The Family.

MONE WITH THEE

Into thy closet, flecting as the dove 11oth homeward flee, I haste away to p. inder o'er Thy love, Alone with Thee.

In the dim woods, by human ear unheard, Joyous and free, Lord I adore Thee, feating on Thy word, Alone with Thee.

Annot the busy city, thronged and gay, that One I see. Tasting sweet peace as unobserved I pray Alone with Thee.

O sweetest life-life hid with Christ in God, So making me, At home, and by the wayside, and abroad, Alone with Thee.

-Mes. Elizabeth Prentiss

SUCH IS FAME

Tite misspelt scrawl upon the wall, By some Pompeian idler traced, In ashes packed (tronic fact !) Lies eighteen centuries uneffaced, While many a page of bard and sage, Deemed once manking simmortal gain, Lost from Time's ark, leaves no more mark Than a keel's furrow through the main. -J. R. Lowell.

THINK STRAIGHT.

THERE is no mind so perfectly balanced that it may not become unbalanced and fall a victim to vagaries of various sorts. An increased pressure of blood on the brain causes delirium; indigestion turns the golden sunshine tre to British arms, or, in other countries of the hunters had to the process of pointing, the funters had to the hunters had to the process of pointing, the funters had to the hunters had to the hunter into gloom; an aching tooth changes one's views of life for the time very materially; loss of sleep will make and philanthropists. toward the zenith, our feet toward the depressions to which we are subject, striking a general average, so to speak, from which we take our bearings, and for discovery. toward which we constantly aim to rise

or fall. The mother may dwell upon the awful responsibilities of her position, the issues of life and death that flow from her example and teaching, until she becomes utterly unfit for her duties; just so of the preacher and teacher. We have no concern with the results of our labours. It is ours to sow the good seed by the way-side, in the shallow: soil, on stony ground, and in ground

Multitudes of persons who become eccentric, unbalanced, insane, might, by force of will, keep out of the slough men, and is eligible for those offices, into which they fall. A brain predistit is needless to say, however, the posed to disease, if hygienically treated, the famous men who are added in the may no good were see sung years, just way to the civil roll of renown do not as lungs predisposed to tuberculosis avail themselves of these rights. Yet may serve their owner a life-time in to receive this honour is so marked a purifying his blood; just as a dyspeptic recognition of eminence that it is always stomach may keep on digesting such gratefully accepted.—Youth's Compafood as it can manage; just as a diseased heart may continue pumping the blood into the arteries, till some other organ reluses to work and brings the machinery to a stop.

"Guard well thy heart, for out of the heart are the issues of life." "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. Now, if we think straight and feel kindly, we shall not be likely to get lady to into trouble. But we need to watch ourselves. When thoughts arise that lead to evil, we must banish them. When influences surround us that lead downward, we must flee from them, if we can, and resut them if we cannot flee. There are always noble topics on which we can think; there are always noble companionships to which we can aspire. The worlds of science, or art, of literature, stretch out their hands to us full of invitations to delights.

There are some localities where it rains every day in the year-the island of Chilos, for example. The only way to avoid the daily rain is to go to some other locality. There are spiritual latitudes haunted by ghosts and spectres. We must steer away from such localities. We must fill our ears with wax, so that we can hear no sounds from those shores. Bunyan's Pilgrim filled his ears with his fingers, and ran from his tempter, shouting, " Life, life, eternal life!"

The body is the instrument of the soul, and if the soul will insist on sitting in the seat of power and making the body serve, as it should, right results are sure to follow; but when the body occupies the seat of sovereignty and dictates to the soul, all relations are reserved and chaos comes

Think straight !- N. Y. Christian Advocate.

"THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY."

