ANSWERED PRAYER. "O give me a message of quiet,"

l asked in my morning prayer; " For the turbulent trouble within me Is more than my heart can bear. Around there is strite and discord, And the storms that do not cease, And the whirl of the world is on me-Thou only canst give me peace."

I opened the old, old Bible And looked at a page of psalms, Till the wintry sea of my trouble
Wa- soothed by its summer calms; For the words that have helped so many And that ages have made more dear, Seemed new in their power to comfort

As they brought me my word or cheer. Like music of solemn singing These words come down to me-"The Lord is slow to anger, And of mercy great is he; Each generation praiseth His works of long renown, The Lord upholdeth all that fall,

And aiseth the bowed down

That gave me the strength I wanted ! I knew that the Lord was nigh; All that was making me sorry Would be better by and-by; I had but to wait in patience. And keep at my Father's side, And nothing would really hurt me Whatever might betide.

- Marianne Farningham.

IN HIS OWN WAY.

Mr. Clauson's house. Such a cham- a by-street on his way home from ber as most of us have entered at the office of the daily paper, when which the husband and wife can hardly look each other in the face; a man who with bent head and where the footsteps fall lightly, downward gaze was carrying a and the few words spoken are whis- something dark and long. It would joyment and disturbed her peace. pered ones.

the little darling of the household, things happen, but in the eager ef- life of adventure in the West. But four year old Willie, should lie there fort which the other man made to happiness did not come to him in before the eyes of the parents, so save himself from dropping his bur- his wild career, nor riches from his cold and still. Yet that was not den, and the effort which the other eager search in the mines. For a the orly trouble oppressing them, man made to save himself from fallalthough at present it far outweighed all others.

steadily growing worse and worse the outstretched arms of Lawyer for many months, until he found it Liscomb, and looking down he saw bills of interest arising from the the corner, that he was holding a mortgage on his pleasant homestead | casket—and he noticed, too, on the him, and was "bound by a thousand large enough for his Willie! ties to his heart." And now this bitter affliction had come as if to test to the utmost the strength and faith of these children of God. But Robert Clauson's faith never wavered for a moment.

The evening before the funeral, as Mr. Clauson and his wife were sadly recounting the recent events. Mrs. Clauson remarked in a broken

"Hard, isn't it, Robert, that so your pardon." terday, saying the mortgage had been foreclosed, and a sale would still more, for he hung about Wiltake place early next week.'

The husband's reply came readilv enough:

best, Jennie, and "It may not be my way; It may not be thy way; And yet in his own way, "The Lord will provide."

I must leave all in his hands." Oh, blessed trust of the children

of God! Ave, and He will provide. Later in the evening Mr. Clauson took his hat, then paused before his wife, as if what he would say was of so painful a nature as to be hard of utterance; at length he said in a tremulous tone:

"It is getting late, Jennie, and I'm going around to Darkling's. I told him I would do what I could to make expenses as light as possible. You know it is one of our painful necessities, Jennie, wife!" And she knew he was going himself, poor man, alas, and alas! for

a little casket. Lawyer Liscomb was on the high road to great prosperity. His wife was a devoted Christian and Mr. Liscomb was a professor of religion, me. but the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches, had indeed seemed to her unwarrantable measures on his part, where a question mastering him, overcoming his bet- little casket.

week the fine estate of Robert Clauson would be sold at auction.

"Oh, how can he?" she said to other.—Golden Rnle. herselt, "and his only little son lying dead, to be buried to-morrow!

What could she do? Jennie Clauson and she had been schoolmates. Mr. Liscomb was not at the office, so she walked home alone, wishing she could say something to induce him to reconsider the matter; but that evening the lawyer was particularly silent and hurried; sat writing until rather late in the evening, then said he must go out awhile, he had an errand to attend

Soon as he had gone his wife went up stairs, and with a troubled heart besought God in his own way to provide for her dear husband a way of escape from his own increasing selfishness, and utter want of feeling for others. What had seemed her way of trying to open his eyes had only resulted in disappointment and failure.

