

Cecelia—"I suppose because he destroys and cuts down."

Papa—"I think a weapon rather slower, like a pickaxe, would be more suitable to the gradual action of time. But what is his single lock of hair for?"

Cecelia—"I cannot make out?"

Papa—"I thought that would puzzle you. It relates to time as giving opportunity for doing anything. It is to be seized as it presents itself. Thus the proverb says, 'Take time by the forelock.' Now you understand what emblems are."

Cecelia—"Yes, I think I do. I suppose the painted sugar loaves over the grocer's shop and mortar over the apothecary's are emblems too?"

Papa—"No, not properly. They are only pictures of things which are themselves objects of sight, as the real sugar and real mortar and pestle in the shop. However, an implement belonging to a particular rank of profession is commonly used as an emblem to point out the man exercising the profession. A crown is an emblem of a king, a sword or spear of a soldier, an anchor of a sailor, and the like."

Cecelia—"I remember Captain Hearty had the figure of an anchor on his buttons."

Papa—"That was the badge or emblem of his belonging to the navy."

Cecelia—"But you told me that an emblem was a visible sign of an invisible thing; yet a sea captain is not an invisible thing."

Papa—"But his profession is invisible."

Cecelia—"Please explain."

Papa—"Profession is a quality belonging to a number of individuals equally, however different in form or appearance. It may be taken away without any visible change. If Captain Hearty were to give up his commission he would appear to you the same man as before. It is plain, therefore, that what in that case he had lost—namely, his profession—was a thing invisible. I have here a few emblematical pictures; see if you can find out their meaning."

Cecelia—"I should like to try."

Papa—"Here is a man standing on the summit of a steep cliff, going to ascend a ladder which he has planted against a cloud."

Cecelia—"That must be *Ambition*. He is high already, but wants to be still higher; so he ventures up a ladder supported by a cloud only, and which hangs over a precipice."

Papa—"That is right. Here is another man, hoodwinked, crossing a raging torrent upon stepping stones."

Cecelia—"I suppose he is one who runs into danger without considering where he is going. I suppose we may call him *Foorthardiness*."

Papa—"Here is an old half-ruined building supported by props, and the figure of time sawing through one of the props."

Cecelia—"That must be *Old Age* surely."

Papa—"The next is a man leaning on a breaking crutch."

Cecelia—"I can't tell what that is."

Papa—"It is intended for *False Confidence*. Here is a man sporing over a sun dial with a candle in his hand."

Cecelia—"I am at a loss for that too."

Papa—"A sun dial, you remember, is made to tell the hour only by the light of the sun."

Cecelia—"Then he knows nothing about it."

Papa—"True. Therefore his name is *Ignorance*. I dare say you will know this fellow who is running as fast as his legs can carry him and looking back at his shadow."

Cecelia—"He must be *Fear*, or *Terror*."

Papa—"Yes, you may call him either. But who is this sower that scatters seed in the ground?"

Cecelia—"I think there is in the Bible a parable about seed sown, and there it signifies something like *Instruction*."

Papa—"True, but it may also represent *Hope*: for no one would sow without hoping to reap. Here is an upright column, the perfect straightness of which is shown by a plumb line hanging from its summit exactly parallel to the side of the column."

Cecelia—"I suppose that must mean *Uprightness*."

Papa—"Yes, or *Rectitude*. The strength of the pillar also denotes the security produced by this virtue. Here you see a woman disentangling and reeling off a very tangled skein of thread."

Cecelia—"She must have a great deal of patience."

Papa—"She is *Patience* herself. The brooding hen beside her is another emblem of the same quality, which aids the interpretation. Who do you think this pleasing female is that looks with such kindness upon the drooping plant she is watering?"

Cecelia—"That must be *Charity*."

Papa—"Here is a lady sitting, with one finger on her lip, while she holds a bride in her hand."

Cecelia—"The finger on her lip denotes silence. The bridle must mean confinement. I could almost fancy her to be a school mistress."

Papa—"Ha! ha! I hope, indeed, many school mistresses are endued with her spirit, for she is *Prudence* or *Discretion*. Well we are now at the end of our pictures."

Cecelia—"Papa, what is the reason that in these pictures, and others of the same sort, almost all the good qualities are represented in the form of women?"

