

The Family.

OUR CHILDREN

I looked at the happy children Who gathered around the hearth...

For whatever the world may fancy, And whatever the wise men say...

SIMPLICITY OF LANGUAGE.

Boys, if you have anything to say or write, say or write it in a plain, simple manner.

Most of the frequently quoted sentences that have come down to us from classic times are sharp, terse sentences.

Balfour's style was gorgeously verbose, Erskine's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton Theological Seminary, was a very learned man, but exceedingly plain in his language.

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seized him and called loudly for help. Mrs Franklin came with warm water, and the hired man rushed in with the garden pump.

BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

"Why, Susan, what's the matter? Nothing wrong I hope?"

"If you please, sir, it's Master Tommy," answered the rosy cheeked housemaid, whose red eyes showed that she had been crying bitterly.

"Has he been misbehaving, then? I'm sorry for that," said the visitor.

"Not he, sir; he's as good as gold, bless his little heart? But such stories as he tells, all out of his own head, just like a print book!

"If he had seen as much of it as I have, perhaps he wouldn't like it quite so well," muttered one of the two visitors, a tall, handsome young man with a trim brown mustache, whose right arm was in a sling.

"And how some wicked king or other," went on Susan, "took away a poor woman's baby from her—more shame for him the old Turk!—and wouldn't never let her see it again; and so she begged for one tiny lock of hair from the little one's head, just for a remembrance, and then—"

"But I hope all his stories are not so sad as that," said the young officer, who had been listening with undisguised amazement.

"Oh dear no, sir," he tells such funny ones sometimes, about little men living at the bottom of the sea, and playing hide-and-seek with the fish in and out of the sea-weeds, you'd be ready to die with laughing."

"I say, F—, let's go up and look at this prodigy," cried Lieutenant C— to his companion, a much older and graver man than himself, who looked like what he was, a college professor.

"I wish we had had him at our mess up-country in India, to tell us stories when we had nothing to amuse us, which happened about seven days in a week."

"Pushing open the door as noiselessly as possible, they saw a small figure lying full length on the hearth-rug in front of the fire, with an open book before it. One hand held a slice of bread and butter, but it was evidently untouched, and the cup of milk on the table beside him was still brimful.

"The two men stole softly up behind him, and bent down to peep at the book, expecting to see Grimm's Fairy Tales or Robinson Crusoe. But both started and exchanged looks of blank astonishment as they saw that this boy student was deep in The Mogul Emperors of India, a work, which few men would care to read for amusement, and which in the hands of a child not yet eight years old was a startling sight indeed.

"Well, Tom," said the Professor's cheery voice, "as busy as ever. I see Here's a gentleman from India come to pay you a visit."

"From India!" cried the boy, jumping up eagerly. "Oh, I'm very glad of that! I'm just reading about India now, and he'll be able to tell me all about Babar and Hoomayoon and Akbar and Jehangir and all the rest of 'em. I've just got to Jehangir now."

"Well," said Lieutenant C—, with a rather embarrassed laugh, "I'm afraid that before I could tell you much about them I should have to begin by finding out who they were."

"What? don't you know them?" said Tom, opening his eyes. "And yet you've been in India?"

"But when I was in India I thought more of shooting tigers and spearing wild boars than of reading history. Are you very fond of history?"

Universal History, being a view of the World from the Creation to the year 1800.

"Well, you've taken a pretty big contract there," said the Lieutenant with a grin. "But there seems to be some more manuscript up yonder. Hallo! what's this? 'The Battle of Cleviot; An Epic Poem in Twelve Cantos.' 'Fingal, a Poem in Twelve Books.' Why, I say, if you go on at this rate, you'll stock a whole library before you are out of short jackets."

"But at that moment a call of 'Tom!' was heard from below, and the young historian ran off to answer the summons.

"Will he really wade all through that great dry book?" asked Lieutenant C— in amazement.

"Indeed he will and he'll do it in half the time that you or I would take to it. He reads so fast that you'd think he took it in through his skin."

More than forty years after that day a tall, gray-haired, thoughtful-looking man with a high forehead and strongly marked face sat reading upon one of the benches on the promenade of an English watering-place, quite unconscious that all the passers-by were turning their heads to look at him, and pointing him out to each other as if he had been an African chief or Hindoo Rajah.

