The Family.

POMINION

SPIKEL AND CON-Strange yoke fellows: hey spirit and clay, Linked for yellay Then away away Tanying not for year or may One court is kors. Datacs florm over one's repose Whited it it mean, this amon brief? Strugge it is id the skyling by no other birth. Have come to earth? tor the twain were at war, till, for lase called The notier cringed -- ay, shame to tell! villaged to the clay, and its sceptre tell, And all the world did see

The usarper's victory twee is the rest In earth's mother breast? Sweeter the rest When earth's transient guest Flies through the vart like a bird to its nest. When time is done. Quenched all the fires of star and sun Calm o'er the wreck shall the spirit soar, Yet (shuddering he wens, breathe not the tale Lest angels wai), Wreeks more than matter are strewn on life's

shore When spirit with clay is too weak to cope thild of such nesting 'born to such hope's Behold that fair hope lost, And ween for a lattle's cost

Spirit or clay Shall the sceptre away. Spirit or clay, Which shall obey, Since is her may i (Trembles the balance such issues to weigh). Dissolve we must-The dust return to its kindred dust , And shall it not low to the lordier mate And willing wast on its proud behest Till God see best That itself be lifted from mean estate : For He who created dishonoureth not, And even the dust shall be unforgot, And spirit to glorified clay Be linked for an endless day

- N. Y Independent

FALSE SHAME OF YOUNG MEN-

Young men who come from the country to the town, and who get on in the world, are often ashamed of their paients, of the rustic dress they once wore, and of the simple but honest and kindly ways of their childhood. And too often when they assume the fashionable clothes and adopt the fashionable ways of their new friends, they leave behind them the religion of their childhood and forget the piety which they learned at a mother's knee. They have outgrown the priestly dress in which their mothers dedicated them to God, and think her religion old-fashioned and worn-out. This is false shame. It is a sin against the dearest and most sacred instincts of our nature. So far from being manly, it is mean and dastardly. Depend upon it, the man who will have most of the esteem of his

will enjoy the proud blessing of consistency. His life will be a gracious verity, like that of Samuel; it will have one steadfast purpose running through it all. The outer life will be of one piece with the inner, one part will not reproach the other : and what he seems,

Apostle Peter, and he uses a word for see. "clothed" in the original which reminds us of own Lord's girding of Himself with the linen towel when He washed the disciples' feet, and is a striking proof how deeply the action and consequent words of our Lord had sunk into the disciples' hearts. The word implies, moreover, such a clothing of ourselves with this grace that we cannot easily divest ourselves of it, that it will adhere to us wherever and however we are engaged. Let this gaiment be our favourite dress for which we would not take in exchange the fabled magnificence of Chosroe's robe with all its gold and jewels. Better far be among the number of those who wandered in sheep-skins and goatskins, or left their garments with the pursuer and fled away naked, if so they could honour good principles in purple and fine linen, and live with out honour in selfish case and indul-There is no robe like that which the father put upon the prodigal son when he returned home confessing his sin and throwing himself upon his father's love—the robe of penitence, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. That dress will pass through the fire of the troubles of the world like the garments of the three Hebrew children, and the smell of the fire will not pass upon it, not a thread of it will be singed. The virtue of our Saviour will go out of its hem to the poor and needy: and in it we shall oftentimes wash the diciples' feet. Not only shall we dream | she replied. "I've got an awful cold great dreams in our lowly dress, but we shall carry them out in works of faith and of love. This dress will last when all other garments of earthly glory and beauty morning, coming out in the rain. Your shall be consumed by the moth and the | husband couldn't meet her, could he? worm. We shall be exalted in it to a of Him who is clothed in vesture dipped | he had tried not to let me hear it. in blond, and Who has on His vesture The Rev. Hugh Macmillan, in the Quitter the train if you don't go yourself? for January.

