

The professor had been two years in his new home, when, one evening, coming from the college he found Edith sewing busily upon a cloak for a year old boy crowing in his cradle. She held up her work for inspection.

"My yachting dress, Edward."

"I remember it," Edward answered gravely.

"Do you? I never wore it but once—the last day we were at Whitecliff."

"The day," her husband answered, "when after an hour of doubting agony, I found my wife had married me with the true love, for better or worse."—*Occident*.

MORE OF MOTHER.

BY MARY P. HALE.

"Don't be hanging around me so, Carrie, when I am busy. I shall never get your dress finished for the party."

"Then please don't put so much trimming upon it. I'd rather see more of you, dear mother, as I used to, than have so many dresses."

"Don't dictate to me, Carrie; we lived in the country then. You must have more variety here, in the city, and be in the style, too, and not look as if you came out of the ark. You don't want to go to that party, I see; but would mope at home, like an old woman."

Carrie left the room, but not before her mother caught a glimpse of the sad face, and saw the longing look which betokened the yearning of the heart—the little hungry heart—for the sweet mother-love, so endearing and once so fondly manifested.

The look haunted her, and so did the words, "More of you, dear mother." And she said to herself, "So the child misses my society. Well, between dressmaking, paying, and receiving calls, and society meetings, I have not been with her much, that's a fact; but then—"

She paused a few moments, thinking she ought to find out why Carrie seemed so averse to go to this party. "But then," she added, "I would not have her miss this party on any account. After that I'll see if we can't have things more like old times."

And Mrs. Cyril sighed and half wished herself back to her quiet, country home, while she vigorously plied the needle over the elaborate trimmings which were to deck the form of her only daughter. She pleased herself thinking how pretty she would look in the delicate blue silk, and the necklace of pearls given by her uncle. "Oh, she must go, by all means, to Mrs. Grand's young people's party; for is not Mrs. Grand's one of the first families in society, and has she not always kindly noticed Car-

And so the mother's vanity overcame her better feelings, and saying to herself, "Carrie is almost fourteen; she will soon be a young lady," she went to the stairs and cheerfully called "Carrie."

The obedient child came down instantly, but traces of tears were visible. The mother's heart was touched, and she said, "I want you to try on your dress, Carrie dear. Go to this party, and after that we'll try and have some good times together."

Carrie burst into tears, and her mother thought, "What means this strange emotion?" but she did not question her, and talked away on subjects calculated to divert her.

Little did she know that this young lamb had, for many weeks, been anxiously seeking to find the pastures of the Good Shepherd, and not finding the peace and joy which she thought a Christian ought to possess, was tormented with needless fears. Not having a Sunday-school teacher to whom she could go freely, she several times sought to open her mind to her mother, but could not "come at it," as she afterward expressed it; for Mrs. Cyril, although a church member, never introduced religious conversation, and it was not strange that her child could not open the subject.

A harrowing grief was to try that mother's soul ere she knew all this. She was to see her beloved one stricken down the very night of the party, and brought to the verge of the grave.

In her delirium she would cry out, in the most piteous tones, "Oh must I be lost—lost—lost—forever?" Again she would excitedly cry out, "Where are you—mother—mother?" dwelling upon and prolonging the word with unutterable pathos.

When the fever left, so complete was the prostration, that the child's life hung for many weeks as by a thread. But a calm had followed the delirium, a sweet peace of soul—mysteriously given—while the frail body had not voice to be heard above a whisper, and but two or three words at a time, and the weary eyelids were seldom lifted. The Shepherd of Israel had sought the wounded lamb, and she seemed to be reposing in his bosom. The few whispered words, "Peace," and "Jesus close by," were, for a time, all that the stricken child could reveal.

And while she seemed thus to be passing away, how did the mother's heart yearn to know more of the inward life of this one daughter. "Oh, what a stranger have I been to all this inward history of conflict and trial

and darkness merging into light at last." So she would bemoan herself, adding, "And now she is going from me, and I am never to know this precious story of my child's conversion. How lightly have I esteemed these momentous subjects! No conversation! Not one word upon them! Oh, what would I now give for one hour's talk with my beloved child!"

But Carrie lived. And although recovery was slow and at times doubtful, yet after a year her prospects of established health were hopeful. As soon as her strength was sufficient she united with the Church, and her mother consecrated herself renewedly to God, and became a living branch of the True Vine.—*Exchange*.

TREASURE IN HEAVEN'S BANK.

The first snow was falling, and Lottie and Louis were watching it from the window with happy eyes. The mother came and stood beside them with an arm around each, and thought of another little girl and boy who, twenty years ago, used to watch snow-flakes fall. Alas! the snows of a dozen winters had rested upon that brother's grave, and the snows of time had begun to fall on the sister's head.

But the mother's eye was bright, even when she thought of the early blessed dead. Hers was a happy home of love and temporal blessings. "She was not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household were clothed in scarlet"—that is, in warm suitable garments.

Just then came creeping down the walk two little barefooted girls. One had a thin old shawl thrown over her head and half-bared arms; the other drew her scant sleeves down as far as she could over her red, cold hands.

