

The Family.

SUMMER

No price is set on the lavish summer June may be had by the poorest corner...

THE THEATRE AND PUBLIC MORALS.

THE gentleman who chooses to be known as Mr. Henry Irving has been making frequent speeches of late on the subject of the stage.

Now, we have to say at once that this is just a little too much; and in the interests of morality and religion, and for the sake of our Christian readers, we enter our decided protest against such teaching.

That some plays are intellectual exercises of a high kind, every reader of "Hamlet" knows and acknowledges cordially.

People are continually saying, if it be good to read, "Macbeth" why not go to hear it recited by an accomplished actor who knows how, with suitable dress and scenery, a real bell sounding the knell of Duncan, and a woman with a real bedroom candle pretending to walk in her guilty sleep and wash the stain from her guilty hands?

Whatever the theatre might be, we have only to deal with it as it is. Many wise men have wished that there might be a pure stage, so that this popular amusement might be a power for good.

For the ordinary pieces presented night after night are not good, many of them are really vicious, and these are the most attractive and pay the best.

to reckon on the influences of lights, late hours, and the whole false stimulus of an unwholesome animal excitement.

The theatre, therefore, is much more than drama, or even drama enacted. It is a complex whole, involving many elements which in practical and actual experience, are hurtful to morals, and much more certainly damaging to religion.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

THE charitable committee had been holding a grave consultation. The town, nameless in my story, was peculiar in having two distinct local features, and two differing sets of inhabitants.

As the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, equally as remote from intercourse, and alien in feeling, were the people of the college quarter and the people of the town.

"The Greshams are hopeless," said one member, pushing back his spectacles from his puzzled eyes.

"Americans surpass foreigners in capacity for shiftlessness, when once they have lost their self-respect," said Rev. Dr. Evandorf, with emphasis.

"We may as well cross the Greshams from the list," said Mrs. Lucas, addressing the chairman.

"The Lord does not treat us on that basis, Mrs. Lucas," remonstrated Deacon Bayfield, shaking his grizzled head.

A silence fell upon the committee. It was broken by a clear, bell-like voice from a lady on the outer rim of the circle.

Mrs. Lucas frowned, the deacon beamed, the good committee, as a whole, wore an air of relief, and, leaving the troublesome Greshams to Mrs. Jenner, passed on to other themes.

Paying her first visit to the Greshams' abode, pretty Mrs. Jenner had need of all her courage. The home was unlike any she had ever seen.

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"I think," she said modestly, "that I can get hold of them in that way. Jake promises that his brothers shall come regularly."

"Aren't you afraid to have Jake Gresham about your place so familiarly," asked Mr. Lester, "with his reputation?"

"I have," she answered simply. She already had a plan for elevating Sally, who was at home again, and every one of them was on her mind.

And the result which she expected followed; for the bright flowers begged in their own winsome way for a clean pane of glass, and gained it.

Jake, a big, shuffling fellow, with the prison taint upon him, unable to get work because of the report of his dishonesty, which made every one suspicious, was Mrs. Jenner's next object of attack.

Sullen and moribund, the boy slouched his head, slouched out of the house when he saw her coming, hung his head and answered her curtly when she surprised him within.

"I wouldn't insult him by giving him clothes," she replied, when Mrs. Gresham had been more urgent than usual; "but if Jake will earn the money to pay for them."

"Earn the money," ejaculated Mrs. Gresham, with a scornful sniff. "It's likely he could earn it, when his character is all gone, and not a soul in town will employ him at any price."

"I will employ him myself, and pay him too," promptly responded his friend, not minding the obstinate set of Jake's shoulders, and the flinging back of his shaggy head.

"Jake," she said, looking at him winningly, "my pony, Frisk, needs somebody to groom him, and I want him exercised every morning."

"The light leaped into the lad's face. If he had a passion for anything it was for horses, and to take care of Mrs. Jenner's pony seemed to him promotion indeed.