Now and then it is announced in the newspapers that some eminent manusually an Englishman, but occasionally a foreigner—has been "presented with the freedom of the city of London in a gold box." The last to receive this honour was the Marquis of Hartington, upon whom it was conferred in April, in recognition of his political at a time, think one thing at a time, character and services.

is attended with much elaborate cere, quired of us, we have time given to do mony. It is voted to a distinguished it in. We may pass rapidly from one ther," but honestly assuming the labour in her Author, beautiful in her mission, man by the Corporation of the city of task to another, we may construct en- which belongs to re- Youth's Com- the heroine of centuries, the bride of London; a day is appointed; the ginery by which much of our work may panion.

the honour, and who are called "compact or one moment of the past, purgators," the new "freeman" signs "Let us then be up and doing the roll, and then the Lord Mayor, clad in the robes of his office, presents the emment man with a richly ornamented gold box, in which is placed the certificate of his "freedom of the

There are four pays 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 second is, by "servitude or apprenticeship to a master already a freeman." The third is, by redemption, or purchase; and the fourth is, by vote of the Corporation, conferring the freedom of the city as a gift, this forks for a large family that kept being an honourary distinction.

All these methods are a part of the very ancient system of the municipal government of London City; features of which, indeed, may be traced as far the honour of performing a duty of back as to the Saxon period of English history.

The freedom of the city is conferred upon eminent men for a great variety of achievements It is given to states | not of a quality that lent itself freely to men when they have done some signal tries, have had a brilliant career; to men of science, discoverers, explorers stanza more appropriate:-

almost any one a pessimist; fatigue
alters the aspect of all things; and in a
thousand ways we are liable to all sorts
freemen of the city by gift during the royal personages. On the roll of the of sproutings of sahity and insanity in present century are to be found the our brains. What we need to learn to famous names of Pitt, Brougham, Peel, famous names of Pitt, Brougham, Peel, do is, in the midst of the tossing seas Russell, Cobden, Beaconsfield and on which we ride, to keep our heads Salisbury for their success as statesmen; Wellington, Nelson, Garibaldi, Nuvier nadir, and allow for the elevations and of Magdala, and Wolseley for deeds of war; Jenner, Rowland Hill and Shaftesbury for philanthropy; M. de Lesseps projecting an imaginary horizontal line for engineering science, and Livingstone

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. Mr. Gladstone is a freeman by pur-

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 well prepared. It is ours to obey, and the freedom of the city by gift of the to leave the results with the Lord of Corporation is an honour, high, indeed, but without many substantial privileges. A freeman of the city has the right to vote for aldermen and common council-

It is needless to say, however, that

ONE STITCH AT A TIME

"What is the secret by which you do your work so beautifully?" The questioner held in her hand an exquisite piece of crochet work, wrought by the lady to whom the question was ad-

"There is no sarred about it," replied the lady; "I only make every stitch as perfect as I can, and am careful to put it exactly in the right place. There isn't one wrong or careless stitch in all that work. If I make a mistake I ravel out and correct ff."

One perfect stitch at a time ! So the marvellous fabrics of lace at fabulous exquisite embroideries are wrought. So memory failed. the costly garments of men and women are put together. One perfect stitch at

a time The noblest lives are lived—one moment at a time. No moments wasted; no moments carelessly spent; no moments viciously spent. Wrong stitches in crochet can be ravelled out and made right. Wrong stitches in garments can be picked out and put in again right. But who can reverse the tide of time, aud undo a wrong act, and make it

right? Some unknown friend left a card on our desk on which was printed this: "I shall pass through this world but once t Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it, now, in His name, and for His sake / Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not

pass this vay again." Is there a better secret than that for do parts of their own work?

"" For instance, I have noticed that, making the whole fabric of life perfect? "Any good thing that I can do;" that covers all our duty to God and to ourselves. "Any kindness that I can show to any human being;" that covers all our duty to our neighbour. Love to God and to our neighbour is the fulfill-

ing of the law. One stitch at a time ! Sometimes we allow ourselves to become confused with the thought or feeling that we have part. That isn't fair play. a dozen things to do at once. But that is a mistake. We can do but one thing speak one word at a time, see one thing This custom is an ancient one, and at a time. For every duty really re-

Common Council gathers in official be done simultaneously, and we thus costume in the ancient Guildhall, cer- multiply our executive power, but to tain members are appointed, who youch | live two minutes at once no morial can for the worthiness of the racipient of do, any more than we can recall one

"Let us then be un and doing, Heart within and GOO ethead " *}_Selected

EMERSON-SCOURING KNIVES.

