

THE HOME.

The End of the Way.

The following beautiful lines were written by a young lady in Nova Scotia, an invalid for many years:

My life is a wondrous journey; I'm sick with the dust and the heat; The rays of the sun beat upon me; The brave are wounding my feet; But the city to which I am journeying Will more than my trials repay; All the toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward; I often am longing for rest; But he who appoints me my pathway Knows just what is needful and best; I know in his word he has promised That my strength shall be as my day; All the toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me, Or give me one trial too much; All his people have been dearly purchased, And Satan can never claim such; By and by I shall see him and praise him In the city of our journeying day; And the toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble step has been taken, And the gates of the city appear, And the beautiful songs of the angels Float out on the evening air; When all that now seems so mysterious Will be plain and clear as the day; Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am footsore and weary, I shall rest when I'm safely at home; I know I'll receive a glad welcome, For the Saviour himself has said "come"; So when I am weary in body, And sinking in spirit, I say, All the toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty; There are cordials for those who are faint; There are robes that are whiter and purer Than any that fancy can paint; Then I'll try to press hopefully onward, Thinking often through each weary day, The toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way.

Punishment.

Some time ago, as I was coming up the street, I met a young married friend, holding her little boy by the hand. The child had evidently had a fall, for the pretty suit he wore was covered with splashes of mud.

"Just look at Willie's new suit," she said in an aggrieved voice. "It is perfectly ruined, and I have had such trouble to get it made. Is it not too bad?"

While I was expressing my sympathy, the little fellow looked up into my face with a woeful expression on his. "And mamma is going to whip me just as soon as we get home," he cried.

"I certainly am," she said in the same judgment tone. "I have told him at least fifty times to take hold of my hand and he never will do it, and this is the consequence."

"It seems to me," I answered somewhat dryly, "that if you have conditioned the sin of disobedience for a certain time, it is for the sin of falling down that the child is to be punished; for if the accident had not happened, I imagine that the fifth part of disobedience would also have passed without comment."

Her cheek flushed for a moment, then she looked me in the eyes steadily. "Your reproff is a just one," she said, "and I shall not forget it."

I would like other young mothers, also, to carefully consider this question of punishment, for it is a most important one. While grave faults are often passed over carelessly, a child is frequently very severely dealt with for the tearing of a dress, or the breaking of an ornament, or any other fault that involves trouble or expense, even though the mischief may have been unintentionally done.

Shocking as this statement may sound, it is not true, that when the angry mother relieves her annoyance by punishing the object of it, she is really revenging herself upon it for the trouble it has occasioned.

Certainly it is very provoking to have beautiful things broken, and work that has the result of more painful labor destroyed through carelessness and carelessness, yet some time ago, when I heard a child who had torn a handsome dress, answer eagerly to another who had told her that "her mother would whip her for tearing it."

"No," my mother never whips for clothes," I felt sure that she was in wise as well as loving hands.

Caution in Punishment.

Punishment should never be the expression of the parent's irritation, and slapping children, which is too often the mode of its expression, should always be avoided. A sharp, stinging rebuke, however, is necessary, although prudence may prevent its expression; and the obedience is clearly bought that awakens the worst feelings of the little heart.

Is Family Life Dying Out?

The London Christian World gives an alarming view of the decline of family life in the large towns and cities of England, and ascribes it to causes which are developing the same state of things in our own country. This is the picture it gives: "The attention, sympathies, and energy of the family are all claimed by engagements. 'I take them from home.' Almost every night brings a meeting of some kind. Concerts, lectures, classes, temperance meetings, missions, endless variety and exhausting continuity, crowd every evening in the week. The members of the family go divergent ways, as their various pursuits and hobbies lead them. They meet only at hurried meals. Their life knows no repose, and their very happiness depends upon external excitement. An evening without an engagement, finding them with no home pursuit, is felt to be tedious and all but insupportable."

To avert the sad consequences threatening our home life from the state of things, our London contemporary says: "We want a wise and careful adjustment between the claims of home and the claims from without. There is such a thing as killing the goose that lays the golden egg. If the duties due to the family, in seeking personal diversion or self-culture, are in error equally reprehensible. Whatever we may do for others, and whatever we may attempt to do for ourselves, upon no pretext can we justify a failure to meet the obligations we owe to the family; and the best contribution we can make to the world's good are a Christlike character and a model Christian home.—Baptist Weekly.

