

The Family.

LOVE IN LIGHT

"At ev'ning it shall be light."

My little girl so brave by day,
Grows timid as the shadows fall
I cannot charm her fears away
I cannot charm her fears away
My reasons have no force at all
She pleads, with all her childish might,
That she may have a light.

I calm her fears, and stroke her hair,
I tell her of the angels near,
Of God whose love is everywhere,
And Christ, to whom each child is dear
She hears, but only clasps me tight,
And begs me for a light.

But when I say it cannot be,
And strive to make her understand
Just why, she makes another plea,
That I will stay and hold her hand.
She whispers, as we kiss good night,
"That's better than a light."

And thus, content, she falls asleep,
My clasp grows closer on her hand;
Musing: God doth his wisdom keep
In childish lips. I understand,
That, in that other, darker night
Thy love that makes it light.

I, too, have shrunk in childish dread
From that dumb darkness that doth creep,
And, fearful, felt I could not sleep
Without a light. I understand,
Thy light to hold Love's hand.
—S. S. Times.

THE ART OF RESTING

THERE must be more art about it than is commonly supposed, if we may judge from the multitude of attempts at resting that are made every summer, and every summer miserably fail. At first sight, indeed, it seems to be the easiest thing in the world simply to rest. And so it is, perhaps, when all the proper conditions are fulfilled. Otherwise it is not, as is abundantly proved by the numerous failures just referred to. For nothing is more certain than that only a very small minority of all the thousands who crowd our summer resorts every year really do any resting. Many of them weary and exhaust themselves more in the few months they spend by the ocean or at the mountain resort than during all the rest of the year at home. As many, probably, do nothing but rust. Only comparatively a few really get any true rest.

Perhaps a main reason why this is true of the majority of the fashionable crowds at our various popular summer resorts is nothing else than this,—that everybody wants to do just what everybody else is doing. Nobody consults his own condition and needs of body and mind. Nobody appears to realize that what is rest for one may be exertion and fatigue for another. Hence it is that, to an outsider at least, life at the average seashore resort seems to be made up of a round of routine occupations which, from their sameness and constant repetition, assume a treadmill monotony that only in exceptional cases can be aught but wearisome. Breakfast, a walk, a bath, lunch, a nap, a sail or a novel, dinner, a drive, the ball-room, to bed. Why should everybody do those same things, at the same hours, and in much the same way every day? Unless all people are constituted alike, and have lived in very similar circumstances before, such sameness of occupation cannot be restful to more than a very few, if to any. And, indeed, the fact of the matter is that it takes most of those who indulge in this kind of summer vacation, if not all the rest of the year, yet weeks and months, to recover from it. They need rest afterwards much more than they did before.

If, however, adaptation of scene and occupation to each one's needs is an important condition without which rest is impossible, there is another still more fundamental and essential condition which is as often forgotten or neglected. Rest is something that has only a relative existence. There can be no rest unless previously there has been work. It is a boon that cannot simply be bought, but must be earned. And that is why so many never enjoy it, despite the fact that they spend thousands of dollars and months of time in the attempt. The drones of the hive of human society, who loiter about in lazy luxury from one end of the year to the next, don't know what it is to rest. They may have their elegant cottages at the seashore, or their sumptuous suites of rooms at the mountain hotel, their servants, and horses, and yachts, and what not, but all these will give them not so much as a taste of that sweet satisfaction of real rest and change the poorest shop-girl enjoys in her week of vacation, or the weary mechanic on his "day off," in the country, by the sea, or even without leaving the four walls of the humble home. Given the condition of previous honest work, and neither the place where, nor the means by which, rest is to be had, is of much consequence. If this were properly understood, we doubt whether there would be as much time and money wasted as now in the effort of procuring rest. If many of those who spend fortunes at our fashionable resorts, and do it in vain, would simply go to work, would diligently try to do something, to make themselves really capable of rest, by labour at some honest employment, then they would appreciate and enjoy during the summer months, and would do so with half the expense and worry they now have. The housekeeper, clerk, saleslady, and mechanic, after earning his season of rest by his year's hard work, would not

waste so much of it in travelling to find the right place to enjoy it, nor so much money in getting together the "proper" clothes and other summer-resort paraphernalia. These are unessential. What the worker wants is rest; whether at a fashionable place or an obscure one, in a stylish suit of clothes or a plain one, makes no difference.

