

SUNDAY PLEASURES.

One great use and blessing of Sunday is in its giving an opportunity for the meeting of the family on a common ground. It is for this reason, more than any other, that the Sunday dinner should be excellent and inviting, not necessarily a Sunday burden to the house-keeper either, because it may be wholly planned and partially prepared on Saturday. Now the demand comes for something to do—something entertaining and interesting.

Here is a chance for introducing the Bible album. The idea comes from London, where it was found useful in work among orphan children, but it is capable of adaptation in other circles.

Provide yourself with a scrap-book of generous proportions, well bound, and with white or cream-tinted pages. Avoid one which are filled with leaves of pink and blue, as those tints do not form so good a background for the pictures to be pasted on their surface. Save the pictures which come to the house with advertisements and catalogues; also it is a good plan, after everybody has finished reading them, to cut pictures from the beautiful illustrated weeklies. You will find there a great variety to choose from, and will be as rich as the possessor of a gallery of art. Wood-engravings in these days are so fine and so various in design that such a scrap-book as I have in mind may be very lovely if they only are used. But children are fond of colored pictures too, and tastefully introduced, they will add to the beauty of the collection.

"Why do you call it a Bible album?" does some one inquire. Because every picture is to be accompanied either by a text of Scripture, a stanza of a hymn, or both, selected by the children, and written in a bold plain hand by the one whose penmanship is most legible. The selection of this explanatory verse is always an interesting feature; and if birds, flowers, palms, stones, bits of landscape, etc., are under inspection, the little students find out how much the Bible has to say about all these. An added attraction will be given the album in juvenile eyes if its ultimate destination be some children's hospital or asylum. "When this is finished," they will say, "mamma intends sending it to a little crippled child, who will be so glad to enjoy these pretty pictures and to read these lovely verses!" I have seen a family happily engaged for months in filling one of these scrap-books, and oh! the gladness when, completed at last, it was packed up and sent to carry on its mission of good among the poor and the sick!

A game of Bible questions may sometimes engage the circle, and provoke the most listless to emulation if properly conducted. Do not let us fancy that there are no Bible questions available except the familiar, Who was the oldest man? who the wisest? the strongest? the meekest? etc. The tiniest child in the group will soon learn these by heart; but try the older children with, "What was Achiash's wedding present?" "How many knives did the Hebrews carry back to Jerusalem after the captivity in Babylon?" "How did the Persians enter Babylon when the walls were guarded and the gates shut?" "What Prince nearly lost his life through tasting a little honey?" and other such questions, which will occur to the mother who reads her Bible.

On many of these questions a story may be hung, and there are no stories in literature surpassing in vitality, terseness, and dramatic force the dear old narratives of the sacred page. Joseph sold into Egypt, Samuel with reverent ears listening to God's voice, Ruth clinging to Naomi, Esther tremblingly entering the presence of the King, Daniel in the den of lions—these are only a few of the Old Testament stories. The New Testament, with its life of our Lord and its wonderful legends of the early Church, its miracles and parables, is another treasure-house. I have never yet found children insensible to the charm of well-

told Bible stories, whether they were street Arabs or little ones born to the purple. Over and over again, told brightly and vividly, the same favorites exercise the same fascination.

We once occupied ourselves at a farmhouse among the hills, taking verses beginning with the letters in turn, and seeing who could remember the greatest number of texts in each case. The competition between the A's and B's waxed hot, and the excitement increased all the way down the list, there being any number of texts beginning with T, and very few with X, Y, and Z.

Every one who has taught a Sunday-school class knows how perplexing it is to some pupils to find a reference text. They grope blindly among the historical books for the Gospels and Epistles, hunt for Deuteronomy next door to Revelation, and give up in despair if one of the minor prophets be so much as mentioned. A Sunday afternoon Bible drill in finding places and

listen for a while to a rare old-fashioned Sunday book, "Pilgrim's Progress."

Some of my older readers may possess quaint old editions of this book, with marvellous wood-cuts, representing Apollyon's onset upon Christian, or Giant Despair advancing with his cudgel on the two poor captives in his clutches. But the interest of the pictures is quite secondary to that of the story in this wonderful book, which for years I read straight through, two or three chapters at a sitting, to the children in my home, as a Sunday treat. There must be judicious omission at times, and also occasional explanations, but the book never fails to please bright children, if they are not compelled to listen to it so long that attention flags.

