BEYOND. Under the grand, green palms of heaven vet shall walk. With the good and the wise of the ages past, Shall some day talk. I shall day my cross at the gate of pearl, And take my crewn, And then at the shining feet of my Lord Shall cast it down. If He smile upon me, my soul may faint With excess of blies, For the glorious King of that happy world Is the Christ of this; The very Master, whose patient feet Walked in Galilee, Over the burning wastes of sand, And midnight sea. The tender Shepherd, who far and late,

Sought wandering sheep,
And led the way to His heavenly fold Through death's chill sleep I have followed His steps so far, so faint, I fain would fear Lest I never might kneel at his shining throne, But that even here

I have His promise, steadfast and sure-The humblest one Who trusts in the Saviour's dying love, To Hem shall come. So I know, some time, I shall leave my toil, And enter rest; I know not when- I know not how-Twill be His best: So I cheer my heart through the weary days, With coming bliss, That shall compensate in the future world, For the pain of this. Instead of Marah, my lips shall drink And infinite peace from my soul erase All scars of strife.

NOT ASHAMED OF IT.

-Christian at Work.

" Zeke, why don't you swear?" inquired the foreman, as he paused a moment before the table of the " handy man" of the mill. "Weil," replied Zeke, "to tell the truth, I've given up swear-

ing."
"Where is your spit-box?" " I've given up chewing," continued the other in the same

"Anything else that you've given up?" was the laughing in-

"Yes, sir, I've given up a heart a ba .... I sin-stained as ever a man han, and I've got a new one. a clean one, in its place," replied the young man earnestly.

The foreman flushed, frowned, and departed.

Zeke wiped the sweat from his brow and turned to his work. It was no easy task for him to acknowledge his penitence for the pash and his strivings for the right, but he was glad that Le had done it.

"Look here, Zeke," said "old Tom " a fellow workman, "there's some grind, some joke in this. You hain't really turned pious, have yer? I mean, honest pious you know."

"I have certainly, Tom, as far as really meaning it goes. I am trying with all my might to be a Christian,"

"I bot a case of lager that you will swear before night, and will be chewing inside of a week," was the old man's comment. "Oh, I hope not !" exclaimed

Zeke, an almost despairing look coming over his face.

"Hope not! Why don't you say, "It shan't be so?" said his companion.

"Tom, you don't know what a fearful night it has been for me, replied the young man. "I tried for weeks to break myself of swearing, but could not. Half of the time when you fellows were laughing at my strings of oaths, I was in agony because I was breaking my resolutions. The more I tried to stop, the chicker and faster they

"How long is it since you have subdued tone.

kept on the watch, and every time that I was tempted"-

teeth hard together, and closed his eyes.

" Are you sick?" inquired his friend in some alarm. Zeke shook his head, and after

a moment said,—

if the devil just poured all the oaths in existence into my mind, and as if I must utter them."

"How do you keep from saying them?' asked Tom. "I just say, 'O Lord, drive him

leave mo. Just then the foreman returned. Tom moved away, but was cal-

"Did either of you know that I " he a kc " No " sold Zeke honestly.

never dreamed it." " N .. I " raid Tom.

two company, if you don't object," said Tom wistfully. "I ain't much on such things, but I've longed for something of this sort | bons and pale rose colored satin. for many a year."

As they shook hands in parting the foreman said,-

"Now, boys, let's always be honest about this. Let folks know that we have to struggle, that we have to fight to hold our own, and that we are not ashamed of it."

### PERRY'S HINDRANCES.

There had been extra services in Dr. Foster's church for several weeks. Young and old, one after another, had yielded to the blessed influences around them, and dedicated their lives to Christ's service.

Among those who still resisted was Perry Osgood. An attentive, constant attendant at the meeting, he gave no other sign of interest. Many were the hearts that were troubled about him. many were the prayers that were offered in his behalf. Most of those who spoke to him on the subject obtained only brief, unsatisfactory replies, but finally, of his own free will, he gave his confidence to one of his schoolmates.

