## The Family.

THE ALL KIND SHILLIER Lo, whatever is at himse Is fall meet to the active Nature oftine (a) When she is a limit of the She hath of a can be seed and sun To the scenario as a con-Sumpario as a same a freat, Lumpario as a boron mese in boren mere he lash still, notice are not the filly Vicilia Less taub, and she u three yally in a single of and lifty fair

ere in neigh, here and there Kind a make wied as to hach in her bath use as dear 4- the other, an thou clear Thy cloyed senses thou may'st see Hip'v all the mystery. Thou shall see the Hy get for a vinest blossom; set which the weed a tip bloom no less With the song bird's gleefulness

Thou are poor, or thou are eich

hever lightest matter which ; All the glad gold of the noon, All the aller . The moon, She doth livish on thee, while Thou withholdest say smile Of thy granude to her, Baser uset than usurer. Shane to it thee an thou seek And Fixed bead, and brimming eyes,
And Fixed bead, and brimming eyes,
At her merculal "Artisel"

— Jame 18 Attento Kitty, in the Century

#### SCOLDING.

"Tusin as are more to be dreaded," says Spurgeon, "than beasts of prey and when they strive, it is as though a whole pack of wolves were let loose." woman, who seems otherwise to be of consistent Christain conduct, and many sweetness on the street or in Sundayschool, are among those whose teeth are spears and arrows, whose tongues are swords. What bitter words! Bombshells, charged with impudence, vulgarity, profanity? Such women become incendiaries, applying the flaming torch to the kingdom of God in their midst. As for their home, they turn it into a hornet's nest. Not less terrible than these fiery termagants, and equally disgraceful, is the cursing man. To many a poor soul Job's promise, "Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue," would be more precious in its fulfilment than the possession of much silver and fine gold.

Is scolding necessary? Must mother give father "a piece of her mind?" Must she let the servant "know who is mistress"? Must teacher threaten his does no good is because it very gener

b, even express indignation, guardedly. thing to wear I" To wax eloquent in Scolding is not a blaming and reproving now, and want everybody around you piness, or it is nothing more than a without regard to consequences, and frequently without the remotest idea of feeting any change except one for your tion. own personal comfort

There are six separate reasons why scolding does no good, and why conse quently we ought not to scold First calling forth impudence instead of acolded will be tempted to answer, to the hasty spirit is almost sure to make tongue." leaps, and dashes over the bounds of logic and of fact, and thus to afford ever fresh material for mutual recrimination. Involved finally in interminable embroilment, scolding tends to become a matter of dexterity in flinging abusive words. A great and scandalous breach ie made between two souls

In the second place, scolding is a cour. confession of temper and irritability the secret of thy presence from the pride and therefore does no good. You of man thou shalt keep them secretly pourself are lawless; and do you pro in a pavilion from the strife of tongues. pose by an exhibition of lawlessness to Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart. "-Rev T E note by an exhibition of lawlessness to therefore which teachest another, teach- Schmauk, n S.S. Times est thou not thyself?" You rouse pourself to wildness and foolishness. You yourself show an ugly spirit. Even where the rebuke is just in point and is greatly needed, the one scolded will well, if He only says that because he is med with rage." If we could see our-nelves in such a paroxysm of passion and could realize how it detracts from the worth a thousand scrittinies of self. dignity, respect and ascendency which The man who beholds the Cross, and ought to accompany our presence, and beholding it weeps, cannot be really take?" asked the president, as sie

In the third place, scolding is a confession of powerlessness and deleat, or at least of weakness, and therefore does no good. The will that is stiff strongly clothed with authorny, and is confident of coming out victorious, even when injury has been attempted against it, needs no desperate and last resort. When people are bailled, cornered, beaten, or helpless, there is still one thing test to them. They can still be ugly with their tongue. It is their hour of great provocation. They have failed to control things, and so they give vent to their bitterness and disan pointment. It is the only way left to them of taking revenue. "Then said Job's wife unto him, dost thou still retain thy integrity? curse God, and die l'

