

The Family.

ALONE WITH THEE
Into thy closet, fleeing as the dove
Both homeward flee,
I haste away to ponder o'er Thy love,

SUCH IS FAME

THE mispelt scrawl upon the wall,
By some Pompeian scribe traced,
In athena packed (ionic fact)
Lies eighteen centuries untraced.

THINK STRAIGHT.

THERE is no mind so perfectly balanced
that it may not become unbalanced
and fall a victim to vagaries of various sorts.

The mother may dwell upon the awful responsibilities of her position,
the issues of life and death that flow from her example and teaching,

ONE STITCH AT A TIME.
"Guard well thy heart, for out of the heart
are the issues of life." As a man thinketh
in his heart, so is he.

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY.
Now and then it is announced in the newspapers
that some eminent man—usually an Englishman—has been presented
with the freedom of the city of London in a gold box.

Common Council gathers in official costume
in the ancient Guildhall; certain members are appointed, who vouch
for the worthiness of the recipient of the honour,

There are four ways in which a man may become what is called a "freeman of London."
The first is, by inheritance. The sons of one who is already a freeman
have the right to be also enrolled as freemen of the city.

The freedom of the city is conferred upon eminent men for a great variety of achievements.
It is given to statesmen when they have done some signal act of statecraft,

It is also frequently conferred on royal personages. On the roll of the freemen of the city by gift during the present century
are to be found the famous names of Pitt, Brougham, Peel, Russell, Cobden, Beaconsfield and Salisbury
for their success as statesmen;

The royal dukes of Kent and Sussex and Prince Albert were added to the list,
and the Prince of Wales and his son, Prince Albert Victor, derive their "freedom of the city" by inheritance.

Three great Americans—General Grant, George Peabody and Henry M. Stanley—have also been presented with the freedom of the city.

As a practical fact, the receiving of the freedom of the city by gift of the Corporation is an honour, high, indeed, but without many substantial privileges.

What is the secret by which you do your work so beautifully? The questioner held in her hand an exquisite piece of crochet work,

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be done simultaneously, and thus multiply our executive power, but to live two minutes at once no mortal can do, any more than we can recall one act or one moment of the past.

Let us then be up and doing;
Heart within and God abroad;
—Selected

EMERSON'S SCOURING KNIVES.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was not bred in luxury. His widowed mother was hard put to it to get food and clothes for the family, and was obliged to call upon all her boys for the daily chores.

One of his special duties was cleaning the knives and forks. There were no silver forks then, and the boy who had the cleaning of the knives and forks for a large family that kept boarders had a task of no small extent, and by no means inviting.

The writer of these lines can speak from his own experience, for he had the honour of performing a duty of that kind before the readers of this article had broken their first rattles.

The gentle Waldo sang over his task one day, "Harp of Memnon Sweetly Strung"; but, thinking that the harsh melody of the knives did not go well with the verse, he wrote a stanza more appropriate—

Melodious knife, and thou, harmonious sand;
Touched by the poet-sourer's rugged hand,
When swift ye glide along the scowering board,

He was much given to rhyming as a boy, and most of his specimens that have been preserved have a humorous character. Thus he wrote, in a letter to his brother, a pompous parody of Jack and Jill, beginning—

So ent two brethren climbed the cloud-capped hill,
Ill-lated Jack and long-lamented Jill,
Snatched from the crystal fount its liquid store,

But during this period of rhyming and choring, he was a diligent student, as well as an enthusiastic reader, and he was ready to enter Harvard before he was fifteen years of age.

Once, when he won a college prize of thirty dollars, he hurried home with the glad news, hoping his mother would buy with the money something warm and nice to wear in winter.

MOTHER'S WORK.

ON a chapter of Mrs. Diaz's "Byrond to Beacon Street" is so full of sound sense that it deserves to be quoted entire, and not partially, as we must quote it.

In brief, the mother of a family, after a hard forenoon's work, had given up to tears, for her girl and boy had gone away leaving their tasks undone, and the burden of the day seemed to be growing greater than she could bear.

