

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

INFLUENCE.

"No man liveth unto himself."
 Greater issues than thou thinkest,
 And from which in vain thou shrinkest,
 Aye attend thy way through life:
 Influence strange on all thy meetest,
 For the worst, or for the sweetest,
 Unto peace, or unto strife!

Greater issues than thou knowest
 Are at stake than thou showest;
 Every word and look of thine
 Are the index of thy spirit,
 And betray thine inward merit,
 Through thine eyes thy soul must shine.

Greater issues than thou weenest,
 More abiding than thou meanest,
 From thyself have daily birth;
 As an atmosphere around thee,
 Marks of good or ill surround thee,
 Help to Heaven, or lower to earth.

Greater issues!—friend, bethink thee,
 All with whom thy life doth link thee.
 Must thou hinder, or upraise,
 What if some, all unavailing,
 Through the ages sadly wailing,
 To thyself their doom shall trace?

Greater issues! Thou hast power
 To bestow a happier dower,
 Souls through thee may reach the skies
 Strive, then, strive, that nobly living,
 Grace and help unconscious giving,
 Thou mayest aid faint souls to rise!

E. M. DAWSON.

One Day.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

HELEN KING lay in the hammock, thinking. It was a warm July day, and not even her favourite Ivanhoe could interest her. Her particular girl-friends were away for the summer, and Quincy was always a dull place for summer. Her friend's letters were full of fishing parties, tennis, boating and lawn fetes, yet here she was compelled, by the state of the family purse, to stay at home, with not even one brother or sister to keep her company, or tease and torment her, as the case may be.

Oh for something to do! If she were a knight of the olden time now, in the chivalric and romantic past, how many adventures would come in her way! Ivanhoe was her ideal, and she pictured to her only too fanciful mind the many poor and helpless beings she would succor in the most daring manner. But what could any one do in dull and commonplace Quincy in this frightfully modern, practical, stirring America? Sew a little, read a little, sleep and eat. She would do something besides think of the heat and be food for a hundred flies. There was no one she could help; but here a sudden remorseful thought came to her mind—Miss Schofield, always confined to the house, part of the time confined to her bed. How long it had been since she had called there with her mother, and promised to come soon again, and now months had passed and she had hardly thought of her since.

She hurried to the house. "Mother," she said to the lady sewing by the window, "Mother, if you don't need me this morning, I'm going to see Miss Schofield."

"That's right, Helen; I'm ashamed to think how long it has been since I was there. Wait a few moments," she added, as she left the room.

By the time Helen was ready with a new magazine and a bouquet of lovely flowers, her mother added a basket of fresh red raspberries and cherries from their own garden. Thus equipped the maiden set forth, a very modern, meek female Ivanhoe, it must be confessed.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you," said Miss Schofield, in a tone of relief. I've been very lonely, and was longing for some one to drop in."

She was lying on the lounge, a pale, not pretty woman, of an uncertain age, but with eyes and expression beyond the ordinary. Helen, who had felt somewhat embarrassed, was at ease in a few moments. The flowers and

fruit having been duly admired, were arranged on a low table near the lounge, where Miss Schofield could rest her tired eyes by looking at them. Then Helen's large hat was slipped off, and, seated in a low rocker, she was soon talking to Miss Schofield in the most animated manner all about her friends and what they had planned for the fall and winter, and how dull her life was. And Miss Schofield suggested new books for their literary club, and several original new ideas for their recreation club, and new music for Helen herself to learn, and finally proposed to the young girl to read French with her twice a week—"that is, when I'm able; sometimes I'm suffering too much to see any one, but that isn't often." Helen was delighted. She had made considerable progress with her French, and this means of keeping it up just suited her.

"I've just sent for such a pretty story of the Franco-Prussian war, and we must begin with that," said Miss Schofield, and then the conversation fell upon books and magazines, and before she knew it Helen opened the magazine she had brought, and saying, "Just let me read you this," plunged into a certain article, reading distinctly and with expression. Then Helen saw that Miss Schofield was getting tired, and took her leave.

"Thank you, dear, for such a bright visit," said Miss Schofield, holding Helen's hand in hers, "it has been a bit of green in the midst of the desert for me; and while you read a thought would come into my mind, and I wondered if it wouldn't be too great a favour to ask of you?"

"Tell me," said Helen, smiling, "I would love to do something to please you."

"It was this," said Miss Schofield, in a hesitating voice. Mr. Riley is blind, you know, and his wife told me how he longed for a fresh young voice to read to him. You've heard what a great student he has always been; and it's such a dreadful thing for him to be deprived suddenly of so much. Would you be willing to go over there on your way home and read to him as you have to me?"

