

The Family.

BUILDING.

Souls are built as temples are,—
Broken deep, unseemly, ask down,
Lies the sure foundation stone.

SEEKING HEAVEN WITH EARTHLY EYES.

It has been said of Harriet Martineau that if her belief had perilled her to hope for a heaven, it would have been a place where all sat round with an ear trumpet and derided the immortality of the soul.

Is not, after all, one's plan of heaven an index to the furnishings of his heart and mind? Have not theologians left out a vast multitude and narrowed the limits of the city without foundations to suit their contracted creed, in many instances?

It may flatter our egotism to know that in our homes, or cliques, in our churches, or societies, our ideas or opinions are the only ones that count.

For Christ, with his Christ-instructed mind will be expected to fraternize with the thief whose late penitence gave him heaven as by a miracle of saving grace, and he who insists upon ascent to the most unimportant religious forms of doctrine may find, if he be at last set down with the great company whom no man can number, that Masons with their spiritual insight have found that heaven fits their earth-formed ideals better than actual sight has agreed with their own mortal thought of it.

The world has always had its ideas of a heaven, and it will no doubt go on forming them to the end of time; but if this future state is not regarded by us as related to the outcome of our characters here, if we flatter ourselves that heaven will be entirely a new start after a long indulgence in unworthy pursuits here, and that a disciple of Bacchus will suddenly be transformed into a St. Paul; if we in our cultured, aristocratic reserve, imagine fondly that heaven will be a place for the especial gratification of our set, then the heaven which shall burst upon the surprised vision of those who from all ages have been prepared to see God, will be no place for us.

Parents in picturing the future state to their children, perhaps do not now so much as formerly insist upon the wings and harps for all those who pass into the celestial city, and yet there are little ones to-day whose future thought of heaven must forever be tinged with the coloring of their mother's conception of paradise.

Said a little five-year old who pressed a thoughtful face to the window frame, as the funeral procession of a little child was passing, "I wonder how God ticks feathers into the flesh to make his angels!" A lady sitting by suggested that perhaps all the little ones who went to heaven were not given wings. With a fine scorn in his young voice, the child answered, "Oh, yes they are, the pictures all show them that way."

After all would it not be better to early teach the children that passage which defines all exactness in forming plans of heaven, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things that God has prepared for them that love Him," and allow their imagination to build as it will.—Christian at Work.

BUT ONE ENEMY.

Only thought through one horn,
Thought it not a bit of poison,
As the most tried whittened team,
Walk these till dawn and sunset come.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Steuben, slowly, "you may invite Harry for a week if you like. Be sure to say a week in your letter."

This was in answer to her son's urgent request. He wanted to see his old friend again whom he had known for two years before in the city, and there was no way to do it unless Harry could visit him. Both the boys were fourteen years old, and had once been neighbours and friends, until the Steubens moved to a small town on the seashore. After that the boys knew of each other only by letters.

Mrs. Steuben had her own household to do, and it was midsummer, a time which tried all her strength and will power. There would be another room to attend to, another person to cook for, besides the little extra niceties and the effort to entertain which would be due to a guest. But she loved her boy, and he wanted Harry. Papa was willing, grandpa made no objection, and little Lotty danced up and down with a child's love of company.

So Harry came. He had grown in the two years and looked quite like a young man, Mrs. Steuben thought as he walked up the path with the valise. This made her a little more nervous about her household arrangements, and there was the mercury already above ninety.

But Harry was only a boy yet, after all. He and Fred were soon running races in the yard and trying to see which could jump farthest. Then they went off for a long walk around the town, and came back tired and dusky from their tramp. Harry went up to his room to wash and presently Mrs. Steuben saw him refilling his pitcher at the well.

"That's good!" she thought; "I was just thinking I should have to take up more water before bedtime."

The next morning Harry came early down stairs before Fred had thought of stirring. Mrs. Steuben was busy in the kitchen. He said good morning brightly, and sat down by the window where it was cool. Presently there was a rap at the door.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Steuben, "here are my hands all in the flour!"

"I'll go," said Harry. It was a neighbour bringing a fine head of lettuce. Harry received it in his hands, with the dirt clinging to the roots, and instead of asking where he should put it, said:

"I'll take this out to the well and wash it for you, Mrs. Steuben."

When he brought it back thoroughly washed, with the roots and torn leaves removed, Mrs. Steuben said, impulsively:

"What a helpful boy you are!"

During the forenoon, she went from room to room making beds, to find Harry's room looking as neat and orderly as if he had not slept in it. The bed was made, the bureau set in order and the boy had hung his best suit carefully away in the closet.

"When would Fred ever think of such a thing?" Mrs. Steuben asked herself.