It is a grave mistake that many are making, in caring for other vineyards, that their own are neglected, to slight the duties due to the family, in seeking personal diversion or self-culture, is an error equally reprehensible. Whatever we may do for others, and whatever we may attempt to do for ourselves, upon no pretext can we justify a failure to meet the obligations we owe to the family; and the best contribution we can make to the world's good are a Christlike character and a model Christian home.—Baptist Weekly.

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Russia, over 12,000,000 eggs are used annually for manufacturing purposes, valued at about \$65,000.

The water-proofing of paper is now most effectually accomplished by a mixture of 50 per cent. of rosin, 45 of paraffin, and 5 of silicate of soda, these ingredients being thoroughly mingled by heating them together and by agitation. This composition is found peculiarly applicable for building or sheathing paper.

PRETTY PLANTS FOR INDOORS.—Free man's Magazine gives these: Take a common tumbler or fruit can, and fill it nearly full of soft water. Then use a bit of coarse lace or cheese-cloth over it, and press down into the water, covered with a layer of pease. In a few days they will sprout, the little thread-like roots going down through the lace into the water, and the vines can be trained up to twine around the window; or, what is prettier, a frame may be made for the purpose.

Here is another pretty thing, but with a little trouble. Take a saucer and fill it with fresh green moss. Place in the centre a pine cone—large size—having first cut it thoroughly. Then sprinkle it with grass seed. The moisture will cause the moss to grow, and in a day or two the little grass sprigs will appear in the interstices, and in a week you will have a perfect cone of beautiful verdure. Keep secure from the frost, and give it plenty of water, and you will have "a thing of beauty" all the winter.

TEMPERANCE.

Tobacco and Alcohol. Where one person in this country dies of hydrophobia, a hundred or more die by tobacco-smoking. In the use of cigars, cigarettes, or the pipe. In smoking, death does not occur as speedily as in the case of hydrophobia. The bite of a mad dog does not always result in death; neither does indulgence in smoking or chewing. But, in both cases, there is danger to be avoided. Tobacco smoking is a habit, in undoubtedly, poisonous, and therefore a dangerous practice, and like, in its results, to the use of intoxicating drinks, which are also poisonous. Some constitutions can bear more tobacco-poison or alcoholic poison than others. We admit that, in some cases, tobacco smoking, cigars, and cigars may be properly used as a medicine; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, no one can safely indulge in the use of cigars or of intoxicating drinks. All are more or less harmful, and if immoderately used will result in an early death. If moderately used, tobacco smoking will be a blessing. The bite of a mad dog is a frightful matter anywhere, and there are probably a hundred deaths caused each year in this country. If one man dies of hydrophobia, a whole community is excited and scared. "Bun for your life!" "Load your gun!" "Kill all the dogs!" "Tobacco smoking, cigars, and cigars in all directions. But a ripple is made, not hardly a word uttered, if ten thousand men and women die in a year of delirium tremens, or a thousand die of tobacco poison. It is fashionable to drink and to smoke; and hence thousands of young men begin very early to indulge in these practices, and are a thought of the risks and dangers of such indulgence. Pale faces, yellow skins, blood-dotted bodies, restless nights, loss of appetite, heart disease, poor health generally, does not seem to frighten them in the least. They will lend for medicine and for the doctor, but will stop tampering with poison. They will drink and smoke, smoke and drink, day and night, year in and year out. That is the fashion, and that is law, no matter what the consequences are. "I'll take the risk," is the answer to all entreaties of friends to stop. If you should see a mad dog in the street, you would run for your life, as we have said before, to get out of his way. If you see a man drunk in the gutter, you simply say, "Poor fellow! I pity him." His friends ought to take care of him, etc. If you hear of the death of a man by cancer, the first thought that comes into your mind is, "I wonder what he was doing that day, when he started practicing of smoking. A hundred thousand deaths, at least, are caused every year by indulgence in drinking and smoking; and those who are trying to stay in dreadful results are called bigots and other worse names. While we live from our sins, smallpox, and typhoid fever, let us make up our minds forever such senseless and dangerous indulgence as liquor drinking and smoking. People are beginning to wake up on this subject. Congress is talking about temperance, and physicians are speaking plainly about smoking. Tobacco is more dangerous in its direct and indirect effects on human life than would be the letting loose of all the mad dogs in the nation. Alcoholic drinks destroy more lives yearly among us than does hydrophobia, small-pox, and all sorts of fever combined. These dangerous and deadly practices should be stopped everywhere if possible. Life-saving on the ocean is now regarded as a proper theme for discussion in Congress and elsewhere. Why should not life-saving on land be also considered? As to the shameful drinking and smoking practices in the halls of Congress, it is high time both were by law suppressed. Let us have pure air, clear heads and a healthy example in the Capitol and at the White House. While we do well to attend to mad dogs and prevent infectious diseases, let us not forget or fail to check the immense, the untold loss of life caused by a worse madness in the shameful indulgence we have named.—Independent.

