

for her in the future

ed he was not well. Her eyes filled with tears as she looked at the hall door and into the room beyond. But her own prospects were just now too permittive as anxiously, as she done, on so gloomy a case.

As twenty-five years ago her mother died, near her mother's life, she remembered her mother's reception, death and unknown. She had a faint memory, but the grimace upon her face as she stood before the woman whose experience, not her own, could tender nurse, into most helpful guide, and for this was all that in her inexperience to dwell on her face, drawn, white face, and she must yield

to comfortable breakthrough brighter through. She went over and over in her mind. There were no flowers visible; the season had been too bad, and the year was yet too young; but for all that, nature seemed to be a truce and listening.

Charlotte walked about until she felt tired, then she sat down on one of the many seats, to rest until it was time to return home. Children were running about everywhere. Charlotte loved children. Many an afternoon had she gone into Kensington Gardens for the mere and sole purpose of watching them. Here were children, too, as many as there, but of a different class. Not quite so aristocratic, not quite so exclusively belonging to the world of rank and fashion. The children in Regent's Park were certainly quite as well dressed; but there was just some little indescribable thing missing in them, which the little creatures, whom Charlotte Harman was most accustomed to notice, possessed.

She was commenting on this, in that vague and slight way one does when all their deepest thoughts are elsewhere, when a man came near and shared her seat. He was a tall man, very slight, very thin. Charlotte, just glancing at him, took in this much also, that he was a clergyman. He sat down to rest, evidently doing so from great fatigue. Selfish in her happiness, Charlotte presently returned to her golden dreams. The children came on fast, group after group; some pale and thin, some rosy and healthy; a few scantily clothed, a few overlaid with finery. They laughed and scampered past her. For, be the circumstances what they might, all the little hearts seemed full of mirth and sweet content. At last a very small nurse appeared, wheeling a perambulator, while two children ran by her side. These children were dressed neatly, but with no attempt at fashion. The baby, in the shabby perambulator, was very beautiful. The little group were walking past rather more slowly than most of the other groups, for the older boy and girl looked decidedly tired, when suddenly they all stopped; the servant girl opened her mouth until it remained fixed in the form of a round O; the baby raised its arms and crowded; the elder boy and girl uttered a glad shout and ran forward.

"Father, father, you here?" said the boy. "You here?" echoed the girl, and the whole cavalcade drew up in front of Charlotte and the thin clergyman. The boy in an instant was on his father's knee, and the girl, helping herself mightily by Charlotte's dress, had got on to the bench.

The baby seeing this began to cry. The small nurse seemed incapable of action, and Charlotte herself had to come to the rescue. She lifted the little seven-months old creature out of its carriage, and placed it in its father's arms.

He raised his eyes gratefully to her face and placed his arm round the baby.

"Oh! I'm falling," said the girl. "This seat is so slippery, may I sit on your knee?"

It seemed the most natural thing in the world for Charlotte to take this strange shabbily dressed little girl into her embrace.

The child began to stroke down and admire her soft furs.

"Arn't they lovely?" she said. "Oh, Harold, look! Feel 'em Harold; they're like pussy's!"

Harold, absorbed with his father, turned his full blue eyes round gravely and fixed them not on the furs, but on the strange lady's face.

"Father," he said in a slow, solemn tone, "may I kiss that pretty lady?"

"My dear boy, no, no. I am ashamed of you. Now run away, children; go on with your walk. Nurse, take baby."

The children were evidently accustomed to implicit obedience. They went without a word.

"But I will kiss Harold first," said Charlotte Harman, and she stooped down and pressed her lips to the soft round cheek.

"Thank you," said the clergyman. Again he looked into her face and smiled.

The smile on his careworn face reminded Charlotte of the smile on St. Stephen's face when he was dying. It was unearthly, angelic; but it was also very fleeting. Presently he added in a grave tone—

"You have evidently the great gift of attracting the heart of a little child. Pardon me if I add a hope that you may never lose it."

"Is that possible?" asked Charlotte.

"Yes; when you lose the child spirit, the power will go."

"Oh! then I hope it never will," she replied.

"It never will if you keep the Christ bright within you," he answered. Then he raised his hat to her, smiled again, and walked away.

