

gent man loses the power of helping other men. The servant of God out of his penury makes many rich, and out of his grievous hunger drives away hunger from multitudes. Live, then, on every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God; learn to say with the prophet, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy words were unto me a joy and the rejoicing of mine heart."

### GOSSIPING IN THE PRESENCE OF CHILDREN.

A habit of indulging in gossip is pernicious in its influences and results over us all. "Pity 'us, 'us true," that we oftentimes give a willing ear to the stories circulating about our friends and acquaintances, and more is the pity that we are tempted too readily and yield to the temptation to tell these detrimental reports over again to other willing ears.

It is astonishing how thoughtless parents often are of their manner of speech before children. Children are very attentive listeners. They may seem to be interested in their play or their books, but, nevertheless, nothing said by their elders escapes their ears. Children like to hear what their elders are talking about, especially if the talk is carried on with a show of mystery.

Friends may speak depreciatingly of some other friend, without a thought of the consequences, and perhaps without even a remembrance of the words spoken, a few days afterward, but the child who hears them makes a memorandum of the sins of commission, or of omission, which are talked over, and thus an unjust prejudice is acquired, which the parent is astonished to hear expressed perhaps weeks afterward. "What mother says must be so," is the argument a child uses to reason out the wrong and right of things. Mother is the ideal of all that is true and just and good.

Think of this, mothers! What wonderful trust your little child places in you and your judgment and actions. Is it not a very serious matter to be a child's ideal of what is best and truest in motherhood? "Mrs. So-and-so must be a dreadful

woman," reasons the child, who has heard that neighbour spoken of in a deprecatory manner. And if that neighbour has a child, what a sort of superior goodness the child of the gossiping mother carries about with her hereafter when she mingles with Mrs. "So-and-so's" child! How pitifully she regards her in the light of her mother's depreciating estimate—it is such a dreadful thing to have a mother who does things which Mother thinks are so bad! Two-thirds of the gossip circulated about persons is libellous, because it is untrue, and if legally followed up, would prove a crime. The sad results of scandalous stories are often pitiful in the extreme.

We try to have our children acquire habits of truth and justice that will help them on in right living, but are we particular to teach them not to speak untruthfully or unjustly of their little playmates? When they come to us with a story which depreciates the good qualities of some little friend, do we counsel them not to tell over anything which will hurt the reputation of that child? Do we help them to acquire the habit of that charity which thinketh no evil of one's neighbour?—*The Evangelist.*

### RAINY WEATHER.

In our section of the country there has been, this year, an unusual amount of rain, so that seeding has been much interfered with. It is interesting, though most sadly interesting, to hear the different remarks made about it. Some complain of it when it is easily seen that the reason they do so is that it interferes with their pleasures, outings, excursions, or makes it disagreeable for them going to or from their work. Others complain, and the voice is that of the fatalist: "We do not want it thus, and we think it might easily be otherwise, but we have to submit." Others complain because it has so retarded the work which ought to be attended to at a certain time and could not be.

Would that we could learn that it is just possible that He who controls the rain knows better than we do what is best for all parties and

all interests concerned. Would that we could know that such complaining is not complaining against the weather, but against Him who controls it, and arranges it. Would that we could free ourselves of our short-sightedness and pride, humbly and in faith taking what He sends as best because He sends it. Would that we could rest on His promise: "Seed time and harvest shall not fail," and be satisfied. Would that we could rest in His love, being persuaded that "He doeth all things well." How much brighter our faces would shine; how much happier our lives would be; how many frowns would give place to smiles; how many complainings to thankful rejoicings.

Lindsay.

H.

### THE LITTLE STOWAWAY.

"Would ye like to hear about it?"

"I eagerly assent," says a writer in the *Sailor's Magazine*, and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail, and commences as follows:

"'Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin', so that altogether, you may think the cap'n warn't in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief engineer, he was an easy goin' sort of a chap, as nothing on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool he cum down to me in a precious hurry, lookin' as if somethin' had put him out pretty considerably.

"'Tom,' says he, 'what d'ye think? Bless if we ain't found a stowaway.' (That's the name, you know, sir, as we gives the chaps as hide themselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)

"'The dickens you have!' says I. 'Who is he, and where did you find him?'

"'Well, we found him stowed