

The Family.

PRAYER FOR OUR CHILDREN.

FATHER, our children keep I We know not what is coming on the earth...

Father, draw nearer us! Draw firmer round us Thy protecting arm...

Them in thy chambers hide! O, hide them and preserve them calm and safe!

When sin abounds, and error flows abroad, And Satan tempts, and human passions chafe.

O, keep them undefiled! Unspotted from a tempting world of sin; That clothed in white, through the bright city gates...

COMING OUT OF SCHOOL.

A LARGE number of young people will end their school-days this month. Many will be graduated from universities, colleges, seminaries, high schools...

There are several suggestions which seem worth making to those who are now bidding good-bye to school-life. No young person needs on this occasion...

Another suggestion is, that young people should not make the mistake of shutting up their books and giving up their studies because their school days are over.

It is a good thing generally for busy people with many tasks, to take one study at a time and devote to it all the minutes and quarter hours they can get...

It will require considerable courage and determination to adopt and follow out such a course. The temptation for young people is to enter into social life...

There was something in Miss Susan's decided tone which suggested to her patron's sharp ears that some other object had risen above the old maid's horizon...

"Well, yes," she reluctantly admitted Miss Susan, "I did get hold of a plan that it seems likely would just suit; the doctor at the house says they're awful short of nurses; he says, says he, 'you'd make a good lady superior, Sister Susan.'"

"Don't be hasty, Susan; take some time to look around you before you make up your mind."

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The aim of this article is to urge and stimulate young people now leaving school to regard their work as students as but begun, and to encourage them to take up at once without break, and pursue with unflinching energy through all their years, a system of home-study...

HER SPHERES

"MOTHER, Miss Susan has had a little fortune left her."

"A fortune? Miss Susan? Nonsense, Herbert why do you say such childish things?"

"A child is supposed to speak a simple, unvarnished tale, isn't it? Well my admiring mother, that is just what I am doing. Miss Susan, I tell you, has had a fortune left her."

"Ah, now your curiosity comes to the rescue of your unbelief, you grant me, then, that Miss Susan has had a fortune left her?"

"I would grant you a box on the ear, if my hands were not so busy just now, for teasing me about a matter that you must know I am sincerely interested in."

Mr. Herbert Johns' handsome mother threw enough reproach into her tone to bring the young man to more sober speech. He landed his chair safely on its four legs, after prouetting it around on one, and left off bantering his mother.

"Yes, Madame, in good earnest, her California uncle has left her \$10,000."

"Is it possible! I wonder what the good soul will do with it? I really am afraid, Herbert, that the change, at her time of life will make her unhappy."

"Then I hope, mother, that you will suggest to her to give it to me. It would not make me unhappy, I assure you."

But Mrs. Johns was not far wrong. Miss Susan Park had learned the dress-making trade while she was a girl in her teens. She was a woman of forty now, doing an excellent business, getting a dollar and a half a day, and laying by a little something every year.

"An orphan asylum!" exclaimed Mrs. Johns in natural surprise. The old maid's cheek was still fresh enough to colour deeply.

"Yes, I love childer, an' I think I'd hardly want to go to heav'n, if I could have a dozen of them, with blue eyes, and curls, and white dresses, in my house all the time."

"This was the old maid's first dream of what to do with her money. Mrs. Johns had not the heart to break in upon it with cruel facts, of ditty, wilful, untidy, diseased, ungrateful little creatures, such as she well knew fell to the lot of most orphan asylums. She only said:

"Don't be hasty, Susan; take some time to look around you before you make up your mind."

"Well, Miss Johns," said the heiress plaintively, some weeks later, "I'm glad enough I took your advice about looking around a bit, before I set out for an orphan asylum. I went to the Home of the Aged, told 'em what I was thinkin' about, and asked them to let me stay a few days and look 'round. But land's sake! I could hardly stick it out for two days. I didn't have an idee that childer was so noisy and so pesterin'! If I was younger, maybe I could get used to 'em, but it wouldn't suit me now, no way."

"There was something in Miss Susan's decided tone which suggested to her patron's sharp ears that some other object had risen above the old maid's horizon, and she promptly turned her glass upon it."