RALPH WALDO EMBRSON 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. It did them all good, and Waldo performed his share with a cheerful mind.

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 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 that kind before the readers of this article had broken their first rattles. The forks were especially troublesome, and the steel of the ancient knives was the process of polishing, either.

go well with the verse, he wrote a

Melodious knife, and thou, barmonious Touched by the poet-scourer's rugged hand, When swift ye glide along the scouring

board, With mune's note your happy bard re-ward," He was much given to thyming as a

boy, and most of his specimens that have been preserved have a humourous character. Thus he wrote, in a letter to his brother, a pompous parody of Jack and Jill, beginning:-So erst two brethren climbed the cloud

capped hill,
Ill-lated Jack and long-lamented Jill,
Snatched from the crystal font its lacid

And in full pails the precious burthen born. But during this period of thyming and choring, he was a diligent student, as well as an enthusiastic reader, and he was ready to enter Harvard before

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 with and nice to wear in winter. Alas! it had to go for the discharge of a baker's bill.—Selected.

MOTHER'S WORK.

In brief, the mother of family. be growing greater than she could bear.

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 things I had to do in the different days "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. "1 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 hungry, so he went to the window,
who food she cooks, and wears a small which he soon smashed. part of the clothes she makes, and washes and irons and mends. So all this work is not really hers, but only man's breakfast, neatly tied up in a hers to do.

"Then he rubbed out the title, and wrote, in its place, 'The Family Work | cleared everything eatable off the table; which is called Mother's Work.

sider it a favour to mother when they

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 the crockery-ware. He had begun dewashed, knives scoured, and some tidying of the room afterwards. Now it mates of the house were roused by the all this labour and for other persons to feel that their part is only the eating of the circus.—Selected.

Having convinced the children that it was not, indeed, fair play, he proceeded to allot them a certain portion of the family work for their own doing.

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, late the dark, into the shade. Under the mother's downy wing They fear no care for any ing.

Where do the little violer creep. When corres the time of snow? 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 Afraid of the dark of death? Jesus will raise you full of joy
To the world of light, He saith t
And where the little violets sleep,
Your body safe the Lord will keep.

-Little Folks' Paper.

SOME ANECDOTES ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

VERY few people know what a won-derful animal the elephant is; how wise, how grateful, if kindly treated, and alast 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 val- some new thing to do with himself. ley which served the natives as a sort of hospital. All around lay poor sick folks, trying to gain health by the fresh

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. Dowlah could easily have turned aside and taken another road; but he was a wicked man, and ordered his driver to urge the elephant to its full speed, and

to trample on the sufferers. The animal was more humane than his master: the moment he approached the first body he halted. Dowlah 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 helpiess 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

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 ONE chapter of Mrs. Diaz's " Byoury | terrible custom in India of using the to Beacon Street" is so full of sound animal as an executioner. He is sense that it deserves to be quoted entrained to trample on the victims, or True laughed, he declared that he was tire, and not partially, as we must cooke to crush them with his trunk. One in sober earnest, and that he would a man who had offended after a hard forenoon's work, had given the law knelt to receive his death-blow up to tears, for her girl and boy had from an elephant. But, to the surgone away leaving their tasks uncone, prise of every one, the animal only and the burden of the day seemed to raised the criminal with his trunk. Then the man recognized the elephant Her husband finding her thus dis- as one which he had had charge of for couraged, inquired into the matter, many years, and whom he had always and came to the conclusion that the treated kindly. The elephant remembhildren should be made to realize bered 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 people were at work, and one of them in half-approving dismay; Carol flushed trunk into a tailor's shop where several people were at work, and one of them pricked the trunk with his needle. The and paled; was she only to be left out animal took, no notice, but by and by in this good time? her to write down all the different animal took no notice, but by and by he came to a very dirty pond. He of the week. She began to write, her filled his trunk from it, and, returning, prices are made. So the intricate and father and Fred prompting when her 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 Wool-