A TRANSFERRED GIFT

A RAINY Situiday morning. Five irrepressible coildren shut indoors making holiday. The day's problem for me -to keep the children happy, to to take the horses out, why they stay protect the house and furniture from in that's all ' total destruction to have the children learn their Sunday school lessons and take their baths, to bake bread, cookies, and pies for a family of seven, and to get dinner, between dinner and sundown to make a jacket for form, junior, to wear to church on the next day; after that, before bedtime, what? Not very much, only to lay out clean linen of seven different sizes, sew on shoe but my gloves, not very much, but still that I had my hands full.

the table beside me pounding vigour ously with the potato masher on a tinpan, when a noise, like the marching of each small hand had been decorated by a semicircular bite, and the procession was headed upstairs agein, the door bell tang

home on the hill, to our house. I knew it was not for the sake of complimenting me on the goodly smell of my cookery, which she did, nor for the sake of friendcome. I waited patiently for her to a mistake about her husband. produce the little axe which I doubted not she was about to grind. Mrs. Barry is a very large imposing woman, perhaps she is a little more impressive to herself than she is to society in general. However, her husband owns not only mills but millions, and all Milltown is supposed to bask in the light of their

Presently Mrs. Barry, it, perhaps, having occurred to her that a housekeeper without a servant might be busy on Saturday morning made known her errand. It was in short: Would I entertain the missionary, Mrs. Needham, who was coming to spend Sunday and address the annual meeting in the ed all through life the mantle of as everybody knew, she always kept contains a second of course as a second of course as a second of the course for all ministers and the course of th she did feel that she must get some one else to take care of Mrs. Needham.

"I have no doubt she is an excellent woman, and I am sure she wouldn't Tom insisted upon my letting her do make you a bit of trouble," she continmake you a bit of trouble," she continued "missionaries never do. They of a missionary lady sitting on the floor generally sit in their own rooms and in my nursery with the bottle of blackread the Bible. At least that is what ing a "Be clothed with humility," says the I suppose they do. I never went in to Perhaps they fix up their idols and those things they carry around, you know. I suppose they have to be scoured once in a while. Anyway it would be just to put another plate on the table, and in a family of your size that can't make much difference. The trouble about her coming to Barrybrook is that we are to have other company. The Montforts are coming, our friends from New York; you know, you may

have heard me speak of them."
I had indeed. Mrs. Barry had cultivated them assiduously at Newport, for several seasons, and had been courting this visit eagerly. There was a Miss Montfort, and of course there was Owen Barry, the heir of all the millions, and the Montforts were such a superlatively aristocratic family. Oh yes, if the Montforts were coming to Barrybrook the and lead noble lives, than go clothed situation was certainly serious, and it was easy to see that a missionary might be a complication.

Of course I agreed to entertain Mrs. Needham, and Mrs. Barry rose to go, well contented. Mrs. Needham was expected on the two o'clock train.

"But you will meet her will you not, and have her brought here?" I asked. This question brought a sudden shade of disturbance to Mrs. Barry's countenance. "Is it necessary to meet her?" she asked.

"I should mink so m decidedly." I replied. "she is a stranger here, you

"Well, I don't see how I can do it, on my lungs now,"—and she smote her capacious chest and coughed,-" and I'm afraid I've caught an addition this

My sace, I know, changed as I higher rank than ever Joseph at | thought of the different sound of Tom's tained. Clothed in fine linen white cough as he went out into the dampand clean, we shall follow in the train ness in the morning and of how hard

"No," I said, "he could not leave and on his thigh a Name written- the office, and he is far from well this King of Kings and Lord of Lords .- fall. Can't you send your carriage to

"That is just the trouble. Of course it will have to go at five to meet the Montforts, and if the horses go out at two they will have to be curried and

have with our coachman. I often say

Mrs. Barry finally said that she would try and coay Owen to take the single carriage and go to the train for she departed.

