

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a caress, how many a kind word—how many a promise has been broken, how many a heart has been wrecked—how many a loved one has been lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to Heaven—how many a crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the heart's rarest treasures!

A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow and gladness which are never heard of. Go home heart-erring wanderer! Go home to the family, man of business! Go home and cheer that wronged heart, careless one! Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by. Leave your book with complex figures, your dingy workshop, your busy store. Rest with those you love, for God only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you. Forget the world of care and the battle of life which have furrowed the week. Draw close around the family hearth. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in their presence and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and to bless God for giving His weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river to the eternal, as Saturday night.

MOTHER'S CHAIR.

EFFECT OF READING ON CHARACTER.

Parents who do not exercise a careful supervision over the reading matter of their children, omit a duty of vital importance, and may reasonably anticipate subsequent disappointment, mortification and sorrow, in the failure of those children to meet the expectations which had been formed for them. Aaron

Burr revelled in the reading of bad books in early youth; and yet, with talents to have made him a second Washington, he went down to his grave with a reputation of a corruptor of his kind, a traitor, and a murderer. The son of the immortal John Howard, the friend of man, with all the advantages of a superior education and high social position, left to himself, to read what he listed—his mother being dead, and his father in foreign lands—fell into debauchery, and died a drunken madman in the lunatic asylum at Leicester, at the age of thirty-five. It is recorded of the Emperor Paul, the Nero of modern times, one of the most execrable of men, if received histories be true, that he took the utmost delight in reading exciting tales of every description; in contemplating pictures of rapine, murder and blood, only to practice them all, when, a little later, he was placed on the throne of all the Russians.

The W.C.T. Union work opens up to women avenues of usefulness that for their own sakes they ought not to hesitate to enter. Thus engaged, the circle widens and widens until the possibilities for usefulness are almost limitless. As the boundaries are set further on, the thought and sympathy of women reach out gradually to their limit; broader views of life and of humanity are taken up, and a deep, great love for all God's suffering ones is added to the love of the heart for family and kindred. In this work is found something of real "fellowship with God," and we are enabled to understand something of His great love, even for the unlovable, and to rejoice as in the presence of the angels of God," over His repentant, returning children.

From "Why and How."

Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity.—Horace Mann.