It was a dark, damp night, and heavy fog made objects at but a short distance from the street-lamps hardly discernible. Lawyer Lis-There was a hushed chamber in comb was passing rapidly through collided violently with another man, be impossible to tell how it happen-It seemed enough of sorrow that ed; no one ever can tell how such ing on the slippery pavement, the object which the former was carry- contented even with that. Mr. Clauson's affairs, had been ing suddenly became transferred to

> stition almost of horror, ran over feelings him as he said sharply:

"Here man, take back this uncanny thing, and be more careful another time." The next instant he added in another tone:

"Ah. Clauson, is it you? Sorry for you, my poor fellow; upon my word I am! There don't say a word; it was all my fault. I beg

soon upon becoming childless we As soon as Lawyer Liscomb remust also become homeless? A entered his library that night his O, where is my boy to night?" note came from Mr. Liscomb yes- wife wondered what had come over him; and at bed-time she wondered lie's little crib, kissing the child again and again, until the little fel- lost all trace of him, not even knowlow as if instinctively kissed him "Never mind; I've done my very back; then he broke out in an impulsive tone, startling his wife with | tidings came, bitter tidings, strangeits fierce accent:

"Lord! what should I do if that little boy couldn't kiss me back!"

Well into the night Mrs. Liscomb knew her husband was not sleep. ing, but she wisely refrained from asking any questions. After awhile he said softly:

" Wife ?" "Yes; what is it?"

"I shan't foreclose on Clauson at present; he's in trouble you know.' "O. I'm so thankful!" was the response. And an hour later:

" Wife?" "Yes.

"I'm going to help Clauson up hill again, if I can. He's a royal good fellow; got a good wife too.' "Yes, and members of the same church we are," was the significant

And still a little later: "I'm going to be a church mem-

choked the word, until his life had an errand to the office of the daily

definitely postponed.

faith of the one, and calling back to allegiance the wandering feet of the

AMENDS.

Storm is not good; but when storms pass And clouds are fled and airs grow mild, And waves splash softly one by one, And weary earth, her conflict o'er. Lies like a lovely sleeping child, We feel a joy uuknown before In tree and flower and rain-washed grass, A new signifiance in sun.

Pain is not sweet, but pain is best His cold hand has the magic key Which unlocks treasures to our eyes Hidden in daily trivial things; And common comfort, common ease, Respite from common sufferings, The morning's task, the evening's rest Are to us riches past all price.

Life may be hard; but when life ends, And all the hard things are gone by, And every ache has been relieved, And every tear has wiped away, And softly on the ravished eye Breaks the clear dawn of heaven's day Joy shall for grief made such amen is. That we shall wonder that we grieved. Susan Coolidge, in Independent.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The following story of a reckless young man suggests a possible comfort in the cases of other erring loved

A lady in Baltimore had a wavward son whose reckless conduct some time in our lives. A room in suddenly on turning a cerner he cost her many tears. There were many things in her life to make her happy; but her anxiety for her headstrong son saddened all her en-

He grew more indifferent to her love, and finally left his home for a time the new freedom gratified him; but his restless spirit could not be

By some means his mother kept track of his wanderings, and was able to send him messages of love: impossible to pay any longer the at once by the light of the lamp on but they brought few or no replies. At one of Mr. Moody's meetings in Baltimore she heard Rev. Robert which had been his father's before instant, that it was one just about Lowry's touching poem and tune that has been so often sung, and A cold, weird feeling of super- the words exactly uttered her own

> Where is my wandering boy to-night? The boy of my tenderest care, The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?

. Bring ne my wand'ing boy to-night, Go search for him where you will; But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

O, where is my boy to-night?

The weeping woman copied the verses and sent them to her son in a letter. No word from him ever reached her in return. At last she ing that he had received her message. Then, after weary waiting, ly mingled with consolation.

"Her wandering boy" had fallen a victim to his restless passion. In some daring expedition on one of the Rocky Mountain trails he had become separated from his party, and was lost. His body was found in a cave, where he had died of hunger and exhaustion. By his side was an unfinished letter to his mother. In it he craved for forgivness, as he had already asked the There isn't half enough to last unforgiveness, of Heaven. He had received the peem she sent him, he said, and it had melted his heart and had led him to repentance.-Youth's Companion.

A TRUE HOME.