Above all, let no one imagine that rest means idleness. It is just as essential to real resting to have something to do, as to have done something. Idleness rusts, but does not rest. Man is so constituted that inaction wears him out, physically and spiritually, more quickly than severest labour would. And to the healthy man, moreover, there is at no time either comfort or enjoyment to be derived from inactivity. "Vacation is a humbug!" declared a business man, after a week's lounging about a noted summer hotel. "It takes me a month to get into working trim again after I get back to the city." Mind and body, with all their faculties, become blunted and dull by being subjected to a season of idleness. Indeed, the effects are a little different from those following upon a period of dissipation. Whoever has tried it, must agree with this. The way really to rest, to re-create the forces of body and mind, is to be doing something, to be interested in some occupation. But it must be an occupation as different as possible from that upon which one is employed the rest of the year. A minister of our acquaintance spends most of his vacation in botanizing and fishing. A merchant friend, during midsummer is an enthusiastic and expert ornithologist. Neither of these think vacation is a humbug; nor does it take either of them long to get into "working trim" after they come home in autumn. They have given themselves no opportunity to stagnate. Change of occupation has been their rest. And it is the best, if not the only rest for everybody. Change of activity, not cessation.

We have known people, however, who, after complying with all these conditions, yet made an utter failure of their attempts at resting. The reason was plain. "There is no rest for the wicked." They supplied the outer conditions, indeed, but neglected the inner. They had no peace of mind. Without that the hotel may be never so luxurious, the beach never so fine, the air never so pure, and the scenery never so beautiful and inspiring, there will be, can be, no rest. We cannot escape our thoughts, nor leave our conscience behind. We cannot flee from God. Unforgiven sin will worry and harass and destroy all rest, no matter where we go or what we do. It climbs the mountains with us, haunts us in the country, and follows across the ocean. Its presence in the lives of thousands upon thousands is the sufficient explanation of their pathetic eagerness to find rest elsewhere, and their more than pathetic failure. If they only knew it, the great reason why mountain, country, ocean, and foreign travel, why money and popularity, why all they have and can do, fails to relieve them of their habitual weariness, or to give them even a day of that joyous freshness that follows upon true repose—if they would only believe it—is nothing else than that they ever bear about with them the "soul exhausting burden of sin. Their heart is not clean. Their thoughts are impure. Their conscience is harrying them night and day. They need rest more than any one else. But money cannot give it them. Neither country nor seashore can bestow it. There is one way only in which they may obtain it: "Come unto me," said the Saviour. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." —J. Max Hark, D.D., in S. S. Times.

THE DEACON'S TRIALS.

BY A DEACON'S WIFE.

"Oh, dear, I'm so disgusted with so-called Christians, that I'm almost tempted to leave the church, if George is a deacon in it," said Mrs. Brown, the wife of our young deacon, throwing herself into an arm-chair and fanning her pretty, flushed face vigorously with her white sun-bonnet. "Even so must the deacons' wives be grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things," I quoted, smiling at my visitor, while I substituted a fan for the sun-bonnet, and smoothed back the fluffy brown hair from her hot temples. "You have quoted that to me pretty often of late," she answered, "and not without cause. George scolds me about the way I abuse the members, but they richly deserve everything I say, and a great deal more. Oh, dear!"

The brown head lay on my bosom, and real tears were spoiling the freshness of my white wrapper.

"Tell me what worries you," I said, soothingly; for I felt a motherly interest in the fair girl-wife, so far from kindred and friends.