"I envy you boys that are going to join the church next month," he said; "I-wish I could."

"Then why don't you?" "I'm not a Christiam'

"That need not be true any longer than you let it."

"To tell you the whole trut! Rob, after all the advice and pray ers I've listened to in the last six weeks, I've no idea of the first step. They say 'Decide to love and serve Christ, and then do it;' but I can't love people 'to order,' as it were, just because I made up my mind to do it. The harder I try, the more I don't succeed."

" Begin at the other end."

"What do you mean?" mer?"

with it? friends now, aren't you?"

" Yes.

" How has it happened?" vors; and after a while I got to liking him first rate," "Don't you see now what I

"That if I begin to do things

love him?" " Exactly? If you take Jesus at his word when he says he'll save you, and then do all you can for him, you will be a Christian. The love will take care of itself, or, rather, he will send it in his

own good time."

think of it." The result of his thinking was that on the next Communion Sabbath he stood with those whom he had envied.

## A WOMAN'S WHIM.

dol'ars to the Lord's cause, and The Empress Josephine had six left a name that will never die. hundred thousand france for hor Are there got boys and girls who own personal expenses, but this sworn?" asked the listener in a sum was not sufficient, and her one-tenth of all the money they debts increased to an appalling "Three days," was the reply. extent. Notwithstanding ine "All of my waking hours I have position of her husband, sne could never submit to greer or etiquette in her private life. She rose at 9 The young man stopped abrupt- o'clock. Her toilet consumed ly, turned very white, shut his | much time, and she lavished unwearied effort on the preservation and embeliishment of her person. She changed her linen three times a day, and never wore any stockbaskets were brought to her con-"I have to stop every now and | taining different dresses, shawls then to fight it off. It seems as and hats. From these she selected her costume for the day. She possessed between three and four draped about ner shoulders with equal grace. She purchased all away! Drive him away!' over that were brought to her, no matand over again until the thoughts | ter at what price. The evening | toilet was as careful as that of the morning; then she appeared with flowers, pearls and precious stones in her hair. The smallest assemwas a church member, a profess- to order a new costume in spite of small courts-it a space 12 feet | ing by the day or week, 27 Wash-"Well I am, although I have wife would weep and promise to occupied almost entirely by a goods, and other articles are adbeen coid and indifferent. I wish be more prudent, after which she windowiess mud hut, covered by vertised, but the name and address wen, and I want all of would go on in the same way. It a flat roof of maize stocks mixed are wanting. They are probably

"I kinder like to keep you exhausted itself. After the di- winter bed-room of the whole famvorce she arrayed herself with the same care, even when she saw no one. She died covered with rib-

A STORY OF TITHES. Many years ago a lad of sixteen years left home to seek his fortune. All his worldly possessions were tied up in a bundle which he carried in his hand. As he trudged along he met an old neighbor, the captain of a canalboat, and the following conversation took place, which changed the whole current of the boy's life: "Well, William, where are you going?" "I don't know." he answered. "Father is too poor to keep me at home any longer, and says now I must make a living for myself." "There's no trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right, and you'll get along finely." William told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he had helped his father while at home. "Well," said the o'd man, " let me pray with you once more, and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go." They both kneeled upon the tow-path (the path along which the horses which drew the canai-boai walked), the dear old man praye learnestly for William, and then this advice was given " Some one will soon be the leading soap maker in New York, It can be you as well as anyone. hope it may. Be a good man; give your heart to Christ; give to the Lord all that belongs to him of every dollar you carn; make an honest soap; give a full pound,

