

The Family.

CONEMAUGH.

"Fly to the mountain! Fly!" Terribly rang the cry...

Face to face with duty and death, Dear is the drawing of human breath.

Grander the soul that can stand Behind the trembling hand.

The torrent took her. God knows all. Fiercely the savage currents fall.

GOOD-TEMPERED PARENTS

How we insist upon good temper in our children, frowning upon stubbornness and anger, and that cross-grain of perversity which has come down from the primal parents...

Consider a moment how helpless are the young people when it comes to the question of dealing with the misbehavior of parents.

It may be urged, and with truth, that parents are often tried and troubled by anxieties of which children know nothing.

grace. It is doubtful whether any man or woman got through a hard day more successfully by scolding at its ills...

There are people who are plodding and toiling from morning till night, day by day, year by year, that they may "leave a fortune," or at least a competence to their children.

FOR THE BABY'S SAKE, JOHN, FOR THE BABY'S SAKE

SUE held up the baby to John Wilkins.

"Kiss the baby!" she cried. John kissed the baby, not so much as an obedient husband, but rather as a tender-hearted father.

"Now, John, remember! For the baby's sake, don't touch beer to-day!" pleaded the young mother.

"I will—think about it, Olive." "Oh, John!"

That was all she said. Her black eyes though looked all that she did not express in her voice.

John Wilkins was a young brakeman. He lived in a suburban town, and ran as a hand on a train that went to the great city several times a day.

"Olive," he said to his remonstrating wife, "you are too fussy. What harm does the beer do?"

"Beer is a stepping-stone to brandy." "But I don't take it—I mean the beer."

She detained his words with her hand laid on his arm.

"John, in the evening, you sometimes show that you have been drinking."

"But I'm off duty."

"If you are a slave off duty, you may be enslaved on duty."

"Nonsense!" he replied. As if a fling of imbecility were an answer.

This morning of our story she pleaded with him for baby's sake.

"Well," he said, "I suppose it would be a bad thing, if, in any way, the baby's father should become a drunkard; yes, very bad for the baby."

What about the mother? What about the father? To-day, though, he was saying to himself, "For baby's sake!"

He had not been long gone, when Olive Wilkins said, "Baby, would you like to go to the city to-day? Say, pet! You want to go and see grandpa?"

Intelligible English as that, but, translated, her baby-talk meant it.

Baby crowded, and flourished two fat fists.

"Then we will go, pet. Now hurry! Maybe we can catch papa's train." Alas, it had gone to the great city.

"Then we must take another," said Olive.

That day John Wilkins had a clear head. And when he saw a baby in the train, he softly said, "For baby's sake."

He had not touched beer all day, and when the last train started for home, his thoughts were like a crystal stream. No beer-mud there.

"All for baby's sake," he said, and rejoiced in the consciousness of a clear brain.

John's last train was an express. On it drove rattling, rumbling, thundering, waking up the sleepy echoes in the shadowy valleys, and setting them to flying in every direction.

"Off the track!" was John's hurried thought, one moment. The next, he was lying in a pond of water.

The huge, convulsed train had shaken him off as if he had been a fly on the outside of one of the coaches.

"Am I hurt?" he was saying, crawling out of the water. "No!" He looked up to the golden stars and ejaculated reverently, "No, thank God! Thank God!"

But the train! It was a confused heap by the side of the track, the loco-

otive panting and hissing, and oh! what agonizing shrieks arose from the imprisoned passengers.

"For baby's sake!" How it rang in his ears!

"Somebody's baby!" he said, rescuing it. But when he had drawn it out and laid it safely on the grass, the train-light, partially revealing it, was extinguished.

"Who next?" wonderful John

How grateful he was for his clear head and for his strength of body!

He rushed back to the place from which he had extricated the baby, and now pulled from the ruin-heap an unconscious form.

Both were soon conscious, and showed that they had escaped without injury.

There, on the spot, John vowed to let drink alone for wife's sake and for baby's sake.—Rev. E. A. Rand.

THE HEALTHY LIMITS OF WORK.

ONE of the subjects that is always timely, though never new, is that of the maintenance of health under the stress of work.

Perfect health, successful and abundant work—how shall we combine the two? It is a very familiar remark, and a true one, that it is not work that kills, but worry.

Nothing is so hard to exercise as worry. The spirits that were cast out of the young Galilean, and that entered into the swine were undoubtedly devils of worry.

The habit of worry easily becomes temperamental. It combines with a certain chemical intimacy with the very tissue of the spirit; transforming the bland pathways of the nerves into irritable, explosive trains, nervous petards, upon which to tread means an explosion.

There is a malign mental transformation in worry; and it is much easier to describe it, to warn against it, and to denounce it, than to bring any cure. There are cures; but first let us speak of prevention.