In the fourth place, scolding is a confession of willingness to pain others just for the sake of relieving one's self. The si ul manifesis itself as selfish, inconsider ate, reckless, running daggers into the heart of friend and foe alike, with very slender cause or purpose. The fifth great reason why scolding

does no good is that there is a tendency to concentrate it upon the heads of those with whom you do not sympathise ing a box for a charitable institution in and whose nature in many subile ways goes against your grain. Very probably your scolding is not fair. The one whom you like the least is the one who gets it the most, whether he is innocent or whether he is guilty. He is made the scrapegoat for others. You are prejudiced against him, and he is compelled to stand the brunt of it all. " If anything is done wrong the supposition is that George did it. He broke Yet many a mild and saintly looking the latch. He left down the gate. He hacked the bannisters. He whittled sticks on the carpet. And George a young girl, who is all smiles and shall be the scapegoat for all domestic ment, in comes the mother angrily, and says, "Where is George?" If business Helen matters are perplexing at the store, in comes the father at night and says, "Where is George?" If the teacher has had tough beefsteak for breakfast, George knows as soon as he enters the school-room in the morning that before noon he will likely to have paid the penalty of that toughness. And often the poor boy reasons, "Well I will get the blame anyhow, I might as well deserve it !" "In many a household even in the very best manner she was there is such a one singled out for

under this perpetual northeast storm." The sixth great reason why scolding the merchant "blow up" his clerks, great camel,—it is awfully and terribly contained a salary becomes. words and more to You are always in mischief I was You never have a decent

Fathers and mothers especially have the scolding, one must lay a broad philososolemn duty of chastening their children | phical foundation, and must branch out betimes. The Bible distinctly says, from particulars to generals. If one girls of the town where she spent ber "Chasten thy son while there is hope can show that the stability of the very summers. One boy after another and let not thy soul spare for his crying." heavens and the earth are affected by But scolding is none of these things, the evil deed of the miscreant, then it It does not help to train up, it hardens will be possible to rise to an overwheland makes worse. For what is it? ming climax of indignant magnitoof others because they do wrong, but be scolding is, "Start out on a grand cause you are annoyed and provoked scale 1" But besides great exaggeration The matron said he had a very sad hisby what they do. It is a punishing of in the charges, there is likely to be others, not because they have broken equally great exaggeration in the threats. the law, or in order to make them bet- Passing along the street I have heard ter, but because you are out of humour mothers say to their children, " If you don't leave me alone, I will run away ! " to share in your discomfort and unhap- "If you don't stop your noise I will beat you till the skin comes off!" "If you venting of irritation on those around don't come right into the house this you simply because you feel like it, and minute, I will wring your neck!" And yet the children gave no heed to these threats. They knew that the doing good to any one else, or of ef threats would not be carried into execu-

For these reasons scolding will neither rid us of annoyances, nor reform those who are under our authority. "A soft tongue breaketh the bone." of all, scolding arouses resentment in- How true it is ! Kindness is stronger stead of sorrow. You are making rebels, than wrath. One look from the Savinot submissive penitents. You are our brought Peter to tears. If you are over others, " be patient, not a brawler, "A soft answer turne h away one that ruleth well his own house, wrath but prievous words stir up an having his children in subjection with ger. A wholesome tongue is a tree of all gravity." Cause no one to pray and wrap, and said, "Wait a few minlife; but perverseness therein is a that he may be hid from the scourge of utes, Martin, and I will fix the sleeve; breach of the spirit. The person your tongue. Let no one writhe under and so the boy sat down on a stool by give it all back and more two." Then Proverbs, "are in the power of the sleeve and put it in again. It took a he hasty spirit is almost sure to make

And if you are a silent sufferer, at the mercy of one who sins with his tongue, listen to the prayer of David 'I have heard the slander of many

But I trusted in thee, O Lord. Let the lying lips be put to silence which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the right Thou shall hide them in

" God lends not, but gives to the end, As Ile loves to the end. If it seem That He draws back a gift, comprehend Tis to add to it rather, amend And finish it up to your dream - Mrs BICORING

ONE earnest gaze upon Christ is

#### UPSIDE DOWN.

will never know it, it is finished; box. I think I shall be more particulation it into the box," the young girl lar after this. I really did not think it replied. "Nobody will know who would make much difference." made it."

