The Family.

OUR CHILDREN

I looked at the hat py children Who gathered around the hearth; So blithe they were, no children Could happier be on eatth, With their merry plays, and their winsome

And the sound of their silvery mirth I

Then I thought of those other children So wisched, and hard, and bold, Who huddle in slum and cellar, And shiver with want and cold; Not fresh as the dew, or the morning's hue. But his gard, and lean, and old.

But yet may they still, those children Be taught to lorger their pain; And gathered in arms that love them, Their laughter may come again,
And the stare of woe and the craft may go,
And the apirit be washed of stain.

But it is not in cold book learning Those children's hearts to move; And the stony eye of the serpent Is death to the stricken dove; Tis an angel alone can touch them, And that angel a name is love.

For whatever the world may fancy, And whatever the wase men say Of our nineteenth-century progress, Of a now and better way. Sill it takes a soul to make a soul Now, as in the olden day.

SIMPLICITY OF LANGUAGE.

Boys, if you have anything to say or write, say or write it in a plain, simple manner. Do not be verbose (that is, wordy), do not aim at a florid style, above all things asoud the granduloquent (fine talking). Words were not designed to obscure thought. High sounding phrases do not indicate the scholár. Monosyllables are abundant; the Anglo-Saxon is essentially vigorous.

A simple style of speaking or writing can be graceful and elegant. Even sublime thoughts are most charming when clothed in simple language. "God said let there be light, and there gether. was light." What can be grander than the thought, and yet what can be simpler than the language?—all monosyllables, but compact with vigour. "Are not two spatrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father," small importance, and yet they share to die with laughing." the protection of Providence." Does "I say, F—, let'

tences that have come down to us from classic times are sharp, terse sentences. Of more modern times the remark we had nothing to amuse us, which he just as true. What made General happened about areas has been also be he had a seen also been any and I really be way, and a region made him Gov. level he had a very read. What do you make he had a very read.

the pole, enter complaint against a saying of one of Walter Scott's heroes, him at the earliest convenience, and which I said came out of Old Mortality. have him committed for trial at the next Quick as lightening little Tommy struck

crisp and vigorous. The following anecdote is told about the two parristers. Coming into court one day, Erskine | quietly and see what he's about." noticed that Ballour's ankle was bandaged. "Why, what is the matter?" as possible, they saw a small figure lyasked Erskine. Instead of replying, ing full length on the hearth-rug in "I fell from a gate," Ballour answered, front of the fire, with an open book becoming to a gate I discovered that I in contact with the first bar, and grazed quite forgotten his food. the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of the blood." "You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, for you certainly would have broken your neck."

The Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Prince ton Theological Seminary, was a very learned man, but exceedingly plain in his language. He knew how essential simplicity was to clearness and force. There was a school house in the vicinity, where the students held religious services and aired their eloquence. An old colored man attended every Sabbath, but the students talked so far above his comprehension that he remembered little of the sermons and understood less. But one Sunday afternoon, Dr. Alexander preached. The old colored man was both delighted and instructed, and made the following comment: "A poor, unlarnt ole man, jist like myself preached. I don know who he was, an' didn't s'pose he was hardly fit to preach But I'm glad I went, for I can remember everything he said." In this criticism was hidden

a compliment of the highest order. The language of Franklin is notably simple and explicit—a fact that may have been the result of an experience in his boyhood, at which period he was afflicted with a tendency toward the grandiloquent. He was a udying phil-

seized him and called loudly for help. Mrs Franklin came with warm water, and the hired man rushed in with the garden pump. They forced half a gallon of water down the boy's throat, then held him by the heels over the then held him by the heels over the a grin. But there seems to be some that the calge of the porch, and shook hlm, while the old gentleman said, "If we don't get them things out of Benny he'll be p'isened sure. When they were gal, a Poem in Three Cantos.' Find successfully out, and the boy said they were simply a say, if you go on at this rate, you'll say, if you go on at this rate, you'll say, if you go on at this rate, you'll say, if you go on at this rate, you'll say, if you go on at this rate, you'll say, if you go on at this rate, you'll say if you go o oysters, his father punished him for stock a whole library before you are out alarming the family We are not pre of short jackets."
pared to youch for the truth of this But at that story, but it at least illustrates the folly words when simpler ones are far more wer the summons. pleasing and explicit. - Selected.

BOYS WHO DICAME FAMOUS.

