Tho Pamily.

THE SADBATH BELLS.

THE old man sits in his easy chair. And his ear has caught the ringing
Of many a clurch bell far and near,
Their own sweet music singing. And his head sinks low on his aged breast, While his thoughts far lack are reaching To the Sabbath morns of his boyleh days, And a mother's sacred teaching.

A few years later, and lo ! the bells A merrier strain were pealing, And heavenward bose the marriage vowa Which his manhood s joys were sealing. Ilui the old man's eyes are dimming now,
As memory holds before him The said, said picture of later years, When the tide of grief rolled o'er him.

When the bells were tolling for loved ones gone For the wife, for the sons and daughters, Who, one by one, from his home went out, And down into death's dark waters. But the aged heart has still one j y Which his old life daily blerses, And his eyes grow bright and his pulses warm, 'Neath a grandchild's sweet caresses.

But the old man wakes from his reverse, And the dear old face is stilling, While the child with her serious eyes reads on, The Sabbath hours begoiling.

Ah I bells, once more ye ting for him,
When the heavenly hand shall sever.

The chord of lite, and his freed soul files.

To dwell with his own forever. - Exery Other Saturdas

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 con-gratulated by a friend upon the probability that their future was happily assured, their characters formed and their principles rightly established. To which the mother replied: "I have as yet one great solicitude for them, and that is for their possible marriage; for looking around and thinking over the young girls I know, I can think of but one in all my circle of acquaintances who, in my opinion, would make a good wife for a young man who has his own way to make in life. And a wife nearly always makes or mars a young man's future."

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 distressing when we consider the responsibilities that are sure to be laid upon them if they marry. In the first place they are not industrious in the right way. The most of them are constantly busy about some whim or other, but generally it is about something ephemeral; something that produces a pleasurable temporary excitement, after which they experience a reaction that neutralizes all possible good effects of their activity. For instance a young girl will work enthusiastically in preparing for a camping or boating excursion; will prove herself very capable and skilful in the preparation of food for such an excursion, yet by no possibility can that skill and industry be persuaded to settle down to a regular interest in the family table. Oh, no t that is too hum-drum! There is no fun in that! Another young girl will display extraordinary taste and ingenuity in devising and making a party dress possibly from worn or unpromising materials, but her every day wearing apparel may show lack of care and industry in every article. There is lack of a spirit of steady industry; of definite aim; of any sense of responsibility beyond merely getting through with whatever real work has to be done. This work is regarded as something disagreeable to be hurried through with as a matter of no special need be? By no means. It is of an establishment which shall apring ready-furnished from the hands of furniture-makers and upholsterers; where servants paid out of the husband's, perhaps slender, income, shall do all the work, take all the petty care and leave them free as before to have a good time. All the heavy burden of responsibility for the keeping up and running of the establishment is to fall on the head and shoulders of the young husband. To marry in these days is a dangerous

risk for any young man."
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 responsibilities of wifehood. Too many things are pressed upon the attention of young girls; too many studies; too many diversions; too much going about; too much of seeing people. If they have failed to form habits of steady incustry in the home, or to learn the various household arts that are so essential to the comfort of a home, it may be, nay, often is, because they have never been rightly set to work by their mothers, nor afforded a fair opportunity to learn and practise these household arts. Nearly all households are suffering to-day from overpressure of some kind or other that prevents mothers from giving that care to the training of their daughters in habits of industry or in the knowledge of household arts which all young girls should receive. To make up for deficiencies in these directions the young wife needs, above all things, to be guided by a high sense of duty and by a sincere, unselfish determination to do her share in the work of build-

ing up a home. 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 But most young wives err in delegating too much and expecting too much. If a young wife has not had the opportunity to learn all domestic arts before her marriage, what a capital chance she has in the home all her own to do so! Right here is the first opportunity of the young wife, and the first demand upon her for unselfish industry. She should begin at once to look well to the ways of her household. She should be aster in the early morning hours. Late rising is the bane both of domestic order and of health. It is not possible to impress this fact too strongly upon the young wife. Show me the household where the wife and mother is a habitually late riser, and I will show you one where disorder, lack of promptness, carelessness