and I am certain you will yet be a great, good and rich man.' When the boy arrived in the city he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's words the addition of a few kids, lambs, and the last words of the canalboat captain. He was then and "Do you remember your quar- there led to "seek first the kingrel with John Hopkins last sum- dom of God and his righteous- fortably in close proximity to the ness." He united with the church. family without any danger of bi-"Yes. What's that got to do He remembered his promise to the old captain. The first dollar with each other's comfort. "You and he are pretty good he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. He looked into his Bible, and found the Jews were commanded to give "Why, when he broke his leg one-tenth; so he said," if the Lord mother sent me there with things will take one-tenth I will give for him several times, and I had a that," and so he did. Ten cents of on the envelopes are not allowed chance to do him several little fa- every dollar was sacred to the Lord. After a few years both partners died, and William came to be the sole owner of the business. He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain; he made an for Christ's sake, I shall learn to honest soap, gave a full pound. and instructed his book-keeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one-tenth of his income to that account. He was prospered; his business grew; his famity was blessed; his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then decid-"You've helped me more than ed to give the Lord two-tenths; all the ministers put together. I'll he prospered more than ever: then three-tenths, then fourtenths, then five-tenths. He then educated his family, settled all his

# AN EGYPTIAN HOME.

plans for life, and told the Lord

he would give him all his income.

He prospered more than ever.

This is the true story of Mr. Col-

gate, who has given millions of

will now begin to give the Lord

receive, and continue to do so

throughout life?

Let us begin by visiting the house of a poor member of the community, so as to get an idea of Fellah life in its simplest form. In a blank wall of about eight feet ings that were not new. Huge high, composed of sunburnt bricks, and veneered with a couting of sun-dried mud, we find a smail deorthrough which no one over five or six years of age could pass without stooping. As this is the only hundred shawls, and always wore contrance, we conclude that the one in the morning, which she proprietor has neither buffalo nor any of the larger kinds of agricultural instruments, and that any hopes he may have of acquiring live stock in the future do not soar above a cat, a few barn-door fowls, and perhaps a very dimiautive denkey. A glance at the interior confirms this conclusion. bly was always an occasion for her | The enclosure consists of three the leads of drawers in the vari by 6 can be dignified by such a ous palaces. Bonaparte was irri- name connected by holes in the tor." One correspondent earefultated by these expenditures; he partition walls similar in size to would fly into a passion, and his the entrance. The first court is boots, shoes "gents" furnishing the hands to know of it this is almost incredible that this pas- with clay. This diminutive structured But she didn't know any better, which was baked in your loaf of sion for dress should never have ture is at once the kitchen and Chris. Weekly.

ily, comprising a married couple. the husband's old mother, and two young children. A large brick stove, which occupies twothirds of the dark interior, is used in the daytime for baking the bread and cooking the scanty fare, and at night it serves as a bed for all the inmates. During the warm summer nights they can sleep on a bit of seed matting in one of the two other "courts." In the first of these are two hollow mud-pillars for storing the grain and other provisions, and close to these primitive provision chests sits the old grandmother churning buffalo's milk-presumably for one of the neighbors-in a kid's skin suspended by a bit of palm-tree rope from a long peg in the wall. Leaning on her shoulder is a young child, whose perfect nudity is only partly concealed by the multitude of flies which cluster on his dark brown skin, and who divides his attention between the churning operation, the unexpected strangers, and the bit of sugar-cane which he is gnawing with intense satisfaction. In the third and innermost court there is nothing but a small mud hut which represents the family treasurv. Without making a personal inspection, we can construct with to!erable certainty an inventory of its contents. There will be the gaudily-painted wooden trunk in which the wife, when a bride, brought her modest trousseau to her new home the few articles of wearing apparel and female ornament novactually in use, and some copper cooking utensils. These constitute the entire movable property of the family, unless we include under this term half a dozen lean chickens, which have been taught to subsist by their own exertions. The premises are quite sufficient, therefore, for all practical wants, and if the live stock should be hereafter increased by or even a donkey, no additional accommodation will be required, for the new comers can sleep compeds and quadrupeds interfering

IN DIRECTING LETTERS.

