

the pretty, accomplished graduate from Vassar, the two ladies looked at her amiably, and she went on:

"Somebody must wash the kettles, and it is always best, when one has a disagreeable duty to perform, to do it not only at once, but cheerfully."

"Yes, perhaps," replied Mrs. Smithson, "but how could a young girl of real native refinement" (both sides of the Smithson family were of the "old stock") "take so kindly to washing pots and kettles? The fact of it is, people have been mistaken in Helena Mills. She never possessed that innate gentility she has credit for. But every one finds their own level sooner or later."

These two women having thus summarily disposed of Helena Mills socially, they repeated their belief that the lovely and dutiful young girl had now found her proper level over and over in their set, until it was the common talk in New City.

Miss Carlton, in her round of professional calls among the so-called *elite*, was entertained in nearly every household with the information that Helena Mills had given up her studies oven, and gone into the kitchen to work—"and, if you'll believe it, she likes it!" Then would follow reflections upon the natural ability and bias of mind of a young woman who was "fond of washing dishes."

This sensible, accomplished little drawing teacher was the only one to be found, who mingled in the "upper circles" of New City, who said a word either in praise or defence of Helena Mills's new vocation.

Miss Carlton always and everywhere protested that the young girl's course was not only praiseworthy, but beautiful. She maintained that every woman, young or old, high or low, who took upon herself the labour of elevating the much-abused as well as deposed vocation of housework—upon which the comfort of every home depends—to a fine art was a public benefactor.

Miss Carlton's friends all listened and laughed, and then went on with their senseless and malicious tirade. She was heartily glad when her engagements in New City were ended, and she was no longer obliged to move in such "select" society, whose ideas were always a mere echo of opinions—no matter how trivial and foolish—which had been expressed by a few of its more wealthy members.

Mrs. Dr. Forbes, *nee* Miss Carlton, had heard very little about New City society for five years. But having occasion to pass through the place on the cars lately, she treated herself to a little gossip chat with the conductor, whom she had known as a New City gallant.

"There is no particular news, Mrs. Forbes," said he, "unless it is the engagement of Helena Mills to young Lawyer Bartlett, son of Col. James Bartlett, you remember, owner of the big corner art store. A capital choice the young squire has made, too. She's as good as gold, and everybody says she's the best girl in the city. She's a perfect lady, withal, and treats everybody well. Why, bless you, Mrs. Forbes, when her father failed in '75, she took entire charge of the family, and she has managed the house ever since."

"Her father is now in business again for himself, and employs more men than ever. Her mother, who had been an invalid for years, was forced by Helena's example to try and exert herself so as to share her daughter's burden to some extent. As a result of the new, active life she has followed, she lost all ailments, and is now a happy, hearty, healthy woman. Helena's brothers have grown up to be fine, manly, helpful fellows, and the whole family are better off every way than ever before. As things were going on before Mr. Mills's failure, the whole family were in danger of being spoiled by too much luxury."

"There was a great deal of talk at first among the big-bugs about Helena's 'pots and kettles,' and they used to say she had found her true 'level.' I always thought there was a spice of malice in their talk, for the girls envied her beauty and accomplishments. I am rather fond of telling them now that Helena Mills has found her 'level' in the richest, most influential, and just the best family in New City."—*Christian at Work.*

NEARLY all the farmers of Iowa who have been troubled by the cyclones of the past season have provided against future loss of life by digging outside cellars, into which they and their families may retire in future possible similar emergencies.

OVER THE WIRES.

I hear a faint, low singing,
Like the sound of distant choirs;
'Tis a message gleefully winging
Over the telegraph wires.
And what are the glad wires humming,
As they stretch in the sunlight away?
"I am coming, coming, coming—
I am coming home to-day!"

And now I hear a sobbing,
Like some soul sitting alone,
With a heart that is wearily throbbing,
And lips that can only moan.
Oh! what are the sad wires sighing,
As they reach through the darkness of night?
"He is dying, dying, dying—
Come on the wings of light!"

The titillation of laughter
Next falls upon my ear,
And a burst of mad mirth after,
Like a sound of a distant cheer.
And what is the gleeful story
That the round fire spreads afar?
"Our nine is crowned with glory—
Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

Oh! what are the wires relating,
Morning, and noon, and night?
"The market is fluctuating!"
"Report of the Senate fight!"
"Cashier S—a defaulter!"
"Arrest a man named Brown!"
"Jones died to-day by the halter!"
"Wheat went suddenly down!"
"Dead!" "Born!" "Going!" "Coming!"
"Deluge!" and "Drought!" and "Fires!"
Singing, and sobbing, and humming,
Over the telegraph wires.

THE TIME WHEN WEE JEANIE CAME: A SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S EXPERIENCE.

I aye mind the time; I hadna been sae weel; I was low in spirits, and dreaded her coming much. I had a sair time, but the Lord carried me through, and added another wee lamb to our flock. But monie a day had I to lie in bed. Often I was low in spirits, but aye somehow I got a lift, and got cheerie again. When they were a' out, I would lie thinking about a' our straits, and things looked black enough, for we had had much trouble.

John's mother lay lang bedfast wi' us, and we wadna have a haapenny frae the parish. No a week for many months that the doctor wasna out seeing her. Then she was scarce taen away, when our wee Johnnie took ill o' fever, and after a month's sair fecht between life and death, was also ca'd away. We were deep in the doctor's debt, and I thought o' a' the time the kind man waited on me. The miller also had an account standing against us, that we couldna settle last term. Then, to make things waur, the spring had been very brashy and cauld, and monie o' the lambs dead, and those which lived were but smally.