Her husband finding her thus discouraged, inquired into the matter, and came to the conclusion that the children should be made to realize that a part of the household work belonged to them, and not that they were generously "helping mother" when they gave assistance.

So one evening, after Laura had finished her examples, her father asked her to write down all the different things he had to do in the different days of the week.

The list covered both sides of the slate. Husband wrote at the beginning for a title, "Mother's Work," and then remarked that it was a good deal of work for one person.

"I help her some," said Laura. "Yes," said he, "I suppose you call what you do helping her, and that Fred calls what he does helping her, but after all, you are only helping yourselves. Mother eats a small part of the food she cooks, and wears a small part of the clothes she makes, and washes and irons and mends. So all this work is not really hers, but only hers to do."

"Then he rubbed out the title, and wrote, in its place, 'The Family Work which is called Mother's Work.' 'Now, I should like to know,' said he, 'why members of the family consider it a favour to mother when they do parts of their own work?'

"For instance, I have noticed that, to get a meal and clear it away, there must be wood and water brought, vegetables got, cleaned and cooked, other things cooked, the table set, dishes washed, knives scoured, and some tidying of the room afterwards. Now it doesn't seem right for one person to do all this labour and for other persons to feel that their part is only the eating part. That isn't fair play."

The Children's Corner.

THE DARK.
Where do the little chickens run
When they are made afraid?
Out of the light, out of the sun,
Into the dark, into the shade,

Where do the little violets creep
When covers the mist of snow?
Into the dark to rest and sleep
And wait for spring; they go
Under the ground, where storms can't reach,
And God takes tenderest care of each.

Are you afraid, dear girl or boy
Afrail of the dark of death?
Jeans will raise you full of joy
To the world of light, He saith:
And where the little violets sleep,
Your body safe the Lord will keep.

SOME ANECDOTES ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

VERY few people know what a wonderful animal the elephant is; how wise, how grateful, if kindly treated, and alas! how revengeful if ill-used in any way.

There was once an Indian rajah, named Dowlan, who started with his train of nobles to hunt in the neighbourhood of Lucknow. On their way the hunters had to pass through a valley which served the natives as a sort of hospital.

The rajah had a bad name for cruelty, and as his elephant approached the valley, the people who were in charge of the sick fled, leaving the invalids powerless on the ground.

The animal was more humane than his master: the moment he approached the first body he halted. Dowlan was angry, and ordered the driver to prick the poor elephant with the iron goad which is used to guide it; but the kind and wise animal would not move, lest he should crush the helpless forms.

At last, seeing that they were unable to move out of his way, he gently raised one after the other with his trunk, and laid them on one side, and so passed on to the hunting ground. Was he not both wise and good?

Another elephant was told to pick up a sixpence at a circus. The coin, however, was just out of his reach, and not far from a wall. After stretching out his proboscis in vain several times, the elephant stood still, as if in thought. Then he suddenly blew with all his might against the wall. The current of air rebounded, and sent the sixpence rolling toward the clever animal, who picked it up at once.

Next as to gratitude. An elephant never forgets a kindness. There is a terrible custom in India of using the animal as an executioner. He is trained to trample on the victims, or to crush them with his trunk. One day a man who had offended against the law knelt to receive his death-blow from an elephant. But, to the surprise of every one, the animal only raised the criminal with his trunk. Then the man recognized the elephant as one which he had had charge of for many years, and whom he had always treated kindly. The elephant remembered the kind treatment, and to his gratitude the man owed his life.

One day an elephant who was walking along the streets of Delhi put his trunk into a tailor's shop where several people were at work, and one of them pricked the trunk with his needle. The animal took no notice, but by and by he came to a very dirty pond. He filled his trunk from it, and, returning, to the shop, squirted the water all over the workers and their work. The poor elephant knew no better.

One more story of an elephant's cleverness, which took place at Woolwich last November. An elephant escaped from a circus one night, and broke open the back door of a workman's cottage. When that was done he found he could not put his head in—the doorway was not large enough. But the animal was hungry, so he went to the window, which he soon smashed.

