

The Family.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

THE old man sits in his easy chair,
And his ear has caught the ringing
Of many a church bell far and near,

A few years later, and lo! the bells
A merrier strain were pealing,
And heavenward bore the marriage vows

When the bells were tolling for loved ones gone,
For the wife, for the sons and daughters,

But the old man wakes from his reverie,
And the dear old face is smiling,

- Every Other Saturday

THE YOUNG WIFE AS HOUSEKEEPER.

THE sensible mother of several fine, ambitious
and industrious sons, all of whom seemed on
the high road to business and social success, was
congratulated by a friend upon the probability that
their future was happily assured, their characters
formed and their principles rightly established.

On being pressed for the reason of her fears for
the young girls of to-day, this mother said: "There
is a lack of both physical and mental stamina in
the younger generation of girls that is quite dis-
tressing when we consider the responsibilities that
are sure to be laid upon them if they marry.

To all of which it might be replied, first, that it
is not wholly the fault of the young girls of to-day
that they are not better prepared for the responsi-
bilities of wifehood. Too many things are pressed
upon the attention of young girls; too many studies;

We live in a time of change and confusion in all
matters pertaining to the domestic arrangements
of our homes. Social life makes demands that
seem to require the delegating of considerable part
of the domestic work of our home to servants.

to rise and begin the activities of the day. It may
indicate that one should go to bed earlier, or that a
short after-dinner nap would be a good thing, but
no increase of vital energy was ever gained by late
sleeping in the morning.

It seems like going over a worn-out theme to urge
upon the young wife the importance of thoroughly un-
derstanding the art of the right preparation of food.
And yet it cannot be too often reiterated nor too
greatly emphasized. There has been too much of a
disposition in late years among young women to
underestimate this department of a wife's duties.

But there is another reason why it is better for a
young wife to be industriously active about her
home, which is this—nothing is so conducive to
health. After all the evolutions of the gymnasiums
and the calisthenic movements invented for young
women in schools, no such healthful exercise has
ever been invented as ordinary household work.

I emphasize this material side of the duty of a
young wife because I am deeply convinced that
this indisposition to bodily activity on the part of
the young wife is one of the great lacks of the
young homes springing up all over our land, and
one of the main causes of ill health in young women.

It will, however, depend wholly upon circum-
stances whether sweeping the parlour should be
any part of a young wife's duties, but the active
superintendence of her house can never be other-
wise than her duty if she is physically able to per-
form the work. The active superintendence of
and the making of a home is the thing that most
of all dignifies young wifehood.

THE FRENCH IN CANADA.

CANADA is called a British colony, and over all
her provinces waves the British flag. But as soon
as you approach her for the purpose of imperial
federation you will be reminded that a large part
of her is French. Not only is it French, but it is
becoming more French daily, and at the same time
increasing in magnitude.

people are a simple, kindly, and courteous race,
happy on little, clad in homespun, illiterate, unpro-
gressive, pious, priest-ridden, and, whether from
fatalism or from superstition, averse to vaccination,
whereby they brought upon themselves and their
neighbours recently a fearful visitation of small-pox.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS CLUB.

It was a very rainy afternoon and the Hall chil-
dren felt quite doleful, as they had planned to spend
the afternoon in the woods.

There were four of the Hall children—Florence,
Eddie, Bessie and Ruth. At the time I write their
cousins Hal and Eva Watson, had come to pay
them a visit.

"Well!" said Hal, turning from the window
where he and his cousins had stood for some
moments, "there's no hope of our going out this
afternoon. Come! what shall we play?"

His sister Eva had been reading at the table,
but when her brother asked this question, she
stopped and thought for a minute. At the end of
this time she gave a quick little cry of delight, and
exclaimed, "O, children! let's get up a club!"

Eva pointed to the "Pilgrim's Progress"
she had been reading by way of answer.
Then in response to her cousins' and brother's
wondering looks, she said, "You see, we
might each take some place in this book, to do in
our lives, for instance, where Christian meets
Apollyon, one of us (who has a bad temper) might
try very hard to conquer it, as Christian did. And
then when they fall, write it down, and do the same
when they win; then read their failures and victo-
ries at the meeting."

Here she paused out of breath, and the rest of
the children immediately chorused, "Oh, yes, let's
do it right away!" "Come ahead!" and various
other phrases.

"I'll take that about Apollyon!" said Hal,

"I've got a horrible temper!"
Florence chose the part relating to Giant Des-
pair. "I do get so dependent!" she explained.