Weel, one afternoon, as I lay thinking about a' these things which seemed sae sair against us, I couldna help greeting, and I was sae weary and sad, that I thought if it wasna for John, and the bairns, and this wee lammie in my bosom, I wad like to dee and be at rest. As I lay wi' the tears running owre my cheeks, I could hear John away out on the hillside crying to Rover the dog, and it minded me o' the happy time when he cam courting me, when the sound o' his voice made me sae glad; and I thought how wrang it was to wish to leave him, puir man to fecht on alane. Somehow also the distant cry o' the whaups, and purling o' the bit burn at the bottom o' the yard, running doon among the rocks, cheered me. I thought the bird-cries coming away owre the muir and that purling o' the burn very sweet music. And my mind wandered away to heaven, and I thought o' the saved a' safe there sounding their golden harps. Then the wind cam whushing and whushing round by the house corner, between the house and the auld thorn tree; and the lang branch, that the last storm nearly broke away, cam tapping and tapping at the window beside my bed, and this did me maist guid o' a', for I was minded o' the last sermon I heard our minister preach, on our Lord's words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." And I thought surely the Lord was knockin' at my door, in a' this trouble, and wanting to have a constant place in my heart.

Then I got a wonderful outgate, and the Lord Himself cam in, and I found sweet rest in Him. He

calmed my sair troubled heart in a way I never felt before. And He brought to my mind the texts my auld grandfather taught me, when I was a bit lassie: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper." Weel, I have read in Boston's Life, and in Elizabeth West's, and in those of ither believers in Jesus, o' the happy times they sometimes had, and how they were feasted at the King's table, and saw His kind face, and heard His words of love, but I never could say that I kend anything o' such an experience till then. It was to me a real time o' love. The Lord surely cam very near, and sae lifted up my heart, that I got aboon the thought o' a' my troubles, and I cried out, like David, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God."

My heart was made glad, and it was better to me than a' medicine. I soon got weel, and the doctor wadna hear o' sending in his account for monie a day, but we aye sent him something as we would. The lambs also brought a higher price in the market than we expected. Wee Jeanie also has thriven nicely, and looks up, the wee lamb, in my face and laughs in such a happy way, that she makes me laugh wi' joy, and aye leads me to think of the Lord's love to me when I sae low and sad.

We may hae much o' life yet before us, and I ken that this life is full o' trials, but I learned a lesson then which I can never forget, which will carry me through a': no to fecht wi' trials in our ain strength; far less to lie down and greet, as if a' hope were gaen, but to carry them a' to Him who will never desert His people in the time o' their need. Yes, the time when Jeanie cam, was a time when I had to sow in tears, but the harvest soon cam, when I reaped wi' joy. Weel may I mind it then, a' through this life, until I get where poortith and sorrow never come.

GOOD ADVICE.

Mr. R. S. Burdette, he of the *Hawkeye*, gives the following advice to a young man:—

"My son, when you hear a man growling and scolding because Moody gets \$200 a week for preaching Christianity, you will perceive that he never worries a minute because Ingersoll gets \$200 a night for preaching atheism. You will observe that the man who is unutterably shocked because F. Murphy gets \$150 a week for temperance work, seems to think it is all right when the barkeeper takes in twice so much money in a single day. The labourer is worthy of his hire, my boy, and he is just as worthy of it in the pulpit as he is upon the stump. Is the man who is honestly trying to save your soul worth less than the man who is only trying his level best to go to Congress? Isn't Moody doing as good work as Ingersoll? Isn't John B. Gough as much the friend of humanity and society as the bar-tender? Do you want to get all the good in the world for nothing, so that you may be able to pay a high price for the bad? Remember, my boy, the good things in the world are always the cheapest. Spring water costs less than corn whiskey; a box of cigars will buy two or three Bibles; a gallon of old brandy costs more than a barrel of flour; a 'full hand' at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his church subscription amounts to in three years; a State election costs more than a revival of religion; you can sleep in church every Sunday morning for nothing, if you are mean enough to dead-beat your lodging in that way, but a nap in a Pullman car costs you two dollars every time; fifty cents for the circus, and a penny for the little ones to put in the missionary box; one dollar for the theatre and a pair of old trousers, frayed at the end, baggy as to the knees, and utterly busted as to the dome, for the Michigan sufferers; the dancing lady who tries to wear the skirt of her dress under her arms and the waist around her knees, and kicks her slipper clear over the orchestra chairs every night, gets \$600 a week, and the city missionary gets \$600 a year; the horse-race scoops in \$2,000 the first day, and the church fair lasts a week, works twenty-five or thirty of the best women in America nearly to death, and comes out \$40 in debt. Why, my boy, if you ever find yourself sneering or scoffing because once in a while you hear of a preacher getting a living, or even a luxurious salary, or a temperance worker making money, go out in the dark and feel ashamed of yourself, and if you don't feel above kicking a mean man, kick yourself. Precious little does religion and charity cost the old world, my boy, and when the money it does give is flung into his face, like a bone to a dog, the donor is not benefited by the gift, and the receiver is not, and certainly should not, be grateful. It is insulted."