on the part of servants, and general household dis-

comfort prevail. It is no sign whatever that one

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 lucrease of vital energy was ever gained by late sleeping in the morning. No, the young wife, should be up and around, and especially should she be on hand to see that the most important meal of the day is prepared of wholesome materials in a wholesome mainer. As an interested observer of upon the narrow strips of land, with their river the ways of young married people lately remarked: fronts on the St. Lawrence, you see that here, as "Many a young man goes to his business wholly in old France, subdivision has been carried to an untitted for the work of the day by the quality of extreme.—The Nineteenth Century. the food he has eaten for his breaklast."

It seems like going over a worn-out theme to urge upontheyoung wifethe importance of thoroughly understanding the art of the right preparation of food. And yet it cannot be too often reiterated nor too greatly einphasized. There has been too much of a disposition in late years among young women to underestimate this department of a wife's duties. They smile scornfully and say they despise the old adage that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." It may not be the way to his beart, but it is certainly one of the bonds to draw a man constantly to his home that he shall find there loving attention to his comfort even in the material needs of his life. The young wife needs to remem-ber, too, that all day long her husband labours to bring to his home those material things which are necessary to its existence. Modern business life is an intense strain both upon the mental and physical powers, and she is unworthy the name of wife who will not practice a fairly corresponsive industry in

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. How have sensible people smiled to themselves at the various movements invented by movement-cure physicians, and others, as they have recognized in them exercises similar to those of going up or down stairs, or handling the broom, or moving furniture. If ordinary household work greatly fatigues any ordinary young woman it is only a sign that she has flabby, undeveloped muscles, and needs to call to her aid a little spunk and energy. If she will practice such work a reasonable amount of time every day with spirit and cheerfulness, she will

inevitably reap the reward of an invigorated body.

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. Physicians are to blame in that they are too ready to advise against any kind of bodily exercise that is of the nature of work. Why, one good aweeping of an ordinary parlour is worth a dozen carriage rides as healthful exercise for a normally consiltuted young women I It will bring the colour to her cheeks, and send the blood coursing through her veins as scarcely any other exercise will. If it tires her she should practice it till it does not tire

and the making of a home is the thing that most of all dignifies young wifehood. The practice of many young people of beginning married life in a boarding house or hotel is a pitiable mistake. It cuts the young wife off from all opportunity for the exercise of those faculties and virtues which make home life rich. Worthy occupation of our powers and faculties is one of the necessary, conditions of happiness; and to see an intelligent young woman spending the long nours, when her husband is at work, in comparative idleness or in devising plans to amuse herself, or in some trifling occupation that brings no worthy result, impresses every interest. Now when such young girls marry what that brings no worthy result, impresses every is generally their ideal of home life? Is it of a thoughtful observer as being an abnormal, a wrong partnership in which they shall bravely bear their share of labour and responsibility and self-denial, go to housekeeping if it is only two or three rooms with the state of the with an oil stove and a table hinged against the wall. It will make the young husband a better husband; it will make the young wife a better wife.

-Mrs. H. E. Starrett in the Interior.

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 Prench daily, and at the same time increasing in magnitude. The notion which seems to be prevalent here, that the French element is dying out, is the very reverse of the fact. The French are shouldering the British out of the city Quebec, where not more than six thousand British inhabitants are now left, and out of the Eastern Townships, which have hitherto been a British district; they are encroaching on the British Pro-vince of Ontario, as well as overflowing into the adjoining States of the Union. The population multiplies space. There, as in Ireland, the Church encourages early marriage, and does not teach thrift; and were it not for the ready egress into the States we might have Irish congestion and misery in Prench Canada. Had French Canada been annexed to the United States it would no doubt have been absorbed and assimilated like other allen nationalities by that vast mass of English-speaking population. As it is, instead of being absorbed or assimilated the French element rather absorbs and assimilates. Highland regiments disbanded in French Canada have become French. In time, apparently, there will hardly be anything British left in the Province of Quebec, except the commercial quarter of Montreal, where the more energetic and mercantile race holds its ground Had the conqueror freely used his power at first when the French numbered only about 60,000, New France might have been made English, but its nationality has been fostered under the British flag, and in that respect the work of conquest has been undone. It is difficult, indeed, if Canada remains separate from the United States, to see what the limits of French extension will be. Prench Canada (now the Province of Quebec) is a curious remnant of the France before the Revolution. The peasantry retain with their patois the prerevolutionary character, though, of the allegiance once shared between the King, the seigneur, and the priest, almost the whole is now paid to the priest. There were seigneuries with vexatious, feudal incidents; but these have been abolished. not by legislative robbery, in which the rude Canashould be in bed late because one feels indisposed | dian is inexpert, but by honest commutation. The