The letters that ignorant or careless persons drop in the postto remain undelivered without Out of my reading I gathered this some attempt to decipher the obscure addresses. Many letters are found every day intended for delivery in streets known to be in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston. Baltimore, Newark or other cities, but all addressed to New York. is that which leads us to aban' Frequently the name of the city a good cause because it is is omitted, but it can often be and join a bad cause becar supplied. The cause of some of strong. the mistakes made is obvious. For instance, the business man who addressed an envelope to " Messrs. Lord & Flannel, Broadway," was evidently thinking of the goods he was ordering of Lord & Taylor. When the same firm was addressed as "Bayard & Taylor." the literary turn of mind chur was evident. "Messrs. Howard & Crosby," to whom several letters were directed, were found to exist only in the person of . agent doing business at the tion of Howard and Crosby The many mis a cas of

foreigners are rather .

cult to correct than the careless errors of business for instance, a let' aris directed to "My husband, N arch America," no amount of ing marity can find the person for w area it was intended. What prac arced eye and skillful guess er a secompiish is done. Mr. Str ae, the head of the deciph- a big covered carriage, and he ering department, will read with- brought her apples in his pocket, out difficulty "Old Berme," as and took her on his knee and told A.bany; "Cykaga," or "Zeguga" as Chicago; "Tetruitt" as Detroit; "Sonnkikut" as Connecticut, and the like. A letter addressed to "Signignical's Hotel, New York," finds its proper destination at St. Nicholas. But when only loving messages and farewells are found on the envelopes, the task becomes more difficult. "We meet again," "Good-bye for the time." "Respectfully your devoted friend," and "Good-bye, dear brothers and sisters," all addressed carefully to North America, hardly afford sufficient basis for identification. Scarcely more intelligible is "Boarding and lodgington, Mrs. Johnston, propriely copies a business card on which

GOD'S FINANCIAL SYSTEM.

One-tenth of ripened grain One-tenth of tree and vine, One-tenth of all the yield From ten-tenths' rain and shine.

One tenth of lowing herds That browse on hill and plain ; One-tenth of bleating flocks, For ten tenths' shine and rain.

One-tenth of all increase From counting-room and mart; One tenth that science yields, One-tenth of every art.

One-tenth of loom and press, One-tenth of mill and mine One-tenth of every craft Wrought out by gifts of Thine.

One-tenth of glowing words That glowing guineas hold One-tenth of written thoughts That turn to shining gold.

One tenth ! and dost Thou, Lord, But ask this meagre loan, When all the earth is Thine, And all we have Thine own? - Churchman

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS. Out of life there is but one gateway. The exit is so constant hat it is never closed. The approach to it is by different paths, varying in length. To some it is a long, hard, tortuous journey; to others, it is short quick, airect. Life is a treadmill experience between its two boundaries—the cradie, where it is nursed into strength and beauty; and the grave, where, in weakness, it goes lown to death and to dust. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." This is the epitome of human history. It is a history of come and go, of give and take. God gives and we take joyfully; God takes and we give back sorrowfully. The need of all is grace to be graceful in any event. The following little gem, by Ella Wheeler, is sugges-

### A PINCH OF DUST.

I read of a king who sat on a throne. And ruled a nation in regal state. As great a king as the world has known, Yet he had at last but a beggar's fate; For he died; as each and all of us must, And his royal fame is a pinch of dust.

I read of a warrior of great renown, From cean to ocean resounded his name, With a sweep of his sabre he mowed men And the world cried "Bravo!" and this was fame;
But he died, as each and all of us must.

And his sword is idle and red with rust. There was a lover who loved his love With all of passion and youthful fire-Loved with the love of gods above, With glowing rapture and fond desire

But he died; as each and all of us must, And the grave was the goal of his hope As every reader and thinker must, Power and glory and eartl ly bliss Are nothing more than a pinch of dust. -Christian at Werk.

The meanest act of cowardic

# FOLKS.

IN MEETING.

anday little Annie May, red in the country, went to ch for the first time.