"It is just this," she said, raising her tear-stained face. "You know the minister's last quarterly salary is due now, and it is the deacons' place to make up from their own pockets what is not raised by the people. In that way George has always had to pay a great deal more than he subscribes. But it gets worse and worse, and this time it is particularly hard for him to raise the money."

"I couldn't help feeling bitter, yesterday in church. George had been so blue all the week about money matters

which were pressing him heavily, and then to think of his having to pay the debts of those people who are so much better off than we.

"First, Mrs. Pelter and her gaily dressed girls came in. Mr. Pelter, you know, subscribed ten dollars, which is nothing for him to give, and he has only paid two and a half of that. George had to pay the rest. 'The money I have skimmed and economized to save, must go to pay your debts,' I commented inwardly, as they rustled past me in dresses that I knew cost at least one dollar per yard, while I was clad in an old one, bought before my marriage, and made over the third time.

"Next came Mrs. Barber; not a cent does she give. She's a widow, you know, and poor; but she can afford to get three or four dresses, to my one, and have them made out. I not only have to make my own clothes, but I made two dresses for a coloured girl, in order to raise a little money to get a cheap summer hat. I knew George couldn't afford to give me a cent, and I felt mean for spending the money I had made, instead of giving it to him towards paying the everlasting debts.

"Mr. Frank and Mr. Adams are mechanics, yet get good wages; can afford to go to every frolic in the neighbourhood, and spend several dollars at each, but neither can afford to pay one cent towards the minister's salary. Well, after hard scratching and doing without a suit of clothes, of which he is sadly in need, he raised all the money excepting five dollars, which Mrs. Wylgall owed. You know she could buy us and all our possessions several times over. She would not be able to pay out another cent for anything, she said, at present. Her trip to New York strangled her completely; she was very sorry, but maybe she could make it up, next year (I guess she forgot the two dollars she was still owing on last year, and promised to make up this). George had that to pay, and wears a shabby old hat all summer in consequence.

"He came home Saturday night, after his interview with Mrs. Wylgall, at his wit's end. He had fully expected that night to have the whole amount to give to the minister early Monday morning, so there was nothing left for me to do but to hand over my five dollars which I had received in payment for an article I had written. I had been saving it to have my teeth fixed. One ached the whole time during preaching yesterday. I suppose that made me feel more bitter when Mrs. Wylgall rustled past me in her handsome black silk. It certainly is too much to bear."

"Yes, it is hard," I said; "I know all about it, for my husband was a deacon in this very church before his death. The other deacons always helped him though, to make up what was lacking. There are still three deacons; why don't they bear their part of the burden?"

"Mr. Brown told them," she answered, "what was the duty of the deacons. One said each would do his part. The other said nothing, and neither raised a finger to help. There's George coming to dinner; I must go."

With an eye of prophetic vision I can see plainly how it will all end. Mr. Brown is a passionate, high-strung man; the soul of honour himself, he expects it in others. He will finally become so disgusted with the meanness, indifference, and lukewarmness of most of the other members, that he will throw down the whole thing, and leave the church; and in my heart, I cannot blame him. Cannot something be done to awaken these sleeping Christians and inefficient officers in our churches? It seems to me the Church should set a good example in all things. In the first place, it should be ascertained whether each officer attends to his business strictly. If not, turn him out. It will teach him a lesson, and be a warning to the rest. I am always ready to boil over with indignation when I see these shirkers trying to push everything upon the shoulders of the faithful few, who are striving to do their duty.