Eddie said that he would take the character of
Great Heart for his pattern. "I'm going to be
kind to you girls," he said.

Bessie decided to remember how Christian left
his roll in the arbor, that she might become more
careful, as this was her chief fault.

"I think I'll remember how Christian went past
the lions!" said little Ruth. She was very much
afraid of the dark; besides, though a little Chris-
tian, she was timid about showing her colours. So
she made a good choice.

Eva herself took the lesson inculcated by
"Vanity Fair" for her model. "I'm very vain, I
think," she said.

They decided to call it the "Pilgrim's Progress
Club," and they printed each resolution on slips of
paper to be placed in their bed-rooms, so that they
might remember more easily.

The meetings were held twice a week, and
though for awhile the different failures far excelled
the victories yet it was not long till the parents
noticed a change in all the children. Florence be-
came more cheerful; Eddie more kind; Bessie
more careful; Ruth less fearful, and Eva became
less vain and Hal less ill-tempered. So no one can
say that a great deal of good did not spring out of
this little original club.—American Presbyterian.

A BOOK BY THE BROOK.

GIVE me a nook and a book,

And let the proud world spin round;

Let it scramble by hook or by crook

For wealth or a name with a sound.

You are welcome to amble your ways,

Aspirer to place or to glory!

May big bells jangle your praise,

And golden pens blazon your story!

For me, let me dwell in my nook,

Here by the curve of this brook,

That croons in the tune of my book,

Whose melody wafes me forever.

On the waves of an unseen river.

—James Freeman Clark.

"LET HIM MARRY, THEN!"

"LET him marry, then," was the crusty reply of
an old bachelor on being told that a friend had
gone blind; "let him marry, and if that doesn't
open his eyes, then his case is indeed hopeless."
The sneer has been confuted by the experience of
scores of blind scholars, whose wives have been
eyes to them.

Huber, the great authority on bees, was blind
from his seventeenth year, and conducted the ob-
servations which gave him the facts for his
studies through the eyes of his wife. He declared
that he should be miserable were he to regain his
eyesight, adding, "I should not know to what ex-
tent a person in my situation could be beloved; be-
sides my wife is always young, fresh, and pretty,
which is no light matter."

Blind Henry Fawcett became Professor of Political
Economy at Cambridge, an effective debater
in Parliament, and a most successful Postmaster-
General, by using the eyes of his cultured wife.

Sir Samuel Romilly, the leading lawyer and law
reformer of his day, illustrated the experience of
successful men, when he said that nothing had
more profited him in his public life than the obser-
vations and opinions of his wife.

The biographer of Sir William Hamilton, com-
menting upon the helpfulness of Lady Hamilton,
says: "The number of pages in her handwriting
still preserved is perfectly marvelous." When he
was elected Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in
the University of Edinburgh he had no lectures in
stock. He began at once to write them, but though
he worked rapidly, and far into the night, he was
often only a few hours in advance of his class.
Lady Hamilton sat up night after night to write out
a fair copy of the lectures from the roughly written
pages he had scrawled in the adjoining room. He
would take her legible sheets and read them that
morning to the students, who knew not that their
professor's success was due to his being a marriage-
made man. When paralysis, brought on by mental
overwork, had stricken him, she became even more
helpful, and by her assistance he was enabled to
perform his professional duties until death removed
him from his chair.

HARMONY.

EXACT hour has its appointed sound;

All life is set with rhythmic times;

The notes escape earth's narrow bound,

But God is ringing out the chimes.

—Allen Hunt Jackson.

MY LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

"MATCHES, sir? Buy my matches, sir? Only
a penny a box, sir!"

There she stood in the same place every day on
the south side of London Bridge. Her little brother
stood by her side, as usual, with a few tiny bunches
of violets.

I bought a bunch, for I, an artist, am fond of
flowers. I bought the matches, too, though I don't
smoke.

She looked thinner than ever that morning, and
I could not help wondering if she had any breakfast.
Just at hand was a hot potato stand. I bought a
few, and returning, pushed them into her hand.

All that day I thought about her. How the tears
rushed to her eyes as she took the hot potatoes!
The boy evidently had his breakfast.

"Yes, I's father an' mother to him," she had
said one day in answer to a question. "An' we gets
along werry well, sir, w'en the weather's fine, sir.
But w'en it rains, sir, an' it's cold, sir, then gen'tle-
men won't stop to buy my matches, sir, an' the
ladies has to look after their skirts an' the mud an'
their umbrellas, instead o' buyin' posies, sir."

