

THE FAMILY. GROWING OLD.

Softly, O softly the years have swept by thee. Touching thee lightly with tenderest care; Sorrow and death they did often bring nigh thee. Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear. Growing old gracefully, Gracefully fair.

SUNDAY AT ELDER JONES'S.

I went over to Mason last week to see about selling my wheat, and Elder Jones, who is in the commission business asked me to spend the Sabbath with him and hear their new preacher. May be he remembered what the Bible says about entertaining strangers and maybe he wanted to make sure of getting my wheat. But, thinking it would be a great privilege to visit at the house of so good a man, and that I could learn something about the best way of making the Sabbath pleasant and profitable at home, I gladly accepted his invitation.

as still as the grave. There was no smoke coming out of the chimney. I didn't want to go back to bed, so I went out and took a long walk. I was busy reading the inscriptions in the grave-yard when I heard the town clock strike eight. I thought surely I shall be late for breakfast, so I hurried back. As I went into the yard I saw the hired man coming out, rubbing his eyes, to feed the horses. I sat on the steps half an hour, and then heard the rising bell, and knew by the sound in the kitchen that somebody was getting breakfast.

After church, the elder said, "Let us go round by the Post Office. The Chicago mail gets in at half past ten." Well, we found that nearly all the congregation knew about the Chicago mail. They formed a procession from the Church to the post office, and the clerks who had been distributing letters while we were listening to Dr. X's sermon had a lively time for half an hour giving out letters. The elder had a lock box, so he did not have to wait. He got half a dozen letters and several papers, one a Sunday morning daily from Chicago. We went home. He handed me some of the papers, while he just glanced over his letters. He said, "There might be something in them very important, you know." The letters having been "glanced over" pretty carefully, the elder took up the papers and read them, and commented upon their contents until dinner-time.

The dinner was not such a lunch of cold meat, pie and cheese, as we used to get between meetings when I was a boy, but consisted of roast beef, broiled chickens, vegetables of four or five kinds; a hot pudding, a variety of pastry, and hot coffee. Mrs. Jones remarked that her husband was so hurried, week days he could not enjoy his dinner, so she tried to have a good one on Sunday, when he had plenty of time to eat it. She went on to discuss that theme of unfailing interest to housekeepers, "help." She had tried all sorts, and had come back to the Irish Catholics as the best on the whole. Protestant girls wanted to go to church just when the dinner ought to be attended to; but the Catholics would run over and hear a morning mass while the family were at breakfast, and then come and get the dinner. And she wound up with the general remark that it was best for mistress and servants not to belong to the same church. It made the servant too forward and familiar. "I don't object," she said, "to the priests making pastoral visits in my kitchen; but it would be embarrassing to have Dr. X. do so, or to have to invite my help into the parlor to see him."

Dinner over at last—and it lasted a full hour—we went into the parlour. Soon the door bell rang, and Elder Jenkins was shown in. He was introduced to me, and remarked that he did not believe in Sunday visiting, but dropped in sometimes to talk over church matters with his brother elders. The church matters that they talked about were not spiritual but financial. They did not ask each other, What can we do to make the prayer meeting more interesting; to get more people to come to church; to secure a revival of religion; but how can we raise Dr. X's salary and pay our organist and soprano, and other expenses of a first-class church, without putting our hands deeper into our own pockets? The ability of A. B. and C. to pay more rent was discussed. "What do you know about the new business that A. is engaged in? Is it going to pay?" said Elder Jenkins at length. "I don't know," was the reply. He has been to me several times to get me to invest in it, and I hesitate to do so. How does it strike you?" On this tangent they went off from the church and its affairs, and spent an hour in canvassing the propriety of taking stock in Mr. A.'s factory. With

pencil and paper they made elaborate calculations, and finally, near tea-time, Elder Jenkins arose and said, "I must go now, but I am glad that we talked this matter over. I begin to think that it may be best for us to help Brother A. I will see you early to-morrow morning;" and turning to me he added, "you see, deacon, if we help one of our members in business, we enable him to pay larger pew rent, and so we help the church." After tea, as the bell rang for evening meeting, the elder said: "I don't go out much Sunday evenings. Dr. X. don't care about having us old folks at the second service, as he gets up his discourses expressly for the young. But as I want you to see how he draws them, I will go with you, and finish reading my newspapers when I come back." So we went to church, heard a solo from a woman who gets ten dollars a Sunday for singing in the choir, and heard a sermon on "The Transit of Venus." The young folks brought company with them from church, and I heard the piano jingling in the parlor after I went to bed. Somehow, I did not enjoy this Sunday at Elder Jones', and I don't think that I learned much from him as to the best way of sanctifying and enjoying the Sabbath.—Interior.