Papa—"It is certainly a compliment either to the persons or minds of your sex. The inventor either chose the figure of a female to clothe his agreeable quality in, because he thought it the most agreeable form, or he meant to imply that the female character is really the most virtuous and amiable. I rather believe the first was his intention, but I shall not object to your taking it in the light of the second."—*Evenings at Home*.

Quiet Courage.

One of the severest tests of true courage is to carry one's life quietly and faithfully under the cloud of a great uncertainty—something which makes it uncertain in what direction one's activity is hereafter to be put forth. This is not an uncommon experience; but, although it happens to many, it is never on that account the easier to bear. Living by faith has always involved a struggle, even for the most heroic souls, and most of us learn it by the most painful processes. Nevertheless, if we are to live with any strength and peace, learn it we must, sooner or later. If one broods over an uncertainty, strength is paralyzed and work half done. The man who worries loses the power which comes from concentration and a



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calm putting forth of his whole force. There is nothing to be gained by this brooding; there is everything to be lost. A strong life is one which commands itself, and does not give up the rudder to every wind of circumstance. When the time of uncertainty comes to a strong man he is not deflected from the thing in hand. If possible, he puts more strength and skill into it; not defying fortune, but accepting Providence by that calm doing of one's work which goes with the consciousness that the honest laborer is worthy of his hire, and that work well done to-day means the opportunity of more work to-morrow. Take your life bravely and strongly. If uncertainties come into it, meet them with quiet courage and good cheer. Above all, keep heart and hand in your work, and trust the future to that divine Providence which has ordered the falling of every sparrow.

Dreadful.

"Where's mamma?"

Dotty stole down from the nursery to see mamma for a little while; but mamma had gone out.

It was twilight and the sitting-room was nearly dark except for the glow which came from the fire in the grate.

"Who's 'is?" said Dotty, going toward the lounge.

There was quite a heap on it. Edith, her big sister, often threw her hat and cloak there when she came in from school; and now they were mixed up with the slumber-robe, and somebody must be sleeping under them, for a bit of black hair peeped out from one end. "Poor papa!" said Dotty, going up and stroking the hair with her soft little hand. He's tum home wiv a headache again. I'm sorry. I'll comb his hair and I won't sturb him one bit."

She brought a comb and carefully worked away at the black locks, whispering to herself.

"Papa always likes his head combed when he's got a headache."

"He's fast as 'eep, I dess," she went on, finding that he did not move. She put her little face close down to the hair and half-whispered.

"Papa, does I 'sturb 'ou?"

But papa did not answer, so she kept on combing, saying to herself:

"How g'ad he'll be when he wakes up and finds his headache all don!"

But just then the comb caught in a tangle.

"O papa, did that pull?"

No answer, and the combing went on. Another pull and the head moved a little.

"O papa, I'll be more tateful, 'ou see if I don't."

But a harder tangle came. The head moved toward her and fell upon the floor at her feet.

"O-o-o-o!" What a scream went before Dotty as she rushed into the hall.

"What's the matter?" cried Edith who was just coming down stairs.

"What's the matter?" asked mamma, who was just coming in the street door.

"O-o-o-o-o!" Dotty was too much terrified to answer, but Edith caught her in her arms as she tried to run up stairs.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"O-o-o-o-o!" cried Dotty, sobbing as if her heart would break. "Papa! Papa!"

"What about papa? He's down town."

"No—I've—pulled his head off."

"Nonsense, Dotty. What do you mean?"

"O, I have—I did. In there." She pointed to the sitting room, but kicked and screamed when Edith carried her toward the door.

"Papa isn't here," said mamma.

Dotty hid her head on Edith's shoulder as mamma lit the gas, but took a little peep out as Edith said: "See. Papa isn't here."

"O-o-o-o-o! Yes, he is—he's on the lounge."

Mamma tossed over the things on the lounge. No papa was there.

"But—look on the floor," sobbed Dotty.

Mamma picked up the thing of long, straight black hair which lay there.

"It's my new monkey-skin muff," said Edith.—*Sydney Dayre in Youth's Companion*.

—Better, by far, is it for a woman to live alone, though she live for a thousand years, than to be annexed in marriage to one of the masculine failures with which modern society is surfeited.