Many of our young housekeepers faint and fall by the way after a few months' trial, relinquishing ber in earnest, wife, God helping their brightest chances for securing a true home, and seek release Early next morning, before break- from all responsibility in a boardfast, Lawyer Liscomb slipped out on ling house. And why? For the tories ought never to have been most because their mothers have built. God intended man to live forget the kind smile of the old He loves you better than the most become unfruitful, and even barren paper, and that night after the fu- been cruelly kind and indulgent. of anything like godliness. His lov. neral, a note was handed to Robert They permit their daughters' girling little wife had remonstrated on Clauson, informing him that the hood to slip by without accustom- ion out of doors, but here, where more than one occasion at what foreclosure on his property was in- ing them to any care or responsibility. They forget that to make work-where steam shrieks and No one else knew how it was that their children useful and helpful in curses-here is no place for religof worldly greed, and akindly show- Lawyer Liscomb all at once resum- youth will lay the foundation of ing of humanity were concerned, but | ed his old place at church, and in | more true happiness and enjoyment Athough a kind husband and doting the prayer-meeting; nor why it was than can be found in a life of indofather, there was at such times a that he showed at the same time lence and selfishness. They forget certain pursing of the lips, as he such a friendly interest in the affairs that there are home lessons each would reply with firmness, that he of Robert Clauson, who was soon day that should have equal thought was perhaps the best judge of how really well on his way up hill again, and attention with those which are business matters should be conduct- His happy little wife only knew that enforced at schools, if they would ed, which had finally silenced good somehow in His own way the fit their daughters for cheerful little Mrs. Liscomb effectually; that Lord had touched her husband; home makers. If our girls grow up is, had silenced her in the presence but he knew well what a searching, with no higher ambition than to of her husband, but she only went | wholesomse tesson had been borne pass through their school education the oftener to her closet, and beg. in upon his innermost soul by being with only just that amount of knowged the father in Heaven to show obliged involuntarily to hold for a ledge which will be deemed respechim the errors which were fast moment in his father's arms that table in fashionable circles, devoting all their time out of school to ter nature and crushing the piety And so with his limitless range street walking and silly gossip, out of his life. And this afternoon of resource, the good Father, who with not one moment given to dohappening into her husband's office makes his sun to shine alike on the mestic duties, who can wonder for a moment, she had seen a writ- just and the unjust, had by one that they make unreasonable, indo-

paper, stating that early the next | ren, | blessing | and | confirming | the | natural good sense has not been enthe indulgence or carelessness of the mother. If such a one marries and truly loves her husband, she will throw off the fetters, and have courage to study the art of housekeeping until she becomes an expert at the business. If she would do this, by quick observation and thoroughly systematic management she will build up a delightful home where husband and children will rise up and call her blessed.--Primitive Christian.

DR. LEONARD BACON.

It certainly did cost somethingthis consideration towards every man, without respect of persons. But it paid, in kind. Whatever bitterness had been against him from time to time was, in the long run, overcome with good; and of late years, when that "good gray head that all men knew" was seen about New Haven streets, "the eve that saw him blessed him." I am not sure that I ever heard him allude to any public honor paid to him or to any compliment from high places. I am certain that he was deeply gratified when Harvard in a peculiarly flattering way made him L.L.D.; but we had to depend on the newspapers for the knowledge of any such incident. It was quite different with the expression of respect and love from a person of humble position or of some opposing party. Such a thing as this he always remembered and loved to speak of. The honor that. perhaps he was proudest of came to him thirty years ago, when we were about starting for Europe and the East, and there were many generous gifts made him and grateful words spoken. Father O'Reilly, parish priest, called at the door, and with great delicacy of feeling, asked that he might be allowed to add his gold piece to the rest, "as an expression of his respect for a good man." Father came back delighted once from a pastoral visit in a humble suburb; because an Irish laboring man, whom he did not know, had stopped with uncovered head to say: "We are very much plazed to see your riverence in our part of the town." And he was very much moved in telling me a few years since how a neighboring pastor about to remove after a few years service had called to say good-bye, and had said with tears: 4 Before came to New Haven I regarded you with suspicion and almost fear; but I have learned to honor you and trust you and love you."— Leonard W. Bacon, D.D., in "The

FACTORY RELIGION.

