

the natives have fallen in, and in one instance two children were crushed by the falling timbers. May this be the last affliction we shall have to bear!

A BIT OF WILFULNESS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

There was a great excitement in Keene's pleasant home at Wrentham, one morning, about three years ago. The servants were hard at work, making everything neat and orderly. The children buzzed about like active flies, for in the evening some one was coming whom none of them had as yet seen,—a new mamma, whom their father had just married.

The three older children remembered their own mamma pretty well; to the babies, she was only a name. Janet, the eldest, recollected her best of all, and the idea of somebody coming to take her place did not please her at all. This was not from a sense of jealousy for the mother who was gone, but rather from a jealousy for herself; for since Mrs. Keene's death, three years before, Janet had done pretty much as she liked, and the idea of control and interference aroused within her, in advance, the spirit of resistance.

Janet's father was a busy lawyer, and had little time to give to the study of his children's characters. He liked to come home at night, after a hard day at his office, or in the courts, and find a nicely arranged table and room, and a bright fire in the grate, beside which he could read his newspaper without interruption, just stopping now and then to say a word to the children, or have a frolic with the younger ones before they went to bed. Old Maria, who had been nurse to all the five in turn, managed the housekeeping; and so long as there was no outward disturbance, Mr. Keene asked no questions.

He had no idea that Janet, in fact, ruled the family. She was only twelve, but she had the spirit of a dictator, and none of the little ones dared to dispute her will or to complain. In fact, there was not often cause for complaint. When Janet was not opposed, she was both kind and amusing. She had much sense and capacity for a child of her years. And her brothers and sisters were not old enough to detect the mistakes which she sometimes made.

And now a stepmother was coming to spoil all this, as Janet thought. Her meditations as she dusted the china and arranged the flowers, ran something after this fashion:

"She's only twenty-one, papa said, and that's only nine years older than I am, and nine years isn't much. I'm not going to call her 'mamma,' anyway. I shall call her 'Jerusha,' from the very first; for Maria said that Jessie was only a nickname, and I hate nicknames. I know she'll want me to begin school next fall, but I don't mean to, for she don't know anything about the schools here, and I can judge better than she can. There, that looks lovely," putting a tall spike of lilies in a pale green vase. "Now I'll dress baby and little Jim, and we shall all be ready when they come."

It was exactly six, that loveliest hour of a lovely June day, when the carriage stopped at the gate. Mr. Keene helped his wife out, and looked eagerly toward the piazza, on which the five children were grouped.

"Well, my dears," he cried, "how do you do? Why don't you come and kiss your new mamma?"

They all came obediently, pretty little Jim and baby Alice hand in hand, then Harry and Mabel, and, last of all, Janet. The little ones shyly allowed themselves to be kissed, saying nothing, but Janet, true to her resolution, returned her stepmother's salute in a matter of fact way, kissed her father, and remarked:

"Do come in, papa; Jerusha must be tired."

Mr. Keene gave an amazed look at his wife. The corners of her mouth twitched, and Janet thought wrathfully, "I do believe she is laughing at me!" But Mrs. Keene stifled the laugh, and, taking little Alice's hand, led the way into the house.

"Oh, how nice, how pretty!" were her first words. "Look at the flowers, James! Did you arrange them, Janet? I suspect you did."

"Yes," said Janet; "I did them all."

"Thank you dear," said Mrs. Keene, and stooped to kiss her again. It was an affectionate kiss, and Janet had to confess to herself that this new person—was pleasant

looking. She had pretty brown hair and eyes, a warm glow of color in a pair of round cheeks, and an expression at once sweet and sensible and decided. It was a face full of attraction; the younger children felt it, and began to sidle up and cuddle against the new mamma. Janet felt the attraction, too, but she resisted it.

"Don't squeeze Jerusha in that way," she said to Mabel; "you are creasing her jacket. Jim, come here, you are in the way."

"Janet," said Mr. Keene in a voice of displeasure, "what do you mean by calling your mother 'Jerusha'?"

"She isn't my real mother," explained Janet defiantly. "I don't want to call her 'mamma'; she's too young."

Mrs. Keene laughed—she couldn't help it.

"We will settle by and by what you shall call me," she said. "But, Janet, it can't be Jerusha, for that is not my name. I was baptized Jessie."

"I shall call you Mrs. Keene, then," said Janet mortified but persistent. Her stepmother looked pained, but she said no more.

