

Gorner Grat, a rocky snow-bound peak, two hours' climb above the Riffelberg, a peak more than ten thousand feet above the sea. A little one, indeed, is the Gorner Grat among the thousands of Switzerland; but it lifts its modest head in the very centre of the mightiest mountains of Europe, and looks them all in the very eye.

As we climb the snowy, toilsome steep, we witness many a battle between the north wind and the sulky clouds, which refuse to give up beaten. Every few minutes they return to the attack, and apparently sweep all before them. One minute we are standing in brilliant sunlight; the next, in impenetrable fog so dense and dark that we almost fear we shall lose the path. Then the next moment the north wind 'cometh and cleanseth them,' and all is sweet and clear again.

Perhaps the most beautiful sight of all was when the wind began to gain the mastery, and the highest peaks, crowned with sunlight, would peer above the clouds enormously exaggerated, and looking fifty thousand, instead of fifteen thousand, feet high, seeming to hang and topple over us, almost from the zenith itself.

But old Boreas wins the day in the end; gloomily and sulkily the clouds retire; and by the time we reached the top of the Gorner Grat, every glorious peak in the magnificent circle from the knife-edge of the Matterhorn's summit, clear around the horizon to the Matterhorn again, stood out sharp and brilliant as when first from the chisel of the great Sculptor. It was a magnificent battle, and we are thankful that it was our good fortune to witness it.

Be Cheerful.

Why do not people strive to cultivate cheerfulness, to gather sunbeams and not clouds into their hearts and natures? They surely could if they only would, for in no direction does the real force of 'will power' stand out more conspicuously than in this—a will to keep at bay that mental disease, 'the blues,' to see the light and not the darkness. More mental agony is really endured in dread and fear of what might happen, than on account of all that does actually happen.

Many a bridge is mentally 'crossed before we come to it,' the wise old adage to the contrary notwithstanding; and much needless worry and anxiety are fostered thereby. A large majority of most people's troubles are merely the anticipated ones.

Small matters, trifling surroundings, often cause really absurd despondency. Analyse the cause of mental depression, and often it is found ridiculous and groundless. Even the weather is a reliable thermometer of some people's mental condition—sunny or stormy, as the case may be; all life and exuberance in pleasant days, melancholy and 'blue' in stormy weather.

The companionship of those who are addicted to mental depression is anything but desirable. The very foundation of the happy home fire side should be cheerfulness itself. There all the holy joy and mutual love and affection should be cemented by the benefit and peace-giving bond of cordial, happy, hearty good-will.

When genuine sorrows do come, as to all they some time inevitably must, the heart is stronger to stand against them, and to endure, than if health and courage had been fretted away by imaginary troubles and by 'looking on the dark side,' and the glad thought is hailed with comfort that the good Father who carries us along in the sunshine will be at the helm in the shadow.—'Family Record.'

The Family Pew.

By Ernest Gilmore.

Looking backward through a mist of tears I see the old family pew in the 'Old Brick Church,' with father at the end nearest the aisle. Father was an 'elder,' respected and beloved, a reserved, undemonstrative man, but abounding in love for his family and the 'cause,' and never failing in good works.

Mother, in her good leghorn hat and white crepe, silk embroidered shawl, was there, too, whenever possible, and so were the 'five steps'—we children, one boy and four girls.

In these dear old days the 'Family Pew' was the family pew, the children were not only expected to be in it on the Sabbath day but were in it.