Not a Gresham, boy or girl, could be persuaded to go to Sabbath-school. It had happened, as Mrs. Jenner discovered by diligent enquiry, that occasionally one of the girls, when first arrayed in new apparel from head to foot, the gift of some kind friend, would, for a Sabbath or two, in the neighbourhood of Christmas, attend some one's class;

"Mr. Lester"—Mrs. Jenner addressed the superintendent of the First church Sabbath-school, one evening after prayer meeting—"please find some

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The Children's Corner.

DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW.

In the morn of the holy Sabbath, I like in the church to see The dear little children clustered, Worshipping there with me.

BETTY'S ESCAPE.

"Mother, may I go over to Sally's?" Mother Whitney looked at the sundial in the kitchen, and then at the sky, with a glance at the thick pine woods that hemmed the little home in, before she answered slowly:

HYPOCRITICAL VICES.

If vices always showed themselves without masks to young people they would win fewer victims than they actually do. But vices are hypocrites.

"There is no vice so simple but assumes Some mark of virtue on its outward parts."

You never heard, for example, of any youth who began to use strong drink except on the plea that it would either be good for his health, or would afford him innocent pleasure, or that its moderate use would prove him to be a manly fellow.

A lady who had become a slave of the bottle and was trying to break the hateful charm once said to a physician whom she consulted, "I learned to love strong drink by holding it in my mouth as a cure for the toothache."

THE SAVING HABIT.

A LARGE proportion of the educated never save at all, and a still larger proportion do not begin the process until the last ten years of their working lives.

There is not a charity in London whose secretaries cannot tell frightful stories of the poverty in which educated professional men often pass old age, and of the utter destitution to which the death of the bread-winner reduces the most respectable and even prosperous families.

The workmen, owing to their work, have more youth in their nature than

There were eight of them, great, gray fellows, lean and hungry, and active as cats. Not one instant did they remain quiet, but circled round and round, leaping up at the loft, howling, and springing one over another.

When she reached her own home and told of her adventure, you may be sure there was a real thanksgiving service of prayer and praise. The next morning her father and oldest brother went to the cabin, climbed up the window, and, standing on the scaffold shot seven big, gray wolves. What became of the other? Well, his cruel companions, frantic with hunger, fell upon him and devoured him in the night, and his bones were found gnawed clean on the floor of the cabin.

As for Betty, she grew up to be a lovely woman, the mother of a large family, and this story of her escape has been told to her sons and daughters and to her great-great-grandsons and granddaughters, to many of whom it comes as a lesson that says: "If you are in danger, pray for help, and one way or another it is sure to be granted."

BILLY.

WHERE Billy had been brought up, nobody knew. The children were sure he had been trained where there were children, because he was so fond of them.

He was not especially fond of Major, the big plough-horse, but he did not like to have a fence between them, and would open the gate and let Major in, or walk out himself, just to let people know what he thought of gates and locks.

There was never a gate or a latch that Billy could not open, unless it were locked with a key, and the key taken out. He had even been known to turn a key in the lock one time, and walk into the barn. After helping himself to all the oats he wanted from the stable and stood in his stall.

When the boys came out they put Billy's usual allowance of oats in the manger, and after a little time, were surprised to see that he did not eat it. They urged the oats upon him, but he turned away from them. A closer examination disclosed the fact that he was bloated.

The boys at once decided that Billy was sick, and informed their father of the fact. The deacon made a hasty examination of the horse, then went to the feed-bin, and then burst into a laugh.

"Well, he'll not die of hunger yet awhile. I filled this bin full last night, and now see." The boys looked and saw at once the reason why he didn't eat his oats. Billy did not like to plough, or indeed, to do any kind of work. He had no objection to carrying the children around for quiet rides, or the deacon around the parish to make calls, but he had learned that when there was work to do he was brought out earlier. So when he was led out early in the morning, he was very lame. Sometimes one foot, and sometimes another would be held up, and for several times the rule was not discovered, but after a time they found that the lameness did not continue after Major had been led out to do the work, and that he was as ready for a ride with the children as ever.

But the strangest sight was to see him stand on his hind legs and eat apples off the trees. He had evidently been pastured in an orchard at some time, and he never passed an apple tree when unharnessed, without getting up on his hind legs and looking around among the branches for apples. Is it any wonder that Billy was a favorite? Little Folk's Paper.