"Well, yes," she reluctantly admitted Miss Susan, "I did get hold of a plan that it seems likely would just suit; the doctor at the house says they're awful short of nurses; he says, says he, 'you'd make a good lady superior, Sister Susan.' It does sound a little popish, but we wouldn't wear crosses nor black veils, nor nothing like that."

"Mother," said Mr. Herbert Johns, coming into her dressing-room one day,

"did you set Miss Susan Park up for a nurse?"

No, my dear," answered the lady, trying vaguely to recall what she had done in the matter, "but why? She hasn't poisoned anybody, I hope."

Mr. Herbert picked out his favourite chair and then sat down to enjoy a good laugh. "I ran across the good soul to day at Mr. Lancaster's, who, by the way, is very sick, and of all the sights she was the most absurd; gotten up in some fanciful costume of cap and cape, and so on."

"How did she seem to be getting on?" asked his mother.

"Well I was there about 11 o'clock," he answered, taking out his watch and regarding it attentively; "it is now two, and I'll bet my hat if one or the other of that duet isn't stark crazy by this time, but I'd make a safer bet on Miss Susan herself."

"Oh, Herbert, what sort of a speech is that? Do tell me what you mean?"

"I mean," said he with an effort to look reasonable, "that Miss Susan has about as good an idea of nursing as a blacksmith, and I felt obliged to go and tell Dr. Carr so."

It was some time before Miss Susan could be coaxed back to Mrs. Johns' house, but the tide of confession set in at last.

"Yes, I like to went crazy at the job, the doctor told me so many things to do, and not to do, that I was all in a muddle, and then, bless your life, the sick man wouldn't let me do anything. He just swore at me, and told me to let him alone and go about my business. Now you know I never could stand with my hands folded, doing nothing, so I tried to tip around and tidy things up a bit on the sly; but la, me, I'd as soon go into a wild beast's den as to nurse a sick man again."

Little by little came further confessions. Miss Susan had thought of making a home for old people, of going on a foreign mission, of being a tract distributor, in fact, she had aspired to all the forms of usefulness open to her ken.

"But 'tain't no use," she said breaking down into a good old-fashioned cry, "seems as if I couldn't do any of the things that the Lord wants done; I don't see what good I am, anyhow."

The soft folds of Mrs. Johns' sarah fell over Miss Susan's scant calico skirt, as the handsome, fashionably dressed woman sat down on the sofa close to the disconsolate old maid. The shapely white hand was laid over the bony fingers that had known such constant labour, and Miss Susan's friend spoke as soothingly as one does to a tired child:

"Now, Susan I want to tell you something. I went to Mrs. Brown's high tea last week, and while a party of us were sitting at a little cluster of tables, eating wafers and sipping bouillon, your name was mentioned."

"I am so sorry to hear that Miss Susan is going to give up sewing," said one; "not on account of the sewing; of course somebody else can do that; but I shall miss the little woman so much. I always feel more charitable to my fellowmen, more reverent towards my Maker, more humble-minded, and less frivolous when I have had her in my house for two weeks."

Mrs. Johns paused, and Miss Susan's downcast eyes were full of tears.

"Then," she continued, another lady spoke up: "Yes, indeed, she said 'you can't think what a loss she'll be to me. I have always said I owed Miss Susan Park a great deal for her influence over my girls. They have always been devoted to her ever since they were little tots, sitting by and getting her to cut out quilt pieces; and now that they are grown they still love and admire her. Her gentle Christian character, together with her pure, high-minded views of things, and the earnest little speeches she makes, checks their levity and vanity. Oh, I assure you I could cry about her leaving her old customers.'"

As Mrs. Johns talked on, telling the lonely old maid how one and another household loved and valued her, a streak of sunshine seemed to touch her tears with rainbow colours.

"Go 'long, Miss Johns," she said, blushing like a girl, "ain't you 'shamed to be saying such things to my face; but I feel all made over somehow by what you tell me. La, how nice it will be to go to Mrs. Holmes next week, and make over her blue chaille. As for my money, I'll tell you a secret Miss Johns; I was so beat out about it that I took the papers and things last week to Mr. Herbert, and he promised to tie it up in something so I couldn't get any more if I wanted it, 'cept the interest, and I'm just going to divide that 'round. When I come to think of it, I know lots of people that'd be pleased to get a little help out of it, and then I won't have any more stayin' awake at nights. If you b'lieve me my fingers are fairly aching this minute to get hold of Miss Holmes' blue chaille."—Elizabeth P. Allan, in the Interior.

