

The Family.

THE SHADOWY HANDS.

I WATCHED him from afar, with eyes That ached to see what perils lay Close-set along the jagged way—

I knew that he must press the path Marked for each human soul, alone; That he must meet the dangers strewn, Unhelped—that love the utmost hath No charm against the tripping stone.

My lids were wet with anxious tears; He dreamed not of the pitfalls spread To trap his all too careless tread. His thought was on the buoyant year So flushed with sunshine overhead.

I could but fold my hands, and plead, That heavenly presence, tender, sweet, Would choose safe passage for his feet, And in his hour of straitest need, Guide where the devious crossways meet.

But as I gazed aghast the night, Whose doubt, like mists, around me clung, The prayer was hushed upon my tongue; Just where the way was faintest, light, Star-like, was on a sudden flung.

And for a moment, circling round, I felt the sweep of winged hands, I saw the stretch of shadowy bands, I heard the voice whose mystic sound The rapt soul only understands.

"I charge you bear him safely, lest He dash his foot against a stone!" The light was gone—the vision flown— Comfort unearthly calmed my breast, My darling did not walk alone!

Margaret J. Preston, in Sunday School Times.

ELDER TROTWELL'S PREACHER.

THE church of which Elder Trotwell had been an officer for many years had lost its pastor. The Session had some accustomed correspondence on the matter with other ministers. There were some letters from ministers themselves who were just suited to the field, and whose adaptation was a providential indication which ought not to be resisted. There were letters of recommendation from other pastors for their friends, which they had gladly given, after several requests. In short all the machinery of candidating was in full operation in the vacant church. They had heard several men on successive Sabbaths. They had variety. An ex-college professor with some of the aroma of his lectures in his sermon, had been followed by a young brother whose examinations had only been accepted because the Presbytery was too tender-hearted to decline to ordain him. Then came the "gentle reader," who never lifted his eyes from the manuscript or made a gesture. He was succeeded by the noisy extempore man whose gestures were a succession of nervous spasms. They were as many and as diverse as the Cabinet Ministers. Then the Session had a meeting to discuss the situation. It was natural that the preachers should be discussed, and we are telling no secrets when we report some things they said. Among the men who had filled their pulpits was one who was strongly recommended by a dozen or more letters from well known clergymen. The Session thought him over estimated by his endorsers. "His sermons were trite." "He never used a single illustration." "He was a little monotonous in his delivery." "He would not get hold of the young people, we are afraid." But all this time Elder Trotwell had said not a word. At last they asked his opinion. "I found the very marrow of the Gospel in his preaching and my soul was fed on My Lord's own Word." There was silence for a moment before they began a similar process on another but eventually they did. "The young man of the preceding Sabbath had made a good impression but he lacked the dignity of the dear good pastor who had just resigned." (Blessings brighten as they take their flight.) "He was too fond of innovations, and no one could surmise what novelties he would introduce."

The young people all liked him, "but it would not be wise to choose a pastor to gratify the youth." What thought Elder Trotwell? "His enthusiasm and the warmth of his youthful manner did me good, and I caught something of his fire as I heard his earnest plea." Then there was one too tame and solemn but his piety moved the good Elder to tears of love and tenderness. There was one too foppish in his attire, but his sermons were full of Christ, the Elder said. One was too polished in his style; but somehow the Elder thought it gave dignity to the divine mission to have it presented in dignified language. One man's sermon was all illustration; but Brother Trotwell had never seen the truth of that sermon made so plain before. Gradually their criticisms grew less sharp and then they held a prayer meeting and soon found themselves ready to choose a pastor. In fact there was any one of a dozen whose choice would have been acceptable to that Session. One man had quietly turned the whole tide of judgment. Elder Trotwell was right all the time. He had gone to church to worship God and learn of Christ. And he did both to every service. Others had gone to hear the new candidate and criticize. Of course they saw things differently. Every man found what he was seeking. The one that flies from flower to flower gathers nothing but honey from every flower. The chemist who goes to the same flowers gathers a host of bitter extracts unpleasant to every palate. The congregation has as much to do with the result of a sermon as the

preacher. One man gets nothing but the honey of truth from it, the divine part, the other gathers up the human idiosyncracies and finds it all bitter. Great responsibility rests on the man who proclaims the Gospel, and equally great is the responsibility of him who hears it. Whoever Elder Trotwell's preacher may be, he will do him good, for he takes heed how he hears.—Mid Continent.