She wore a bine dress, and blue shoes and white stockings, and a white straw bonnet with blue strings tied under her mite of a dimpled chin. Her eyes matched the ribbon, and her cheeks were pink as a rose, and her hair was almost the shade of my canary's wing.

Altogether, she was a very sweet and dainty little maiden indeed.

Elder Kogers was the preacher. Appie knew him very well. He came te her papa's house often in her steries while she ate them.

Annie remembered all this; and when the elder had taken his place in the pulpit she slid off her seat and crept out under the settees to the pulpit, before any body knew what she was going to do. She held up her wee mouth.

"I've come to give you a kiss," said she, "and I want you to tell a story.'

The congregation smiled-all but Annie's Aunt Jane. The elder smiled, too, and took the kiss, and told Annie she must wait a little while for the story.

Annie climbed up in the big chair to wait. But she couldn't keep her blue eyes open; and the first thing she knew Aunt Jane was shaking her awake.

"I'll bring you the story tomorrow," laughed the elder. "And apples?" asked Annie.

Wasn't she a funny little girl? you know .- Youth's Companion.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

God, make my life a little light Within the world to glow-A little flame that turneth bright Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower That giveth joy to all, Content to bloom in native bower. Although its place be small.

God, make my life a little song That comforteth the sad-That helpeth others to be strong. And makes the sinner glad.

God, make my life a little staff Whereon the weak may rest, That so what health and strength I have May serve my neighbors best:

God, wake my life a little hymn Of tenderness and praise-Of faith that never waxeth dim, In all his wondrous ways.

### THE COURAGEOUS GIRL.

I was once introduced to a young girl of about fifteen years of age, who e graceful manners attracted my attention. I knew th at Louisa, for so I will call her: was the only child of wealthy and do ating parents, I knew she was highly educated and very accomplished; but of her moral character I knew nothing. It so. happened that we were both detained over night at the house where we had met, and as there were many other guests, a -room was assigned to the interesting young stranger and myself, which the two daughters of our host were also to share with us. These daughters were much older the Louisa, and far from being religious; while I at that time was indifferent and thoughtless. We were all chatting and laughing and Louisa at first joined us with her sweet musical voice; but before retiring, she gently withdrew into a corner of the room, and

knelt in prayer. I can never forget the impression made upon my mind by this act of quiet, silent de otion. My mirth was hushed; I felt as if I ought to pray; I wished I was like Louisa, and that, like her, I could pour out my heart before an unseen Friend. When she arose, I saw such a sweet smile upon ner face, that as she bent over to kiss me, and to say an affectionate " good-night," I felt almost reverence for the fair young quature who had piety and coura go enough thus to confess Christ before strangers. I knew that it must have cost her an effort to do her duty under the se circumstances, it. Doubt ess her gay companions felt the same; and perhaps they, li se me, were led, by witnessi ag that simple act, to set a ne value on religious faith and Lope. Years have passed; yet. when tempted to forsake the right.

through fear of man, the memory of that kneeling girl has often imparted new strength and courage, and influenced me to care less for "them that can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do."—American Messenger.

## MODESTY REWARDED.

During the time of the famine in France, a rich man invited twenty of the poor children in the town to his house and said to them: "In this basket is a loaf for

each one of you; take it: come back every day at this hour tilk God sends us better time ." The children seizing the baskets

wrangled and fought for the bread. Each wished to get the largest loaf, and at last went away without thanking their friend. Francesca alone, a poor but neatlydressed girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gracefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and went away to her home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill behaved and Francesca this time received a loaf that was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she got home, her sick mother cut the loaf, and there fell out of it a number of bright silver coins.

The mother was alarmed, and said: "Take back the money this instant, for it has no doubt got into the bread by some mistake." Francesca carried it back; but the benevolent gentleman declined

to receive it. "No, no," said he; "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my good child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable and unassuming The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarre! for the larger one, will find throughout life blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money

bread."—The Morning Star.

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