None of the other children made any difficulty about saying "mamma" to this sweet new friend. Jessie Keene was the very woman to "mother" a family of children. Bright and tender and firm all at once, she was playmate to them as well as authority, and in a very little while they all learned to love her dearly,—all but Janet, and even she, at times, found it hard to resist this influence, which was at the same time so strong and so kind.

Still she did resist, and the result was constant discomfort to both parties. To the younger children the new mamma brought added happiness because they yielded to her wise and reasonable authority. To Janet she brought only friction and resentment, because she would not yield.

So two months passed. Late in August, Mr. and Mrs. Keene started on a short journey which was to keep them away from home for two days. Just as the carriage was driving away, Mrs. Keene suddenly said:

"O Janet! I forgot to say that I would rather you didn't go see Ellen Colton while we are away, or let any of the other children. Please tell nurse about it."

"Why mustn't I?" demanded Janet.

"Because" replied her mother, but Mr. Keene broke in.

"Never mind because, Jessie, we must be off. It's enough for you, Janet, that your mother orders it. And see that you do as she says."

"It's a shame," muttered Janet, as she slowly went back to the house. I always have gone to see Ellen whenever I liked. No one ever stopped me before. I don't think it's a bit fair; and I wish papa wouldn't speak to me like that before—her."

Gradually she worked herself into a strong fit of ill-temper. All day long she felt a growing sense of injury, and she made up her mind not to bear it. Next morning, in a towering state of self-will, she marched straight down to the Coltons, resolved at least to find out the meaning of this vexatious prohibition.

No one was on the piazza, and Janet ran up-stairs to Ellen's room, expecting to find her studying her lessons.

No, Ellen was in the bed fast asleep. Janet took a story-book and sat down beside her. "She'll be surprised when she wakes up," she thought.

The book proved interesting, and Janet read on for nearly half an hour before Mrs. Colton came in with a cup and spoon in her hand. She gave a scream when she saw Janet.

"Mercy!" she cried, "what are you doing here? Didn't your ma tell you? Ellen's got scarlet fever."

"No, she didn't tell me that. She only said I mustn't come here."

"And why did you come?"

"Somehow Janet found it hard to explain, even to herself, why she had been so determined not to obey.

Very sorrowfully she walked homeward. She had sense enough to know how dreadful might be the result of her disobedience, and she felt humble and wretched. "Oh, if only I hadn't!" was the language of her heart.

The little ones had gone out to play. Janet hurried to her own room, and locked the door.

"I won't see any of them till papa comes,"

she thought. "Then perhaps they won't catch it from me."

She watched from the window till Maria came out to hang something on the clothes-line, and called to her:

"I'm not coming down to dinner," she said. "Will you please bring me some, and leave it by my door? No, I'm not ill, but there are reasons. I'd rather not tell anybody about them but mamma."

"Sakes alive!" said old Maria to herself. "She called missus 'mamma'! The skies must be going to fall."

Mrs. Keene's surprise may be imagined at finding Janet thus in a state of voluntary quarantine.

"I am so sorry," she said, when she had listened to her confession. "Most sorry of all for you, my child, because you may have to bear the worst penalty. But it was brave and thoughtful in you to shut yourself up to spare the little ones, dear Janet."

"O mamma!" cried Janet, bursting into tears. "How kind you are not to scold me! I have been so horrid to you always." All the pride and hardness were melted out of her now, and for the first time she clung to her stepmother with a sense of protection and comfort.

Janet said afterwards, that the fortnight which she spent in her room, waiting to know if she had caught the fever, was one of the nicest times she ever had. The children and the servants, and even papa, kept away from her, but Mrs. Keene came as often and stayed as long as she could, and, thrown thus upon her sole companionship, Janet found out the worth of this dear kind stepmother. She did not have scarlet-fever, and at the end of three weeks was allowed to go back to her old ways, but with a different spirit.

"I can't think why I didn't love you sooner," she told mamma once.

"I think I know," replied Mrs. Keene, smiling. "That stiff little will was in the way. You would not to like me, and it was easy to obey your will; but now you will love me, and loving is as easy as unloving was."—S. S. Times.

HOW TO FIND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY WILLIAM D. HYDE.