The main preventive is the avoidance of hurried work and of overwork.

How shall we approach our work rightly? How apportion it so as to avoid fatigue? Many of us have tasks which are unalterable in amount, and more exacting than is for our good; and sooner or later such workers must pay the penalty.

But many intellectual labourers, again, as authors, clergymen, physicians and lawyers, can determine the amount of their work and apportion its hours with some reference to the prevention of the wear and tear which lead to worry; and it is these that I will give a few suggestions—

First, the law of mental work is in one important respect the same as that of physical. The brain, like the body, will bear hard work, and a great deal of it; but the exercise must stop short of absolute strain.

What is this limit of strain? It is a hard question in many cases, for its answer is never the same for different individuals and different employments.

The physical analogue will help us. A school-boy is fond of running for the sake of exercise, and in order to outdo his rivals.

At what point should he draw the limit, or should his parents draw it for him? My boy of ten runs a mile at a time, and comes back with his pulse drumming at 160.

Is it too much for him or not? That I can only tell by the effects. If I find that he has no heart murmur, is strong and well, and has no prostration or fatigue after running, I am sure that his exercise has done him good; he has taken what I call productive exercise.

If, on the contrary, he show the least symptom of overstress after the work, he is in danger from it, and I call it destructive exercise.

But a youth can take tenfold severer productive exercise than he can in maturer years. A friend of mine, a lawyer and a sedentary man when six years ago, went abroad three years ago for his health.

Some German doctor advised him to walk rapidly eight miles a day in order to gain strength. He came back and did it; in three months he had brought on valvular disease of the heart, and is now suffering from what is known as "mitral stenosis."

Eight miles a day is little enough for many people; for him it was irreparable injury. And there are many elderly people who are overdoing their exercise.

The exercise problem is solved by no rule of thumb; it is a different thing for each period of life. I would advise very few persons at sixty years to run even half a mile at a time.

The danger lines have shifted, simply because the physical machine is not the same in strength of elasticity at sixty years as at ten. Throughout life the question is a delicate and a serious one.

How much exercise is good for me, and how much is too much? And there are not a few among those who try to answer it in practice that make the mistake of taking too much, just as there are thousands who overdo such a good thing as the cold bath.

Now when we come to the question of mental work and overwork, we find the same law, though under different conditions. A man's power of mental work may be at its height at sixty, and it remains in the fullest power far longer than the physical life remains.

Second, it is worth while, none the less, to glance at some after symptoms of nerve waste, nerve impairment, neurasthenia, as the same condition is variously called. The countenance has a worn and anxious look, the muscular strength is greatly reduced, sleeplessness and headache are present, and the pulse is usually quick and feeble.

These symptoms may pass into insanity, or, as is the more frequent case, they may disappear, and health be restored.

What is the cure of these symptoms? First of all, rest, especially sleep; second, the recourse to mineral springs or a change of climate; third, the moderate and discreet use of tonic medicines and stimulants.

Of these, the first remedy rest, is the most important, because it is nearest at hand. Rest and sleep are remedies that we too often neglect. Sleep is one of our underrated blessings.

The learned pundit of the school of Salerno, prescribed six hours' sleep as the proper limit for a rational human being; but we understand the matter better now. There are few professional men who would not be better for eight hours spent in bed; but there are thousands who do not command even six hours of sleep, and it is they, rather than the dissipated, who burn the candle of life at both ends.

I assign the first value to sleep as a restorative agency, and as a cure for overwork and nerve waste. For those who can neither go to bed early enough nor lie late enough in the morning, a daytime nap whenever it is needed, is simply invaluable.

But you say, "I have tried to sleep in the daytime and I cannot do it." I answer, "You can do it if will you try long enough." It is a habit that any one can acquire by practice, and for many it means salvation of nerves and even of life.

In his book on "Insomnia," my eminent friend, Professor Lyman, of Chicago, says that the ability to sleep in the daytime does not generally go with very high intellectual power. That is true, and it is just what I complain of. Let the people of high intellectual power learn to sleep in the daytime, and they will find all their powers improve, both intellectual and physical.

And where the element of worry is a marked one, the power of the will may be of infinite use. One can wrestle with the demon worry, and worst him if the physical instrument of the will—the nerve tissue—has not already been impaired.

When the nerve waste has gone too far to be cured by shorter working and longer sleeping hours, then the physician becomes an inevitable evil. But we all may distinguish between productive and destructive exercise, and act upon the distinction.—Dr. Coan, in the Congregationalist.

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

HOWEVER harmless tobacco may be to moderate and careful users—who, as Dr. C. W. Lyman states in a late entertaining paper, may avoid some of the virulent oil and nicotine by thorough combustion and clean pipes or cigar-holders—it is unquestionably capable of producing most poisonous effects.