THE DEFECTS NOTICED IN ONE SCHOOL.

- 1. Half of each class faces away from the platform during opening exercises. 2. Not enough singing-books. Some boys' classes have none at all. Result—bad singing. 3. Superintendent began to speak before perfect order was secured.

In prayer, many scholars, both young and old, keep gazing around the room.

One small boy came in during prayer, walked to his class, and entering it disturbed the whole class.

The lesson of the day was not read by the school or to the school. Teachers cannot hold them.

On entering school, superintendent came and spoke to me, but never offered me a book or a seat. I found a seat as best I could.—Rev. A. F. Schaffner.

HELEN'S SACRIFICE.

SHE was feeding Sport, the kitten, with a silver spoon, smiling over the curious way in which the little pink tongue lapped up the creamy drops.

Tabby, the mother, meantime sitting on the easy-chair, with her tail curled gracefully over her paws, looked on, well pleased with the performance. She had enjoyed her saucer of milk, having eaten it in her own fashion, without any spoon, a way that she very much preferred. But every one to his taste and if her Sport was to be brought up to use silver spoons, why, she was willing.

Before Sport's supper was over Mrs. Carpenter looked in as she passed the hall. "Helen," she said, "I don't like to have Tabby on that chair; I don't especially like to have cats in this room, anyway; and, my dear, you should not use the table spoons for the kitten."

"Why not, mamma? She is just as clean as any of us, and her little pink tongue laps up the milk in such a cunning way. She is very fond of cream; this is nearly all cream I am giving her to-night, and she likes it much better than milk."

"Which reminds me," said Mrs. Carpenter, "that I have something to tell you. The Parkmans sent to-day to know if we could let them have milk; their Susie is not at all well, and the doctor has ordered milk for her, but they can get none anywhere. I told them your own little cow that grandma gave you was the only one giving milk now, and that you had the disposing of it yourself, and I would ask you as soon as you came home."

Silence on Helen's part for some minutes, then a long-drawn sigh; then this: "I suppose, mamma, Tabby and Sport might go without milk for awhile, though I don't see how they can when they have always lived on it. It does seem as though there ought to be milk somewhere besides at our house!"

Mrs. Carpenter said not a word. "But if you think best," said Helen, after another pause, "they can do without for awhile, I suppose."

"I certainly think we should accommodate a sick neighbour if we can," said Mrs. Carpenter. "Then I will send them word they can have a pint a day. That is about what you give Tabby and Sport now; it will give Susy a spoonful or two of cream, which will be better than none."

This plan was carried out: the next day at the supper-table Mrs. Carpenter, as she helped Helen to her second glass of rich milk, said:

"Mrs. Parkman is very grateful for her pint of milk; she says Susy relishes the cream from it better than anything they have tried. She expressed so much gratitude for the accommodation that it was almost embarrassing."

"She should have expressed it to Tabby and Sport," said Mr. Carpenter "as nearly as I can learn, they are the ones who are sacrificing for Susy's benefit; they certainly deserve a vote of thanks; but as for the rest of us, I do not use milk and cannot therefore join the cats in their benevolence. I think it should be explained to Susy to whom the gratitude is due."

"Papa," said Helen, her cheeks very red, "I will go without my milk if Susy needs it; I did not think."

"The cream from a pint of milk is hardly enough nourishment for a child who can take nothing else," Mr. Carpenter said gravely. "If my daughter would sacrifice for herself as for her kittens awhile, I certainly think it would be more in keeping with the rule by which she ought to live."

So Helen joined Tabby and Sport in their sacrifice and knew for three weeks what it was to live without milk.

"It is harder for the kittens than for me," she said to her mother, "because I can see that the milk is doing Susy good and they don't know anything about it; they just think I am hateful, I suppose, because I won't give it to them." This sentence was followed by one of Helen's long pauses. Then she said in a grave tone, "Mamma, I have just thought of something very strange. What if the things we have to give up, that we want, and that we don't understand why we can't have them—what if the reasons for doing without them, are as plain to the angels as the reason the kittens should not have milk is plain to me? Only we are like the kittens about some things and don't understand. Do you know what I mean, mamma? I can't explain it very well."

