

The Family.

THE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Bye inward into souls afar,
Along the psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any be,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His bed sleep."

LIFE AND ORGANISATION.

"Don't exaggerate," is a piece of
advice that everybody seems to need.
Paul magnified his office, but he said
no more than the truth about it after
all. That is more than can be said for
most people who have anything to tell,
for a good deal has to be taken off any
account they give. What is the reason
of this? Is it a secret consciousness that
nobody believes all they say, and that
therefore they must put on something
extra so as not to suffer too much by the
inevitable abatement? Or is it by way
of counterpoise to exaggerations on the
other side? Whatever or how many
soever be the reasons of the custom, it
is a custom more honoured in the
breach than the observance. The fact
is that exaggeration naturally breeds
disbelief. A plain unvarnished tale
wins assent, while a narrative highly
coloured and adorned is regarded with
suspicion. Why should every biog-
rapher try to make out that his hero
was the embodiment of all the virtues?
Who believes in such paragons as are
portrayed in the lives of a thousand
forgotten clergymen? Old grand John-
son secures our confidence, because we
see him in Boswell's manner as he
lived—fond of veal pie with plums in
it; treasuring up orange peel in his
waistcoat pockets; drinking twenty-five
cups of tea when he was sulky, without
uttering as many words, burning the
front of his wig at the candle in his
shortsighted anxiety to read; losing his
temper when he got the worst of the argu-
ment, and rudely putting down his op-
ponent with his arbitrary "No, sir." So,
again, at public meetings, why should
the mover of each successive resolution
affirm that it is the most important of all
those submitted to the meeting? Why
should every new scheme be heralded to
the world as the last flower of human wis-
dom? Will the world have nothing to
do with anything that comes short of
the very best? Or is it a necessary
part of the advertising trade—as we see
displayed, for instance, on the sides of
railway cuttings, where the passing travel-
ler may read that "Colman's Mustard
is the strongest," "Champion Mustard
is the purest," and "Keen's Mustard is
the best"? Everything it seems must
be in the superlative degree. If some
plucky tradesman were to advertise that
his goods were not the best, but yet
good in their way, such a piece of origi-
nality ought to secure him quite a
run of custom.

NIDICULOUS DOLLS AND PEN-
WIPERS.

SUSAN CRAWLEY took the lamp and
photograph albums from the centre
table in the parlour, and placed thereon
instead a square box marked H.B.
"Are you ready, Susy?" her mother
called from the kitchen. "The band
will soon be here."
In fact the band was now coming up
the village street in the shape of a half
dozen chattering school girls, each
armed with her scissors and thimble.
This busy band and its work had filled
Susy's mind all winter. She had
talked, thought, dreamed of them incess-
antly. But to-day she opened the box
and took out the dolls and pen-wipers
with a shrug of annoyance and discon-
tent.
"I don't know what Alice will say to
it all," she said. "Our whole way of
life seems so small and poor to her.
She said this morning that 'she had no
respect for religion that took cheap and
goody-goody shapes.' The band is
cheap and goody-goody enough, I'm
sure."
Good-humoured, fat little Mrs. Craw-
ley was not given to abstruse specula-
tions on religion. She came up to the
table and turned over the dolls and pin-
cushions.
"This seems the right work for you
girls to do just now," she said simply,
and then hurried away back to her
baking.

SACRED CATS IN EGYPT.

ANCIENT Egypt was indeed a "cats'
paradise." The goddess Bast, or Pasht,
was a cat, and being under her protec-
tion and types of her, all cats were sac-
red. During life they were treated with
respect, and their personal safety was
guaranteed by rigorous laws; when dead
they were buried with solemnity. They
wore earrings and necklaces; but when
this honour was accorded to all
cats, or only to those of high degree
and exceptional sanctity, is uncertain,
as only some of the statues show
these ornaments, while some have also
a jewel on their foreheads.
But not only individuals were dedi-
cated to Bast; we know that she had
a town of her own (Bubastis) especially
devoted to her worship. Cats were
sometimes sent to the sacred city to be
buried, especially those that had been
enerated in the temples of Bast.
Some authorities give the cat's name as
Mau, Mat, Maau, and some Egyptol-
ogists have read Chado, but it ought to
be read Maou, and is one of the exam-
ples of onomatopoeia, or names formed
in imitation of sounds, of which "cuc-

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

POOR DICK.

"LIVING in bed makes one feel very queer
I should think I had been here most a year.
The rolands are singing, 'Get well, dear
Dick!'
And lololinks laughing, 'Come quick, come
quick!'
"Birds can have breakfast and then fly away,
Noddy tells them, 'Enough for to-day.
There are fifty things I should like to eat—
Some pudding with sauce, and gravy with
meat."
"Here is too little broth and too much cup;
I'll be lost in the bowl if I drink it up.
My head is so light and I feel so small,
I could drop through a buttonhole, clothes and
all."
"The room shuts up like a fan if I wink;
And what ails the house I'm too tired to
think."
They smiled at each other, mamma and Aunt
Fan.
And laid him down softly, the dear little man.
—Louis Hall in Little Men and Women.