"No sir," said Scofield, the factory engineer, emphatically, "there is no such thing as factory religion! It's a contradiction. Why my engine won't run if I don't swear at times.'

"How do you know? asked the listener.

The fireman laughed. Scofield turned upon him like a

"Tom," said he with an oath, 'wheel in ten or twelve more barrowfuls of that Nova Scotia coal. til six o'clock.' The fireman departed without a

word and the engineer bustled around the room, oiling the slides, testing the water, opening and shutting valves.

thought?"

The engineer shook his head. 'It's no place for religion, 'I tell you," he said. "To my mind, facout in the ree air and enjoy nature. gentleman as he said : There is plenty of room for religthe ve y pulleys swear at their

about any more coal, my boy. I it was, but he had been to Congress. was out of sorts when I spoke. in Washington's time, so I conclud-There is enough in now to last a ed it was all right, and I went back

"I couldn't help laughing, though," said Tom, wiping the grianything without swearing.'

before him again and again.

ten advertisement lying on the master stroke of divine power spok- lent, incompetent housekeepers? he do nothing without swearing?" from Chio, who knew me, came to on the play-ground—everywhere. atable ready to be sent to the daily en in his own way to both his child- Now and then we find one whose He resolved to test himself. He buy goods, and said:

would begin early the next morning and for every oath uttered he they cannot do without you." would drop a small brass nail into a tumbler that was in the window. He rather thought that the tumbler would be empty at nightnow that he had got his will up.

The next day came-Scofield

down stairs in his stocking feet stepped upon a tack. The volley of me, and he said: oaths that followed counted out seven nails for the tumbler. The only one word of advice to give you the car, a slow clock, and the remembrance of his purpose scored five more. Then with grim determination he shut his teeth and said not a word more until he reached the engine-room, where he counted out the twelve nails and threw them into the tumbler with an oath -yes, an oath of relief. He was half across the room before the last one dawned upon him, but true to his purpose he walked back and put another nail into the glass.

All day long he struggled, and at night the tumbler held thirty nails. Scofield was startled. He had never dreamed that he was so profane. And then the habit had such a 'grip' upon him. At last he went to 'Christian Tim,' an old man in the steel works, and told him the whole affair. Tim pondered awhile and then said.

"You may be able to leave off in time by your will power, but I know a better way."

"What is it?" inquired the other. "Ask help of the Lord Jesus Christ," said Tim earnestly. "Has he not heard every oath? Isn't it against him you have sinned? I had the same experience myself years ago, but with his help I never feel the least inclination to swear. And as for being happy—the hours are so swift-winged that I can hardly tell where the days go."

The minister called again upon Scofield.

"There is a factory religion, sir," said the engineer. "My fireman Tom and myself are trying to live up to it. There is a Bible in that desk and we find time to read some in it every day. And to tell the truth, I believe the work is less hard, the wheels run smoother, the valves are tighter, and the whole place is lighter, cleaner and better for this same factory religion."-Illustrated Christian Weekly.

ONLY A NEWSPAPER.

Only a newspaper!" Quick read, quick lost, Who sums the treasure that it carries hence! Torn, trampled under feet, who counts thy cest, Star-eyed intelligence !

My heart recalls more than one vanished face, Struck from the rank of toilers -early lost, And leaving not a trace.

Martyrs of news! Young martyrs of the press!
Princes of giving from largest of brain, One leaf of laurel steeped in tenderness,

Though in the authors' pantheon no niche ob-Your waning names can hold forever fast,

The seeds of truth ye blow afar are suru To spring and live at last. On lonely wastes within the swarming marts,

Take ye, O early slain!

In silent dream, in speaking deeds of men Quick with momentum from your deathless Your thoughts will live again.

-Mary Clemmer Ames.

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

I was eleven years old, said Mr. S., an eminent American merchant, when my grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war at those times. "Well, I suppose I must leave I was the shepherd boy, and my you," said the visitor, rising from business was to watch the sheep in his chair and holding out his hand. the fields. A boy who was more "Will you not give the subject a fond of his book than the sheep, was sent with me, but he left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that. and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never disciples did; go and tell Jesus.