"I think I do," Mrs. Carpenter said, smiling. "Your kittens are very good teachers. They helped you to apply the Golden Rule to your own life; now it seems they are leading you to higher lessons still."

The Children's Corner.

MY LITTLE HERO.

EARLY'S bravest and truest heroes Fight with an unflinching foe, And win a victory grander, Than you or I can know.

We little dream of the conflict Fought in each human soul, And earth knows not of her heroes Upon God's honour roll.

One of earth's little heroes Right proud am I to know; His name for me is Mother, My name for him is Joe.

At thought of a ten-year-old hero Perhaps have many smiled; But a battlefield's a battlefield, In the heart of man or child.

There were plans of mischief brewing, I saw, but gave no sign, For I wanted to test the mettle Of this little knight of mine.

How proud was I of my hero, As I knelt by his little bed, And gave him the best-time kisses, And the good night words were said!

True to his Lord and manhood, May he stand in the world's fierce fight, And shun each unworthy action Because it "wouldn't be right!" —Eben F. Rexford, in Christian Union.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

HE sat in the hammock, doing nothing in particular. He had a stick of red-and-white candy in his hand, but was not eating it, for the simple reason that he had already eaten so much sweet stuff as to be conscious of an uncomfortable feeling in the region of his stomach, but he did not like to put the candy out of his sight.

"Wait, run and see if there are any eggs in the nests," "Yes'm," said the boy in the hammock. "Wait just a minute and I will." But he did not stir from his place.

"Wait!" shouted the voice of his brother from the distant hayfield, "bring us a fresh pitcher of water, can't you?" "If I will wait till I've hunted the eggs for mamma, I will," shouted back the boy, and sat as still as a mouse, taking a suck now and then at his candy.

Some minutes passed, and his Aunt Sarah appeared in the doorway: "Wait, are you there? Can't you clip to the grocery and get me some lemons? I need another and they are all out."

"Why, if you can wait a little while, I will," answered the boy. I have got two things to do first." But he sat still. Under a tree just behind the hammock, sat the new teacher, who boarded at the house from which the calls had come. It was Saturday, and he liked to bring a book and sit under the great old trees. He was not reading now, but was looking at the boy with a curious smile on his face. "My boy," he said at last, "how do you spell your name?"

"Our name?" was the brisk reply; "B-r-y-s-o-n."

"Oh! but I mean the first name. I know how to spell the other one." "Why, there isn't but just one way to spell my first name, it is John. That's all there is to it; no middle name, nor nothing."

"John!" said the teacher in a surprised tone: "why how in the world do your friends get Wait out of that? I have been here a week, and I have never heard you called anything but Wait." Then the boy in the hammock had some red cheeks. He laughed a little and looked foolish, and wished he had gone at that first call; then he would not have had such a troublesome question to answer.

"Why you see they just call me that for a nickname," he explained at last. "Everybody does and I don't think they ought to. do you? It isn't my name any more than it is yours."

"But how did they get into the habit in the first place? Nicknames generally mean something; there was a fellow in college whom we called Solomon, because he was always giving us the benefit of his wisdom. Why do you suppose they took up the fashion of calling you Wait?"

"Why," said the boy looking down at his feet, and wishing he was in the hayfield, "the way of it was, I s'pose, I—er—well, they said I was saying 'Wait a minute,' when they called me and so they began to call me 'Wait,' and after a while they couldn't help it."

"Oh! and the name doesn't fit you now, and yet they keep using it? That is a pity. I should say if you had quite given up the habit that prompted the name, it is no more than fair that they should give up its use."

Just then they were interrupted, the side door opened again, and the mother's voice was heard— "Wait Bryson, havn't you gone to hunt for those eggs yet?" "Yes'm," said Wait, slipping down from his hammock, "I'm going this minute!" And as he walked away, he said, "It isn't exactly fair to make him think that I have given up saying it, but I didn't tell him any such thing. I wonder if he heard me say it every single time this afternoon, and is it a kind of making fun of me? I wish they didn't call me Wait. I mean to give it up, and see if they can learn what my name is."—Pansy.