The remains of the family supper were on the table, as well as the workman's breakfast, neatly tied up in a cloth, ready for him in the morning. By means of his trunk the elephant cleared everything eatable off the table; then, being still hungry, he untied the knots of the handkerchief and devoured the contents. So far good. The elephant had not been taught the difference between right and wrong, and could not be blamed for getting a supper when he was hungry, though it was a stolen one. But he need not have been mischievous enough to smash all the crockery-ware. He had begun destroying the furniture, when the inmates of the house were roused by the noise, and after a time the elephant was taken home by one of the keepers of the circus.—Selected.

THE most beautiful organization the world ever saw or ever will see, is the much-maligned Church, the friend of all good, the foe of all evil, fair as the moon, clear as the sun. Beautiful in her Author, beautiful in her mission, the heroine of centuries, the bride of Christ, the queen of nations.

Our Story.

THE FAIRFAX GIRLS.

BY MRS. NATHANIEL CONKLIN, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SETH'S WILL," "WILDWOOD," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Aunt Jean and Aunt Beth had each other; True had Roy, and she had—Among all her friends, whom had she to help her as he had helped her? Who would—who could—take his place to her? What did people do when everything was taken away and nothing was left? Did such a thing happen to some one every day? Was she one of such a great number that it was nothing new, nothing strange, nothing to break her heart about? "Think it not strange—think it not strange—" But the rest had flitted out of her mind; there was something that she must not think strange.

The next day brought the news that Mr. Romeyn and Charlie were to sail by the steamer a week hence; they must all come to New York for a last day with Mr. Romeyn and to see him off. His stay would be indefinite. He began to feel restless; he must find some new thing to do with himself.

"True, he must see us married," said Roy, decidedly. "I know there's nothing like wedding garments in the annals of young-ladyhood, but see us married, Romeyn must, or I'll have to take you to Europe afterward for him to grace the occasion!"

"I never heard anything like it," exclaimed Miss Beth. "There never was anything like it," announced Roy. "I don't see what difference it makes; True and I are to stay here, and it's all we can do to make the poor fellow happier."

"Does he care so much?" asked True, doubtfully. "Most certainly he does," said Roy. "He cares for me, at any rate; your Ladyship need not take it all to yourself. One thing we must live for, True, is to make him happy; I told him that a corner in our fireside should always be his."

"But that is so little!" said True sorrowfully. "My corner is a good deal to me," said Roy. "Now sit down and write to Aunt Jean that she is coming home to a wedding."

"Your new suit will do for a traveling suit," conceded Miss Beth, in her usual voice, although, as she wrote to Jean, she felt shaken almost to pieces, "and other things can be made afterward. I see Roy has set his mind on it, and it is a little thing to do if it will make any difference to Mr. Romeyn."

And so, without further argument, it was settled that Roy and True should be married in Mr. Romeyn's room at his hotel in New York. Roy proposed that they should take a run over to Nice with him; and when True laughed, he declared that he was in sober earnest, and that he would not bring her home until she had seen "Carcassonne," which might be interpreted Paris or any other capital in Europe.

"Hyde has had vacation long enough; I can easily leave a month if he will take my place. And I'm glad you haven't any 'roseau,' for I don't want the bother of being encumbered with baggage."

Before True knew it, and while she was holding her breath with delight, in his rapid fashion Roy had decided for her. Miss Beth stood looking at them in half-approving dismay; Carol flushed and paled; and she only to be left out in this good time?

"Write to Aunt Jean this afternoon. Tell Romeyn we will escort him; he may call it his wedding-trip if he likes. Before they can reply I'll have tickets. We haven't seven days to be ready and off. I always wanted to be married before I had time to change my mind about it."

"Well, True, I suppose you have clothes enough," debated Miss Beth. "There's more on the other side," cried Roy; "I don't believe in taking a year to turn around in. And it's all for the sake of Romeyn; we are the martyrs—I'll take tea with you to-night at Mrs. Hyde's, True."

"I must write to Aunt Jean first. Roy, you put me all in a whirl." "It's time you were put into something—Carol, we will bring you photographs of everywhere. I wish you were going too."