And this was one of those days, dreary and driz-
zling. I worked hard until the light grew dim and
I could not trust my colours. And then I took to
dreaming, until I remembered that I had nothing
for tea or supper. For I boarded myself, except
for dinners, which I took in one of the eating houses
near the London Bridge Station (when I could
afford them), and that's how I came to pass my
little match girl so often. So I started off for
bread and cheese, and this took me to the South-
west side again.

There they were still, the boy clinging to his
sister, partly shielded by her cloak, she with the
veritable two match boxes which were left after I
had taken one in the morning.

I called at the cooked-meat shop and bought a
slice of cold roast beef, I got my bread and cheese,
and then a few piping hot potatoes, and then—why,
then, I was so near, and they looked such miser-
able, water soaked rats, that I just stopped and
offered them a penny each if they would carry my
parcels home for me.

It looked mean, but it was all a dodge to get
them to come with me, for London arabs are so
afraid of being delivered up to the "Bobby" or to
some institution where they will be deprived of
their liberty that they would rather starve than run
a risk.

Well, we arrived at the house, and I was too
weak to carry my parcels upstairs, so those water-
witches had to follow. And then I threw open my
door and those two just said "Oh!" and dropped
my parcels. I must own the room did look pretty
as a picture after the dark, dreary, oaken staircase
and the gloomy drizzle outside.

A bright fire throwing out blue and yellow flames
lit all the room, bringing into relief my pictures
and bronzes (imitations, the bronzes) and plaster
casts. Then, too, red draperies will warm up a
room so.

"Oh!" said the children. The girl's eyes were
shining at the pictures, but the boy was looking at
the fire, seeing which, I drew him to it, bidding
him dry himself.

"But we must go," said the girl, timidly. Never-
theless, she too, was presently beginning to steam.

An old box served for a table, and what a supper
those children did eat! "It's like heaven," said
the girl at last, very softly.

"What!" said I, startled.

"This—this room—these pictures—and these—"

And here she laid her head back against the red
curtains. I jumped to my feet.

"Don't move!" I exclaimed, "not a hair's
breadth!" Already I was beginning to dash in
the colours.

What a picture the child did make! That clear,
olive skin, those shining black eyes, the mass of
black hair dropping over her shoulders, that long,
brown hand so delicately shaped! What a vision!
How I worked! This should be my Academy pic-
ture! Down on her feet I threw her tray with two
forlorn little boxes on it.

Fairly the beads of perspiration stood on my
forehead and rolled down my cheeks. I dashed
them away and worked on. How patiently she sat
there, though I knew she must be getting cramped.

"You must come again," I cried at last, dashing
down my brush from my quivering hand and step-
ping back from the canvas.

She sprang to her feet.

"O, sir, how beautiful!" she cried, and then
remembered that it was herself.

The boy was fast asleep on the rug. I shook
him up. "Where do you sleep?" I asked the girl.

And then it struck me to ask her name.

"I'm Genie and he's Paul Vincent," she
answered, drawing the cloak around her.

"And where do you stay?" I persisted.

"Anywhere, sir. Under the bridges an' in the
doorways, mostly; an'—an'—here her voice sank

"sometimes in a beautiful place, but it's—it's
awful!"

"Where?"

"Won't you never tell, sir?" No, well, some-
times we sleep in St. Paul's. You see, we slips in
at dusk, an' we hides in the shadders behind the
pillars till we gets locked in. An' in the mornin'
w'en the man open it we chances it to get out. We
hides near the door, and w'en he's gone in to where
its mostly shadders, then we slip out. But it's
awful, sir, with those marble people all about you,
an' all so still.

I shivered as I listened.

"You shall stay here to-night," I said. And then
I made them a bed in a closet just off my room.

And after that they came every night.

In time my picture was finished and went to the
Academy. It was well received, well hung, and
brought a good word from Ruskin. Then the
public wanted to know who I was, for the papers
were full of My Little Match Girl.

And who can tell how rich I felt when Lord Lans-
down paid me a couple of hundreds for it, and
came with his friends to see my "Sir Walter," and
bought that also.

The tide had turned. No more working for Jews,
no more poverty for my little match-girl and
her brother. They should be educated and cared
for, my children from henceforth. God bless their
dear souls!—Church Weekly.

THE DERVISHS.

ACROSS the meadows where the herds

Browse in the amber morning air,

Whose is the voice that bids the birds

Uplift their tuneful matin prayer?

Clear the melodious summons falls

From out the leafy solitudes;

It is the hermit thrust that calls

The feathered dervish of the woods!