Our Story.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF McNEIL.

BY AMELIA B. BARR, Author of "Jan Voller's Wife," "The Daughter of Five," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

TOWARDS the end of October an event occurred which was destined to be a very important one to Grizelda. One morning early there was an unusual outcry in the kitchen offices of the palace, and while Grizelda was wondering what might be the meaning of it, her maid—a Roman woman—came to seek her help.

"Poor Caterina was ill—was dying. Had maladi any medicine good for her."

Grizelda went to look at Caterina. She was a very pretty young girl, who had attended for some weeks to Grizelda's fine laces and lawns, and occasionally—when there was one of those sudden changes which Maxwell insisted upon—served also as a temporary lady's maid.

The girl was very ill. She lay on a stone bench in the great comfortable kitchen, drawing every breath in an agony. Amongst the fishers in Edderloch Grizelda had seen similar cases. She knew at once that it was an acute inflammation of the lungs, brought on by some long fatigue and exposure, and that the illness was likely to be severe and tedious.

At the very moment her maid appealed to her she had been feeling how aimless, how empty of all opportunities for good, was her life, and lo! here at her hand was a very work of love and mercy.

Without a moment's hesitation she ordered Caterina to be taken to a comfortable room. She sent for her own physician, and entered with all her heart into the duty of saving the girl's life. It was a hard battle. There were days when it seemed a hopeless battle.

But after many weeks' faithful and affectionate care Caterina was again among her companions. Her gratitude was not only deep and sincere, it was demonstrative. She had not been schooled to put the pedal down on all feeling, and reduce emotion to one placid tone. Caterina's love and hate, her anger and her gratitude were very real things, and she was continually looking for some way of expressing them.

Her lover shared all her thoughts. He was a handsome young Roman, loving a country life, but drawn to the city because it was the only place where it was possible for him to get money—a want Peppo felt to be the supreme one of existence. Maxwell had noticed him frequently hanging about the palace, and there was something in the man's face which attracted him. Some under-stand each other. Maxwell's soul said to him—"If ever you need a tool for a deed of darkness, you can buy that one—he has a price for any crime—against a foreigner." For Peppo quieted his conscience with this broad distinction—only against foreigners and heretics would he use his stiletto. That was a venial offence, to be atoned for with a light penance; but a Roman and a Catholic! that was a crime unpardonable, both by the priest and by his own conscience.

When Caterina recovered, she talked much to her lover of Grizelda and Grizelda's husband. Peppo had his own thoughts on the matter. Maxwell read them in the man's face. Long before they said a word together they understood each other. And whenever Maxwell went out of the house, and whenever he returned to it, Peppo was lounging somewhere near the portal. Sometimes he doffed his gay tasselled cap, sometimes he only sent the English lord a glance of intelligence. Yet no number of words could have made Maxwell better understand that Peppo knew the secret wish of his heart, and was ready to grant it—for money.

But nothing good or bad happens at once. There must be preparations. The flower is long budding, but in some secret hour when no mortal sees, it becomes a rose. A man has a noble thought, he muses over it for years, then, in some diviner moment, he writes his name to a piece of paper, the gold answers it, and the hospital or the college grows to its perfect intent.

So it is with evil. Judas had long pondered the possibility of betraying his Master. But with the eating of that sop the devil took possession of him, and he went out and did the deed of hell. Six months after his marriage Maxwell had begun to regret it—to wish he had never seen Grizelda. Dissatisfaction quickly grew to hate. Hate is the mother of murder; and before he saw Peppo the desire to murder Grizelda was hot and living in his soul. It was only waiting its full hour. Both men were aware of that fact.

Near the end of November Grizelda heard of her sister's death. Maxwell was out when the letter came, but she was determined to see him that night. And while waiting his return she helped her maid to pack a few necessary garments for a journey. For she felt that she must go to her father and comfort him. Unfortunately, in her sorrow, she forgot her own appearance. Her eyes, red and swollen with weeping, her undressed hair, the loose white nightgown, which at that late hour she had assumed, though all in absolute fitting with the time and circumstances, filled Maxwell with angry repulsion.