

GROWING.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Unto him that hath Thou givest Ever "more abundantly." Lord, I live because Thou livest, Therefore give more life to me; Therefore speed me in the race; Therefore let me grow in grace.

Deepen all Thy work, O Master, Strengthen every downward root, Only do Thou ripen faster, More and more Thy pleasant fruit. Purge me, prune me, self-abase, Only let me grow in grace.

Jesus, grace for grace outpouring, Show me ever greater things; Raise me higher, sunward soaring, Mounting as on eagle wings. By the brightness of Thy face, Jesus, let me grow in grace.

Let me grow by sun and shower, Every moment water me; Make me really hour by hour More and more conformed to Thee. That Thy loving eye may trace, Day by day, my growth in grace.

Let me, then, be always growing, Never, never standing still; Listening, learning, better knowing Thee and Thy most blessed will. Till I reach Thy holy place; Daily let me grow in grace.

THE CROSS-ROADS.

"Which road do we take, grandpapa?" inquired Harry, as grandpapa's little black mare and Harry's pretty little pony pattered slowly, side by side, up towards the cross-roads.

"Whichever roads you would like the best," replied grandpapa, carelessly. Harry turned and looked at him, it was such an odd reply; but the face gave no more information than his answer had done.

"You are joking, grandpapa, I know you are," said Harry, laughing.

"Joking! I am very serious," replied grandpapa.

"But, grandpapa, we want to go to Cresson."

"So we do. Your cousins will be pleased to see you, Harry."

Harry found that his grandfather said no more about the road, so he waited a minute until they came to the point where the question must be decided.

Grandpapa drew up his reins and quite stopped his little mare, and Harry wondered very much what he meant to do, coming to a full stop just at the point where the two roads crossed each other.

"Do you forget which road to take grandpapa?"

"No, indeed! I have trotted over them both too often to forget about them."

"Then which shall we take, grandpapa?"

"The one you like best, boy."

Harry was perplexed. Grandfather seemed so earnest in saying such a silly thing.

"I don't care which road we take, grandpapa, only I want to go to Cresson."

"You want to go to Cresson, of course, but it is strange that you do not decide which you like the appearance of the best; one, you notice, is much smoother and easier travelled than the other."

"Grandpapa, I am sure they cannot both go to Cresson."

"Oh no, nobody said they did, boy; but what does that matter?"

Harry was greatly disturbed; he thought something must be the matter with his grandfather, or that he was very provoking.

"We cannot get to Cresson, grandpapa, if we take the wrong road," he replied, a little impatiently; "how can it matter about my liking the road?"

"It matters a great deal. One road is uphill and down all the way for miles, and leads over a stream which we would be obliged to ford; the other is smoother, easier; which do you think you would prefer?"

"But, grandpapa, we will have to take the right one, no matter what kind of a one it is."

Harry's little "Midge" was getting somewhat fussy, and wanted to go; Harry looked perplexed as he tried to make Midge stand still.

"I do not know, grandpapa; but do let us go," he pleaded.

"Yes, it is hard to stand still; ponies, horses, boys, men, women, time—all like to go, and do go, but the great point to decide is where to and how to get there."

"Grandpapa, you are too funny for anything," said Harry, more and more bewildered; "we decide to go to Cresson, and now the thing to do is to go, isn't it?"

"Yes, but how?—that is the question."

"By the road which leads there, grandpapa, for you know yourself if we take the wrong road we shall never, never reach Cresson, if we even ride for a year."

"Do you really mean that, boy?" inquired grandpapa, solemnly; "do you mean to say that it is so important about the road?"

Harry did not like to laugh at his grandfather, but he did do it; how could he help it!

"Why, grandpapa," he said, as he patted little Midge, and try to make him stand as still as "Jet" was doing, "it is just as important to get on the right road as it is to start at all; don't you think so?"

"To be sure I do," said grandpapa, with a sudden earnestness; "I see that you agree with me, so will not consider which road is the easier, or more agreeable, but take the one leading to Cresson, which is this to the right. But stay a minute; Midge must wait. Did you think your grandpapa had lost his senses?"