He was a strange man, and Charlotte felt attracted as well as repelled. She was proud, and at another time and from other lips such words would have been received with disdain. But this queer, shadowy-looking clergyman looked like an unearthly visitant. She watched his rather weak foot-steps, as he walked quickly away in the northern direction through the park. Then she got up and prepared to return home. But this little incident had sobered her. She was not unhappy; but she now felt very grave. The child spirit! She must keep it alive, and the Christ must dwell bright within her.

Charlotte's temperament was naturally religious. Her nature was so rank and noble that she could not but drink in the good as readily as the flower receives the dew; but she had come to this present fulness of her youthful vigor without one trial being sent to test the gold. She entered the house after her long walk to find Hinton waiting for her.

(To be continued.)

TOBACCO VS. WOMEN.

BY META LANDER.

I have seen a man whom I loved and respected, who showed by many a sad token the effect of his cruel bondage. I have heard his wife, who had borne the trial patiently, though with suffering health, speak with feeling of the clean and sweet atmosphere of houses untainted with tobacco.

An editor, in explanation of the cigar in his mouth and the pipe on his table, stated that he formed the habit of smoking when a youth; but that the young lady with whom he fell in love said nay to his entreaties till he quitted tobacco. That he lived happily for some years; but that when she died, he was driven to the old habit for consolation; that, after a time, he fell again in love, but that the lady in question made no such condition. He added fervently: "I wish she had."

The wife of a certain smoker was affected with palpitation of the heart, deadly faintness, and hysterical symptoms. Her physician was at first puzzled; but concluded that she was a victim of tobacco poisoning. The unconscious husband, on learning the views of the doctor, instantly abandoned smoking, and was rewarded by the speedy recovery of his wife.

May we not, in some degree, account for the well known universal sway of this habit from the fact that so many women, partly from want of knowledge on the subject and partly from a willingness to sacrifice their own comfort for the pleasure of their dear ones, never lift their voice against it?

But the cause, I fear, is sometimes worse than this. The perpetual strain that comes upon some men from the ambitious crav-

ings and promptings of their wives and daughters for a more elegant style of dress and of living is, doubtless irritating as well as wearing. I pity the man who, feeling that he ought not to be thus taxed, and who failing, in spite of all his toil, to satisfy these cravings, is driven to a cigar for consolation. But I pity far more the woman who has any share in driving him to this. Better that she and her daughters should live in an Irish shawl and wear tow cloth all the days of their life than that to be a drag upon their best friend, ruthlessly turning the sweet sentiment of life into bitterness and gall.

That the general tendency of tobacco is to bring them down to a lower plane will not be denied. What but the strange charms of this narcotic could reconcile the refined and the scholarly to the companionship to which it not infrequently introduces them?

A writer describes a scene he witnessed at a hotel in the vicinity of one of our most popular New England colleges. Around a coarse, illiterate man, who sat there enthroned in clouds of smoke, gathered a circle of young loafers, to whom he passed cigars. As they joined him in smoking, they talked slang and profanity. It was difficult for the beholder to credit the fact, which incidentally became known to him, that these same smoking, swearing loafers were veritable college students.

On the lower classes the effect is to degrade them still lower; to deaden the sense of their own pitiful condition and stifle any flickering sparks of ambition. Smoking is called the poor man's solace, because it makes him contented with his lot. That is one of its very mischiefs. He has no business to be contented. He is living in a miserable tenement and in the most meagre facility, when he might be owning a home and educating his children. But there, day in and day out, he sits selfishly and stupidly smoking his pipe while his pinched and joyless wife patiently waits on him and does her best to keep the wolf from the door.

"The fact is," says Thackeray, the cigar is a rival to the ladies and their conqueror, too."—*N. Y. Independent.*

WORK FOR THE CHILDREN.