You will not fail to have a Sunday praise service at home. Mamma or sister at the piano, brother with his violin, and papa singing bass, the clear fresh voices will blend sweetly in the strains of some familiar hymn, which will always in coming days

which has been so pleasant that no little one who has enjoyed it will be in danger of saying, with Freddy, "I hate Sunday!"

I cannot promise that mamma will not be tired when the last child head is laid on the pillow, but we mothers do not mind being tired when our children's welfare is concerned. In such weariness there mingles no heart-ache, but only a blessed tranquility and repose.—*Harper's Young People.*

JUDGE NOT.

BY JEAN E. LANCASHIRE.

"Are your neighbors pleasant people?" inquired the new boarder.

Mrs. Baggs poised the shining tin that she was just wiping on the tips of her four fingers, and scrutinized it closely ere she answered.

"Well, now you have cornered me. Mrs. Taylor doesn't notice her neighbors much. It is my opinion she is grumpy and

ugly. Mr. Taylor does seem real pleasant, but they do say he is afraid of his wife. He come in and sat on our piazza one evenin', and John and me thought he was right likely."

"Mrs. Taylor's face looks sad," said the new boarder.

"Don't think so," said Mrs. Baggs, placing the polished pan on a shelf amidst a shining row: "it's just she is cross and sullen."

"Has she any children?"

"Three girls and a boy. I must say for her she keeps them clean, and the house is neat as a new pin. I called on her when she first came, but she was so still and quiet like I couldn't get much acquainted, and she's never been in here. I shan't trouble myself about her."

All day the "new boarder" watched the little woman next door as she moved about her household duties, and then sat in the window with her mending. Noted the sad paleness of the face, the sunken hollowiness of the eyes. Saw her minister gently to the poorly-clad children.

It was late in the night, but the new boarder was kept awake by the oppressive heat, and an unusual feeling of unrest. The village lights had gone out some hours before, but the new boarder realized that her neighbor had not gone to rest yet, and a faint light from her window glimmered out into the darkness.

She was startled from a half dreamy state by voices next door. The pleading tones of a woman, the sullen ones of a man. She flew to the door of her hostess, and roused her from a deep sleep.

"Come and see the neighbor you think unkind and ugly."

The sad-eyed woman was not speaking harshly with him. She laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"James, you promised me when you were where you were unknown you would drink no more. You cannot hide it, James; people will know. For the sake of your children, James—" her voice broke, the tears blinded her eyes. They angered the man. He raised his clenched fist.

"I will teach you to interfere; to stare at me out of your white face."