According to Dr. George Smith, in the British Quarterly, after deducting the larger ones left by legacies, church members in England and all give one shilling each per annum for foreign missions. Dr. Dorchester estimates that in this country, members of the evangelical churches give, on an average, about fifty five cents per annum.

What True Merit will do. The unprecedented sale of Boecher's German Syrup within a few years, has established the fact that the most powerful and the safest and best remedy ever discovered for the speedy and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds, and the severest Lung troubles. It acts on an entirely different principle from the usual preparations given by Physicians, as it does not dry up a Cough and leave the disease still in the system, but on the contrary removes the cause of the trouble, heals the parts affected and leaves them in a pure and healthy condition. A bottle kept in the house for use when the disease makes their appearance, will save doctor's bills and a long spell of confinement. See that it contains you of these facts. It is positively sold by all druggists and general dealers in the land. Price, 75 cents, large bottles.

Little Sailer Jim.

"How is it I don't hear you speak bad words?" asked an "old salt" of a boy on board a man-of-war, as they were sitting together on the rigging.

"Oh, because I don't forget my Captain's orders," answered the boy brightly.

"Captain's orders!" cried the old sailor; "I didn't know he gave any."

"He did," said Jim, "and I keep them safe here," putting his hand on his breast.

"Here they be," said Jim slowly and distinctly; "I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shall thou swear by the hair, because thou canst not make it; nor by the eye, because thou canst not give it white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, or, Nay, nay, for what whosoever is more than these things shall be brought to trial of evil."

"Then's from the good old log-book, I see," said the sailor, "which I don't know much about these days."

"Then, I'm afraid you've lost your reckoning," said Jim, "and are drifting on to the breakers."

"When then?" asked the old man.

"You'll be wrecked," said Jim, "wrecked forever."

The old sailor had been wrecked. He knew what it was to be in a ship breaking up and going to pieces on a rocky coast. He knew what it was to be washed to a spar, half naked, hungry, cold, benumbed, tempest-tossed. He had heard the shrieks of the perishing. Yes; he well knew what being wrecked was.

"Wrecked forever," said the old sailor slowly; "that's a long time, boy."

"Yes, sir," said Jim; "it is so."

Jim looked wistfully at him, and the old man turned away his head. "That wrecked forever, sir, is a bad business," said he.

"Yes, sir," said Jim, "it is so."

"And is there no way of escape?" said the old man.

"Our minister that used to preach at the Bethel, I'll tell you what he says. He says the Admiralty of heaven has got out a lifeboat for poor souls. That lifeboat is Jesus Christ. It was launched on Calvary, and has been round picking up poor souls lost in the stormy waters of sin ever since; and he used to tell us 'Stretch out your arms to get in; and pray, Lo, I save me, or I perish.'"

"And does he?" asked the man.

"I know about myself," said the boy, humbly. "I was going down, and cried to the Lord, and he had mercy on me, and took me in, and I've shipped with him ever since. He is a good Captain, the Captain of our salvation, sir. Won't you ship too?"

"I should be a poor hand for that craft," said the old man feebly.

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