Carol turned away with a quick motion. "I promised Aunt Jean I would call on Carrie Meadows every week, and I haven't been there this week; I'll walk to Mayfield with True."

The thought of Ellice Kenyon flashed over her. Her heart beat with hurried throbbing; her fingers dropped the pen she had taken up. She was going without Ellice!

Carol did not write that day to Mr. Romeyn, nor the next day; in the hurry of his departure, in the rush of the news about True, he certainly would not care for it, nor miss it. Roy and True would make him happy, as Roy promised. Who in all the world needed her?

CHAPTER XXIII

OF

ONE evening Carol and Miss Beth found themselves alone together in the sitting-room. September had come, and Miss Beth made the evening chilliness an excuse for a fire in the Franklin; she told Carol that she would need the cheer of the fire when Jean came home.

"We are like two old geese; we've lived so long together we do not know how to live apart."

"I wonder what I need it for?" Carol thought, dismally. Over the mantel hung a portrait in oils of Carol's grandmother's only sister. The countenance was placid, the eyes were dark; the dark hair was not her own, for the likeness was painted when she was in her sixty-second year. The placid face was framed by the white frill of her cap, and under her double chin was tied the white satin ribbon of her cap strings. In her hand she held a red book. This black silk dress and white cap were her wedding garments; she was married at sixty-one, and lived most happily with her old husband nineteen years. Carol had often smiled over her quaint love story; it was not the usual one of the youthful lover returning in old age, for this aged pair had married after a brief courtship. It had always seemed very funny to the girls. It was her marriage that had brought Roy's ancestors into the Fairfax family; Carol never remembered how it came about.

"Carol, child, don't stand there and look doleful." "I want to stand here," said Carol, a smile flitting across the sadness of her face.

"Then don't look doleful. There's no sound of marriage bells in your voice, either."

"It's because I'm mean and selfish," Carol burst out. "That's worse still," was the severe reply as Miss Beth held her needle up to the light to thread it.

"Aunt Beth, how do people keep their faces cheerful all the time?" "By thinking cheerful thoughts." "Where do you get cheerful thoughts?"

"I used to think you had so many that you were always bubbling over." "That was before—before this," she returned, gravely.

"Before what?" with sharpness. "Before we had Mr. Romeyn's saved life to be thankful for."

Carol's lips stirred, but she did not speak. "Before we had True's happiness to be thankful for?"

"I told you I was mean and selfish," said Carol, unmoved. "I cannot be glad that he is going so far away; I cannot be happy when he has so much to bear; I cannot be glad to have True love Roy best. I am selfish, and I can't help it. I shall be lost when they are gone."

"Where are your five thousand friends?" "Five thousand—if I had them—could not take True's place."

"Suppose she wasn't coming at all, what then? I must think that you are very unreasonable."

"I know it, but knowing it doesn't make me behave any better. I talked to True last night until she cried." "I am disappointed in you." Carol only sighed.

"Haven't you enough to be thankful for?" "Yes," hesitatingly, "but I haven't all I want. Aunt Beth," glancing up into the placid face with its frill of wedding cap, "what did Aunt Jemima do with herself?"

"She made a wise fool of herself in her old age," a grim smile relaxing the corners of her mouth. "She was older than you are?"

"Yes, and I am very old in your young estimation." "I am glad you and Aunt Jean are not like her."

"We haven't had the same temptation to be like her." "I hope you never will have," said Carol, earnestly.

"Don't worry, child; there's no present prospect. What did she do before she was married? She was a spinster, and she spun. She lived here with her sister, my mother; she was a useful and happy woman. She wasn't doleful because her sister was married and she wasn't; she lived with her and had a good time. She has many a time put her hand on that brass knob as you are doing this very minute, but I hope she hadn't as dismal a face."

"I'm not dismal," denied Carol, breaking into a smile, "but I don't like these changes. I had all I wanted before; now I don't seem to have anything." "True will be home before we know it." But Mr. Romeyn would not be home; it was not "home" to him any longer. (To be continued.)