Just then a stout, broad chested old gentleman with a long white mustache, whose scarred face showed that he had been a soldier in his time, came sauntering slowly past. Catching sight of the man on the bench, he gave a slight start, and then stepping up to him, laid his hand upon the book. "History again!" cried he laughing. "Well, no one can say that you don't stick to your work, for, if I remember right, you began it before you were eight years old."

"General C—, I declare," cried the reader springing up, "How are you, my dear fellow? Why, you look hardly a day older, although it must be five years since we met last."

"Well I dare say planting and gardening (which is what I've been doing in the meantime) are easier work than writing the history of England."

"I shouldn't grudge the labour, C—, if I were only sure of living till my work's finished but there's a great deal to be done yet."

"Well, you're just the man to do it, anyhow," said the old soldier, heartily. "Do you remember our first meeting, when you were lying on the floor reading The Mogul Emperors of India? I thought even then that you'd be a great man some day, but I certainly didn't foresee that 'little Tom' would grow into Lord Macaulay."

"A part of this extraordinary prophecy is said to be still in existence—D—"

commonplace family. They lived on a small farm, and sent their produce to market. Not one of them was especially clever, or had more than a common school education. They were a homely family, unfashionable and poor, yet their house was a kind of rendezvous for everybody in the township, from the judge to the blacksmith. Their little world for them was but a clan of friends.

It was a clean house, and the best was made of every bit of furniture in it. Old Mrs Kincaid had no money for expensive plants, but flower seeds planted in wooden boxes soon covered the windows in the coldest winter day with blossoms and vines.

When the Kincaids came down on a dreary, rainy morning in harvest, they only laughed, and reminded each other how good it was that half the hay was safe.

When John woke with a gripping pain, which warned him that a month's confinement with lumbago had begun, he called out cheerfully to his father that now he should live time to finish the honey boxes which he began long ago.

When old Mr. Kincaid was told by the oculist that his sudden attack of blindness was incurable, the girls gathered about him, and told him that his work was stopped in the world in order that he might rest for the rest of his life, and stay in the house with them, and keep them alive with his delightful, funny stories. From that time until his death there was not an hour in which they did not make him feel that a helpless, blind old father was an especial gift and blessing from God to them.

When Jane Kincaid died, after a long and painful illness, no one could be miserable or associate her with gloom or the grave, so bright and cheerful a place had been her sick-room and so brave and merry the sufferer. Her laugh had rung out to the last, and she met death with her hand stretched out, so sure was her hold upon the happy life beyond.

This constant security in happiness, this habit of content made the house of the Kincaids a veritable pool of Bethesda, wherein all sad and ailing folk who came were helped and healed.

What was their secret? That child walks smiling and does not stumble who keeps his hand secure in his Father's clasp.

"My peace," said the Saviour, "I give unto you." You may have seen that in the face of an old blind pauper which showed that she possessed something more

precious than jewels and higher than rank: a lofty, calm content with whatever fate God sent her. It is worthy of note, especially by struggling, anxious, nervous people, that the blessing which the Saviour empowered His apostles to give to a family or community, was—not wealth, success, nor even good fortune—but peace.

"Peace be upon this house!" they said on entering. But how can peace come into any house, though the beloved disciple himself stood on the threshold, if within it are lives full of ambition, ill-temper and incessant anxiety about trifles?—Youth's Companion.

PHILOSOPHY OF A COLD.

SAYS Professor Woodbury, of the Medico Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, "If there is anything calculated to take all the brightness out of the sunshine, all the savour out of our food, and all the sweetness out of our life, it is a cold in the head."

In every case there are two factors, an irritant and a susceptibility of the system. Among the irritants are microscopic germs taken in from without, as in influenza, and certain poisons which are developed from had nutrition or imperfect assimilation within the body, and which it is the office of the liver to destroy. Indeed, the effects of the two causes are essentially the same, for the germs act by generating certain violent poisons, which irritate the mucous membrane of the nostrils, pharynx, lungs, stomach, or bowels.

As to susceptibility to colds, a healthy body, under ordinary circumstances, has very little of it. But sudden climatic changes may induce it. Horses, brought from the West, often have a discharge from the nostrils which lasts about six months.