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

"ALICE, did you feel particularly edified by the discourse we listened to last Sunday?" "Well, not especially so, dear; it did not strike me as remarkably profound."

"And the singing was enough to set one's nerves all on edge. Of all insinuations, the worst is sitting under a volunteer choir."

"If they only would not be so ambitious. Why don't they select some simple hymn or chant?"

"Why, any one could give those, my dear; a volunteer choir must sing what ordinary beings cannot attain to. But to come back to what I was about to propose. Do you not think it would be more profitable for us to have a little service by ourselves this morning?"

We could take our Bible and Hymnal and our volume of Robertson's sermons down to the woods by the cliffs, and everything would be so quiet and harmonious, with nothing to jar upon us or annoy. You know 'the groves were God's first temples.'"

"Why, it would be delightful, of course, and I really do not see what objection there can be to it."

"Not the least in the world. We go to church to be fed, and if we can get better nourishment at home, we ought to avail ourselves of it."

"These words passed between a young man and his wife, as they were sitting in the old-fashioned stoop of a farm-house, enjoying the calm stillness that seemed to pervade everything that beautiful Sunday morning, when nothing broke the silence save the ceaseless, though almost unperceived, sounds of nature. In the rear of the house, the good farmer and his wife, with the assistance of son and daughter, were hurrying through the morning's work, that they might not be late to 'meetin'."

"We'll take the big wagon this morning, Thomas; then the boarders can have the hind seat, and your mother and Jemima can sit along with me in front. Do you think that your foot is really so lame that you can't walk?"

Tom managed at that moment to have quite an animated conflict with the old horse, prolonging the process of adjusting the bits, and thereby occupied the necessity of his answer.

and, as soon as all things were in readiness, the father and his wife, with Jemima sitting smiling between them, drove up to the front door. They looked somewhat surprised at seeing young Mrs. Hardy without her bonnet; but, thinking they were not aware of the lateness of the hour, the farmer called out, "Time to be starting sir. 'Tis up hill a good deal of the way, and I can't hurry the old mare much."

"We thought we would read a sermon at home to-day, Mr. Marston," Philip replied, after an instant's awkward silence. "Thank you for calling for us!"

The farmer and his wife looked a little surprised, and an expression of disappointment came over Jemima's smiling face; for she had cherished a hope that she might be so happy as to sit next in church to Mrs. Hardy, whom she greatly admired.

After the old wagon had disappeared, the open air worshippers, with wraps and books, started for the cliffs. As they were going through the turn-stile they encountered Tom, who had been an amused witness of the scene between his father and Mr. Hardy. He gave a little laugh when he saw them, saying, "Father thinks a man is a gone case if he does not go to church. He's dreadfully old-fashioned about some things. If I hadn't stubbed my toe yesterday, I should have had to be footing it over those hills before now. He looked mighty disappointed to think I wasn't ready to take your place in the wagon. My, how much better my foot feels! I guess by night it will be well as ever."

Then with a start, "I declare! I believe Dick scents a muskrat;" and in a moment he was rushing over the field with little trace of the limp which had been recently so apparent. These remarks of Tom's did not give either of our friends a very comfortable feeling; and at length Alice said, "Do you know, Philip, I almost wish we had gone to church after all; people are so apt to misunderstand one's motives."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Alice, each one must decide for himself, you know."

A most beautiful spot they had chosen for their place of worship. Philip spread the shawls underneath a fragrant pine, and, sitting down, they gazed out upon the sea. As far as their eyes could reach lay an unbroken stretch of ocean. The sun was shining brightly, and the blue sea with its sparkles glittered like a bed of diamonds. Two or three snow-white gulls were floating lazily along, while several little sandpipers skipped briskly over the sand. The sea was very quiet, and made only a little soft, lapping sound, as the incoming tide slowly crept up

over the beach. The breeze blew softly through the pines that were around them, and a delicious aromatic perfume filled the air.

"Now, my dear," Philip queried, as he settled his wife in the most comfortable spot, "Don't you think this outlook more inspiring than the white-washed walls that glared on us last Sunday? And do you think my taste very strange if I prefer that clump of scarlet lilies to the bouquet of sweet-william and asparagus-green that graced the table in front of the pulpit?"

"Come, Philip, stop making fun. I grant that you have selected an ideal place, and if only we do not forget to look from nature up to nature's God, perhaps we shall get as much good as by going to church; only I wish Tom had not said what he did, and, I am afraid that my example may have an influence on Jemima."