DETECTIVE POLLY.

DETECTIVE POLLY and little dog Jip
both lived at a bakery in Boston. They
were good friends, though Polly some-
times teased Jip and made him "beg"
when he didn't want to.
Polly's owner was the baker, and I
am sorry to say he was not an honest
man. He cheated in the weight of his
loaves of bread. Many of his loaves
were too light, though he always kept
some of the right weight in his shop.
Every little while a city officer visited
the bakeries to see if the loaves were
all right, for there was a law which fixed
the weight of the loaves.
One day Polly's owner saw the officer
coming, and he called out to the shop
boy, "Carry the light loaves down cellar."
Now Polly was fond of saying things
over after people, and so just as the
officer was going away she called out,
just as the baker had done, "Carry the
light loaves down cellar." This made
the officer suspect that all was not
right. So down he went into the cellar
and found the light loaves, and the
baker was fined.
This is why I call Polly "Detective
Polly," because she brought the baker
out in his cheating, though of course
she did not mean to, and did it quite
innocently.—Mary Johnson, in Little
Men and Women.

A BOY'S HEART.

NOT that part of a boy's heart which
shines in his eyes, which you can read
in the curves of his lips, which you can
sound by the nearness of his laughter.
The mother who gathers her boy to her
bosom in the twilight, and presses her
questions with kisses, has no reason to
fear that she will mistake the heart that
beats against her own; but mother-love
is often the only mirror which will re-
flect, without distorting, the innermost
chamber of a boy's heart. God never
meant that precious chamber to open
to every rusty key. If you, as a teacher,
would "turn aside to see this great
sight," you must, as God commands,
"put off your shoes from off your feet."
If, then, He says, Come now therefore,
and I will send thee unto—this class of
boys: it will not do for you to answer,
"But, behold, they will not believe me,
nor hearken unto my voice;" for
though the walls be very high, and they
be the very children of Anak, with such
a commission you may knock at the
gates.
But the loving teacher must learn
from the loving mother that to beat
down the gates with impatient force will
only block the way, while the treasure
may escape. Bind a boy with green
withes; but he will break them, "as a
thread of tow is broken when it touch-
eth fire." New ropes, new laws, will he
break off his arms "like a thread."
Weave into his ambitions and schemes
the hopes and desires of your heart;
fasten them yet with a prayer; but when
he wakes from the dream and to the
fact that he is bound, he will vanish
with the web. His soul will be "waxed
unto death," but he has not shown
you all his heart—not once!
"Love is as strong as death;" but
"there is a time to every purpose under
the heaven: a time to love, to tend, to
break down;" but there is, too, (so
wrote the same wise man), "a time to
love, to plant, to build up, to keep
silence."
"Look to yourselves," as teachers,
lest you lose those things which you
have wrought, lest the time you are
given in which "to plant" be spent in
plucking up that which is planted.
Even the earth bringeth forth "first the
blade, then the ear; after that the full
corn in the ear." What husbandman
"immediately putteth in the sickle,"
until the fruit is brought forth, until
"the harvest is come?" "In the
morning sow thy seed;" but do not
expect to gather your sheaves in its
first watch.
"And the Lord direct your hearts
into the love of God, and into the
patient waiting for Christ"—in a boy's
heart.—Sunday School Times.

OUR STORY.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF
MENEIL.

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

CHAPTER XI.—AGAINST HER LIFE.