"Yes, Henrietta, but when they open the box at the mission, somebody will have to rip it out and put it in again before it can be worn,"

"They cught to be glad to get anything to put on to those little vandals Do you suppose they would know down, or even wrong side out, Helen?"

put it in again herself, but she had usual with your work, Henricita." promised to finish off some other work that evening, as the box was going in the morning. These two young girls to realize how careless and thoughtless belonged to the "Busy Workers Sew I've been all my life. I have done so ing Society." They had been prepar

the city. Henrietta Fassett was one of those persons who always did things, as her sometimes thoughtlessly do more of Aunt Jerusha expressed it, "In a my work upside down, but if I do, dear whew." She did not think it worth mother. I will stop and take it out, and while to baste the pieces of her gar- do it all over again until it is ments together, for that took too much right. One can do a great deal time; so, when she sewed under her of work in life 'upside down,' and I stitches, and do the work over again. She had heard her aunt say a hundred times, "Lazy folks always take the misunderstandings and suspicion. If the upside down sleeve was allowed to Perry, in N. Y. Evangelist. things go wrong in the culinary depart- be sent off, and that was all she thought

Helen Marcy was entirely different in that respect from her intimate inend, Henrietta Fassett. It took her longer to finish her work, but it never Ring out, ting out, all jubilant, this joyout had to be done over again. She was had to be done over again. She was responsible to herself and her own honour in such matters. If she had made the mistake that her friend made, she would have sat up all night, if needs be, to rectify it. She always aimed to do well whatever she did, and The while we wish, both for ourselves and all capable of.

The matron at the charitable instisuspicion and castigation. All the tution was very glad to get the box. sweet flowers of his soul are blasted There were fifteen little boys in ragged garments waiting to put the fifteen new gingham shirt-waists on. It was such scholars till the hairs stand on end? ally contains much downright false. a help, she thought, to have them all Must the superindendent get in a rage hood lirst of all, the charges and ready to put on no buttons to be at his factory girls, and the master accusations are not pure truth morunning up of seams. Those raw, clean, pretty gingham waists, all raids

> Marcy's, was there to see the box opened, and she was very proud to say that the box came from the young stepped up to the matron and had a new waist put on, and marched off with a smiling face.

Fourteen boys had been equipped and sent off happy. Then the fif-The matron said he had a very sad history, and some time she would tell Mrs. Leavenworth all about it. Martin Beers stood by the box with a smile lighting up his face, he was going to have a new waist, probably the first bright, fresh, new garment he had ever bad. His right arm went into the sleeve, but there was something wrong with the set of it.

"What's the matter with this sleeve?" queried the matron. "Ob, I see, it is put in upside down; somebody's made a mistake. It will have to go to the sewing-room and be ripped out. The sewing girl is gone, too, this afternoon."

Mrs. Leavenworth saw the disappointed look on the little fellow's face. All the other boys were in the playroom with new waists on, and he would have to go back again with his old torn shirt on. The lady laid aside her bonnet half hour to do the work, but she told Martin some pretty stories while she was at work. Then he marched off to jointhe brigade with new gingbam waists.

Henrietta had forgotten all about the upside down sleeve," until the president of the Society rapped on the table a fortnight afterwards, and called the Busy Workers" and talkers to order. Then she read the letter Mrs. Leavenworth had written about the box. She wrote how needy the boys were, and how pleased they all were with the new garments. But this lady thought best to tell the whole truth as well as part of it, and so she added, "One waist had to be fixed before the boy could west it, as somebody made a mistake, and put the right alceve in upside down. She only mentioned it because she knew that the waist would not have been sent so unless it was a mistake" She also thought it would be a good thing to tell the young girls, to

they would be more particular in future. Who could have made that mis-

would not betray her friend. But went the next morning and applied for came running to see what the matter "You've put that sleeve in upside sideration, spoke out clearly, "I made down, Henricits, said Helen Marcy.