"Poor little things!" said mother; "I am glad they happened to pass just now. I want you to look at them well, from their poor bare feet to their half-covered heads. Then I think you will like to leave watching the snow for awhile, and help me in some work I am going about."

"We are ready now, mother," said Lottie, jumping down and stealing her hand into her mother's.

The three went up-stairs to the cedar closet. Here most of the winter clothes were stored in the summer time.

"First, we will look over this stocking-bag," said mother.

"Looking over" was always a delightful process with the children. Now mother laid out various little crimson-topped socks and out-grown stockings, and put them into the large clothes-basket on the middle of the floor. Next, a box of flannel garments was looked over, and two or three sets of last year's robes were placed with the stockings.

"How you children do grow!" said mother with a glad smile, as she looked at her chubby pets.

All the morning they spent among the drawers and boxes and presses, until the big basket was heaping full. Mother looked at the pile with great satisfaction.

"Now, I mean to turn every article there to the very best account I can."

"Are you going to make a rag carpet, mother?" asked Lottie. "I should love to sew the rags for you. I helped Aunt Lucy once."

"No; better than that," said mother.

"May be she's going to sell them to the old china man, Lottie," said her little brother.

"He brings beautiful things in his basket."

"Better than that, my dears. I am going to lay up treasure in heaven with them."

The children looked at each other a little puzzled, but Lottie soon suggested "I think you are going to give them to the poor."

"That is just it, Lottie; and our dear Lord says that He will regard all such acts of kindness, be they ever so small, as done to him; and more than that, he says, 'They shall in no wise lose their reward.' They are treasures laid up in heaven for us. We cannot take with us any of our property when we leave this world, but we may send it on before us by doing good to Christ's poor."

The basket of clothing was well studied over and sorted, and a great many widows' hearts were made to leap for joy at the sight of a parcel made up from it. Many shivering little forms were comforted by the warm garments, and many heartfelt prayers went up to God for the kind givers.—*Child's World*.

THE HOPELESS SIDE OF HELPING.

If you have ever tried with all your might and main to help somebody who needed help, but who would not be helped in any reasonable way, you know how Sisyphus felt when the stone he was trying to roll up hill kept forever rolling down again. We used to know an old lady who was called Miss Margaret. She was a beneficiary of our Church. Promptly on the Monday morning after each communion Miss Margaret was used to present herself at the pastor's door. She was a long, narrow woman, dressed in rusty black, with a poke bonnet, a faded umbrella, and a satchel on her arm. If the contribution to the dea-

con's fund had been generous, and her share was proportionally large, Miss Margaret's thin old face would be brightened up by a transient and wintry smile. If it had rained, or folks were out of town, or for any reason there was not much to give her, she was not slow to utter her opinions concerning those who stinted their gifts to the Lord's poor.

"But, Miss Margaret," said a lady one day, "there is no earthly reason why you should continue to be so very poor. There is a place for you where you can help somebody else along, and earn your own living besides. I have a friend who lives in Delaware, in the peach country, you know, in a place like the Garden of Eden for delight, and she is sick, and wants an efficient somebody like you for housekeeper."

We sugar-plummed and coaxed and softly entreated Miss Margaret, and at last we saw her—satchel, umbrella, poke bonnet, and all—fairly on the way to housekeeping and independence. We breathed freer than we had for a long time. But in vain were our hopes: in three months our old friend was back. The air was too strong for her, the invalid was too fretful, and the country was too lonesome. She really preferred being a respectable pauper to being a self-supporting member of society.

There is where the hopelessness of helping comes in. The more you do the more you may do. The timid hand that will scarcely accept your gift at first, through sensitive pride and decent self-respect, grows grasping and avaricious. The thought of the heart, not often spoken out as it was to us the other day, seems to be this: "There is plenty of money in the world, and we have a right to our share." With this feeling on the part of one who receives alms, there is very little gratitude.

The true way would seem to be to aid people to help themselves. Find out what they can do, and get them a place to do it in. Every day our souls are pained and our eyes are dimmed by the dreadful pressure of sin and want and misery that there is in the world. So much is being done all the while, and yet it is like a breakwater of pebbles against the infinite sea. Men and women want work, and cannot get it. Other men and women need workers, and cannot get them. But to bring the two classes together in any really permanent way is as difficult as it was in our school-days to make a larkspur chain. The connection is sure to break off somewhere. So, this winter, as in every other winter since we can remember, the sewing society will meet, and the ladies will make flannel petticoats and calico gowns; the soup kitchens will open, and beef-tea will be made for the sick, and the poor will be helped, some of them. Some will be helped up; some will be helped down. Only the Master's words will abide in truth: "The poor ye have always with you."

Hopeless or otherwise, however, we must not weary in well-doing; but we must try, so far as in us lies, to cease doing our helping in the lump. Personal interest, personal looking after, individual responsibility, must underlie all aims-giving that is worth anything to the recipient. And we need not expect much gratitude. Is there not reward enough in that sweet word, low whispered in the inner ear, that sings with a rush of bird-music to the understanding soul: "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."—*Christian at Work*.

EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

A writer in the *Religious Herald* makes the following earnest appeal in behalf of the education of youth:

"Ye who live in the country, send your sons to college, your daughters to boarding-school. If you have much to give them, do turn a part of it into education. If you have but little, it will do them far more good in this form than to give them a bit of land and a little stock. If you had but a slender education yourselves, remember that the country is growing fast, and take care lest your children be unpleasantly inferior to their generation—what answered for you will not answer for them. If you were tolerably well educated in your youth, but in these evil days are poor and suffering and depressed, rouse yourselves and educate your children, if by the greatest exertions and sacrifices it can be effected, that they may keep up the family credit and influence, may lift higher the good old family name, may be widely useful as citizens and Christians, in the days that are coming on."

"Ye widow mothers, educate. By all the yet tender memories of the departed, by all the sorrows of your lonely life, by your passionate love for the children, now that you have no one else to love, beloved to educate your sons and daughters. You may be poor, but you know how to struggle, you are getting used to sacrifices. Urge the children to practice economy, and make even desperate exertions, and somehow or other it can be done. You often mourn that without their father's help you have not been able to train and discipline the children, to form their character and habits,

as you could have wished. Now is your chance—before they go forth into life, bring them in contact with gifted and noble instructors; the example of these, the silent influence of their character, may be worth as much as their teaching.

"Rich people, educate. Poor people, educate. Where there is a will, there is a way. The tiger could break out of his cage if he thought he could; but he has been in a cage all the time, and, foolish beast, he thinks he can't. And Oh! the bright boys and beaming girls through all the wide land, hundreds and hundreds, thousands and thousands, who could have education, higher education, the freedom of it, the strength and joy and blessing of it, if they only thought so. Fathers and mothers, encourage them, help them. Laugh at impossibilities. Educate, educate."

WINDMILLS IN HOLLAND.

The continual winds blowing from the Atlantic furnished the power gratuitously to whirl the vanes and turn the water-wheel attached to the windmill. There has been little or no improvement made on this machine in Holland for 1,600 years. No other power is so simple, cheap, or reliable. Without its application, two-thirds of Holland and one-fifth of Belgium would even now, in the noon-day of steam-power, of necessity have to be yielded back to the ocean, because the cost of steam machinery, fuel, repairs and attendance, could not be supported from the profits of the land.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* says "there are 12,000 windmills in Holland and Flemish Belgium, each doing from six to ten horse-power service, according to the strength of the wind, and working twenty-four hours per day, and every day in the month during the rainy season, and when the snows and ice are melting and the streams are high. The annual cost of the windmills in Holland is \$4,000,000. Twenty times that sum would not operate steam power sufficient to do their work; for recollect that all the coal consumed in Holland has to be imported from England or Belgium."

Go where you will, you are never out of sight of windmills in motion. In the suburbs of large cities, and at certain points where the water of the ditches and canals are collected to be thrown over the embankments, they are congregated like armies of giants, and never cease swinging their long, huge arms. They are constructed of much larger dimensions than those seen in the United States. The usual length of the extended arms is about 80 feet, but many of them are more than 120 feet.

But the windmills in Holland are not exclusively employed in lifting water, but are used for every purpose of the stationary steam engine. I observed a number of them at Rotterdam, Antwerp, the Hague, and here at Amsterdam, engaged in running saw-mills, cutting up logs brought from Norway, and others were driving planing-mills and flouring-mills, brick-making machines, or beating hemp.

Those used to lift water out of ditches into canals and embanked rivers have water-wheels instead of pumps attached to them, as they are less liable to get out of order, and are thought to remove more water to a given power.

SERMONS TO CHILDREN.

Dr. Van Doren pleads earnestly, in the *New York Observer*, for mere sermons to children. As to the prevalent practice, he says:

"The minister's addresses to the young are to those to adults about as one to ten."

This is surely a liberal estimate for the children. Many pastors fail to do even this much for the little ones of their flocks. The Doctor then asks, pertinently:

"Have the adults a Bible right to claim the lion's share? What if the Lord has left the command twice to feed the lambs to once to feed the sheep?"

In answer to these questions, he claims that a correct reading of our Lord's injunction to Peter is:

"First, 'Feed my lambs.' Second, 'Tend my sheep.' Distinctly implying that the adults had been converted in childhood. Thirdly, 'Feed my little sheep.' What do we learn from this? That to every sermon addressed to the adults two are to be to the children."

In confirmation of his view, he adds: "This reading has the sanction of the greatest living Greek scholar, Tischendorf. It was the text used by Ambrose. Several of the most authoritative manuscripts contain this reading. To the writer the only redeeming incident in the late Ecumenical Council at Rome was the full discussion of this reading of the Greek text. Her most eminent scholars admitted that it was the correct text. It pre-eminently suits the well-known wants of the Church."

Since Dr. Van Doren is not known as distinctively a "Sunday-school man," his advo-