We had our dinner at one o'clock as I set the table over for Mrs. Needham | again ' and kept things hot in the oven for her for I knew she would have had no tons and biacken small shoes, baste in chance to get dinner on her way to a few rulles, and take some stitches in Mill own. Then I went to work upon the jacket, which, however, I had no Think, being true, how much that enough, you know, at the end of the hope of finishing now, for, of course, I means day, to be a little the some for one pair must devote myself properly to my of hands. This was my day's problem guest and I felt that I must be extra Tom, senior, says I am not easily attentive to a missionary and not try about Tom. The look that crossed her daunted. I was not daunted on this and sew at all when she was about, face told me of an anguish that words particular Saturday morning, still I felt I expected it would be a very depressing visit, for I knew that Mrs. Needham I was working away at the moulding wis a widow, her husband had died in her. But she spoke brave loving board, with baby in her high chair at Japan a year or two before, and she words, and she prayed, and she is praywould naturally be very sad; and I wondered if she would notice Tom's children. She brought me God's own cough and say gloomy things to me. I a regiment, resounded down the back knew I should resent it if she did. I known before stairs, and the children bounded into fancied her moving about our house, at It was thus that Mrs Barry became the kitchen. The fragrance of freshly tall, thin figure in blackest black, with a minister of good things to me, baked cookies had reached the a severely mournful face, and the pecuplay room and they had come with liar air of rebuke which many people one consent to claim their portion. If in affliction seem to me to wear, as if one thing in our house calls for high it were really not quite kind of other protection more loudly than another it people not to be afflicted in the same is the cooky jar. Just as the cooky in way. That she would be utterly apart from my interests and remote from my world, I took for granted.

Then she came. Oh, how surprised I was! Not one thing was as I ex-It was Mrs. Barry. She had come pected about her, except that in all the rain from Barrybrook, her her dress was black. But so was mine. She wore just a pretty black cashmere as any one might; it did not advertise her loss in any way, And such sweet eyes she had and such a ship, pure and undefiled, that she had radiant smile,-I almost thought it was

She enjoyed her dinner, and said how good the things I brought her tasted and I do so like to have people who visit me enjoy what I cook for them. And when she had eaten her dinner she came right out into the kitchen and insisted upon wiping the dishes; and after that, she saw the jacket, and, in spite of all I could say, she went straightway to work and made the button-holes. She made them beautifully and we finished the jacket before leatime.

I exclaimed that I never had, supposed missionaries made button-holes, and she laughed so merrily at that, that it made the children laugh, and the fellow-creatures and of the favour of evening? Of course she had offered to next thing I knew they were all around Heaven, will be he who keeps unchange take her to Barrybrook, and of course her and she was entertaining them with

stories told in the prettiest way I will day.

Bay instince that Mrs. Necessia should put her to bed, and she actually blackened the children's shoes! I was ashamed over it, but I couldn't help myself, and the worst of it all was that six small shoes and children ranged around her looking up over their heads to talk Japanese politics bureau laying out the linen, just as if at all | And we did enjoy it so. She old Bobby becomes Robert the huswas bright and natural and girlish-so purely human, and yet with that light in her face that was nearer heaven than eanth.

When the service was over at the church the next morning and I was on the point of introducing Mrs. Needham to some ladies who had come to our pew for that purpose, I was surprised to see a young lady, a stranger to me, rush up to her with the utmost enthusiseeing Mrs. Barry's noble proportions just behind them, and noting the quiet but unmistakeable elegance of their and Mrs. Montfort.

Mrs, Needham was an old and dear friend, and they were delighted and of study required at home and at school | lakes; and also about the quaint little amazed at meeting her at Milltown, Mrs. Barry was introduced, and finding physical exercise were increased. This stories about the little peasant girls, who out the position of affairs urged Mrs. Needham to come to Barrybrook for trouble, a petition was sent to the Prusthe remainder of her stay; at least she must go home with them to dinner. There eminent teachers, physicians, and citiwas plenty of room in the carriage.

I was so afraid that she would go; I felt that I could not lose one moment of her stay. So I stood watching her quiet little figure, and the sweet composure of her face as these important people pressed around her.