"Willy, 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 man with a high forchead and strongly

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, as he tells, all out of his own head, just him out to each other as if he had been like a print book! Why they'd make a fire-shovel cry almost. Only this very afternoon he began telling me a tale all gentleman with a long white mustac about India-for he's wonderful fond of India somehow—

"If he had seen as much of it as I have, perhaps he wouldn't like it quite man on the bench, he gave a slight start, so well," muttered one of the two visitors, a tall, hand-ome young man with a trim brown mustache, whose right arm cried he laughing. "Well, no one can 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 five years since we met last."
remembrance, and then—" Here the "Well I dare say planting and gartender hearted Susan broke down alto-

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

amazement. "Oh dear no, sir;" he tells auch funny ones sometimes, about little men living at the bottom of the sea, and Suppose we change that to, playing hide and seek with the fish in "The feathered tribes are considered of and out of the sea-weeds, you'd be ready

the protection of Providence." Does "I say, F, let's go up and look that not greatly weaken the passage? at this prodigy," cried Lieutenant C. The energy and the searching sense of to his companion, a much older and the appeal are gone. to his companion, a much older and graver man than himself, who looked like, Most of the frequently quoted sen- what he was, a college professor. "I wish we had had him at our mess upcountry in India, to tell us stories when

ernor of a great state. Such would not book he has ever read. What do you have been the feault had he worded think he did only last week? He had his order as follows: " If anybody re- just come down to the dining-room moves the United States colors from after dinner when I happened to quote term of the Supreme Court for the in 1 beg your pardon, Mr. F-

it's from Quentin Durward, chapter so Balfour's style was gorgeously ver- and so, page so-and-so. And then he bose, Erskine's, on the contrary, was repeated the whole passage as pat as if he'd been reading it out of the book. See, this is his room, let's look in

Pushing open the door as noiselessly in his usual round-about manner, "I fore it. One hand held a slice of was taking a romantic ramble in my bread and butter, but it was evidently brother's garden," he said, "and on untouched, and the cup of milk on the table beside him was still brimful. had to climb over it, by which I came Busied with his reading, the boy had

> The two nien 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

indeed. pay you a visit."

"From India!" cried the boy, jump ing 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

hem 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 | healed. more of shooting tigers and spearing wild boars than of reading history. Are

"Oh yes, I read every history I can in his Father's clasp. osophy, and was in the habit of applying fing technical names to common objects.

One evening he mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some acephalious mollusks, whereupon his father osophy.

"Oh yes, I read every history I can get history I can get history I can get history I can miserate sciasp.

"My peace," said the Saviour, "I miserate sciasp.

"My peace," said the Saviour, "I miserate sciasp.

"My peace," said the Saviour, "I miserable little self made wornes and when she wants me to read to her, and when she wants me to read to her, and miserable little self made wornes and when she wants me to read to her, and fresh ones to her every morning? The miserable little self made wornes and when she wants me to read to her, and fresh ones to her every morning? The miserable little self made wornes and when she wants me to read to her, and fresh ones to her every make a fuss when she can't find her miserable little self made wornes and when she wants me to read to her, and fresh ones to her every make a fuss when she can't find her miserable little self made wornes and objects.

You may have seen that in the face of an old blind pauper which showed of an old blind pauper which showed some acephalions and the self made wornes and objects.

You may have seen that in the face of an old blind pauper which showed of an old blind pauper which showed some acephalions in the habit of apply miserable little self made wornes and when she wants me to read to her, and the miserable little self made wornes and when she wants me to read to her, and the miserable little self made wornes and when she wants me to read to her, and the miserable little self made wornes and when she wants me to read to her, and the miserable little self made wornes and the miserable little sel

But at that moment a call of "Tom!" was heard from below, and of using uncommon and high-sounding the young historian ran off to ans-

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

"Indeed he will and he'll do it in half the 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."

a tall, gray-haired, thoughtful-looking marked face sat reading upon one of the benches on the promenade of an English watering place, quite unconscious "Not he, sir; he's as good as gold, that all the passers-by were turning bless his little heart? But such stories their heads to look at him, and pointing

> 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 say that you don't stick to your work, for, if I remember right, you began it besore 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

> dening (which is what I've been doing in the meantime) are easier work than

"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 foresce that 'little Tom', would grow into Lord Macaulay."

Harper's Young People.

A nam of this extraordinary production is

A part of this extraordinary prosaid to be still in existence—D.

And the second s 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 rendezyous for everybody in the township, from the judge to the blacksmith. Their little world for them was but a

It was a clean house, and the best was made of every bit of furniture in it. Old Mrs. Kincaid had no money for the windows in the coldest winter day with blossoms and vines.