> "Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have not in the counsel of the ungodly. the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't | ful; but his delight is in the law of expect to have the sheep." My de-"Tom!" called Scofield, after the sires were moderate. I could not minister had left, "don't bother exactly make out in my mind what sires were moderate. I could not contentedly to the sheep.

After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. my sweat from his brow, "you Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: know that you never did try to lo "Thou hast been faithful over a few to any scrapes?" said Will Law to things; I will make thee ruler over him one day. "All the other boys The engineer made no reply, but many things." I began to see do." opened a paper and seemed to read. through it. "Never you mind who The printed words, however, did neglects his duty; be you faithful, back. When a boy says hardthings not engage his attention, but most | and you will have your reward."

vividly what the fireman said came | I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk boys would try it, what good times "Was it as bad as that? Could to the late Mr. R. A merchant there would be in the school-room,

"Make yourself so useful that

I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather's Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. R. offered me a partner. ship in the business. The first morning after the partnership was rose at five as usual, and going made known Mr. (i., the old te merchant, called to congratulate

"You are all right now. I have Be careful whom you walk the streets with.

That was lesson number three.

And what valuable lessons they are! Fidelity in all things; your best for your employers; care tulness about your associates. Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and honorable success.

SEWING ACHES.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillor case for her own little pillow. "All this?" she asked in a discontented tone, holding the seam

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work basket of her own, " said her mother. "Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work basket, and I ought to Le willing to sew;" and with that she took a few stitches quite dili-

gently. "I have a dreadful pain at my side;" said Jessie, in a few minute. "My thumb is very sore." she said a few moments after. "Oh, my hand is so tired!" was the next Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble. At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for ados tor?" said her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised she could be.

"Certainly. A little girl so fall of pains and aches must be sick. and the sooner we have the doctor. the better.'

"O mother!" said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing aches. I am well now.'

I have heard of other little gir besides Jessie who had sewing ache and pains whenever their parents had any work for them to do. This is a disease called "selfishness;" and I hope none of my little readers are afflicted with it .- Bap. Week.

TELLING MOTHER.

A cluster of young girls stool about the door of a school-room one afternoon, when a little girl joined them and asked what they were doing. "I am telling the girls s secret, Kate, and we will promise to let you know if you will promise not to tell any one as long as you live," was the reply.

"I won't tell any one but my mother," replied Kate. "I tell her everything, for she is my best

"No, not even your mother, ne one in the world.

"Well, then, I can't hear it; for what I can't tell my mother isn't fit for me to hear. After speaking these words, Kate

walked away slowly, and perhaps, sadly, yet with a quiet conscience, while her companions went on with their secret conversation. I am sure that if Kate continued

to act on that principle, she became a virtuous, useful woman. No child of a pious mother will be likely to take a sinful course if Kate's reply is taken for a rule of conduct.

tender parent. Blessed is the man that walketh nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornthe Lord: and in His law doth he meditate day and night. Psalm i.1-2

ROB'S PLAN.

Rob never has any trouble with the boys. Every one likes him; so it is not very strange that he gets along so well.

"Rob, how is it you never get in-

"Oh, it's my plan not to talk to me, I just keep still."

Not a bad plan, is it? If all the Who will try Rob's plan?

THE

PARABL 1, 2.-The Bethsaida, within a few multitude bemselves ! the boat.

pesaretb. marables He. method, and meeded a key A parable h pillar of fire bright sid dark one to His parables to confuse and objecto truth and m siples throu (ver. 11-12). learn from

Jews had sh ed not to 10-15) Ver 3-8.our country mated fields all the appl has to be re Ver. 10-13. ciples to kno out, for the were believe poted Chris Lences of the mii. 15). mnacles, yet, them remain ed; and they Christ, and not heard th attention to but, as far a ad rejected fore had be

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The occupa no means so into the Leed was found to on her gume, toms such as a tion of the lip all signs point poisoning by tendance en to discover the Bing to think caused in so accidentally is that silken the and not by le terated with questioned th ed him that Practice with hold silk as thread, in her done this the masmuch as This character of the presend Possessing it or used with o that the silk t is tasteless,

threads are sw

POI