

One Step at a Time.

BY MAY H. VALENTINE.

I'm glad to night that 'tis only a step that we have to go at a time,
And though the way may look dreary to us,
And the hill may be hard to climb
That leads up to the golden city, and the
wayside flowers may be few
If we only can look beyond the clouds,
there's a glorious land in view.

One step at a time, and the journey of life
may take perhaps, threescore years.
Or it may be only a very short time ere the
glory of heaven appears:
There are sheaves of wheat to be garnered
in; let us gather them while we may:
Let us try to scatter the sunshine in the
desolate homes on the way

At every step there's something to do; though
we may not have silver or gold,
There are sorrowing hearts who are glad to
hear the story that never grows old:
We can tell of the dear loving Father, of
the blessings His hand has bestowed,
Of the wonderful way He has led us, how
with mercy our cup has overflowed

If the mists do thickly surround us, we know
that we'll not go astray.
If we follow wherever He leads us, though
clouds may overshadow the way:
If we cannot gather the largest sheaves, for
to some is that blessing denied,
We can give a cup of cold water to the
weary who walk at our side.

I'm glad, though it may be only a step, we
never need take that alone
For we know He has faithfully promised to
tenderly care for His own:
And every day, as the hours roll on, let us
work till the sun goes down,
For if we're not willing to bear the cross,
we never can wear the crown.

"I Am Here, Papa."

On the steamboat on which I returned to Naples from Iachia, on Friday, there were five victims disinterred after one hundred and twenty hours of a living tomb, but still alive. A boy of twelve had just been found, not hurt, but wandering among the ruins looking for the spot where his home had been. I asked him whom he had lost. "They're all gone," he said, "father and mother and everybody." Two girls, who had been buried for three days, said, when they were dug out, "Ah! you do not know what it is to be buried in the dark for ten hours." They had no idea of the real time which had elapsed. One of the most touching incidents which came under my knowledge was that of a father distractedly urging on the work of the excavators on the spot where he had lost his little son. He was calling the child's name in hoarse and trembling tones, when suddenly a little voice was heard from amidst the broken masonry. "I am here, papa. Don't be afraid! take courage."—*Naples Letter*

Business Success.

Young Canadian merchants will be much interested in reading the following summary of the "experience of a merchant," being a paper read by Mr. John Macdonald, who is probably the most eminent and successful wholesale dry goods dealer in Western Canada: The paper was read at a meeting in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and dealt with the elements that were necessary for success in business, among which were enumerated strict attention to business, economy, prudence in management, and temperance, which should be combined with a good character, and the whole combination was needed to secure success. It was not too much to say that a man who made a good merchant would make a successful clergyman, lawyer, physician

or mechanic, for he would throw into his business that earnestness which was necessary to ensure success in any calling. Mr. Macdonald dwelt upon the necessity of temperate business habits in all business men. Intemperance swept away men who did not leave a trace behind them, and who, if it had not been for drink, would have been ornaments to society and a power in the land. After speaking of the necessity of strict honesty in business and prudence in its management, he said there were many who were not content to let well enough alone, but wanted to get rich quickly and embarked in speculation and ruined themselves and their business. He pointed out the necessity of business men living more to God, and, concluding, said he had often heard ministers in the pulpit speak of tricks of trade, as if dishonesty and trade were twin sisters. There were no more honest men in the world than business men, and their merchants had done much to build up Canada to what it was to-day.

Then and Now.

When first I heard of Jesus
It seemed some mystic tale,
A root of barren dryness
No fragrance could exhale;
But as I came to know Him,
His precious name grew sweet,
And, like a perfumed rainbow,
Love arched the Mercy Seat.

At first I saw no beauty,
No captivating spell,
Felt no divine emotion
In my cold bosom swell;
But when, through bars of glory,
God shone in Jesus' face,
All other objects vanished
Before His matchless grace.

I read that He was wounded,
And bruised upon the tree,
Yet felt no thrilling wonder,
As though He died for me.
But since—oh, since I knew it,
And saw Him bear my load,
I cannot cease from praising
My great Redeeming God.

O Rose of rarest odour!
O Lily white and pure!
O chiefest of ten thousand,
Whose glory must endure!
The more I see Thy beauty,
The more I know Thy grace,
The more I long, unhandcuffed,
To gaze upon Thy face!

Selected

Make Home Happy.

THE long evenings afford time for good work and pleasant recreation. If the chores are done, supper over, and the family circle gathered by seven o'clock, there is an hour before bedtime for the younger ones and two or three hours for the others. This is often a very stupid time in the family. Father is tired and dull, and nods over his newspaper; mother is busy in sewing, the older children are studying their lessons, the monotony is wearisome. A little thought may relieve this tediousness. It is not best to attempt too much; a very little freshening will break up the stagnation. One evening there may be a song or two; the next, the reading of a short story or poem or an extract from longer works. Then it may be worth while to plan for reading aloud on successive evenings, in order to get through with more pretentious books. If a fairly good reader begins to read aloud Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," for instance, we venture to say that his auditors will insist on hearing the whole poem. The longer narratives in the Bible may be selected for other evenings, as the life of Joseph, or of David or Samson, and read not

specially as devotional exercises, but in the same way as extracts from any other history or biography might be rendered. An occasional popping of corn or making of molasses candy, in the old-fashioned way, may not be amiss as a variation. Make the evenings bright and cheerful for the young folks, and the older folks as well; then, no matter how stormy the weather may be without, there will be a delightful atmosphere of peace and comfort within. From such homes children will not be prone to wander out upon street corners or into saloons.—*S.S. World*.