God works with children early and if we were not afraid, this would be more clear to us. I look back to the times when my eldest children were very young, and how I often restrained the Spirit for fear I should be leading them further than they could follow and understand. I limited the Holy One of Israel. I would not do again as I did then. I held them back longer than I ought to have done and restrained in them what I now, with increased experience and observation, and I trust, holy wisdom, would encourage and develop to the very uttermost. I believe that if I had done so that no evil would have come of it. Why should we be afraid if God's Spirit is molding and leading and influencing the children? If we can work with his Spirit, and if our eyes single, why should we fear? If parents would only be careful not to praise and admire their children for their pretty appearance or for having outstripped some other child in some human attainment and will go hand-in-hand with the Spirit of God in keeping them at the foot of the Cross, and inspiring them with all holy ambition for God's glory and for the salvation of the world, they would have quite a different side of character developed in their children. But many people think they are wiser than God; they develop one side, and they leave the other side untouched, until there is hardly any spiritual capacity left when they come to maturity's years.—*The Christian.*

CARD PLAYING AT HOME.

Playing cards for "pastime" or as an "innocent amusement" soon becomes a passion, and when once fixed a man will forego home, family, business, and pleasure, and suffer the loss of his all for the exciting scenes of the card-table.

That accomplished writer, the late Dr. Holland, of Springfield, Mass., said: "I have all my days had a card-playing community open to my observation, and I am yet unable to believe that that which is the

universal resort of the starved in soul and intellect, which has never in any way linked to itself tender, elevating, or beautiful associations—the tendency of which is to unduly absorb the attention from more weighty matters, can recommend itself to the favor of Christ's disciples. The presence of culture and genius may embellish, but can never dignify it."

"I have this moment," said Dr. Holland "ringing in my ears the dying injunction of my father's early friend, 'Keep your son from cards. Over them I have murdered time and lost heaven.'" Fathers and mothers, keep your sons from cards in the "home circle." What must a good angel think of a mother at the prayer-meeting asking prayers for the conversion of her son whom she allowed to remain at home playing cards for "pastime?"—*Advocate.*

Question Corner.—No. 15.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

POULTRY SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

Gen. xxii. 21. 23. Lev. iv. 2, etc. Num. xiii. 14, 16. 1 Sam. xxii. 20; xxvi. 5, 14. 2 Sam. ii. 12-27; vii. 4, etc.; xii. 1, etc. 1 Kings vii. 15. 21. Job xxxii. 2. Isa. xi. 8. Dan. i. 3, etc. Luke viii. 2, 3; xix. 2-4. Acts iii. 17. Rev. xxii. 12, 13.

The texts preceding read with care, You'll find much help and guidance there; And when you solve the questions, frame In two acrostics, name by name.

1. Zeruliah's son, of warlike boast, Chief leader of King David's host.
2. Saul's captain, Israel's man of note, Whom David spared, but Joab smote.
3. The husband of Joanna find: To her the Saviour had been kind.
4. The first-born son of Milcah's race, Rebekah's eldest uncle, trace.
5. What sins the law of old forgave, At last brought Jesus to the grave?
6. What prophet twice to David came, And warned him in Jehovah's name.
7. What poisonous serpent, found in holes, A playful sucking-child controls?
8. The son of Vophsi, of the band Which Moses sent to spy the land.
9. A captive youth of David's line, In Babyl' learning taught to shine.
10. Eilihu's father, sprung from Buz, And Nahor, in the land of Uz.
11. The last grand title of our Lord, When He shall bring his full reward.
12. A priest who after David fled, When all the priests of Nob were dead.
13. A little man who climbed a tree, That Jesus passing he might see.

The first and final letters state What things were formed by Tyrian art To decorate God's temple-gate, And in its glories bear a part.

These ponderous works, by Hiram cast! Display God's purpose in their names: The right declares "It shall stand fast," And "Strength in Him" the left proclaims.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 15.

1. Seven, Eliah, Amidadab, Shammah. 1 Sam. xvi. 6, 9.
2. To Samuel when he went to anoint David. 1 Sam. xvi. 7.
3. Jephthah Judges xi. 3, 5.
4. Pharaoh's Gen. x. and Herod's Matt. xiv. 6.
5. Joshua, For a day Josh. x. 12.
6. Balthsheba.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

1. Habakkuk, J. 4.
2. Amos iii. 3.
3. Nathan, 2 Sam. xii. 1.
4. Nahum i. 15.
5. Ananias Acts. v.
6. Haggai i. 5, 7.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.
Correct answers have been received from George A. Riddell, Sarah L. Rodgers, James A. Bennett, and Albert Jesse French.