"Nonsense, my dear, you are positively growing morbid. But look at that sloop coming towards us; what can be more graceful than a yacht in full sail?"

Alice took out her little watch; it was half-past ten. "Time for the service to begin, Philip."

"Yes, dear; but just wait till that sloop comes about; it seems to me she is going very near that sunken ledge."

Alice waited patiently until her husband had satisfied himself of the safety of the yacht, and then, giving him the hymn book, asked him if they should not begin with singing.

"Yes, in just a moment. I see some luscious blueberries over there; wait until I get you a few;" and he was away before she could remonstrate.

Alice began to be in despair; for first her husband would catch sight of what he fancied were seals, and then he wanted to watch some wild ducks to see which course they were going to take; but at length he took pity upon her and said, "Well, let us commence with 'Lead, Kindly Light.'"

The hymn was sung beautifully, Alice's pure soprano voice harmonizing well with her husband's cultivated tenor, and they gave it with much delicacy of expression. Philip then chose for their Scripture reading the beautiful nineteenth Psalm, with its majestic opening of "The heavens declare the glory of God;" and then Alice took the book of sermons and selected one that she had particularly enjoyed reading to herself last winter. Her husband settled down into a most comfortable position, and Alice began. She had read but three or four pages when she felt her husband leaning rather heavily upon her, and, looking down upon him, found him peacefully reposing. The sound of her voice had lulled him to sleep.

"Why, Philip," she said, rather reproachfully, "are you not listening?" "Listening? Certainly, my dear. Why did you ask?" "Simply because I don't think you can listen when you are fast asleep."

"La, la, la, so," he said, "Well, that's too bad. Here, give me the book, and then I will be sure not to go to sleep. Look, there are those ducks coming back again. Unless I am very much mistaken, there will be some grand shooting to-morrow. I wonder if Ned Sears has noticed them."

"Yes; but, Philip, are you not going to read? Remember, this is church time." And thus reminded he turned to the book and read steadily until the sermon was finished.

"Now let us sing that lovely, 'Hark, Hark, my Soul,' to Dr. Dyke's arrangement," said Philip, "and then I think the congregation may be dismissed."

Another perfect Sunday came, and before breakfast Tom appeared at their door, with a twinkle in his eye, and said father wanted to know if they were going to meeting, because, if not, he wouldn't take the heavy wagon. He evidently was rather hoping that they would not go, not unwilling that some one should establish the precedent of non-church-going, and looked a little disappointed when Mrs. Hardy replied promptly, "Yes, Tom, tell your father we are going, and we would be glad to ride home, though we had planned to walk over, if you will show us the way across the fields."

Tom was a good-natured fellow, and, after promising to be on hand and serve as their guide, he departed, to tell his father that he guessed "Miss Hardy" had been reading her husband a lecture, for they were going to church this morning.

The walk to church that bright Sunday was most perfect. Recent rains had made the country clean and fresh, and no heat was felt in that early morning hour. Clumps of wild rose bushes lined their way and gave colour and beauty to the scene. Suddenly the sound of the church bell fell upon their ears. The rather harsh clanging bell was softened by the distance, and sounded impressive and inviting amidst the prevailing stillness. With deep meaning came to Alice the words of the Psalmist, "Let us go glad when they said unto me, 'let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.'"

A few more hills were climbed and they reached the old white church. The service was very similar to the one on the previous Sunday, but neither to Alice nor her husband did it appear the same. The thought that the church-bell had brought to Alice gave a new meaning to all she heard; she thought less of man and more of God; and her husband too had a restful consciousness

of being in the way of the Lord's commands, and this thought submerged all minor feelings of offended taste, so that he entered heartily into the service.

The congregation being dismissed, they were standing in the shadow of an old oak, waiting for the farmer to bring round his "team."

"Alice, I think you were in the right of it last Sunday, as you usually are," her husband said, as he looked down upon her with a smile. "I am glad we came up to the old meeting-house this morning. One's taste isn't always the best guide in the world."

"And, Philip, I cannot think that it was pure imagination that the tired-looking minister's face brightened when he saw us come in. But, whether it was or not, I have felt all this morning as David did when he said, 'I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord.—Congregationalist."

BREAD.

IN an humble home in Brittany, a letter, written in a strange hand, was received from the army. The soldier-son lay sick in a Swiss hospital. Hastily the mother and sister put together a few comforts, and the aged father was soon fitted out for the journey to Geneva.