When the Kincaids came down on a how good it was that half the hay was

confinement with lumbago had begun, he called out cheerfully to his father the honey boxes which he began long

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 til his death there was not an hour in

When Jane Kincaid died, after a cheerful a place had been her sickupon the happy life beyond.

What was their secret?

Universal History, being a view of the precious than jewels and higher than patient, and heroic, and enduring. World from the Creation to the year [rank: a lofty, calm content with what-

success, nor even good fortune-but

loved disciple himself stood on the them; nor, if we were all that we might by himself. "I'm to do all I can for threshold, if within it are lives full of ambition, ill-temper and incessant anxiety about trifics?— Youth's Com-

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." He presents some thoughts in its philosophy, the substance of which may interest the mighty host of sufferers.

In every case there are two factors, an irritant and a susceptibility of the system. Among the irritants are microscopic germs taken in from with out, 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 itritate 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 sud den 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

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

A normal condition of the skin is the chief protection against a cold. Three fourths of the sufferers from absorbed of the sufference to come degraded, and is no tonger a pro-

tective 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-lothing. Active ex-ercise needs to be added, to keep the tissues from clogging. The time to cure the parient is before he gets the cold. - Youth's Companion.

MAKING HAPPY YEARS

WE could, if we would, ourselves would, therefore be a great misfortune jacket." if the hundreds of thousands of English in a good natured, casy-going soit of in her eyes. way, we all wish everybody else all sorts that now he should I we time to finish of good things, and a happy year ing his face between both her hands among them, but if we really want and and giving him a very tender kiss. decessor we must set to work to make It is a beautiful day to be out, isn't it?"

We can all make happiness for ourselves and others-and we can prevent occurred to him how hard it must be work was stopped in the world in order it also. Let us think for a moment of that his mother never could go out; that he might rest for the rest of his what it is that makes us miserable, and that for three years she had been lying which in the hands of a child not yet eight years old was a startling sight of ful, funny stories. From that since with them, the shall find plenty of facts to prove in that one room. "O mother," he this. Little jealousies and misundersaid, "I wish you could go out. I'd coldness and distrust of each other, the "Well, Tom," said the Professor's which they did not make him feel that selfishness that is always putting forth cheery voice, "as busy as ever, I see a helpless, blind old father was an estimated in indolence that escapes its claims, the indolence that escapes can't go, but it makes it a good deal Here's a gentleman from India come to pecial gift and blessing from God to from its own share of the work and forces it on others, the lack of consci- could." enticusness which almost renders the iong and painful illness, no one could mind unable to comprehend duty, the be miscrable or associate her with snarlah ill-temper that makes some gloom or the grave, so bright and people unbearable excepting to those who are unusually rich in charity. room and so brave and merry the suf- These are the things that banish hapferer. Her laugh had rung out to the piness. When we wish each other a head was so full of thoughts of a kind last, and she met death with her hand happy New Year we wish an impossible very unusual to him, that there seemed stretched out, so sure was her hold thing, unless these peace-spotters can be something lacking in the brightness of swept out of the heart and out of the the sunshine and the softness of the This constant security in happiness, home, where certainly they ought never this habit of content made the house to be if the heart and home profess to the berrying ground, they separated of the Kincaids a veritable peol of be Christian. It is such enemies as more or less in search of the red, ripe your kind thought of me. And I shall Bethesda, wherein all sad and ailing these that overshadow the life and fruit, and George several times found never take a thing from it without balage. Bethesda, wherein all sad and ailing these that overshadow the life and fruit, and George several times found folk who came were helped and darken the face. Of course there are himself alone and able to go on with glad, because of your dear hands pure great sorrows, which God sends to do his thinking. us good, but they never come without That child walks smiling and does lies compensations also. Sometimes a good boy to mother," he said to himnot stumble who keeps his hand secure real trouble entering a household does self. "I know I haven't. I'm always an angel's work, for before it all the in a hurry to get out, and I grumble placed on the bracket. "I'll below miscrable little self made worries and when she wants me to read to her, and fresh ones to her every morning," he

World from the Creation to the year rank: a lofty, calm content with what:

"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! that the blessing which the Saviour what's this? 'the Battle of Cheviot; family or community, was—not wealth, who could be happy under them would who could be happy under them would hold of him that he had took such who could be happy under them would hold of him that he had took is down. need to be almost more than human, and give his full attention to it for And yet these things are preventible awhile, and then the boys were aston. "Peace be upon this house!" they God does not send them; we bring said on entering. But how can peace them upon ourselves, and give them to come unto any house, though the he one another, and we never need have to leave the bergies to a were astoric form. As none of them were inclined to leave the bergies to a were astoric form. one another, and we never need have to leave the berries so early, he went 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 with moroseness and discontent, with carelessness and envy, with indolence and impatience, in a word, with selfishness, and wo shall be happy, and so will other people. We are living our lives on too low a level altogether. Do we little of him?" his mother asked of really believe in God as our Father, in Jesus as our Saviour, in Heaven as our house. "Is he away from home so home, and yet allow such little things" as our ordinary wornes 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 shuts himself up in the too louse, and same. Cheerily let us turn to our daily task, and take up our daily cross, and hatchin, like enough. 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." -- Marianne Farningham, in Christian World.

The Children's Corner.

LITTLE CLARA'S GRIEVANCE.

Oit, how had 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,
Or would keep the years from going.
Now I'm five; soon I'll be six;
Here's a poor bill to a fext. Here's a poor child in a fix ! After six comes seven; then Follow eight and nine end 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

the pillow, or perhaps they have fallen on the floor. With a very bad grace George shook up the pillows and looked on the floor.

No. I don't see them," he said. "O here they are under my shawl. look. Now, dear, hand me your jacket to mend. And see, my work-basket is a

"The boys are waiting for me to go in great surprise and pleasure, at sight, berrying with them," growled George.
"Well, I am sorry to keep you, but I'm afraid you'll have to run up to the little besond my teach

expensive plants, but flower seeds answer many of our own prayers, and I'm afraid you'll have to run up to the planted in wooden boxes soon covered fulfil many of our own wishes. It machine drawer for a bit like this The scowl on George's face deep-

men and women who have been glibly ened as he went upstairs, not with a wishing each other a happy New Year run, but with slow, unwilling feet "Is only laughed, and reminded each other should let the matter rest there, imagin. there anything else you want?" he asked self, and I bought the staining stuff and ing that they have done the courteous in an injured tone, as he brought the stained the rest of it. It looks almost and the graceful thing, and, in doing piece. She did not answer at once, When John woke with a griping it, have discharged, entirely, their repain, which warned him that a month's sponsibility. There is no doubt that that her lips trembled and tears were in the lips trembled and tears were "No, dear," she presently said, tak-

intend 1889 to be better than its pre- hope you will have a very nice time.

A sudden thought struck sharply to the boy's heart. It had never before

be glad to stay in if you could."
"You dear boy," she said, kissing
him again. "Hurry away now. I easter to stay when I know you wish I

" Does it really," he said wistfully.

"Yes, really." "Hurry, George," called the boys,

and he went out. But he did not join in the frome with his usual headlong eagerness. His So I made believe I wanted the pictones. Summer wind. When the boys reached

"I don't believe I've been a very

day. I'll go every morning and find Our friends press nearer to us, and love all her things for her, and put 'em mother, truly I am," he said to himself "but I'm not going to begin all attonnee, for fear she should guess what's

He carried her a saucer of his berries, once put on a changed and brightened and the next day and for several days aspect. Let us resolve to have done 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 Susan, the woman who took care of the much?"

"Oh no," sald Susan, "he's about most of the time, and as busy as a bee, but there's no tellin' what he's up to. It must be some new caper, for he

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

"Then you shall 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 crimicaught sight of George bobbing below the foot of the bed as if anxious escape her notice.

"Is that you, George?" she asked.
"Yes, mother," he said, coming

quiet movements. Then he cried Wake up, mother !"

She opened her eyes to see him standing at the foot of the bed waters ing her face with a pleased, expectant

Something on the wall close beside her drew her attention, and she turped her head that way. "O," the exclaimed.

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 gilded 'em my as nice as a bought one, doesn't to

"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. Pleaty, of room for everything you want. You won't have to keep hunting for your things any more. O, I forgot to take you about the cord and tassel. Spean helped me to twist it up out of red worsted, last night. She promised would not tell you for anything, and I've promised to make her one to keep her things handy, and she's as please as she can be, and says I'm a tip in .

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 naile, or

"Did you really think I meantoto take away your pictures, mother? said, laughing in great glee. "You see I could not make out how I was to get my bracket hung without driving it nails, and letting the whole secret wat

Now I'm going to hang 'em over here? "You are the dearest comfort shud. blessing in the world,' said his mother when at length he came and bent grees her. "I shall never look at youth bracket without a happy thought/a

The crowning point of George's susprise came in his going out and gather! ing flowers to put into a tiny vase to be