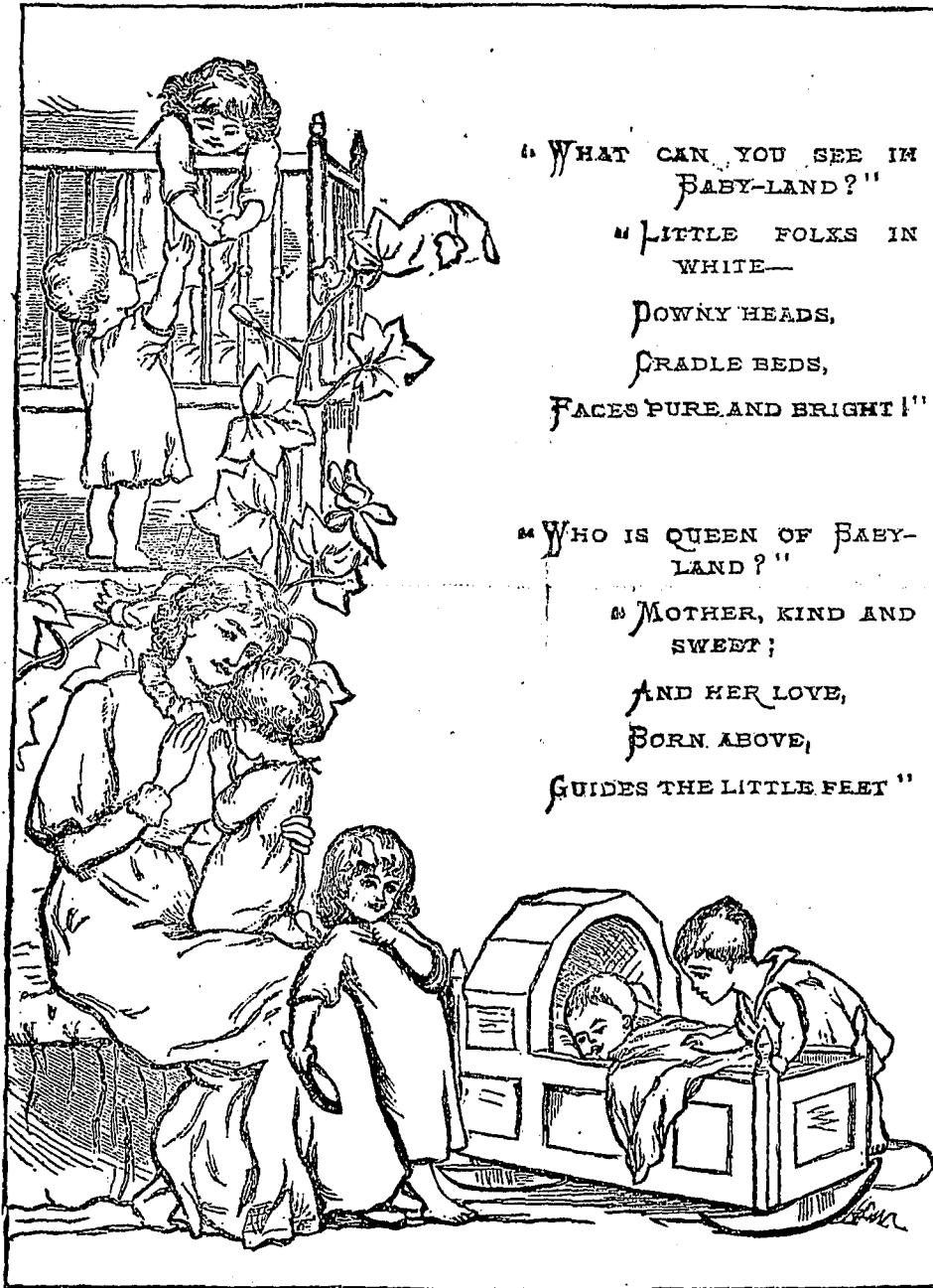
She fell on her knees at his feet, and raised her hands in appeal, but the two women at the open window, though they covered their faces, heard the dull thud of a blow, and the man turned and went out into the night, and left her alone.

No, not alone, for the night-clad figure of a delicate little girl comes stealing in and kneels by the prostrate mother. The whole form of the woman was convulsed with irrepressible weeping. She raised her white face. "Oh, pray for me, Ellen."

"I was praying, mother; all the time."

It was but the enactment of a single scene among hundreds of others.—*Christian at Work.*

TOLERANCE comes with age. I see no fault committed that I myself could not have committed at some time or other.—*Goethe.*



"WHAT CAN YOU SEE IN
BABY-LAND?"

"LITTLE FOLKS IN
WHITE—

DOWNY HEADS,

CRADLE BEDS,

FACES PURE AND BRIGHT!"

"WHO IS QUEEN OF BABY-
LAND?"

"MOTHER, KIND AND
SWEET;

AND HER LOVE,

BORN ABOVE,

GUIDES THE LITTLE FEET"

texts might be so managed as to interest all who could read, and to give them a most desirable readiness in turning to any one of the Bible books.

Still another suggestion. If you have one of those family Bibles which used to adorn the marble-topped tables in many a house, lying in state but seldom read, let the little artists color the plates in them according to fancy, illuminate the margins with gold and silver, and trace quaint arabesques around the edge of the pictures. Then, when you are telling the story of the Deluge, and surveying the engraving with the wild waste of waters, the Ark and the Dove, if the smallest boy proposes, by way of illustration, to bring out his toy ark and marshal the animals, let him do so. And while he and the baby are playing with the elephant and the kangaroo, you may ask the children and grown people to

remind the children of home and dear household love. The old dream-haunted melodies of the slaves, "Swing low, sweet chariot," and the like, may be upon the programme. Children soon catch these tenderly pathetic tunes, like their lilt and their swing, and sing them *con amore*.

With so many pleasant things to do, not to speak of the happy Sunday tea, it is hardly too much to ask that the children's bedtime shall be deferred a half-hour or an hour. That indulgence will of itself set a seal of beauty upon the day of days; for never yet did little eyes like to own that they felt the dust from the sand-man's sieve, and always they like to stay where the lights and music and talk and grown people all make a pageant for their fancies. "It is Sunday, and my dear may stay in the drawing-room a half-hour later," will add another agreeable association to a day