A ship's crew, who had been perfectly healthy while absent several months on the Alaska coast, were all on their return, taken down with a cold in the head.

Of an audience going out into a bleak atmosphere from a close, warm room, a certain portion will take cold. These have the requisite susceptibility; the rest are happily free from it. In all cases of this susceptibility there is a lowering of the nutrition, a certain depraved or depressed condition. The luxurious and indolent are as liable to it as the poor, and those whose surroundings are bad.

A normal condition of the skin is the chief protection against a cold. Three-fourths of the sufferers from colds are degraded, and no longer a protective covering for the body.

The skin needs to be hardened by the use of the flesh brush, the cold douche, the air bath, and by frequent change of under-clothing. Active exercise needs to be added, to keep the tissues from clogging. The time to cure the patient is before he gets the cold.—Youth's Companion.

MAKING HAPPY YEARS

We could, if we would, ourselves answer many of our own prayers, and fulfill many of our own wishes. It would, therefore be a great misfortune if the hundreds of thousands of English men and women who have been glibly wishing each other a happy New Year should let the matter rest there, imagining that they have done the courteous and the graceful thing, and, in doing it, have discharged, entirely, their responsibility. There is no doubt that in a good natured, easy-going sort of way, we all wish everybody else all sorts of good things, and a happy year among them, but if we really want and intend 1889 to be better than its predecessor we must set to work to make it so.

We can all make happiness for ourselves and others—and we can prevent it also. Let us think for a moment of what it is that makes us miserable, and we shall find plenty of facts to prove this. Little jealousies and misunderstandings, tiresome, unlovely habits, coldness and distrust of each other, the selfishness that is always putting forth its claims, the indolence that escapes from its own share of the work and forces it on others, the lack of conscientiousness which almost renders the mind unable to comprehend duty, the snarling ill-temper that makes some people unbearable excepting to those who are unusually rich in charity. These are the things that banish happiness. When we wish each other a happy New Year we wish an impossible thing, unless these peace-spoilers can be swept out of the heart and out of the home, where certainly they ought never to be if the heart and home profess to be Christian. It is such enemies as these that overshadow the life and darken the face. Of course there are great sorrows, which God sends to do us good, but they never come without His compensations also. Sometimes a real trouble entering a household does an angel's work, for before it all the miserable little self-made worries and pains sink away ashamed. A great sorrow throws us upon God, and He comforts us, it arouses the nobler qualities of our nature, and we try to be

patient, and heroic, and enduring. Our friends press nearer to us, and love is born of sympathy; and resignation brings to the pained heart something which is really akin to happiness. But the effect of the little every-day troubles and vexations is very different, and he who could be happy under them would need to be almost more than human. And yet these things are preventible. God does not send them; we bring them upon ourselves, and give them to one another, and we never need have them; nor, if we were all that we might be, would they be possible.

What we have to do then is to make happy years. A few people are doing this, only let the number be increased a hundredfold and the world would at once put on a changed and brightened aspect. Let us resolve to have done with moroseness and discontent, with carelessness and envy, with indolence and impatience, in a word, with selfishness, and we shall be happy, and so will other people. We are living our lives on too low a level altogether. Do we really believe in God as our Father, in Jesus as our Saviour, in Heaven as our home, and yet allow such little things as our ordinary worries and troubles to make us unhappy? True religion is a joyous thing. Christ came to bring peace and good-will to the earth; and we are not like Him if we do not the same. Cheerily let us turn to our daily task, and take up our daily cross, and be as merry and as kind, as honourable, and as friendly, as we can, remembering Him who "pleased not himself," and who said, "Your joy no man taketh from you."—Marjanne Farningham, in Christian World.

day. "I'll go every morning and find all her things for her, and put 'em on a chair by her so they won't get lost again. I know what I'll do that's better than that." He gave such a jump as nearly to upset his pail of berries. His new thought took such hold of him that he had to sit down and give his full attention to it for awhile, and then the boys were astonished at hearing him propose to go home. As none of them were inclined to leave the berries so early, he went by himself. "I'm to do all I can for mother, truly I am," he said to himself, "but I'm not going to begin all at once, for fear she should guess what's up."