"No, grandpapa, not just that," said Harry, patting Midge, and feeling relieved that they had succeeded in so far coming to reason.

"Boy," said grandpapa, holding Midge's bridle to make him stand quite still and just where he could look in Harry's puzzled eyes, "you are standing at two cross-roads, instead of one. Do you know what I mean?"

"No, grandpapa, I cannot think."

"These roads lead to the north, south, east, and west; the eyes can see them; the other cross-roads lead to God and away from Him; there are only two of them."

Harry was a little puzzled yet.

"If I should ask you which you would choose, the good or evil road—the road to God or away from him—I know what you would answer me; you would not wait to consider a minute; you would choose the good, and that would be well as far as it went; but thousands have chosen the good and have come out at the evil end."

Thousands have said they choose to travel towards God, but have found themselves afterwards with their backs to Him, at the very end of the wrong road. They never started towards God, or walked on the good way at all. The reason was that they never stopped at the cross-roads and considered properly what road to take. Their mouths said, "I wish to go on the good road which leads towards God," but they did not stop and question, and find how to get on the good road. They were contented with thinking that they wanted to go towards God, but did not begin to go. If you are going to Cresson, you must take the road to Cresson, and keep on it, no matter how rough, steep, slippery, crooked, or vexatious in every way it may be. If you want to go towards God, you must take the road leading towards God, no matter how hard, disagreeable, or trying it may prove to be."

"I never thought about its being like two roads," said Harry, forgetting how funny it was of grandpapa to stop Midge and Jet in the middle of the road to talk in such a puzzling fashion.

"Boy, you are young; that means you are coming to the cross-roads. Look out! Do not say, 'I want to go to Cresson,' and set your face towards Munford. Decide for God or against Him; I pray it may be the former; and get on the right road. Get on it; keep on it; stay on it; walk over it—up hill or down hill."

"Grandpapa, you puzzled me very much at first."

"Yes, boy," said grandpapa, dropping Midge's bridle and letting both him and Jet start at an easy pace, "I suppose so; but I want you to get these cross-roads, and the importance of deciding about them, fixed in your mind so that you will never forget them, that they may always come back as though they were before your eyes, reminding you of those other cross-roads of which

I have been speaking. When you think of going to Cresson, remember the importance of deciding about the road and keeping on it. When you think of these cross-roads, remember, too, these other cross-roads of good and evil; for, boy, you can no more reach heaven by the wrong road than you can get to Cresson by going towards Munford."—George Kingle in *Band of Hope Review*.

PLEASANT HOMES AT SMALL COST.

Many of us think, had we the means, we would do so and so, or get this and that, but the expense is so much we cannot afford it. But let us economize in some other things, that we may save a little money. Let us dispense with a piece of jewellery, or perhaps a new dress also, if your husband will deny himself a few costly cigars that he thinks so necessary, you could save in a few months enough to buy a tasteful piece of statuary.

Money, after all, is not the most important thing to make home beautiful, good taste does much more. A few dollars will cover your walls with good prints from Raphael, Rubens, Ary Scheffer, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and others, or buy a pretty statuette. We have seen costly statues that were less beautiful than a plaster bust or cast, because the sentiment of the latter shone through even the cheap materials while in the former there was no sentiment at all. There are thousands of parlors where more money is put in costly furniture, than would cover your walls with the works of great masters of all times, and would fill the book case with the works of the greatest writers.

It is not true that only the rich can surround themselves with beautiful homes, for even if you cannot afford a good engraving, you can have trailing vines growing from some bracket or in your windows, or a bit of a fern and a few plants, or a photograph of some rare picture, neither of which cost much, will lift what otherwise would be a common room into the regions of the beautiful, as for a very trifling sum, a miniature conservatory may be built. You have to tack a small angular projection, with a sloping roof, consisting of glass panes in a wooden frame, to a window looking south, and you have what, while seeming as a refuge for plants in the winter, will transform your plain little parlor into an Arcadia. It is gratifying to see the plants and vines grow and twine around the lattice and creep up the walls. And there are still other things, that make home beautiful. That is pleasant faces, and happy dispositions, and one trying to contribute to the comfort and happiness of the others. Home is the haven of rest, from the day's toil and routine of domestic duty, and we should make it as attractive as we can.—*The Household*.