"What is the difference? Than the state of the matter and trusted clerk.

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"What is the difference? The matter are the matter and trusted clerk.

"What is the difference? The matter are the matter and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

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Mrs. Leavenworth concluded her letter by giving the sad facts connected with Martin Beers' young life, and the account touched the hearts of all the Busy Workers," and brought tears to their eyes.

Henricita seemed to be completely overcome as she listened to Mrs. Leavwhether a sieeve was put in upside enworth's letter. When she went home she stopped at the store and bought Helen Marcy made no reply, as she material enough to make two waists saw her companion throw the gingham for Martin Beers, and when she cut shirt-waist into the box that stood in them out the next morning she was so the middle of the floor, where the fin- deliberate and patticular about her is inadequate; so is that which regards ished garments were deposited. She work, that her mother said, "Seems would have taken the sleeve out and to me you are taking more pains than punishments. The truest account of

doing my work upside down. I begin I've been all my life. I have done so many things in such an upside down sort of a way, and I've let them go without remedying the wrong, either. I begin to realize it all now. I may She did not think it worth mother, I will stop and take it out, and and true, and lasting, and right side up."

"My dear, I cannot tell you how times, "Lazy folks always take the happy you've made me," the moiner thing coming to not.

most pains, Henrietta." That after replied, as she put her arms around her had come for a visit and had given to herself for every day all summer; and herself for every day all summer; and

Ring out, O bells, ring silver sweet o'er hill d moor and fell ! In mellow ech es let your chimes their hope

ful story tell.

bright new year, a glad new year, hath

Then ring, ring on, O pealing bells ! there's music in the sound Rieg on, mng on, and still ting on, and wake the echoes round.

whom we hold dear,
That Lod may gracious be to us in this the

#### A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF TRUE NOBILITY.

A REAUTIFUL story is told of Lady Stanley, wife of the late Dean Stanley, of Westminster Abbey. There is a hospital in London near the Abbey. Lady Stanley was in the habit of spending a good deal of time in the hospital

woman suffering from a painful and dangerous disease. Lady Stanley's kind words had been a great comfort to her on her sick-bed. The doctors said that her life could only be saved by her going through a very painful operation. They told her that she must certainly die unless the operation was performed. "I think I could bear it," she said, "if Lady Stanley could be with me while it was being done." Lady Stanley was sent for. When the mes senger arrived at her home, he found her dressed in the splendid robes which ladies wear when called upon to attend for the Queen's palace. She received the message from the hospital. There was no time to change her dress; so she threw a cloak over her, and hastened to the hospital. She spoke some encouraging words to the poor woman, and stood by her side till the operation was over, and the poor, suffering patient | give it to." was made comfortable. The noble lady hastened to the palace. She apologised to the Queen for her delay in coming and told her what had caused her for kindly waiting on one of her suffering subjects before coming to wait on her. - Selected.

# A GOOD IMPROVEMENT.

SEVERAL winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building once in a while." where the heavy doors awing back and made egress difficult. A street urchin sprung to the rescue, and, as he held open the door, she said "Thank you," and passed on.

"Hallo i d'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near. "No: what?"

"Why, that lady in sealskin said thank ye' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation, which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned round and said to him, it always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that." Years passed away, and last Decem-

ber when doing her Christmas shopping, this same woman received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend to be civily treated once in a whilethough I don't blame the clerks for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said: "Pardon me in politeness."

She looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten in-

satisfactory than investments in stocks and bonds - Congregationalist.

# SORROW NOT AN ACCIDENT.

Sorrow is not an accident, occurring now and then; it is the very woof which is woven into the warp of life, God has created the nerves to agonize and the heart to bleed, and before a man dies almost every nerve has thrilled with pain, and every affection has been wounded. The account of our life which represents it as probation it chiefly as a system of rewards and this mysterious existence seems to be "Yes, mother, I've got through that it is intended for the development of the soul's life, for which sorrow is indispensable.