"'"hank you," she said, "you are very kind, but if I am not making Mrs. Porter too much trouble I think I will is a movement in the right direction, stay with her while I am in Milltown. and must diminish the brain pressure You know, Mrs. Barry, we are told, 'In of which our German friends complain,

Mrs. Barry was disappointed and a little vexed. People are in the habit of body. doing as she wants them to, and to

conscious apparently, of the extraordinary nature of her choice.

She spoke to the church full of peo-

will get so cross. You don't know ally as she had talked to my children, the farm and the workshop, and have and direct it yourself. Lucy will value work in Japan and do it quickly, "While to Mr. Barry that we are completely it is yet day." Our visit was over that been compelled to shift the brain pres under his thumb. If he doesn't want night for she left us on an early train sure, and put it, rather, on their in the morning I went to her room to bid her good night. Not one word had hardship, has been their salvation, for been said until then of her sorrow. We spoke of it then

"How can you be so brave?" I Mrs Needham, and this being adjusted asked, ' how can you bear it?" "He is working there," she answered softly "and I am working here. By and by usual, and Tom went back to the office. I think God will let us work together

" But the lonelines;" I faltered. She was far calmer than I "I am not alone, dear, she said " 'I will not leave y u comfortless, I will come to you.'

Then I told, for the first time to any one, the dread that was upon my heart could never have described. I knew in an instant what such a loss meant to ing still, for Tom, for me, for our comfort in a way which I had never

It was thus that Mrs Barry became it was in this way that, unawares, I was permitted to " entertain angels - Helping Hand.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE DEWS of the night are softly shed;

I hear the sheep bells ring their chime; O heart of mine ! be quieted— God will give test at evening time.

Look thou these earthly shades above, Where glory gleameth far and wide : High over all is fadeless Love-God doth give Light at eventile. - The Currer

AN INCIDENT.

On a railway train the writer noticed the entrance of a mother, and little son who were unexpectedly greeted by a friend of the mother s. The friend was only going from one way station to the next, while the others were on a long

There happened to be but one vacant double-seat in the car, and into this the boy slipped, taking the seat next the window. His mother, eager to improve the ten minutes with her friend, asked her son to give up his seat and take another for that little time, so that she could sit with her friend. "No. I won't, because I want to sit by the window, and all the other seats have people already at the windows."

"But darling, only for ten minutes, and then you can sit by the window all

Mar Amen's gas only uses to six by

"Not for just ten little minutes, when mamma wants so much to talk to her friend and you can sit by the window

the whole day long?" "No "-with impatient emphasis. idea to Ceciie. And in spite of humble entreaty from the mother, and good-natured urging said. from the friend, that home nurtured bit never dreaming of insisting on the right. with my husband, and I sitting by the and courteous thing, but murmuring gently that "Bobby did so enjoy looking there was nothing remarkable about it out of the window." When seven year band, his sad little wife will wonder, "Why is it that men have so little tenderness for their wives?"-From "Oben Letters," in the January Century.

OVERSTUDY.

In a day or two the holidays will be over, and all the schools will be engaged in their regular routine work. It is a good time for parents to look their asm and greet her as if she were her children over, and see that they have dearest friend; an older lady was fol- not too much to do, that the diamond lowing her, and in another moment, is not being too much wasted by the process of polishing it.

Some years ago it was found in Germany that the excessive strain put upon appearance, I guessed, and guessed the nervous system of the students by correctly, that these ladies were Miss their long hours of study was seriously impairing their powers of mind and body, and by official action the hours not being sufficient to remove the sian Champer of Deputies, signed by zens, in which the Deputies were implored, by the love of fatherland, to put an end to the abuse which "threatens, little by little, to reduce the cultivated classes of society to a state of moral weakness that shall render them incapable of great and manly resolutions."