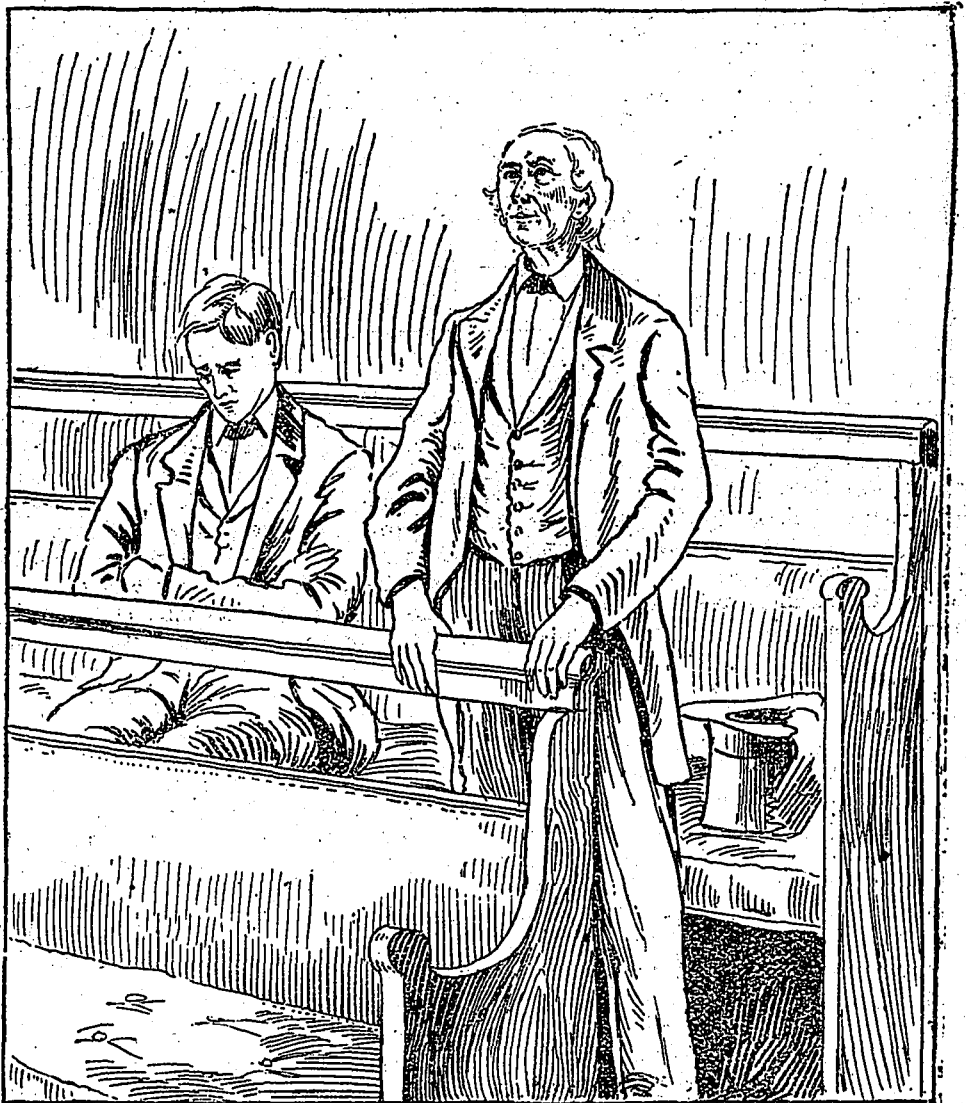
Were they always well behaved? Well,

graced. As for my badly behaved small sister, she learned how to act in church by going to church.

There was a pleasant stir in the old church when the plate was passed. I always used to watch father at such times; he always gave generously, but so quietly that I had to look closely to see how much it was. On 'Missionary Sundays' I cannot remember of his ever failing to take out of his pocket quietly a ten dollar bill, and folding it up into as small dimensions as possible, he put it on the plate.

Sometimes there is a call for a special missionary collection now-a-days, but I often wonder how many there are who put ten dollars in the box at such times.

A short time ago I had a letter from a lady in Nebraska, whom I do not know, but it seems to me she remembers me. She had been sad and lonely, and she wrote, 'It



THE FAMILY PEW.

perhaps not always, but generally. Truth compels me to say that there was a time when I thought disgrace had come upon our family pew.

I had taken a beautiful little sister to church—it was 'time for her to go to the "House of God"' they thought. She was a mischievous little one, always restless wherever she was. She fidgeted about until, at last, with her knees upon the cushion and her arms upon the back of the seat, looking toward the people behind us, I thought she was contented. Not so. Presently some movement on her part caused me to turn around. One little arm of hers was raised threateningly as if she would like to strike some one. An old lady, smiling serenely at her, had caused this momentary anger. I was confused and ashamed.

'You naughty girl!' I whispered; 'aren't you ashamed of yourself?'

But she was not, not a bit, and I discovered later that we, as a family, were not dis-

seemed a voice from home,' (something she had received), 'and brought to my mind the time when I saw you with your father and mother, your brother and the little girl, seated in the "family pew," in the dear old church. Far away and alone at home, if I may so call the forsaken house I live in, I perhaps can recall those early scenes more easily than you who have gone so gradually from the old to the new.'

The Church is a lighthouse, the children should all be there.

'It warns to shun the breakers near,
Smooth into port the vessel guides,
Points where a wider course to steer,
Shows how to escape conflicting tides.

'Thus built upon eternal truth,
High in mid-heaven, o'er land and sea,
Christ's Church holds forth to age and youth,
A beacon and a sanctuary.'