The most noticeable and important symptom of nicotine-poisoning is a depressed action of the heart, often known as "smoker's heart." In an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys, of all classes and of average health, who had been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years, thirty-two were found to have irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomachs, coughs, and a craving for alcohol; twenty-seven showed severe injury to constitution and growth; thirteen had intermittency of the pulse; and one had consumption.

These symptoms disappeared within a year after the tobacco habit was abandoned. The Maoris of New Zealand were finely developed and powerful people at the time of the advent among them of the Europeans, but a passionate fondness for tobacco has sprung up among them, and has resulted in decimating their numbers and reducing them to a very inferior physical condition.

There is a widespread belief that tobacco is a powerful germ-killer, and an Italian physiologist has just obtained some scientific confirmation of this view. Various microbes—such as those of cholera, typhoid fever and pneumonia—were exposed to the fumes of burning tobacco, and in every case the subsequent development of the germs was either greatly retarded or prevented altogether.

Further experiments will be made to determine the germicide value of tobacco and its constituents, and whether smoking can ever claim any place in the treatment or prevention of disease.—Selected.

A WHITECHAPEL VICTIM.

THE Poll Mall Gazette says—In his speech at the Presbyterian Synod the other evening the Rev. John MacNeill created quite a sensation by telling the following tale: He was speaking of temperance, and said that last Sunday, when he preached a temperance

sermon at the Tabernacle, he received a letter that had been written by a lady on the danger of the use at communion of fermented wine.

The lady in her letter told a sad story of an inherited passion for drink. There were four or five of them—several brothers and two sisters—the children of intemperate parents.

Her sister had unfortunately inherited the craving, and before she was fourteen had taken to drink. The others became converted and did all in their power to cure their sister, but it was of no use.

The sister at length married comfortably and children were born. But the craving for drink grew greater and greater, and at length she was sent to a home for inebriates, where she stayed a year.

She left apparently, said the sister, a changed woman. Soon after, however, her husband caught a severe cold, and before going out one morning drank a glass of hot whiskey—taking care, however not to do so in the presence of his wife.

Then, as was his custom before leaving, he kissed his wife. At once the fumes of the alcohol passed into her and in an hour she was a drunk and roaring woman. She went from worse to worse, and at last left her husband and her children, one of them a cripple, through her drunkenness.

The husband died two years ago, a white-haired and broken-hearted man, though only forty-five years old. "Need I add," said the sister in her letters, "what became of her? Her story is that of Annie Chapman, one of the recent Whitechapel victims. That was my sister!"

Mrs. VAN CLEVE gives a fascinating account of the taking of the veil by a young lady in Cincinnati. But she may well characterize the whole proceeding as sad. Many a young woman has the sentiment, pure and undying, and seeking most fitting expression, that only the life for Christ is the true life.

He deserves all, and she would give nothing less. To say to her that this is most fully realized when she enters a convent is a monstrous wrong. Apostolic teaching opposes it, and indicates the natural relations and activities of life, connected, also, with proper religious duties, as the field for the highest devotion while on the earth.

More in keeping with the Master's pleasure, as expressed in his word, is the work which our Protestant young ladies, living in the world, yet rising above it, do, as they give loving and faithful service in the societies of Christian Endeavor, the Mission circles, the Sabbath schools, the homes of the poor and the afflicted, and wherever the footsteps of the Elder Brother mark the way for the willing feet of the daughters of the King.—N. Western Presbyterian.

The Children's Corner.

WHERE TWO WAYS MEET.

WHERE two ways meet the children stand, A broad, fair road on either hand; One leads to Right and one to Wrong; So runs the song.

Which will you choose each lass and lad? The right or left, the good or bad? One leads to Right and one to Wrong; So runs the song.

LIZZIE'S LOST MINUTES.

"LIZZIE, hurry! Breakfast is ready," called mamma from the foot of the stairs.

"Yes, ma'am, coming in a minute," answered Lizzie.

But instead of dressing, she sat on the floor with her stocking in her hand for full five minutes. Then she idled over her washing, and at last hearing her papa call sternly, "Lizzie, are you coming?" she hurried down without combing her hair or putting on her shoes.

"Lizzie, you cannot come to the table so untidy," said mamma.

Lizzie slowly went into the sitting-room and began to put on her shoes—that is, she put one on; then Carlo came in, and she stopped to play with him until she was spoken to again.

"Yes, I'm coming," she said. "Where's my other shoe?—Oh, Carlo! you've got it. Give it to me, naughty dog!"

But Carlo ran off with the shoe, and Lizzie had to run after him.

"When she was ready at last, Hetty had cleared away the breakfast, and Lizzie had to take a cold one in the kitchen.

But no one pitied her, for her tardiness always made her late everywhere. Is it not a pity for a little girl to give so much trouble because she does not take care of the minutes?—Sunbeam.