Not half enough can ever be said of the importance of every one's giving something to the cause of Christ. The smallest child can save part of its pennies as soon as it can lip the name of Jesus. And, by the way, if children were taught to give a portion of their little store, we would not have so many grown-up shirkers in the Church. It is my belief that every Christian, who is thoroughly in earnest, cannot fail to give of his earnings to Him who created all things. Let us think of all this, fellow Christians, and examine ourselves. Are we working in the cause of Christ, or are we casting stumbling blocks in the way of others? If the latter, the quicker we are out of the Church the better for it and for ourselves. —Christian Observer.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The fame of Abraham Lincoln is of a kind that is certain to increase as time goes on. He was a man of the people. In a good sense of the word, he was very human. He was both a great man, and a man of great simplicity. The world, we may be sure, will never tire of talking and reading about him. His intimate friend of many years, the Hon. Leonard Swett, pronounced him the best listener he ever knew. "He would hear any one on any subject, and generally would say nothing in reply."

He believed that something was to be learned from everybody, but he was not given to asking advice. He kept his eyes and ears open, and then acted as he himself thought wise and proper. Mr. Swett was with him at the Illinois Bar for eleven years, and in all that time never knew him to ask the advice of a friend about anything.

Once, however, just before his famous discussion with Douglas, he sent for half a dozen lawyers. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am going to ask Douglas the following questions, and I want you to put yourselves in Douglas's place, and answer the questions from his standpoint."

He knew, of course, that a man who would succeed in debate, must have anticipated his opponent's arguments. He was naturally a philosopher. He made the best of things as they were, instead of allowing them to harass or discourage him. Speaking of their travels together on circuit, Mr. Swett says:

"Beds were always too short; the coffee was burned or otherwise bad; the food was often indifferent, and the roads were nothing but trails; streams were without bridges and it was often necessary to swim; sloughs were deep, the wagon had often to be pried out of them with fence-rails; but I never heard Mr. Lincoln complain of anything.

"He never got the better of his fellow-man in a trade, and never lent money for interest. He never tasted liquor, never chewed tobacco or smoked, but laboured diligently in his profession, charging small fees, and was contented with small accumulations." Mr. Swett never knew him to borrow money except when he left Springfield to assume the duties of the Presidency. Then he borrowed enough to pay his expenses until he should draw his first quarter's salary. "In his life he lived in all circles, moved in every grade of society, and enjoyed it all equally well. To his companions in every station he was equally entertaining and equally happy."

Concerning his inquisitiveness, Mr. Swett says: "Travelling the circuit, he sometimes sat with the driver, and before we got to our journey's end he had found out all that the driver knew. If we stopped at a blacksmith's shop he took a seat by the forge and learned how to make nails. If he saw a new agricultural implement standing on the sidewalk in front of a country store, he was sure to stop and learn what it would do, how it would do it, and upon what it was an improvement.

"He was the only man I have ever known who bridged back from middle age to youth and learned to spell well. His manuscripts were as free from mistakes as any college graduate's. I have seen him upon the circuit with a geometry, astronomy, or other elementary book, learning in middle-life what men ordinarily learn in youth.

"One day he was sitting on the sidewalk in front of a tavern. He had just got the point of a nice demonstration in geometry, and wishing some one to enjoy it with him, he seized upon a hostler and explained it to him till the hostler said that he understood it."

Abraham Lincoln was one of those rare and fortunate souls who knew how to study both books and men. He had an instinct for knowledge, and was always at school. The world itself was his university. —Youth's Companion.

DON'T READ THEM.

"THERE'S a tip-top book, Ellis, you can take to read if you want to. I've just read it, and it's a splendid story."

"Then I should like to read it. I don't very often get a chance at a new book. But I think books are the best of anything, and when I'm a man I mean to have stacks of them. Mother and I read together, and then we talk over what we've been reading about; so it's twice as good as if I read it alone."

"Is that the way you do?" "Of course it is. Why shouldn't I. Mother and I are all the family there is left, and we do everything we can together. I tell you, my mother is the best company I ever had. She is just jolly, besides being as good as she can be. She goes singing round the house making a fellow feel rich, no matter what he has for dinner."

"Ain't she old?" "No, and it wouldn't make any difference if she was; she'd be my mother all the same."