THIS ONE THING.

It is always a question of importance to the busy man or woman, how to be able to do the hundred and one things which must be done daily, and yet retain any sense of unity in their doing. The trivial details which make up the daily round of duty seem to produce no worthy result, and the energies which might have been applied to the doing of a single grand work appear to be dissipated in the doing of a hundred little tasks which when done, count but trifles. Yet, after all, the difficulty of doing many things and yet doing one thing only, is not so great as at first sight it seems. It is simply the difference between a box of beads, unstrung and lying loosely together, and the same beads when set in their proper position on a string. The hundred little duties all can be done in a way which leaves them still a hundred, or they can be so permeated with a single aim that they become parts of a single great vocation. No duty however small is a trifle; and the smallest duties gain a new importance when they are gathered into the unity of one life-work, by the linking power of a genuine devotedness to Christ. "This one thing I do," wrote an apostle who was a busier man of affairs than most of us; and we, if we would share with him his privilege of doing one thing only, must gain that privilege, not by refusing to do the multitudinous duties of common life, but by making each duty a part of the single life-work, of doing the will of the Father in heaven.—*S. S. Times*.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

June 22.—Rom. 13: 1-10.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

Obedience to rulers,—exceptions. The circumstances when God must be obeyed rather than man, may be illustrated (1) by the example of Peter and John before the self-assumed authority of the Jewish Sanhedrim (Acts 4: 18-21); (2) by Daniel and the decree of Darius that he should not pray (Dan. 6: 1-24); (3) by Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and the command of Nebuchadnezzar to worship the image (Dan. 3: 1-30); (4) by an historical example given by Prof. Sanday. "Are we to say, for instance, that Hampden was wrong in refusing the payment of ship-money? Or if he was not wrong—and the verdict of mankind has generally justified his act—what are we to think of the language that is here used by St. Paul? Supposing the magistrate calls upon the subject to do that which some other authority ordains with that of the magistrate forbids—supposing, for instance, as in the case of Hampden under a constitutional monarchy, the king commands is one thing and the Parliament another—there is clearly a conflict of obligations, and the decision which accepts one obligation is not necessarily wrong because it ignores the other. There will always be certain debatable ground within which opposite duties will seem to clash, and where general principles are no longer of any avail. Here the individual conscience must assume the responsibility of deciding which to obey." (5) Examples in connection with obedience may be found in Christ paying the tribute money (Matt. 22: 17-21), and in many incidents in Paul's career.

Christian obedience makes the best citizens. Sitting on the portico of the hotel at Long Branch, Admiral Faragut said to me, "Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country? It was all owing to a resolution I formed when I was ten years of age. My father was sent down to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. I accompanied him as a cabin boy. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink a stiff glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gaming in every shape. At the close of dinner one day my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me, 'David, what do you mean to be?' 'I mean to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime.' 'No,' I said, 'I'll tread the quarter-deck and command as you do.' 'No, David, no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.' My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke, and overwhelmed with mortification. A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath, never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors; I will never gamble. And, as God is my witness, I have kept those three vows to this hour. Shortly after I became a Christian. That act settled my temperance as it settled my eternal destiny."—*Leaves from the Tree of Life*.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The political duties of the Christian, or our duties to our country may be enforced by this lesson, for whatever makes us good Christians necessarily makes us good citizens. I. First duty,—obedience to rulers. Exceptions illustrated by examples. II. Second duty,—doing our part towards their support. III. Third duty,—reverence to superiors. IV. Fourth duty,—loving our neighbor as we do ourselves.

WASHING OIL-CLOTHS.—In washing oil-cloths, never use any soap or a scrub-brush. It will destroy in a short time an oil-cloth that should last for years. Use instead warm water and a soft cloth or flannel, and wipe off with water as you trim milk.

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