Creeping-up the Stairs.

Is the softly falling twilight
Of the weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play.
I was brooding o'er some trouble
That had met me unawares,
When a little voice came singing,
"No is creepin' up the stairs."

Ah, it touched the tender heart-strings
With a breath and force divine,
And such melodies awakened
As no words can e'er define,
When I turned to see our darling,
All forgetful of my cares,
And I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering
Like the magpies of the trees;
Till at last she reached the topmost,
And then o'er her world's affairs,
She delighted, stood a victor
After creeping up the stairs.

—*Boston Times*.

Samuel's Little Coat.

In *The Westminster Teacher* for September Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler writes most admirably about the "little coat" which Hannah made for her son every year. After making it the text for some utterances against "fashion, finery and frivolity," he speaks of character under the Bible idea of dress which is to be put on, and proceeds:

"Now we parents not only clothe our little ones; we also provide, in no small degree, the habits of their hearts and lives. We help to clothe them in garments of light and loveliness, or else in garments of sin and shame. Our children put on the example set before them by parents and by Sunday-school teachers. Not only what we say but what we do will be repeated in their words and conduct. Our character streams into our children. During the few hours that teachers spend with their classes, as well as during the many hours of parental contact every week, the young hearts are taking photographs constantly which come out in character and behaviour. Our irritations irritate them. Our unseemly jests on sacred occasions breed irreverence in them. A trifling teacher of God's book on God's day produces a class of frivolous contempters of sacred things. 'Teacher says so,' 'teacher did so' has, unhappily, left an indelible ink stain on many a child's memory."

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"Long after we parents or teachers are in our graves, our children will be clothed in the characters we helped to form.

"Mr. A— has always regarded it as quite the right thing to offer wine at his table. His sons have tasted it and learned to love it. They became bitten by the 'serpent' in the glass and soon took to stronger and deadlier

drinks. How does the father like the coat now which he made for his boys?"

"Brother B— tells his family at the table that the theatre is not so bad a place as the Puritanical folk make it out; so he goes occasionally when some 'star' is shining there. His young people go too and soon become sensualized by the unclean sights and sounds. By and by a daughter begins to show streaks of coarseness and the young men follow up the exciting scenes of the play house over a bottle, or in the chambers that lie hard by the doors of hell! When the mischief has been wrought, how does that father fancy the habits he wove for his own children?"

"Madame C— is fully persuaded that a dancing-hall is the one only place to acquire elegant manners. So she equips her daughters for the ball-room—even though a 'round dance' be the last gasp of expiring delicacy.' The poor girls become 'society girls'—one of the feeblest and most contemptible types of womanhood. If that infatuated mother shall look back from her dying pillow upon the moral (or immoral) apparel she made for her own children, she may well feel that in casting away the 'ornament of a meek and godly spirit' for the tawdry fineries of 'the flesh,' she has clad them in the garments of shame.

"This little text about the little coat is full of the most vital suggestions. Teachers as well as parents must remember that they are weaving character and the fabrics will last into eternity. We perform this weaving process stitch by stitch, and we do it by little actions and by unconscious influences. Mother Hannah's tunics went to rags and moth and dust; but the boy Samuel's character shines in the Bible gallery as a raiment of light. The coats we make for the immortal souls committed to our teachings will outlast the firmament; and may God help us to construct such garments as shall grow brighter and brighter among the white robes around the throne. 'He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; I will confess his name before my Father and before His angels.' Be careful, fellow-teachers in school or in home, how you slight the little coats."

WHAT to him was love or hope? What to him was joy or care? He stepped on a plug of Irish soap the girl had left on the topmost stair; and his feet flew out like wild, fierce things, and he struck each stair with a sound like a drum; and the girl below with the scrubbing things laughed like a fiend to see him come.

Dumsey went hunting the other day and took Johnny with him. They saw a rabbit, and Dumsey drew up and shot. The cap exploded and there was a long splutter, and finally just as Dumsey took his gun down, the charge went off. When they got home the folks asked Johnny what luck they had had. "Oh," said Johnny, "papa saw a rabbit, but his gun stammered so he couldn't hit it."

The Duke of Wellington was a good courtier. When George the Fourth, after describing, as he sometimes allowed himself to do, how he led the British cavalry at Waterloo, appealed to him as a witness, with a "Didn't I, Arthur?" the great General bowed politely and answered, "I have often heard your Majesty say so!"