Next to the indispensable requisites of a living walk with God, and a loving interest in the individual pupil, nothing is so essential to successful teaching as aptness in illustration. The truths of the Bible are the most profound themes on which the human mind can be engaged. And unless the teacher is able to bring them down from the realm of the purely spiritual life into the familiar objects of nature and daily experience, there is great danger that the real kernel of the truth in its application to actual living will be lost, and the husk alone stored up in some out-of-the-way corner of the memory. Many people are wont to regard this, like everything else which requires systematic and persistent mental effort, as a sort of "inborn faculty" which some people are "gifted with," but which is altogether beyond their reach. The fact is, however, that there is nothing more easily cultivated than this very faculty of illustration.

Let one really grasp the true idea or law of any phase of religious experience, and wherever he may turn, in all God's universe he cannot fail to discover abundant cases in which precisely the same law is manifest.

For instance, take such a truth as that which our Lord expresses in the words, "My yoke is easy and my burden light,"—the truth that the Christian life is easy and delightful, though at first sight, and viewed from without, it might seem hard. The idea or law which underlies this truth is that everything which you really love to do is easy and delightful. And as no one can, or ought, to enter the Christian life without loving Christ, so no one can fail to find it easy. Now, there is scarcely a scholar in any Sunday-school in the land that has not felt the force of this law in some shape or other. He knows that the love of play makes easy ten times the effort which, if expended in hoisting or shovelling, he would consider hard. He knows that the interest in a story renders delightful an intensity of attention which he could by no possibility bestow upon a lesson in his school-books. It is the teacher's business to make him realize, in some faint way, through these cases in his own experience, how the love of Christ

makes Christian service a joy and a delight.

In short, to cultivate the faculty of illustration, it is simply necessary that one learn to seize the idea of any subject; to take this away from the particular circumstances in which he finds it embodied; and then, with this in mind, to turn to the growth of plants, or the habits of animals, personal experience or biographies of noted men, the formation of the earth, or the history of nations, and in the study of these he will be sure to find abundant illustrations. This is the whole secret of that faculty which "finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."—S. S. Times.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

May 25.—2 Cor. 9: 1-15.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

How to give. At a missionary meeting held among the negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon: 1. We will all give something. 2. We will all give as God has enabled us. 3. We will all give willingly. As soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more and some less. Amongst those that came was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and threw down upon the table a small silver coin. "Take dat back again," said the negro that received the money; "Dat may be according to de first resolution, but it not according to de second." The rich man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat again in a great rage. One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than himself, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dare! take dat!" It was a valuable piece of gold; but it was given so ill-temperedly, that the negro answered again, "No! dat won't do yet! It may be according to de first and second resolution, but it is not according to de last;" and he was obliged to take up his coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time till nearly all the rest were gone, and then came up to the table, and with a smile on his face, and very willingly, gave a large sum to the treasurer. "Very well," said the negro, "dat will do; dat according to all de resolutions."

Question Corner.—No. 10.

BIBLE QUESTIONS

1. Who were Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah?
2. Upon which of his missionary journeys was Paul when people sick of divers diseases were cured by aprons and handkerchiefs brought from his body?
3. Who were ordered to interpret a dream which the dreamer himself could not remember?
4. Where had the apostle Paul been working when it was said "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed?"
5. Which are the "seven churches which are in Asia" to whom John wrote?
6. Where do we find the promise "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear"?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 8.

1. To the church in Thessalonica. 1 Thes. 4, 13.
2. In Athens. 7, 28.
3. These (the people of Berea) were more noble than those in Thessalonica in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether those things were so. Acts 17, 11.
4. David and Mephibosheth. 2 Sam. 9, 1, 13.
5. Jeroboam. 1 Kings 12, 20.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

Timothy. 2 Tim. 3, 15. Hoshen. 2 Kings 15, 30. Ophir. 1 Kings 9, 28. Uziah. 2 Kings 11, 18. 27. 4. Onesimus, Philemon. 1. Damaris. Acts 17, 34. Samuel. 1 Sam. 1. Og. King of Bashan at Edrei. Num. 21, 35. Elijah. 1 Kings 17, 1. Stephen. Acts 7. Tyrannus. Acts 19, 9. Mary Luke 10, 42. Enoch. Gen. 5, 24. "Thou God seest me."

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Hannah E. Greene, Archibald Thompson, William D. Sanders, Emily A. Oxford, Maggie M. Miller, Albert Stamford, William Traquair, and Beil Darling.