people are a simple. Lindly, and courteous race, happy on little, clad in homespun, illiterate, unprogressive, plous, priest-tidden, and, whether from fatalism or from superstition, averso to vaccina. tion, whereby they brought upon themselves and their neighbours recently a fearful visitation of small-pox. They are all small, very small farmers; and, looking down from the Citadel of Quebec

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS CLUB. It was a very rainy afternoon and the Hall children 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 cousing Hat 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 atternoon. 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 qui-k little cry of delight, and exclaimed, "O, children | let's get up a club!"

"What kind of a one?" inquired Plorence.

By pointed to the "Pilgrim's Progress" afford them), and she had been reading by way of answer. Ittle match girl Then in response to her cousins' and brother's wondering looks, she said, "You see, we wark side again, might each take some place in this book, to do in There they we our lives, for instance, where Christian meets Apollyon, one of us (who has a bad temper) might try very hard to conquor it, as Christian did. And then when they fail, write it down, and do the same when they win; then read their failures and victories 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 l'

Florence chose the part relating to Giant Des-air "I do get so despondent!" she explained. Eddie said that he would take the character of Great Heart for his pattern. "I'm going to be kinder 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 Christian, she was timid about showing her colours.

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 'o 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

tires her she should practice it till it does not tire her.

It will, however, depend wholly upon circumstances whether sweeping the parlour should be any part of a young wife's duties, but the active superintendence of her house can never be otherwise than her duty if she is physically able to perform the work. The active superintendence of and the making of a home is the thing that most as what a area deal of good did not any nor out of say that a great deal of good did not apring out of this little original club.—American Presbyterian.

A BOOK BY THE BROOK.

GIVE me a nook and a book, 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, Aspliers to place or to gluty t 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 to the tune of my book, Whose melody walts me forever. On the waves of an unseen river. —James Freeman Clark.

"LET HIM MARRY, THEN I"

"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 does'nt 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 miscrable were he to regain his eyesight, adding, "I should not know to what extent a person in my situation could be beloved; besides 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, commenting upon the helptuiness of Lady Hamilton, says: "The number of pages in her handwriting atill preserved is perfectly marvellous." When he was elected Professor of Logic and Metaphysica 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 marriagemade 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.

Eacit 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. -Helen Hunt fackson.

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 violeis.

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

She looked thinner than ever that morning, and I could'nt help wondering if she had any breakfast.

Just at hand was a hot potato stand. I bought a

iew, 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, wen the weather's fine, sir. But wen it rains, sir, an' it's cold, sir, then gen'icmen won't stop to buy my matches, sir, an' the ladies has to look after their skirts an' the mud an'

their umberels, instead o' buyin' posies, sir."
And this was one of those days, dreary and drizz-And this was one of those days, dreary and driztling. 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 exting 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-

There they were still, the boy clinging to his eister, 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 alice 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 miserable, water soaked rate, 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

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 statrcase and the gloomy drizzle outside.

A bright fire throwing out blue and yellow flaines 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. Nevertheless, 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

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 sgalnst 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 he my Academy picture! Downon her feet I threw her tray with two forlorn little boxes on it.

. Pairly 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 im 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, sometimes we sleep in St. Paul's. You see, we slips in at dusk, an' we hides in the shadders shind the pillars till we gets locked in. An'. in the mornin' 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. 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 Lansdown 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 DERVISH.

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 inclodious summons falls From out the leafy solitudes; It is the hermit thrush that calls The feathered dervish of the woods I