

## Good Words for the Family.

### NOT KNOWING.

I know not what shall befall me,  
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,  
And so, each step in my onward path,  
He makes new scenes to rise  
And every joy He sends me, comes  
As a strange and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me, as  
I tread on another year,  
But the past is still in God's keeping,  
The future His mercy shall clear,  
And what looks dark in the distance,  
May brighten as I draw near.—

For perhaps the dreaded future  
Has less bitter than I think,  
The Lord may sweeten the waters,  
Before I stoop to drink,  
Or if Marah must be Marah,  
He will stand beside the brink.

It may be, He has, waiting  
For the coming of my feet,  
Some gift of such rare blessedness,  
Some joy so strangely sweet,  
That my lips shall only tremble  
With the thanks they cannot speak.

Oh ! restful, blissful ignorance ;  
'Tis blessed not to know !  
It keeps me so still in those arms  
Which will not let me go,  
And hushes my soul to rest  
On the bosom that loves me so !

So I go on, not knowing,  
I would not if I might !  
I would rather walk in the dark with God,  
Than walk alone in the light,  
I would rather walk with Him by faith,  
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials  
That the future may disclose,  
Yet I never had a sorrow  
But what the dear Lord chose,  
So I send the coming tears back,  
With the whispered word "He knows."  
—*Friends' Review.*

### CHARLIE'S ACCOUNT.

Little Charles was at school, and though just twelve years old, he was head of the class in arithmetic. His father had come home from his work, his mother

was out that evening visiting a neighbor whose boy was very ill of inflammation of the lungs. Charles, sitting with his slate, on a stool near his father, said :

" Now, do please give me an account, and you will see how soon I will do it ? "

" Well, I will, " his father replied.

" Are you ready ? A rich lady once found lying at her door, one summer morning, a little baby wrapped up in an old shawl. She could not find who laid it there ; but she resolved to rear it, and gave it out to nurse, keeping an account of all it cost her. When the little baby had grown up a fine boy of twelve years of age, she wrote the account thus :

A nurse for three years, at \$100 . . .	\$300
Clothes for twelve years, at \$20 . . .	240
Food for twelve years, at \$50 . . .	600
Lodging for twelve years, at \$25. . .	300
Teaching, books, etc., for six years, at \$10. . .	60
Doctor and medicines, three times . . .	25
	<b>\$1,525</b>

" Now, tell me the sum of it. "

Charles, after a little explanation, set to, and by multiplying, found out the figures marked opposite each article, and adding, found out that the little baby had cost the lady \$1,525.

" How much money ! " the boy exclaimed.

" Yes, it is indeed, Charles, " said the father. " Do you think you could pay as much ? "

" Oh no ! I have just one half crown grandpapa gave me. "

" Well, but, my boy, do you know you have to pay all that, and much more, to a kind lady ? "

Charles stared.

" Yes ! Are you not just twelve years old ; and what kind lady nursed you, clothed and taught you ? I thought Charles forgot who did all this for him when he put on a sulky face this morning, and went so slowly on mamma's errand to the baker ! "

The little face was bent downward and covered with blushes.

" Let me see your account, Charles ; there is something more to put down. For twelve years mamma has loved you, watched over you, prayed for you ! No