wich 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

The remains of the family supper were on the table, as well as the workcloth, ready for him in the morning. By means of his trunk the elephant then, being still hungry, he untied the "' Now, I should like to know,' said knots of the handkerchief and devoured he, 'why members of the family con- 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 stroying the furniture, when the indoesn't seem right for one person to do noise, and after a time the elephant was taken bome by one of the keepers

"THE most beautiful organization the world ever saw or ever will see, is the much-maligned Church, the friend and now I am to be married in dark Let us all profit by the fint, no longer of all good, the foe of all evil, 'fair as pluming ourselves on "helping mother moon, clear as the sun.' Beautiful "Does it take all the fun out of it Christ, the queen of nations."

Our Story.

THE FAIRFAX GIRLS.

BY MRS. NATHANIEL CONKLIN, AUTHOR

By fermission of the Presbyterian Board o Publication, Philadelphia. I

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 lin; she told Carol that she would not her heart about? "Think it not strange need the cheer of the fire when Jean -think it not strange -" But the came home. 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 Charlio 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

- "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 her cap strings. In her hand she held Romeyn must, or I'll have to take you a red book. This black silk dress and to Europe afterward for him to grace white cap were her wedding garments; the occasion?"

"I never heard anything like it," exclaimed Miss Beth. "There never was anything like it,"

difference it makes; True and I are to turning in old age, for this aged pair stay here, and it's all we can do to make | had married after a brief courtship. It 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 your self. 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 travelling 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 not bring her home until she had seen Carcamonne," which might be inter- be thankful for?" preted Paris or any other capital in

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

"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 her old age," a grim smile relaxing the martyrs—I'll take tea with you to-night corners of her mouth.

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 photo-

graphs of everywhere. I wish you were going too." Carol turned away with a quick mo-

"I promised Aunt Jean I would call on Carrie Meadows every week, and I to Mayfield with True."

"And take tea with us at Mrs. Hyde's," said True, delightedly. "You haven't discovered her yet, Carol; you must go to see her while we are gone." thing happened as far as that?

"Think it not strange-" was following her yet. "I'm not doing anything like other

girls," said True, opening a drawer in the bookcase for her writing materials. "I didn't want a diamond for an engagement ring; and chose plain gold, "Does it take all the fun out of it?"

inquired Roy,
"Not ,ail," said True, demurcly; Hyou know I am going over the sea."

The thought of Ellice Kenyon flashed over her. Her heart beat with hurried throbbing; her fingers dropped the pen the had taken up. She was geing 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 is all the world needed her t

CHAPTER XXIII

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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 Frank-

"We are like two old geese; wev'e 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 placed, the eves were dark; the dark hair was not her own, for the likeness was painted when she was in her sixty-second year. The placed face was framed by the white frill of her cap, and under her double chin was tied the white satin ribbon of 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 announced Roy. "I don't see what the usual one of the youthful lover rehad always ceemed 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 peeple 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

"I told you I was mean and selfish," said Carol, unmoved. "I cannot be "Hyde has bad vacation long glad that he is going so far away; I enough; I can easily leave a month if cannot be happy when he has so much he will take my place. And I'm glad to bear; I cannot be glad to have True. you baven't any 'rosseau, for I don't love Roy best. I am selfish, and I want the bother of being encumbered can't help it. I shall be lost when they

are gone."
"Where are your five thousand

"Five thousand-if I had themcould 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

"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 tempta-

tion to be like her." "I hope you never will have," said Carol, earnestly.

"Don't worry, child; there' no present prospect. What did she do before haven't been there this week; I'll walk 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 withher and had a good While they were gone ! Had every- 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 any-

"True will be home before we know

But Mr. Romeyn would not be home; it was not "home" to him any

(To be continued.)

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