

The Inglenook.

Bell's Story.

BY ANNA ROSS.

Precious Lessons About Little Children.

When it was settled that Bell was to leave the College school-room, and go to be promoted over a "manse," she was deeply impressed with the seriousness of the situation.

Praying for wisdom one afternoon, for the duties coming, a verse memorized some time previously was all ready to be brought to mind just when needed. It is in Ephesians, "Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." Then she saw, what she had never seen before, that she already had been given, as her very own, every conceivable spiritual blessing in Christ Jesus, that wisdom was one of these blessings, and that, in asking adequate wisdom for any given position, she was asking only to be put in possession of what was already hers. It makes a great deal of difference in our confidence in prayer when we see that we are asking what is legally and joyfully ours already. Let those who are consciously timid in prayer ponder this point.

When Bell's first little child was laid into her arms, this was the word that welled up in her heart, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that she may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of her life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in His holy temple." It was so sweet and so full to let the glad heart go out after that one thing, for the little sleeper beside her.

Another verse came in those early days "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed in Him against that day." If anything had ever been committed to Him against that little life and all its interests?

Bell expected and intended that all her babies should grow up good from the beginning, becoming little Christians when they were too small to know anything about the time or the process. But in this she was much perplexed and disappointed. She had to learn, as most other parents do, to go down to rock bottom for her comfort. Some of her gladdest songs as a mother were sung under the shadow of this text, "Instead if the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." To turn the eye of God upon one of her own little children and said to Him, "Here is a thorn, Lord, a real thorn. But Thou hast come, and thy word has come, on purpose to make the glory of thy name known by turning these thorns into fir trees." "and courage and joy would spring at the thought of the power that had to undertake the work that staggered her own feeble forces. Sin, actual, ugly sin, in our sweet little children, is such a real thing, and in their parents as well, that nothing but a sight of that Divine transforming power can give heartfelt comfort in its presence. But that sight can give songs in the night, and the morning sometimes follows the night very closely, and sometimes it delays, yet the morning is never one minute behind its right time, and may be waited for without a shadow of fear.

This is glad tidings for the meek. It is the balm in Gilead capable of healing some

of the most sadly wounded hearts. But there are many truly Christian parents who do not seem to have found it.

As the little children grew bigger, Bell often found it painfully appropriate to quote to them Dr. Watts' hymn.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so.
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For tis their nature too.

But children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise.
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Birds in their little nests agree,
And tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight.

But she found, to her grief and humiliation, that the most careful teaching on the subject was powerless to eradicate the quarrelsome spirit.

One day Bell had driven her husband to the early morning train, and, having reached the station about two minutes ahead of time, she felt the usual sense of relief at not having been too late. As they stood together on the platform, she turned to him and said, "Papa, this is Bessie's birthday, will you give me a verse for her?"

He at once opened the Bible, first at one place, and then at another.

"I am afraid," he said, "that I have no verse for Bessie this morning." Then he added quickly, "Yes, give her this one, The Lord make you to increase and abound in love, one toward another, and toward all men."

"How sweet are thy words unto my taste, yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." So sweet was that word to Bell that morning. It was just what she needed, just what her little daughter needed, for it put the radical work of peacemaking upon Him who is able to do it. That was a really glorious seed to plant in the household. It seemed somewhat long in germinating, and has not been of very rapid growth. But it is a seed of the Lord's own planting, and the tree that grows from it is one of the trees of the Lord, which "are full of sap." The trees of the Lord must needs be full of sap. If they were not, they would wither and die, for they are planted in a wilderness, with everything against them, (except the Lord.)

Are there other households that want this precious seed? I gladly pass it on with the assurance: There is life in it.

Home Happiness.

Probably nineteen-twentieths of the happiness in this world you will get with the children at home. The independence that comes to a man when his work is over, and he feels that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home where he can rest in peace with his family, is something real. It does not make much difference whether you own your house or have one little room in that house, you can make that little room a home to you. You can people it with such moods, you can turn to it such sweet fancies that it will be fairly luminous with their presence, and will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none of you should transgress. You should always treat each other with courtesy. It is often

not so difficult to love a person as it is to be courteous to him. Courtesy is of greater value and a more royal grace than some people seem to think. If you will but be courteous to each other, you will soon learn to love each other more wisely, profoundly, not to any lastingly, than you ever did before. —Unidentified.

The Engagement Ring.

How many thoughts are centered in the engagement ring! Every girl has special ideas about the one she would like to have. Diamonds are general favorites, a hoop of diamonds is the dream of some newly-engaged maidens. Those who know that their fiancé can ill afford so costly a present, or would prefer that he should save the money towards the furnishing of their future home, will be content with a present far less pretentious. This is the girl who will choose a simply chased band of gold to one ornamented with poor or imitation stones. This latter would show such bad taste on the part of both the girl and her fiancé if he did not advise her otherwise.

Whose Happiness?

The small boy was drawing his still smaller neighbor along the walk in his little wagon. He looked up beaming, when a watchful face appeared at the doorway.

"I'm trying to make Fannie happy, aunt," he said.

"What a beautiful spirit for the child to have!" exclaimed the admiring aunt as she closed the door.

But presently, as she gazed from the window, it seemed to her that the effort, however commendable, was not very successful.

Wee Fannie was evidently afraid to ride and was much more inclined to climb out of the wagon and draw it herself. This Master Robbie stoutly resisted.

"She doesn't like riding, Robbie," explained the aunt. "You must let her be horse if you want to make her happy."

"But I want to draw it myself. I want to make her happy don't things I like her to do," answered Robbie, with a very unamiable scowl.

Poor little boy! It was selfishness, after all.—Wellspring.

Hints to Girls.

What a hostess calls "ricks," though the name is wrongly suggestive, are delicious little drop cakes sure to be found on her five-o'clock tea table. They are made from one cupful of sugar, two thirds of a cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, two eggs, one pound each of chopped English walnuts and dates or raisins, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one of cloves, and one of soda dissolved in hot water. Drop by teaspoonfuls as they run easily, on buttered tins, and bake. They are almost as rich as fruit cake, and improve with age.

A young woman who wished to utilize the handsome silver drinking cup of her childhood took it to a silversmith and had the rim opposite the handle widened out into a spout, when it served on her afternoon tea tray as a cream-pitcher. If in the future she should wish to pass it on to a child of her own, it will be easily restored to its original state.

An esteemed correspondent sends a suggestive paragraph to this department: "In a certain young girl's writing desk is a little volume that she greatly values. It is a blank book into the pages of which she has copied