On his arrival at the young soldier's bedside he found him still alive, but the last stupor seemed to be gathering over his senses, and the weakness that long and severe suffering leaves had paralyzed emotion, and almost destroyed recollection.

The father tried in vain to cheer him; the poor fellow could only whisper that he was glad to see him once more before he died.

"You must not die," said the old man. "I have brought money. You shall have medicines, delicacies, everything; and, as soon as you are strong enough, I will take you home."

The sufferer shook his head. He had all the medicines he needed; and as for tempting morsels, he had no appetite now, even for the things he had craved. There was "no more spirit in him," and indeed he seemed past help.

The father's heart sank, and he turned away to hide his tears. Presently he opened his travelling-sack and took out a loaf of bread, the native yeast bread of the Breton peasants. Breaking off a piece, he gently placed a crumb in his son's mouth. After a moment the sick man swallowed it and soon he opened his eyes and whispered, "More!"

"Your mother made that," said his father.

"I know it," he replied. "It is so good!"

He laid the little loaf on the bed, and the poor soldier took it in his hands and began to eat, with tears rolling down his face. "From that hour he steadily grew better, and in a little more than a fortnight he had so far recovered that he could be taken home."

By the side of this incident of time, place another that may almost be called an incident of eternity. When Bishop Beveridge lay dying, his physician and his nurse sought some sign of recognition, but there was no response.

The friends and kindred of his household came one by one, and asked, "Do you know me?" but their questions were unanswered.

Then someone said, "Do you know the Lord Jesus?"

"Yes," the bishop replied, "I know Him. He is my Redeemer."

The good old man did not come back to earth again, like the soldier revived by his mother's bread; but he went to his eternal home, strengthened by the thought of Him who had declared that He was the "Bread of Life."—Youth's Companion.

As children sometimes clasp in one small hand a prize, the other empty, and so stand with both behind them, saying, "Choose! I'll gain, a joy that disappears; if I lose, regret and foolish tears;" So grin, Greed, mocking us with hid success In one hand, in the other naught, says "Choose!"

And we, like children, quickly grasp At that which seems a treasure to enclose, To find the palm, how often bare, Or crushed the poor prize hidden there.—Selected.

SELF-RELIANCE.

THERE are many who are neither little children, nor invalids, nor victims of great sorrow and trial who yet insist on laying on others the loads which belong to themselves. In this way they also become hinderers instead of helpers. They think that they believe in the inspired lesson, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ;" but they get only one side of it, availing themselves of its privileges in their need, without ever putting themselves under its requirement on themselves. They believe in others bearing their burdens, but they have no thought of bearing the burdens of others. The other burden-text, "Every man shall bear his own burden," they seem to be wholly ignorant of. Yet there are loads which none of us have a right to shift to other shoulders than our own. We have no right to ask others to take their time to attend to our affairs, when we are quite able to attend to our own affairs. We have no right to expect others to solve our little perplexities, and help us bear our little trials, and sympathize with us in our little disappointments, when we are just as strong for these

burdens as our friends are. We ought to cultivate self-dependence to think and plan for ourselves, to meet our own questions, to do our own work with our own hands. Especially should we shrink from needlessly becoming a burden to those who love us, or who are patient enough to be willing to help us. We should at least seek to help our friends by not hindering them unnecessarily with our cares. We should learn the gospel of self-help even if we do not get into our life the other hemisphere of Christian duty,—the unselfish side of brotherly help.—Sunday School Times.

THE LIFE LEDGER.

Our sufferings we reckon o'er With skill minute and formal; The cheeriest ease that fills the score We treat as merely normal. Our list of ills, how full, how great! We mourn our lot should fall so— I wonder do we calculate Our happiness also!

Were it not best to keep account Of all days, if of any? Perhaps the dark ones might amount To not so very many. Men's looks are nigh as often gay As sad or even solemn; Behold my entry for to-day Is in the "happy column."—Nineteenth Century.

FATHER DAMIEN.