A GREAT TROUBLE.

"O DEAR, I have dreadful trouble!" sighed Dolly Sweet. "It seems as if I couldn't bear it. Nobody knows how I feel."

"What great wave of sorrow has rolled over you now, Puss?" asked brother Ben, looking up from his Latin. "Is your cake all dough?"

"You know I haven't any cake. You are laughing at me. You'd think it was trouble!" sobbed Dolly.

"Tell me all about it," said Ben. "Who knows but I can find a way out of it."

"There isn't any way out of it," said the little girl. "You see, mamma has got the idea that I am careless. Tisn't so; I'm just as careful, but some-

way my things get out of sight. Last week one of my rubber overshoes got lost, and then I couldn't find one of my red mittens, and my handkerchiefs are always losing; and so mamma said if I lost anything more I should have to earn the money and pay for it. She said 'twould teach me how to be careful."

"Your mother is wise; it's a good plan," laughed Ben. "But I would not cry yet."

"You don't know the worst," said Dolly. "This morning I borrowed mamma's pearl-handled penknife, and to-night I put it in my pocket just as careful, and 'tisn't there, and mamma says I'll have to pay a dollar."

"Did she know you borrowed it?" asked Ben. Dolly hung her head.

"I asked her if I could take it to sharpen my pencil," she said, very low; "but maybe she didn't know how I wanted to take it to school."

"I should think not," said Ben. "But how will you earn the money? I've got a little I could lend you."

"Mamma says 'I've got to earn it. Said Dolly. 'She will pay me three cents every time I wipe the supper dishes, and four cents every time I go without dessert for dinner. How long will it take to earn a dollar?'"

"Just about two weeks," answered Ben. "If you don't miss any days."

There were signs of another tear-shower which the kind brother hastened to avert.

"I don't see how I can wipe your dishes, or divide my pudding with you," he said, "for in that case I suppose you couldn't earn your money but I'll do his; whenever you wipe the dishes clean and bright without any tears or frowns, I'll give you a ride down the long hill in my 'traverse.' Will that help you any, Puss?"

"Oh, goody!" cried Dolly, the tears giving place to smiles.

"And I'll give you the first one now," said Ben. "Put on your wraps and we'll have a jolly slide."

When Dolly came back her face was so bright you would not suppose she had ever had any trouble.

For two long weeks she wiped the supper dishes, and went without dessert for dinner. It was hard, and they all pitied her, but there came a day, at last, when Dolly stood before her mother with a bright face.

"There, mamma, I've earned the dollar to pay for the knife," she said, "and I'm so glad."

"I am glad, too," said mamma. "And I think, little daughter that you are improving. You haven't lost anything for a week, have you?"

"No," said the little girl, "only a lead pencil, but I most lost a button off my cloak. Will you please sew it on? I put it in my pocket."

"I don't find it," said mamma, looking in all the pockets.

"I surely put it there," said Dolly. "You said you put the knife in your pocket but—why, here's a hole!"

Mrs Sweet ripped a larger hole, and put her hand between the outside and lining, and took out two pencils, three chocolate creams, the missing button and lost knife.

"Oh, oh!" cried Dolly. "I did put it there, mamma, and now I've paid it besides."

"Well, dear," said mamma, "here is a little note book I will give you, and you shall write it down whenever you lose anything, and what you earn by extra work, or self-denial, and we will balance accounts once a month. You have a dollar on the credit side to begin with."

"How nice!" cried Dolly. "And will you pay me all the money that's left over?"

"Certainly I will," said mamma. Dolly clasped her hands. "I'll have lots of money for next Christmas!" she said. You just wait and see.—You'll's Companion.

WHOSE IS THE DOG?

THERE were two walking on a road, and indeed there were three, counting a dog. Two men walked in front, and the dog followed them.

"To which of those two gentlemen does the dog belong?" inquired a little boy of his companion who was passing by.

"It is impossible to know at present," said the other wiser little boy; "but if they separate, we shall soon see."

In fact, some paces farther on the road, the two travellers having arrived at two roads, one of them took the right and the other the left, and the dog at once followed the former.

"That is his master," said the two children at once.

And you, my young readers, to which Master does each of you belong? To the Good Shepherd or to the cruel Tempter. There is no midway for you; you must belong to the one or the other.

It may be for a time, as it was with the dog of our story, that the case seems doubtful; but the hour must come when it is no longer possible to hesitate. Two roads are seen. You must make your choice.

Are you going to the right or the left? Are you walking on the road which leads straight to heaven? Perhaps it is a very narrow one, but the arm of the Lord sustains you, and His smile will cheer you on.

Or are you going along the road which is pleasant at first, but afterwards dark and thorny? Which have you chosen?—Little Folks' Paper.