impression was made on the ladies and their party, ending in the conversion of the speaker.—*Journal.*

WHEN A CARPET is taken up to be cleansed, the floor beneath is generally covered with dust. This dust has been in most cases a long time accumulating, and is very fine, very dry, and very injurious. It often contains minute poisonous germs, which rise rapidly in the air with the dust. If inhaled, the lungs suffer much from this fine dust. It is well before sweeping to sprinkle the floor with dilute carbolic acid by aid of a white-wash brush. This dilution kills any poisonous germs that may be in the dust, and also renders the floor sweet in other respects.

A BOY MURDERER suffered the extreme penalty of the law, in Ohio not long since. As he stood upon the scaffold, his pitiful appeal to the men of Ohio was this: "That rope means first a glass of poisoned lemonade, at last a bottle of rum, and over in that saloon now filled with boys and men, my ruin was wrought, Oh! let me implore you with my dying breath, close the saloons as you love your boys; close them for their protection!"