THE daily papers devote many columns to telling the story of the Rev. Father Damien, the Belgian priest of the Catholic Church, who has recently died from leprosy on the island of Molokai, in the Hawaiian group, to which island he went sixteen years ago as a missionary, for the purpose of ministering to the bodies and souls of lepers there confined, and where he has remained ever since, engaged in this philanthropic and Christian service, until he has at length fallen a victim thereto, and gone to reap his reward. We have seldom read a narrative of such thrilling interest, or one that reflects so much credit on human nature when sanctified by the grace of God, and devoted to doing good to others. Father Damien undertook the task of helping those whom almost everybody would shun. He did so at the peril of his own life, and when the signs were slowly but surely indicating to him that that peril of leprosy was imminent, he continued his work of benevolent ministrations to the last, and finally laid down his body to die among those whom he had endeavoured to benefit. All honour to the memory of such a man as Father Damien, or those Moravian missionaries who have, like him, sacrificed their lives in caring for communities of lepers! Christianity, when it enters the heart, and there becomes the controlling power, makes such men. Jesus gave himself for the world. Paul counted not his life dear unto himself if he might testify "the Gospel of the grace of God" to others. There is no philanthropy equal to that which the Gospel plants in the human heart. It turns the severest sacrifices for Christ and for humanity into pleasures, and enriches the soul with impulses and aspirations that grow only in the soil of love. God be praised for every such example of what the Gospel can do for human character.—N. Y. Independent.

"Some sewing-machines 'cut up,' have tantums, are perverse and unmanageable. The best treatment in such cases is to shut up the machine and belake one's self to the open air, work among flowers, play on the piano, and leave the machine to set itself to rights. The fact is, only when the operator can make herself an integral part of the machine, and work with mechanical regularity and perfection, will the machine respond perfectly to her volition. Theatrum mundi always in the operator, never in the machine; unless it is out of order. In such case, if the operator is in order, she will soon see how to put her machine likewise.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

"After a long time he came out. In came mother, rosy, sweet, holding in her hand a lovely bunch of greenhouse roses, in her arms a brimming bag of chocolate caramels. 'Aren't they beautiful?' she said, pinning one in her collar and putting the rest in a silver vase. 'I want one in my button-hole, said Willy, wistfully, eyeing the creamy, fragrant buds. 'Yes,' said mamma, sweetly, 'it would be pretty!' and fell to eating the candy with great enjoyment. Dinner was just as bad. They noticed him now and then carelessly. It didn't seem that anybody was displeased with him. Only nobody cared for him. Oh! the misery of that little sentence! Nobody seemed to be thinking to-day, 'I wonder what my little Willy would like?'"

After dinner mamma sat down and read, "What Will He Do With It?" Willy knew what he would do with it, could he only get hold of it. He would take that book and pitch it "clear way down to the bottom place in the well." Read and eat caramels!

Why, most always mamma read to him. And who ever heard of mamma keeping nice things to eat all alone? All at once mamma heard a great sob. She laid down her book and looked at Willy sorrowfully. "Does he want to come and sit in mamma's lap a minute?" she said gently.

Bounce! It was only Willy, but people who aren't used to boys might have thought it was a cannon ball struck them, or something. "Oh mamma!" cried Willy, squeezing her tight, "I wish I was your mother, and you were my little boy."

"Dear me!" laughed mamma, though she was almost crying. "What for?"

"Oh because I'd stop showing you how horrid it is not keeping the Golden Rule!"

Mamma took the hint and gave him some candy, with two of her best kisses. "Oh mamma," sobbed Willy on her neck, "wouldn't it be horrid to live in a house where nobody kept the Golden Rule?"—Home Mission Monthly.

TABLE ETIQUETTE FOR CHILDREN. HERE are a few good rules that can be safely followed: Give the child a seat that shall be strictly his own. Teach him to take his seat quietly. To wait patiently to be served. To answer promptly.

WILLY'S lips stuck out as if a bumble bee had stung them. Think of it! When his dearest own mamma was softly putting him to bed and talking to him so sweetly about the naughty things he had been doing all day. "When you spoke so to Robbie, did you think it was keeping the Golden Rule?" said mamma sadly. "He says just that way to me always," cried Willy excitedly, "and he's a-bound to break all my things, and he deserves to have his broke back again."

"But the Golden Rule, Willy!" said mamma. "My boy mustn't break that, if Robbie does break playthings." Willy didn't say "Don't care," but old Don't Care sat on his lips as large as life. Mamma went away, at last, and left him. She sat down by the window and tried to think up some plan to make Willy a better boy.

Next morning Willy came down to breakfast, when he got ready. Nobody called him. They had hot buckwheats and honey for breakfast, and usually mamma called him so as to have them nice; but this time she said: "He wouldn't trouble himself to call us. Never mind him." When he did get down everything was cold. "Why didn't somebody put 'em in the warming oven, Katy?" he asked in angry surprise. "You wouldn't like it, I guess, to have old fried griddles stone cold."