"To be sure she would. But if you take this book, you must keep it out of her sight and read it on the sly."

"Why must I?" "Because she won't like it. My mother'd make a great fuss if she knew I read such a book."

"Then what do you read it for? What's the matter with the book? You said 'twas splendid.'"

"So it is, but your mother wouldn't think so."

"Then it ain't so, for I tell you mother knows. I won't read anything on the sly. I don't do business that way, and I advise you not to. My mother knows best."

"If you think so, I don't suppose it's of any use to try to make you think different."

"No, sir, it ain't; and I advise you to do as your mother wants you to. You've got a bad book, or you wouldn't talk about it as you do, and you'd better burn it up."

So one boy was loyal to his mother

and to his own higher nature; but two others were found who could more easily be influenced.

They read the book, thought and talked of the exciting scenes described in it, and were thus prepared for further reading of the same kind. Lessons were neglected, and occasionally there was a day's truancy from school. The evil did not stop there. Absolute falsehood followed fast upon deception; and then a petty theft was committed in the village. It was charged at once to the three boys who were constantly together and who were known to be habitual readers of highly sensational books and papers. They were suspected of reading even worse books, and all this told against them.

For their parents' sake they were spared the disgrace of a public trial. Upon acknowledgement of their guilt and promise of amendment the prosecution against them was withdrawn, and every effort was made to reclaim them from their evil way. But the die was cast. Vile books had done their work of pollution. These boys grew up to be reckless, dissipated men, with low tastes and gross manners, while the boy who trusted his mother was honourable and honourous.

Don't do anything on the sly, for be sure your sin will find you out. Don't look at a picture you would not be willing to show to her.

The boys tried in our courts for the commission of crimes are those who have read bad books; the boys who are serving out sentences in houses of correction and state prisons are those who have read bad books.

"Don't read them. Don't trust yourself to read one." "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and evil words upon a printed page corrupt both soul and body. Don't read them. —Well-Spring.

ARGUMENT.

FEW of us realize the sophist's subtlety. Because he seems to prove what he does not, he carries the careless thinker with him to a false conclusion, by his sleight of mind and cunning craftiness. Hence a skillful sophist can argue with equal ability on either side of a question. Macaulay shows sophistry even in the writing of history. You read one page and you are with the Whigs, you read another and you sympathize with the Tories. Now you uphold Cromwell, and now Charles; his arguments can be arranged so as to command your assent in turn to exactly opposite positions.

Those who are familiar with the history of the bar will remember the story of the famous but absent-minded advocate who, as he rose to sum up the argument in the final appeal to the jury, actually presented in a masterly style the side of his opponent rather than his client. His colleague, pulling his gown whispered, "You have been arguing on the wrong side!" Instantly collecting himself, he resumed, "This gentleman of the jury, is what my learned friend, the counsel for the defendant, will probably say to you," and then proceeded in an equally masterly presentation of the argument for the plaintiff, a complete refutation of the very appeal he had just made. The anecdote, amusing as it is, has a serious aspect, for it hints the perverted uses to which argument is put. The Dutch judge, who, after hearing the arguments on both sides, never knew how to decide because he got so confused, is not the only one who is left in perplexity by the subtleties of what is often called "logic." Argument is a tremendous weapon for the truth; it is also the most subtle and dangerous instrument in the hands of the designing fallacious, who, with the dexterity of the wizard, makes the false appear true to your bewildered mental senses. —A. T. Pierson.

APPRECIATION.

LOVE of appreciation seems to be instinctive in the whole animal creation. Whoever does good work is encouraged and strengthened by merited praise. Well does the writer remember a good farmer, whose sleek, fat team of horses were admired by all the neighbours round about. This good condition was not a result of their not being worked hard, for the farmer did much of the heavy trucking of the village, over a hilly road. There was a long steep, hill between the station and the village, and here the horses were allowed several resting spells on the way up.