IF marriage is not an entire union, it
is the most complete isolation.
The graves of the heart for which
there is no resurrection.
My untouched honour! I but wish in vain.
The peace once by the dyer stained
Never again its whiteness gained.
MISERY travels free through all the
earth. From Paris to Switzerland, up
the Rhine and down the Rhine, where-
ever Grizelda journeyed, wherever she
travels, misery was her companion.
She was in ill-health, she was averse to
movement, and suffered during it; but
she was in the power of a tyrant who
never considered the rights or feelings
of any one when they crossed his own
inclinations.
And her wan face and gradual
emaciation was annoying to him; for
he hated the sight of sickness and re-
sented its claims upon his considera-
tion.
But as yet he sinned with a kind of
decorum. Before the servants of his
household he affected the attention and
sympathy due to his wife's position.
Yet if left alone with Grizelda he would
permit a sentence to remain unfinished,
or finish it with a sneer, rather than
suffer her to imagine there was any
sincerity in his care for her comfort.
If she had been one of those
naturally vulgar women, who are de-
termined "to have their say," whose
tongue and tears would have blanded
her husband, and defended herself before
all and sundry who came in contact
with their lives, she might perhaps
have kept his determinate and cunning
cruelities somewhat in control.
For it is a fact that some wrongs are so
mean, so unfair, so sinister, and
ignoble, that they cannot be met with
any weapons but such as are as abject
as themselves. And as Grizelda could
not degrade her womanhood by scolding
repartees, by angry complai-
nances, by contemptible little plans to
secure a false sympathy from servants
—as she could not defend herself with
ignoble weapons, she was at the mercy
of the ignoble.
The attitude she had taken on that
last night in her London home she
maintained. She had no more tears or
love left for her husband—he was un-
worthy of them; and she accepted the
lot she had chosen for herself with a
despairing calmness which put his
every word and look on the same level.
A kindness from him was now as re-
pulsive as cruelty. She had passed the
line where even self-deception was pos-
sible.
She knew quite well that their various
movements during the summer, their
forced journeys, their tiresome delays,
had all been somehow or other for the
purpose of crossing the Lauder party,
and obtaining a shorter or longer meet-
ing with Miss Cassilis. She knew when
these meetings took place—a score of
small incidents advised her. For sin,
blinded by passion, is as foolish as an
ostrich; and Maxwell invariably betray-
ed himself by the restlessness, or the
expectation of his manner by his un-
usual care in dress; yes, even by a
passing anxiety about his wife's condi-
tion.
He would say to his courier, "It is
very inconvenient to wait here, but
Lady Maxwell looks so ill I think it
necessary to give her a few days' rest."
Usually he deceived his attendants—
they spoke together of his thoughtfulness
and care. But he never deceived
Grizelda; and very soon the courier
was able to add circumstances together,
and to predicate positively that whenever
Lord Maxwell made one of these unex-
pected delays, the Earl of Lauder and his
family were somewhere in the vicinity.
Often when a girl Grizelda had sat
with eyes fixed on her atlas, dreaming
of the days when these old storied
cities should be a happy pleasure
ground for her. She could hardly keep
back tears when she remembered her
schoolroom, and the gay hours she had
spent there, planning with her com-
panions—planning without destiny the
good times they were to have in them.
Ah, she had reckoned upon her happi-
ness then without asking "Who is to
be my companion?" Here were the
cities she had made little romances
about—the stately palaces, the ancient
market-places, the grand cathedrals, the
irresistible bazars, and her heart and
her feet were too weary to tread them.
They rested finally in Rome. The
Lauders had determined to winter
there; and Maxwell was in the same mind.
The earl was an enthusiastic on the
subject of Numismatics, and he antici-
pated completing in Rome his collec-
tion of medals. The Countess and
Miss Cassilis had interests quite as
absorbing. The one expected a kind
of leadership among the English resi-
dents; the other expected not only
many new lovers, but also the danger-
ous adoration of an old lover who had
the charm of forbidden pleasure to her.
Grizelda understood the circum-
stances in which she was placed. She
knew that she could not alter or control
them. She had no desire left to oppose
them. Her last appeal had been made,
unless, indeed, a child—his own child
—might speak for her.
Maxwell rented an old palace—a for-

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HOW ANNIE PLAYED FAIRY.

WHEN little Annie was not playing
with the dogs, chickens and calves, she
was in the kitchen watching mamma
work, and often thinking how she
would like to have her hands in the
great mass of dough, or form the butter
into beautiful golden moulds. She
always begged her mother for a little
dough to make into a tiny loaf, but
that was nothing like the huge mass in
the tray—almost as big as she was.
Then she had begged time and
again for permission to wash the dishes,
but her mamma always said she was too
little. "Too little," was something
Annie was sick and tired of hearing.
She felt very large, and when she
stood upon a chair was almost as tall
as mamma herself.
This she often did to make believe
she was grown. One day after the
hands had all had dinner and gone to
work, Annie's mamma told her to keep
quiet, as she felt very tired and would
like to rest awhile before washing the
great pile of dishes.
Presently when she saw her mamma
had fallen to sleep, Annie thought how
nice it would be to play fairy for a little
while. The small busy brain soon
formed a splendid plan if it could only
be carried out without waking mamma.
Annie looked at the low bedroom win-
dow, then at her mamma to see if she
was really sound asleep. Sure enough
she was, but Annie remembered that
she was very easily awakened.
What a lot of dishes there were on the
table, and she must be still as a mouse.
She got the great dish pan; set it on a
low chair; carried some hot water, then
some cold in a large dipper, prepared
some rinse water, just as she had seen
her mamma do, and was ready for
work. It took a long while to carefully
lift one dish at a time, wash, wipe and
put it away without making any noise;
but at last all was done, even to sweep-
ing the crumbs around the table.
Then she ran around the house, climbed
in at the window, lay down on the
lounge near her mother's bed and pre-
tended to be asleep.
After awhile she heard her mamma
say: "Oh dear, how long I have slept
and all those dishes to wash and supper
to get. The wee girl is tired, out too,
this hot day, and fast asleep."
Then she heard her mother go to the
kitchen and when she returned, Annie
was yawning and rubbing her eyes.
"Dear me mamma how long do you
s'pose I've slept?" I wonder if old
Shep's had his dinner yet? Have you
washed your dishes?"
"They are all washed, dearie, and
the kitchen is as neat as a pin. Some
little fairy must have known how tired
I was, and cleared everything up
nicely."
"I s'pect she'd come every day if
you'd go to sleep," said Annie looking
very wise.
The next day when papa came from
town, he said he'd brought a nice box
of candy for the little fairy that had
washed the dishes. Annie never had
to beg any more for permission to assist
her mamma, but was a great help from
the day she played fairy.—Christian
Observer.