"Deed, and I shouldn't be," said Katy, "but a body can't be always doing to other folks as ye'd like them to do to yerself!"

To say, "Thank you." If asked to leave the table for a forgotten article or for any purpose to do so at once. Never to interrupt and never to contradict. Never to make remarks about the food, such as "I saw that turkey killed, and how he did bleed!" as I once heard a little boy remark at a Thanksgiving dinner. Teach the child to keep his plate in order. Not to handle the bread or to drop food on the cloth and floor. To always say "Excuse me, please," to the mother when at home, and to the lady or hostess when visiting, if leaving the table before the rest of the party. To fold his napkin and to put back his chair or push it close to the table before leaving; and after leaving the table not to return.—Selected.

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This was Willy's own idea, but it wasn't pleasant to take with cold griddles. "Where's papa and mamma?" he asked after a while. "Gone for a ride," said Katy. "Without me," cried Willy, choking. "Sure yis," said Katy, cheerfully. "They said they guessed it wouldn't pay to wait for you. You never wait for anybody."

He couldn't eat any more breakfast—no, not if the cakes had been red hot. Mamma gone, mamma to do so, mamma to speak like that! He went and hid his face in her old wrapper in the closet, and cried an hour or less. After a long time he came out. In came mother, rosy, sweet, holding in her hand a lovely bunch of greenhouse roses, in her arms a brimming bag of chocolate caramels. "Aren't they beautiful?" she said, pinning one in her collar and putting the rest in a silver vase. "I want one in my button-hole, said Willy, wistfully, eyeing the creamy, fragrant buds. "Yes," said mamma, sweetly, "it would be pretty!" and fell to eating the candy with great enjoyment. Dinner was just as bad. They noticed him now and then carelessly. It didn't seem that anybody was displeased with him. Only nobody cared for him. Oh! the misery of that little sentence! Nobody seemed to be thinking to-day, "I wonder what my little Willy would like?'"

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"Deed, and I shouldn't be," said Katy, "but a body can't be always doing to other folks as ye'd like them to do to yerself!"

This was Willy's own idea, but it wasn't pleasant to take with cold griddles. "Where's papa and mamma?" he asked after a while. "Gone for a ride," said Katy. "Without me," cried Willy, choking. "Sure yis," said Katy, cheerfully. "They said they guessed it wouldn't pay to wait for you. You never wait for anybody."

He couldn't eat any more breakfast—no, not if the cakes had been red hot. Mamma gone, mamma to do so, mamma to speak like that! He went and hid his face in her old wrapper in the closet, and cried an hour or less. After a long time he came out. In came mother, rosy, sweet, holding in her hand a lovely bunch of greenhouse roses, in her arms a brimming bag of chocolate caramels. "Aren't they beautiful?" she said, pinning one in her collar and putting the rest in a silver vase. "I want one in my button-hole, said Willy, wistfully, eyeing the creamy, fragrant buds. "Yes," said mamma, sweetly, "it would be pretty!" and fell to eating the candy with great enjoyment. Dinner was just as bad. They noticed him now and then carelessly. It didn't seem that anybody was displeased with him. Only nobody cared for him. Oh! the misery of that little sentence! Nobody seemed to be thinking to-day, "I wonder what my little Willy would like?'"

After dinner mamma sat down and read, "What Will He Do With It?" Willy knew what he would do with it, could he only get hold of it. He would take that book and pitch it "clear way down to the bottom place in the well." Read and eat caramels!

Why, most always mamma read to him. And who ever heard of mamma keeping nice things to eat all alone? All at once mamma heard a great sob. She laid down her book and looked at Willy sorrowfully. "Does he want to come and sit in mamma's lap a minute?" she said gently.

Bounce! It was only Willy, but people who aren't used to boys might have thought it was a cannon ball struck them, or something. "Oh mamma!" cried Willy, squeezing her tight, "I wish I was your mother, and you were my little boy."

"Dear me!" laughed mamma, though she was almost crying. "What for?"

"Oh because I'd stop showing you how horrid it is not keeping the Golden Rule!"

Mamma took the hint and gave him some candy, with two of her best kisses. "Oh mamma," sobbed Willy on her neck, "wouldn't it be horrid to live in a house where nobody kept the Golden Rule?"—Home Mission Monthly.