

sunny place in the meads; and they don't seem to have any fears for the future."

"Shall I tell you," said her father, who had all along been a silent witness of his daughter's inward struggles, and who had been eagerly waiting for an opportunity of saying to her a few grave, kind words on the subject—"Shall I tell you, Mary, what these flowers remind me of? They always appear to me emblems of a life cheerfully consecrated to God, and of a meek spirit patiently waiting in humility and faith for the fulfilment of his promises. Just as these snowdrops were born in the midst of the struggle between nature's life and death, so, my child, the strife in your heart between your own will and that of God, will give birth to the fair blossoms of patience and obedience."

These words of her father's opened Mary's eyes to the lessons she was being now taught, and to the school in which she was learning them. There fell from her eyes as it were scales, so that she no longer regarded herself as one needlessly chaste, or felt in her wounded and broken heart that she was alone in the world. She saw, on the contrary, that it was her own perpetual striving against the will of God which had cost her so much pain. This insight into herself was a great boon. It paved the way for her ceaseless striving against her own unsubmitive heart; but, like all other gifts of God, it was not to be obtained altogether without an effort. But God always grants help to the sincere and earnest seeker after right, and none ever sought Him with all their heart in vain. Mary was to experience this, and having already the will to rise superior to her sorrows, she was soon to gain the victory.

Hartmann became a husband and father, and as long as his old friend lived, he paid frequent visits to the parsonage. Mary's peace of mind was at first threatened by these visits, but gradually she gained so much command over herself that what had once been love, in time settled into calm friendship. Shortly after her father's death she also married. She became the wife of a country gentleman, whose pious and upright character had gained her warm esteem. Providence had designed for her a position of many responsibilities and wide usefulness, and in the active duties devolving on her as the mistress of a large household, she learned that that is the best and happiest kind of love which is not perpetually fixing its gaze on self.

JANET.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

DR. AIKMAN, in his "Life at Home," urges children not to forget the old folks at home. He says: There is always a liability, when sons and daughters have gone away from the home of their childhood and have formed homes of their own, gradually to lose the old attachments and cease to pay those attentions to their parents which were so easy and natural in the olden time. New associations, new thoughts, new cares, all come in, filling the mind and heart, and, if special pains be not taken, they crowd out the old loves. This ought never to be. You should remember that the change is with you, and not with those you left behind. You have everything new, much that is attractive in the present and bright in the future; their hearts cling to the past they have most in memory. When you went away you knew not, and will never know till you experience it, what it cost them to give you up, nor what a vacancy you left behind. They have not, if you have, any new loves to take the place of the old. Do not, then, heartlessly deprive them of what you still can give of attention and love.

Visit your parents. If you live in the same place, let your step be, perhaps daily, a familiar one in the old home; if you are miles, yea, many miles away, make it your business to go to them. In this matter do not regard time nor expense; the one is well spent and the other will be fully, yea, a hundred-fold repaid. When some day the word reaches you, flashes over the telegraph, that father or mother has gone, you will not think them much, those hours of travel which last bore you to their side.

Write to your parents. I have known father and mother wait with sick hearts through weary months, longing that some word might reach them from an absent son. They have watched the mails till in despair they have ceased to expect any more, and while they may not have the grief of a great bereavement, they have what is almost as bad, the

bitter consciousness that they are not in mind enough to even call out a few poor lines from one whose infancy and early years they watched with sleepless love. Sons are often guilty of this crime—I cannot call it less—from sheer neglect or indifference. While an hour, perhaps a few moments, would suffice to write a letter which would give unspeakable satisfaction, they let months and even years slip away in utter indifference to all the pain they are causing. Oh, how full is many a mother's heart of sorrow and foreboding, when just a few words from an absent son would fill it with joy and praise! Such indifference or neglect is shameful and wicked. One need not wonder that sons guilty of it are not prospered, that they wait in vain for those turns of fortune which will send them home, as they dream, to surprise the old neighbourhood with their wealth. Their thoughtlessness has been productive only of disaster.

Keep up your intercourse with father or mother; do not deem it sufficient to write when something important is to be told; do not say, "No news is good news." If it be but a few lines, write them; write, if it be only to say, "I am well;" if it be only to send the salutation that says they are "dear," or the farewell that tells them that you are "affectionate" still. The little messengers shall be like caskets of jewels, and the tears that fall fondly over them will be treasures for you. Say, with a warm-hearted son:

"The hills may tower, the waves may rise,
And roll between my home and me;
Yet shall my quenchless memories
Turn with undying love to thee."

—Selected.

INCREASE OF JOY.

IF you have one joy now, and will become a Christian, you will have ten thousand joys then. The grace of God will not deplete you; it will not rob you of a single satisfaction. There is not one thing in all the round of enjoyments that will be denied you. God gives especial lease to the Christian for all sunlight, for all friendship, for all innocent beverages, for all exhilarations. I will tell you the difference. You go into a factory, and you see only three or four wheels turning, and you say to the manufacturer: "How is this? you have such a large factory, and yet three-fourths of the wheels are quiet." He says the water is low. A few weeks afterwards, you go in and find all the spindles flying, and all the dands working—fifty, or a hundred, or five hundred. "Why," you say, "there is a great change here." "Oh, yes," says the manufacturer, "the water has risen. We have more power now than before." I come into this man's soul, who has not surrendered himself to God, and I find there are faculties employed, but only a part of his nature is working. The water is low. After a while I come into that man's nature, and I find that all his capacities, all his energies are in full play. I say there is a great difference. The floods of divine grace have poured their strength upon that soul, and whereas only a few faculties were employed then, now all the energies and capacities of the soul are in full work. In other words, he who becomes a Christian is a thousand times more of a man he was before he became a Christian.—*Talmage*.

Don't HURRY.—Believe in travelling step by step; do not expect to get rich in a jump. Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Perseverance by its daily gain enriches a man more than fits and starts of fortune and speculation. Every day a thread, makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick houses are built. We should creep before we walk, walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich, the more haste the less speed. Haste trips up its own heels. Don't give up a small business till you see that a large one will pay you better. Even crumbs are bread. Better a little furniture than an empty house. In these hard times, he who can sit on a stone and feed himself had better not move. From bad to worse is a poor improvement. A crust is hard fare, but none at all is harder. Don't jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Remember men have done well in very small shops. A little trade with profit is better than a large fire that burns you. A great deal of water may be got from a very small pipe, if the bucket is always there to catch. Large bears may be caught in small woods. A sheep may get fat in a small meadow, and starve in a great desert. He who undertakes too much succeeds in but little.