Mr. Small always carried a chunk of wood, with which to block the wheels during these rests. Before he started he always rubbed their noses, patted them encouragingly, and when he gave the word, up they went with a will, till the driver stopped them for another breathing spell.

When they pulled well, he always patted and praised them, telling them they were good fellows; and they seemed so pleased at this little act of appreciation that they would hardly wait to rest, so eager were they to prove themselves worthy of the praise.

Children, and grown people too, are not less susceptible to the influence of encouraging words. A little fellow of five years of age was doing something which his father disapproved.

"My son, you must not do that," said his father. It happened to be something which the child wanted to do, and for an instant he hesitated, as if questioning what would be the consequence if he

persisted. Finally his better self triumphed, and he replied, "All right, papa; I won't do it any more."

Perhaps most of us would think that was all there was to be said about it, and to the father thought; but the little fellow evidently had different ideas, for not long after, he spoke out.

"Papa, why don't you tell me, 'That's a good boy?' An 'would 'a' been easier to be good next time." —Selected.

NERVOUS CHILDREN

NEVER scold or make fun of them. They suffer enough without your threats or sarcasm. Don't let them know you see their awkwardness when in company, nor their grimaces when alone. A case was reported by the Boston Globe, of a boy ten years old, who, on being vexed, and often without any apparent provocation, will clench his hands and make the most frightful contortions of the muscles of his face and head, till his poor mother fears he is idiotic. By no means. He is the brightest boy in his class at school, but he is of a highly nervous temperament, and has not been taught to control the little wires, so to speak, on which he is strung. This is no single case. There are thousands of children who give way to their nerves in similar fashion. Never whip them. A prominent physician in this city says the man or woman who whips a nervous child should for every blow given receive five. It is our duty to encourage and help them. Be patient with them. They are the making of our future successful men and women for they will work hard at whatever they undertake. Trace up your own nerves first, and then be indulgent toward your over-nervous children. —Intelligencer.

The Children's Corner.

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubber on;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud. Quack! quack!"

"I," cried the dandelion, "I
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry,
And she lifted her little yellow head
Out of her green grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Croaked the tree toad at his gray bark door,
"For with a broad leaf for a roof
I am perfectly weather-proof."

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop
Till a big river I grew to be,
And could find my way to the sea."
—N. Y. in New York Evangelist

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

You all know the old "Sing a Song of Sixpence." Have you ever read what it meant?

The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world; the top crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is the day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is a "dainty dish to set before the king."

The king who is represented as sitting in his parlour counting his money, is the sun; while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers are golden sunshine. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen, the day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird which so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose," is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day—in a pie.—Selected.

THE BLIND BOY'S PATIENCE.

I WENT to see a blind boy. Scarlet fever had settled in his eyes. He used to be a sprightly little fellow—upon the run everywhere. "Well, my dear boy," I said, "this is hard for you, is it not?"

He did not answer for a moment, then he said, "I don't know that I ought to say hard; God knows best," but his lip quivered and a tear stole down his cheek.

"Yes, my child, you have a kind Heavenly Father, who loves you and feels for you more even than your mother does."

"I know it," he said, "and it comforts me."

"I wish Jesus were here to cure Frank," said his little sister.

"Well, said I, 'He will open Frank's eyes to see what a good Saviour He is. He will show him that a blind heart is worse than blind eyes; and He will cure it, and make him see beautiful heavenly things, so that he may sit here quietly and be a thousand times happier than many other children who are running all about.'

"I can't help wishing he could see," said Lizzie.

"I dare say; but I hope you don't try to make your brother Frank discontented.

"Frank isn't discontented, he loves God; and love acts everything right, and makes its own sunshine, does it not, Frank?"

"I don't feel cross now, said the little blind boy, meekly. "When I'm alone I pray and sing my Sabbath school hymns. God is in the room with me. It feels light, and I forget I'm blind."

A sweet light stole over his pale features—it was heavenly light, I was sure.—Selected.