### The Children's Corner.

POLLY'S DOLLAR.

"Doi LARS | Real dollars | " exclaimcd Tom.

' Great big round, shining dollars exclaimed Polly.

Neither of the children had ever before had more than five cents at one mother's or her aunt's supervision, she hope hereafter God will help me to time. Tom had sometimes thought of was oftentimes obliged to rip out the have all that I do finished up square, the days when he should be a hig fellow and earn plenty of money, but Polly had never dreamed of such a

"You are to do with them exactly t what "ou please." "What shall you do with yours,

Tom?" asked Polly.
"Oh, buy Jack Wilkin's hard-wood

bat, I guess. He said he'd let me have it cheap, second hand. And then 1'll get a jolly lot of marbles, and if there's one day. She was holding the dollar in any lest I'll get some peanuts."

a grave tone.

"I guess—I 'spose so. I'll give ten cents and go without the peanuts?"

lot of money," said Polly.
"Yes, 'tis," said Tom, stoutly, "It's a tithe, and I've heard folks say that if you give a tithe of what you've got you're doing very well."

Tom ran out of the room.

"Well, I don't know, yet," said Polly with a very sober little shake of her do with your money, Uncle Robert?

Now, if the truth must be told, Uncle

Robert had never allowed such a question to puzzle him. He was a busy, kindhearted man, always thinking about want to do with it?" making money, and ready to give it away to people he loved. But he had such a dreadful thing to have money for never troubled himself about any duty fear you won't do right with it. Tom in the matter, and if he ever thought of says I'm like a proud Pharisee and the missionaries and other such things, ruler's son—and money's a snare to me.
made up his mind that there were plenty. And if you'll just take it back. Uncle e up his mind that there were pler of folks to give money to them.

give it all to the missionaries, because than I am that you'll know just exactly our Sunday Schools got a little girl over | what to do with it, and it won't be a on Queen Victoria. She had been thus in India that they're paying all the snare to you."

unimoned, and was just about starting for the Queen's palace. She received there's the Band of Hope—I've never look on his face as he kissed Polly and had more than a cent before when I took her dollar. Then as she tan away went there; and the Child's Hospital. Dear me! If there were not so many things to give to I might give a whole dollar to something. Wouldn't that be grand! But I could never tell what to days afterwards. "If you

" It's a very hard question, isn't it?" said Uncle Robert.

"Yes, sighed Polly. "I might give

the delay. The good Queen praised and then I'd have a quarter left. But are to give them." I saw a beautiful little vase down town that I'd like to get to put grandma's ish paper which did not look at all like bouquet in that I pick every morning money. And," speaking in a lower voice and looking sideways at Uncle Robert as if ed, with beaming eyes. fearing he would think her a very selfish little girl-"I do like a little candy

> "Polly," said Uncle Robert, "I said you were to spend that money any way you like. Buy candy with all of it."

"Oh!" Polly was greatly shocked, "Of course I'd never do such a thing as that, Uncle Robert."

Tom spent the whole of his dollar the first day, except the ten cents for the missionaries. It was very hard for him not to spend that, for he found, as many other people had found before, that the more money he had the

on to it, and put it into the plate at church like a man. Polly put her dollar into a drawer in

the sitting-room where it was convenient to go and take a peep at it. It looked so big and bright that it was who was with her: "What a comfort hard to realize sometimes that it was all hers. When she went to bed that night madani but you gave me my first lesson | go to sleep, but the thought kept her Polly," awake, and at last she got up and softly went down stairs. But just as she was how it belittles us in the eyes of our bind nor perilously self-ignorant.— stopped in the midst of her teading, "thank you" awakened his first ambi- the hat rack. Over it went with a dread- Can you guess what Unch house esson was?—The Advisate.