The introduction into some of our schools of courses on manual training whatsoever house we enter, there for they occupy about equally mi. d and from t abide." it favour of increased exercise to the

Where nothing of this kind is in the have any one decline an invitation to school, no gymnastics, no physical Barrybrook, that was a new sensation exercises, the parent must see to it that But Mrs. Needman went home with abundant exercise in the open air is may do something loving for them." Tom and the children and me, all un- taken out of school hours, and that the child gets eatly and long sleep at night.

The majority of our strongest men in the carriage cleaned, and the coachman ple in the evening as simply and nature public and private life have come from put your letter into an envelope, dear, asked questions or not."—Panty.

might improve their minds. They have -N. Y. Observer. muscles, and this, while a seeming it has left them with strong and hardy bodies for their minds to dwell in and use as instruments -N Y Christian Advocate

Is the work dimente? lesus directs thre. Is the path dangerous Jesus protects ther Lear not and letter not , Let the word cheer thee All through the conung year F. A. Havergat.

The Children's Corner.

CLCILES LETTER.

Lucy had been in hed six weeks with a sprained ankle. The trouble came just as the summer holidays

"Oh!" she cried, " it took only a moment to sprain my ankle but yet I must be here ever so long before it can be strong again "

Still l'ucy tried to be patient. She mother much extra cire. When she wanted to cry, she would hide her face in the pillow till the tears were all wiped away, and a smile had come instead. Lucy's illness gave her friends an opportunity to show her how dearly they loved her. The school girls were very kind. They were sure to come in, some two or three times at least, every day. They would bring flowers or fruit, or a new story book to cheer Lucy through the long summer days,

But I ucy missed her cousin Cecile. who was far away on the other side of the ocean. One day she was thinking a great deal about Cecile, wondering what she was doing, and trying to count with her fingers how many weeks and months must pass before she would be at home again.

Now, it so happened that just then Cecile was thinking about Lucy Letters had brought the news of her sprained ankle, and of the doctor's orders that she must keep very quiet for several weeks.

"Poor Lucy I" cried Cecile. "Just think, mamma, how can she keep still for so long? I wish that I could do something for her. But, of course, I cannot away off here in Switzerland."

" I know a very nice thing that you might do for her," said Cecile's mother. And you might do it to-day—the sooner the better."

"But, mamma, I am thousands of "But, mamma, I am tuousands but better moughts soon came miles from Lucy," cried Cecile, mustly the last soon came and could might open year the last soon, and write Col might-open your laste for coll now, and swite her a some "Oh, militaine!" Cecile did not

like to write letters. "I know, dear, that it will be a hard

thing for you. But when we love more than forty, and now I'll give you others, we are willing to do hard things for their pleasure. That was a new

"I am sure that I love Lucy," she

"Then I am sure that you will write of selfishness kept his place, the mother her a letter. Think how delighted she John's employer said will be to get it, all in your own writing, and with the foreign post-mark."

That was how Cecile came to write this letter to Lucy. She was not used to letter-writing, and she did not know bow to begin. But her mother said:

"If Lucy were here you would have a great many things to tell her. Now try to write just as though you were talking to her.

"Shall I say anything about the sprained ankle, mamma | You know this letter is meant to turn her thoughts away from it for a little while."

" And yet you want her to know that you have heard about it, and that you feel sorry for her,"

"Oh, yes, mamnia, I'll say that much, at least.

Cecile was busy with her letter all the morning. Once she felt like laying it aside till another day. But she had been taught that a kind act loses much of its value if not done at the right time. She told Lucy about the beautiful Swiss mountains, and valleys, and were diminished, while the hours for towns. She promised to tell her many live on the mountains through the long summer days to watch the cows, and to help make the butter and

> "We are in the town of Basle now," she wrote, " where they manufacture so much silk, besides leather and paper, the store to return." l cars ago, an army was outside trying to get into this city, but a thunder-storm came just in time to save it from satisfied air. I know you have been the shells of the army. The people taught to count your money in coming were so thankful to God for sending and going, and to tell the exact truth, this storm that they gave money to es. whether it sounds well or not-two imtablish a school to teach those who wanted to be missionaries. Some one says that five hundred men have gone from that school to teach in heathen

When Cecile had finished the letter she gave a long sigh and said: "There mamma, I have done it, and I feel very happy. Do you suppose that God allows persons to be ill so that others change if you didn't ask me."

anything about the troubles that we and she made us all cager to do Christ's laboured with their muscles that they it much more if it is your own work."