DO, LIKEWISE.

The Presbyterian has a good reminiscence of Robert Lenox, New York. When the First Presbyterian Church stood in Wall-street, Mr. Lenox, then an eminent merchant, was a member. He took a great interest in young men, especially those who were strangers. He invariably on Sabbaths took the position of usher, welcomed all comers, and escorted them to comfortable seats. Standing in the vestibule one day, he saw a young man coming up the steps, evidently a stranger, and with the air of one who felt himself an intruder. The frank and hearty merchant met the young man on the threshold, gave him his hand, and told him he was glad to see him that morning in the house of the Lord. "You are a stranger, I presume?" he said. "Yes, this is my first Sabbath in New York, and my mother charged me to reverence the house of the Lord." Just in from his country home, the young man was not over dressed. Mr. Lenox escorted him up the center aisle, and seated him in his own pew. The next morning the young man went to a business house to see if he could get a small bill of goods. He gave his references. "Did I not see you in Mr. Lenox's pew yesterday?" said the merchant. "I don't know, sir. A gentleman gave me a seat in church, and sat down beside me." "Well, young man, that gentleman was Robert Lenox, and I will trust any young man whom Mr. Lenox seats in his pew."

That young man became an eminent merchant. To the day of his death he said, "I owe all I am worth in this world to that Sabbath when Mr. Lenox invited me to sit in his pew." It would be well if our Christian merchants could put the mantle of Lenox on their shoulders, especially those who attend rich but sparsely-filled congregations.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

A Massachusetts housewife gives the following recipe for "bottling" apples: Pare and cook the apples as for the table, and after gradually bringing the bottles to a degree of heat which will prevent breaking, fill with the apple boiling hot, and seal immediately as for other fruits. All the cans, jars, or bottles which have been used during the winter for preserving summer fruits, should be now refilled with apples. They make an excellent appetizer in the hot days of summer, besides being much more wholesome than fat meats. Then they are always ready for immediate use, which is a great convenience when friends come in unexpectedly. Save all the apples possible for home use in this way. Life-long discomfort, disease and sudden death often come to children through the inattention or carelessness of the parents. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet; the thing to be last attended to, is to see that the feet are dry and warm; neglect of this has often resulted in a dangerous attack of croup, diphtheria or fatal sore throat. Always on coming from school, on entering the house from a visit or errand, in rainy, muddy or thawing weather, the child should remove its shoes, and the mother should herself ascertain whether the stockings are the least damp. If they are, they should be taken off, the feet held before the fire and rubbed with the hand till perfectly dry, and another pair of stockings, and another pair of shoes put on. The reserve shoes and stockings should be kept where they are good and dry, so as to be ready for use on a moment's notice.

A CLOSE, HARD MAN

A hard, close man was Solomon Ray. Nothing of value he gave away; He hoarded and saved; He pinched and shaved; And the more he had the more he craved. The hard-earned dollar he tried to gain, Brought him little but care and pain; For little he spent, And all he lent He made it bring him twenty per cent. Such was the life of Solomon Ray. The years went by, and his hair grew gray; His cheeks grew thin, And his soul within Grew hard as the dollar he worked to win. But he died one day, as all men must, For life is fleeting and man but dust; The heirs were gay, That laid him away, And that was the end of Solomon Ray. They quarreled now who had little cared For Solomon Ray while his life was spared; His lands were sold, And his hard-earned gold All went to the lawyers I am told. Yet men will cheat and pinch and save, Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave; All their gold some day Will melt away, Like the selfish savings of Solomon Ray.

ONLY A PIN.