No one answered, and Helen Marty tion to be something in the world. He ful crash, and everybody in the house esson was?—The Advisate.

l'or several days afterwards she kept Only two words, dropped into the hiding it in different places and forgettreasury of street conversation, but they ting where she hid it. Between her. yielded returns of a certain kind more frights at this and her anxiety about doing the very best she could with her money, she began to look as if she had a great care on her mind. Tom gazed longingly at it, sometimes thinking with in himself that it was a great mistake for a girl to have so much money, for girls never knew what to do with it.

" I tell you, Polly," he said, "it's all nonsense keeping it so long. The banks might break, or something, and then where would your dollar be? Banks do break, you know, and then all the money's lost, somehow. You'd better do just as I did, have a good time with it-Buy a lot of good things. with all but ten cents, and you'll feel just as good when you give that.

"I'm only keeping it till I know just what to do with it," said Polly. "I'd like to give every cent of it to the hospital Aunt Lou told us about where they have so many dear little beds, and where there are so many poor children. But then it's nice to be able to give to

different things, too."
"Partly," said Tom, looking solemn." "Take care you don't get to be a proud Pharisce. They were always talking about the great things they were going to do, and boasting about 'em. It's better not to give at all than to give that way."

Polly was disturbed at hearing this, and became still more undecided about what to do with her dollar. She went she did wish very much to buy some candy to divide with Tom. Tom was so fond of candy—boys always were: but then she must change her plans about her charities.

" I wonder if it will do to give a little !! less to each one," she said to herself one hand and a pencil in the other, "But aren't you going to give any of trying to make a new calculation, when it to the missionaries?" asked Polly in Tom came in.

"You're getting too fond of that money, Polly," he said.
Polly looked meekly up at him, half

"Ten cents isn't much out of such a afraid that what he said might be true.

"Don't you know what it says about riches being a snare? he said seriously. "And don't you know about the young ruler—how he didn't give up his money, and he went away and never came back, and they all began talking about how "What are you going to do with and they all began talking about how yours, Polly?" asked Uncle Robert as hard it is for rich folks to enter into the kingdom of Heaven?"

Poor Polly dropped her penci and the dollar, and cried. Then she picked up the shining silver piece and ran out to

"Take it back?" he said in surprise. as he took the little girl on his lap. "Why, can't you think of anything you

Robert, I shan't have any more trouble "You see," went on Polly, I'd like to about it, and you are so much bigger

with her mind quite at rest, he sat still for a long time with a soberer face than

"Come here, Polly," he said, a few days afterwards. "If you can't make up your mind about how to spend money, I will help you out with it. Now, one of these is for the missionaries, one for the Band of Hope, and a quarter of a dollar to each of them, one for the Children's Hospital. You

He gave her three little strips of blu-

"From my own very self?" she ask-"From your own very self, little lassie."

"Twenty-five, read Polly on the fpapers. Twenty-five cents. That's, just what I was thinking of Uncle Robert."

"Twenty five cents " said Ais. peeping over her shoulder. "You little goosey, those are twenty-five dollars apiece!"

"Twenty-five dollars 1 O, Uncle Robert! Polly looked at him in such astonishment that he laughed as he said:

"Take care, Polly. How do you knowbut that my money sa snare to me?" He took her down town that same ? more he wanted. But he held bravely day and bought a little vase twice as pretty as the one she wanted, and a beg of candy, telling her when he gave them to her it was to pay her for a lesson she had taught him.

Polly wondered what the lesson could be, and asked Tom if he could guess. But Tom said:

"No, I can't. It surely couldn't be." she began wondering if it was safe. If about spending money, for of all the burglars should get into the house, muddles I ever did hear of it's the mud. they could easily find it and that would die you got into over the dollar. be the last of her dollar. She tried to You're not fit to be trusted with money,

And Polly thought, as she divided her candy with everybody, and gave near the sitting room door her little foot Tom a great deal more than the kept cident, and told her that that simple caught upon a long coat which hung on for herself, that of course Tom was right.

Can you guess what Uncle Robert's