WHAT A MOUSE COULD DO.

Would you think it possible that so little an animal as a mouse could stop a whole train of cars? It did. Let me tell you how In a small Italian town, as the train

lest the station, an electrical bell always . gave six strokes. This was all well, but here was a day when the gong had given but three short notes instead of six! What could it mean? The station master began to scratch his head, and was greatly puzzled. Surely something was wrong. He ordered up all the signs of warning at once. The train was going very fast, but it stopped quickly. The passengers were all terribly frightened, and the station master's own heart went pit-a par too. Back and forth flew the telegraphic messages, with always the same reply, "Nothing wrong along the line." Then the sta tion master said to himself, " I must examine the gong, something must be wrong there." And what do you think he found? A poor, frightened mouse, who happeard to be near the wheels? when the clock was striking, and in trying to get out, he was caught in the knew that her illness gave her dear cogs. His lattle body washquite big enough to stop the whole machinery. and the train too, as well as scare the people on the cars half to death!

You see that even as small a thing as a mouse can do a great deal of harm, without incaning to, either. - N. Y. Et angelist.

FAIR AND HONEST.

IDA and Susy were swinging. "We'll take forty swings apiece," said Ida.

"Ye," said Susy.

" Now-one, two, three," said Ida as Susy got into the swing. "One, two, three, up goes she," saing

"Oh, that isn't the way to count," said Ida. "You must count straight." But Susy kept up such a "merry little" chirp with her laugh and song that Ida soon saw that she would do very little counting.

"Now it's forty, as nearly as I can count with the chattering you make," said Ida.

So Susy slipped out and Ida took her? place in the swing.

Susy was the youngest, and I dare asy she could not count forty very easily. Ida counted for herself as Susy swung her.

"It's more than forty, but Susy, doesn't know it," said Ida to herself, "I'll let her keep on."

But better thoughts soon came to

"Get in, you dear little thing," she

said to Susy. "You've swung me a good long swing."-The Sunbeam.

THE MISSING FIVE CENTS

HOLDING out his hand for the change

"Well, my boy, did you get what sent you for?" "Yes, sir," said John, "and here is

the change; but I don't understand it. The lemons cost twenty-eight cents, and there ought to be twenty-two change, and there's only seventeen, according to my count."

"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money."

"No, sir. I counted it all over it

the half to be sure it was all right." "Then, perhaps, the clerk made mistake in giving you the change." But John shook his head, "No,

sir, I counted that too. Father said wemust always count our change beforeleaving the store." "Then how in the world do you ace

count for the missing five cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that? John's cheeks grew red, but his voice

was firm. "I don't account for it, sir4. I can't. All that I know is that it is so." "Well, it is worth a good deal in this? world to be sure of that. How do you account for the five-cent piece that is hiding inside your coat sleeve?"

John looked down quickly and caught the gleaming bit with a cry of pleasure. "Here you are! Now it's all right. Now I couldn't imagine what had become of that five-cent piece. 1 was certain I had it when I started from

"There are two or three things that?" portant things in an errand boy. I think I'll try you, young man, without looking farther.'

At this John's checks grew redder than ever. He looked down and up, and finally he said in a low voice: " think I ought to tell you that I wanted the place so badly that I almost made up my mind to say nothing about the

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown; " and if "We ought not to wait till others are you had done it you would have lost ill to show love, and yet, perhaps, if the situation, that's all. I need a boythere were no sick ones to care for, about me who can be honest over so we might grow to be very selfish. Now small a sum as five cents, whether he is

Our best power is Holy Ghost power.