Only two or three months ago an overseer in an American mill found a pin which cost the company three hundred dollars. "Was it stolen?" asked Susie. "I suppose it must have been very handsome. Was it a diamond pin?" "O, no, my dear! not by any means. It was just such a pin as people buy every day, and use without stint. Here is one upon my dress." "Such a pin as that cost three hundred dollars!" exclaimed John. "I don't believe it." "But mamma says it is a true story," interposed Susie. "Yes, I know it to be true. And this is the way the pin happened to cost so much. You know that calicoes, after they are printed and washed, are dried and smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. Well, by some mischance, a pin dropped so as to lie upon the principal roller, and indeed, became wedged into it, the head standing out a little way from the surface. Over and over went the roller, and round and round went the cloth, winding at length upon still another roller, until the piece was measured off. Then another piece began to be dried and wound and so on till a hundred pieces had been counted off. These were not examined immediately, but removed from the machinery and laid aside. When at length they came to be inspected, it was found that there were holes in every piece throughout the web and only three-quarters of a yard apart. Now in each piece there were from thirty-five to forty-five yards, and at twelve cents a yard that would count up to about five hundred dollars. Of course the goods could not be classed as perfect goods, so they were sold as remnants, at less than half the price they would have brought had it not been for that hidden pin. Now, it seems to me that when a boy takes for his companion a profane swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, or a lad who is untruthful, and a little girl has for her playmate one who is unkind or disobedient, or in any way a wicked child, they are like the roller which took to its bosom the pin. Without their being able to help it, often the evil influence clings to them, and leaves its mark upon every body with whom they come in contact. That pin damaged irreparably forty hundred yards of new print, but bad company has ruined thousands of souls for whom Christ died. Remember, "one sinner destroyeth much good," therefore avoid evil companions.

FLIPPANT WORSHIP.

A contemporary calls attention to the irreverent use of God's name by a famous preacher of our church. The matter deserves serious attention. It is sometimes as much as a God-fearing man can do to sit still while, under the forms of worship, the Holy Name is blasphemed. We once counted and heard the name of our Maker used one hundred and fifteen times, without reverence or attempt at adjectival modification, in the space of forty minutes. Every repetition produced upon the hearer the effect of profanity, and, man aside, the sermon would have had much more force, if the name of the Almighty had been used but three to ten times.

An awful familiarity is often characteristic of public prayers, a familiarity without respect much less adoring reverence; coarse, vulgar, profane. A thoughtless man may say "God" in every sentence, and even in the attitude of converse with Him use the third person. The thoughtlessness should be cured. If you are talking with God, you will not need to call him back from some far country. There is, however, a much worse evil, and that is a light and careless tone in using the Name of names. There is no religion without reverence. To you as to Moses there comes a divine order. "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

THINGS THAT LAST.

Let us now look at those things that "will never wear out." I have often heard a poor blind girl sweetly sing, "Kind Words Will Never Die." Ah, we believe that these are among the things that "will never wear out." And we are told in God's own Book to be "kind one to another." The Word of the Lord will never wear out. Though the grass shall wither, and flowers fall away, the Word of the Lord endureth forever—1 Peter i: 24, 25. The life of the righteous will never wear out. They will live in the world to come as long as God shall live; but the death of the wicked will last forever. The joy of the kingdom of heaven will never wear out. The people of this world soon die, but the enjoyments of that world will never end. The crown of glory will never wear out. The crown of the winner in the Olympic games soon faded; the crowns of kings all wear out; but the crown of glory will never fade away—1 Peter v: 4. The "new song" will never wear out. We hear sometimes that some of our tunes are worn threadbare; but that will never be said of the new song. Which will you choose? The lasting, or that which wastes away? The things of time, or eternity? Will you choose wealth, honor, fame? or the joys of heaven, eternal life, the crown of glory, and the "new song?" May God enable us to make a wise choice; and, with Joshua, may we choose to serve the Lord.—Christian Treasury.

BAXTER AND JUDGE JEFFRIES.

When the trial came on, a crowd of these who honored and loved Baxter filled the court. Two Whig barristers of great note, Pollexfen and Wallop, appeared for the defendant. Pollexfen had scarce begun his address to the jury, when the Chief Justice broke forth: "Pollexfen, I know you well. I will set a mark upon you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the Liturgy. He would have nothing but long-winded cant without book;" and then his lips turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying—"Lord, we are thy people, thy peculiar people, thy dear people." Pollexfen gently reminded the Court that his late Majesty had thought Baxter worthy of a bishopric. "And what ailed the old block-head then," cried Jeffries, "that he did not take it?" His fury now rose to madness. He called Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole city. Baxter himself attempted to put in a word, but the Chief Justice drowned all expostulation in a torrent of ribaldry and invective, mingled with scraps of Hudibras. "My Lord," said the old man, "I have been much blamed by Dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops." "Baxter for Bishops," cried the Judge, "that's a merry conceit, indeed. I know what you mean by bishops—rascals like yourself. Kidderminster bishops, factious, snivelling Presbyterians." Again Baxter essayed to speak, and again Jeffries belittled, "Richard, Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the Court? Richard, thou art an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God, I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don. But, by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all." The noise of weeping was heard from some of those who surrounded Baxter. "Snivelling calves!" said the Judge.—Macaulay.

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