"Oh," said Helen, shrinking back, "I really couldn't—to Mr. Riley—indeed, Miss Schofield, my voice would just die away to a faint squeak from pure fright."

Miss Schofield's face fell. Helen could not bear that look of disappointment long. "Well," she exclaimed, desperately, "I'll do it—to please you."

Mr. Riley lived in a handsome brick residence not far from Miss Schofield's.

"What would Lou Baxter say if she saw me now?" thought Helen, "this is summer recreation with a vengeance," and she rang the bell with a sinking heart.

How she made known her errand she could hardly tell; but a few moments later she was sitting in the handsome library, with Mr. Riley, alert and unbending, opposite her. Her cheeks were flushed, her voice husky, but she went bravely through articles which, it must be confessed, were not thrillingly interesting to a girl's mind, gaining courage and self-possession as she read, till the tiny clock struck the half hour—half-past twelve.

Far different from Miss Schofield's, but just as heart-felt, were Mr. Riley's parting words: "Thank you very much, Miss Helen. I don't know when I've enjoyed an hour and a-half more, since—since—my trouble," he said, as he led her to the door.

"Mamma," said Helen, as she stonned the cherries for tea that afternoon on the side verandah, "this has been a real exciting day." She shook her head at her mother's broad smile. "Yes, it has been, and you don't know how it has stirred me up, and not the wrong way either. I haven't minded the heat so very much, and I know the summer won't be long enough for all I've planned to do—reading to Mr. Riley twice a week, practicing those new pieces Miss Schofield is to send me—I never dreamed she knew

so much—reading French twice a week, hemming those new napkins for you, reading Robert Falconer to you in the evenings now that papa is obliged to be away so much—and—and—there's papa," and away went Helen, cherries and all, to meet her father coming up the gravel walk.

Deleware, O., July, 1887.

LOTHORP FARM.

The children always liked to go to Grandma Lothrop's. To-day they came rushing in from school; grandma held up her finger, "Quiet, my little ones; see what I have in the basket." She opened the cover of a large, old-fashioned basket, and guess what they saw? Three beautiful rabbits, two all white and one grey and white; one for Susie, and for Charlie and one for Willie. Three happier children I don't believe you ever saw.

"Now," said grandma, "when you get these pretty little fellows home what will you do with them?" Susie suggested, "Give them a bath." Charlie said, "That won't do, make them a house." But little Willie spoke up in his slow way, "Dive'em somesen' to eat."

Then grandma told them Willie was right; but after they had fed them then Charlie might make them the house, and if they would listen quietly she would tell them a story about two other rabbits who lived a long time ago.

"When I was a little girl," grandma began, "one day my father came home from the village, and came in carrying a queer-looking box with holes in the top. He set it down and I peeped through the holes and saw two little bunnies, and my father told me they were for me, and that I must take good care of them and give them plenty of cabbage to eat. Father made a nice little house for them out of the box he brought them in, and built a fence around it, making a nice place for them to play in."

"Father had given me a long strip of ground in the garden that year, and I had planted it very carefully; the little green peas were just pushing up their little sprouts, and I had three or four heads of salad growing so fast, they were my great pride and delight. Three or four days passed after my rabbits came to their new home. I was so careful of them and they did look so pretty, nibbling the cabbage, their long ears standing so straight, and their pink eyes shining. I showed them to friends and was so proud of them; but one day some of my playmates came for me, to go to the woods with them. I rushed off, forgetting the poor rabbits had had no breakfast. At dinner time I was in such a hurry I never thought of them again; and at night I came in so tired, and went to bed early, not forgetting, but thinking some one had most likely fed them."

"Next morning I wakened early, with an uncomfortable feeling that I had been unkind to my poor little pets. I jumped out of my bed and was not long in getting ready to run out to feed them; but their house was empty and they were nowhere to be found. I looked all around, hoping to find them before I went into the garden, but I could not. So I opened the garden gate and there were the two little fellows nibbling my precious salad; every one of the nice little heads had they destroyed. Not only this, but they had been all over the garden scratching and nibbling father's fresh vegetables."

"I took them back to their little house and went to tell my father. He was very kind and did not scold me, but told me how wrong it was to neglect any dumb animals who could not take care of them selves. Now, my children, take your pretty little pets and do not forget to feed them as your old grandma did hers."

Conshohocken, Pa., July, 1887. M. W. M.

The soul is the life of the body. Faith is the life of the soul. CHRIST is the life of faith.—*Flavel.*