He carried her a saucer of his berries, and the next day and for several days afterward waited on her kindly and carefully in the morning, and then kept a good deal away from her through the day, fearing that she might read in his face that he had a wonderful secret.

"What is George about that I see so little of him?" his mother asked of Susan, the woman who took care of the house. "Is he away from home so much?"

"Oh no," said Susan, "he's about most of the time, and as busy as a bee, but there's no telling what he's up to. It must be some new caper, for he shuts himself up in the tool-house, and won't let nobody go in. Mischief hatching, like enough."

Susan was a good, faithful woman, but not at all given to putting things pleasantly or cheerfully.

George worked away for several days, at the end of which he came to his mother's room, looking as if he had a great weight on his mind. "Mother," he said at length, in a tone which showed her that he had paid no attention to what she had been saying, "wouldn't you be willing to let me have these little pictures in my room?" He pointed to two which hung close beside her, above her bed.

"Why, George, do you really want my pictures? I'm very fond of them, you know, and like to have them here." "I'd like to have 'em for awhile, any way," he said.

"Then you shan't have them, of course, dear." But the words were said a little regretfully, and she looked hurt and sorry as George, without saying anything more, carried away the pictures; for there were not many pretty things in her room.

She was awakened the next morning by a slight noise, and opening her eyes caught sight of George bobbing below the foot of the bed as if anxious to escape her notice.

"Is that you, George?" she asked. "Yes, mother," he said, coming kiss her, looking as if very much puzzled to do so.

moments could bear him, and he was quiet movements. Then he cried, "Wake up, mother!"

She opened her eyes to see him standing at the foot of the bed watching her face with a pleased, expectant look.

Something on the wall close beside her drew her attention, and she turned her head that way. "O," she exclaimed, in great surprise and pleasure, at sight of a bracket-shelf which hung within easy reach of her hand.

"I made it every bit myself," said George, his face beaming still more brightly. "All except those little bits of fancy doings glued on, and I worked for half a day in Billy Dyer's carpenter shop to pay for 'em. I glued 'em myself, and I bought the staining stuff and stained the rest of it. It looks almost as nice as a bought one, doesn't it, mother?"

"Ten times nicer to me, dear—"

"And see, mother, here's the place for your work-basket, and here are your glasses and your books. Plenty of room for everything you want. You won't have to keep hunting for your things any more. O, I forgot to tell you about the cord and tassel. Susan helped me to twist it up out of red worsted, last night. She promised she would not tell you for anything, and I've promised to make her one to keep her things handy, and she's as pleased as she can be, and says I'm a tip-top boy."

"I think Susan is right," said mother. But George rushed from the room before waiting to hear more, returning in a moment with hammer and nails.

"Did you really think I meant to take away your pictures, mother?" he said, laughing in great glee. "You see I could not make out how I was to get my bracket hung without driving in nails, and letting the whole secret out. So I made believe I wanted the pictures. Now I'm going to hang 'em over here."

"You are the dearest comfort and blessing in the world," said his mother when at length he came and bent over her. "I shall never look at your bracket without a happy thought of your kind thought of me. And I shall never take a thing from it without being glad, because of your dear hands putting it here for me."

The crowning point of George's surprise came in his going out and gathering flowers to put into a tiny vase to be placed on the bracket. "I'll bring fresh ones to her every morning," he declared to himself. "I never felt so glad about anything in my life. I'm going to keep up doing things for mother—see if I don't."—Selected.

The Children's Corner.

LITTLE CLARA'S GRIEVANCE.

Oh, how sad it is to know Little girls must always grow— Grow in size and grow in years! Thinking of it brings the tears. But though I may cry and fret, Every day I bigger get! Every day I'm older too. And there's nothing I could do That would make me stop a growing. One would keep the years from going. Now I'm five; soon I'll be six; Here's a poor child in a fix! After six comes seven; then Follow eight and nine and ten. How I wish that I could stay As I am this very day. Always have my hair in curl, Always be mamma's wee girl! But I can't; I've got to grow. Oh, dear me! why is it so? Very soon I must be six. Here's a poor child in a fix. —Harper's Young People.

DOING FOR MOTHER.

"I can't find my glasses, George."