Each day Harry, without making any ado, found some way of helping. If anything were suddenly wanted from the store, Harry cheerfully offered to go. Sometimes he brought in wood, sometimes he got a pail of water. He seemed to enjoy every moment, whether in the house or off on some trip. Fred took him to every point of interest in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Steuben was encouraged to propose rowing on the river when she saw how strong and how capable Harry was in all he undertook. She went rowing herself with the boys and was not afraid to let Lotty go too.

One day as she was looking at an old splint-bottomed chair in the corner Harry said:

"My mother had a chair like that and she got some white paint and painted it all over white, with little gold bands around the legs and around parts of the back. Then she made a peacock blue cushion to it and set it in the parlour. You might do that too, Mrs. Steuben. It is very pretty when it is done."

Mrs. Steuben decided on the instant that she would do it, and felt grateful to Harry for the suggestion. Another time, when the ice man was bringing in ice, Harry mentioned that his mother always wrapped ice in old newspapers when she put it away, and this made it last a great deal longer.

Harry's week was extended to two weeks by Mrs. Steuben's special request, and she told her own boy privately the reason why.

"He makes so little trouble, Fred!" she said, "and he is so cheerful and obliging. I fairly enjoy giving him a good time, and I am going to have a picnic for you all on the shore before he goes. Now if you ever visit anywhere yourself, dear, remember and try to be like Harry. Then you will always be welcome and find friends."

She was a little touched the next day, when she went to Fred's room, to find that her own boy had been making up his bed! He had begun already, and in various little helpful ways, awkwardly at first, but very naturally and deftly afterward, he showed his willingness to be of service to others, even as his boy guest had been.—Fred's Complaint.

BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

"Why don't you send that child to school? He looks a bright boy, and it's a pity he should trifle away his time like that."

So spoke a tall, well-dressed man who was standing beside the counter of a ship-chandler's shop in one of the water-side streets of the old Scottish seaport of Greenock. The door of the inner room happened to be open, and through it could be seen the chandler's younger son—a slender, large-eyed, delicate-looking little fellow of six years old—who, kneeling upon the hearthstone, seemed to be drawing strange figures all over it with a piece of coloured chalk.

As the visitor spoke a slight flush of displeasure passed over the father's rough face; but in another moment it gave place to a smile of quiet amusement.

"Weel, sir," said he, in his broad Scotch accent, "will ye just look what he's trifling away his time' wi', as ye ca' it?"

The other stepped softly forward, and looking over the shoulder of the unconscious child, saw to his amazement that this six-year-old boy was drawing a mathematical diagram, and marking each line in turn with letters or figures, with which he seemed to be working out some kind of calculation.

"Does he really understand all that?" asked the visitor in a whisper.

"Ask him yourself," replied the chandler, quietly.

The other did so, and the boy, not at all disturbed at finding himself face to face with a perfect stranger, answered so clearly and readily that the questioner was astonished.

"He must take a good deal of time to play too, though," said he, looking round the room, "if he uses all these toys that you've bought for him."

"That I've bought for him!" echoed the father, with a broad laugh. "Man, he's made every one o' them himself!"

"Made every one of those toys himself!" cried the visitor, staring.

"Ay, just as ye see. I bought him a box o' tools a wee while since, and this is what he's done wi' them."

"Well, upon my word, you may well be proud of him. He's certainly a most uncommon child, and I beg your pardon sincerely for speaking so foolishly about him as I did just now."

"Weel, neighbour, has he been a good laddie?"

The "laddie" in question was the ship-chandler's clever son (now a smart, though rather delicate, boy of fourteen), who had been on a visit to an English friend in Glasgow, and the speaker was his mother, who had come to fetch him home again.

"Good!" echoed the stranger, "He's a fine fellow."

The mother looked puzzled, as well she might.

"It's not that he's been behaving badly," continued her friend. "He's as good as gold, bless him! But as sure as we get settled around the fire at night, he begins telling all sorts of stories out of his own head, some so sad that they set us all crying like babies, and some so terrible that we daren't look behind us; and that way he keeps us up every night till pretty near twelve o'clock, for when once he's begun a story you can't budge till you've heard how it ended. I don't blame him neither, for (as his brother John says) he can't sleep at night, poor lad! and so, of course, he don't care to go to bed. But if he was to stay another week he'd drive me clean crazy, as sure as I stand here."

With this good character our hero went back to Greenock; but it seemed to be "out of the frying-pan into the fire" with him, for the very next evening his mother, coming home to tea, found him getting a terrible scolding from the shrill voice of his old aunt:

"I never saw sic an idle lad in a' my days. Can ye no tak' a book, man, and employ yerse' usefu'ly? A' this while ye've done naething but tak' aff your kittle lid and put it on again, and haad (hold) a cup or a spoon i' the steam to watch the water drip frae it. Are ye no ashamed to waste your time in sic a daft-like way?"

But the old lady lived long enough to be very sorry for those hasty words of hers, when she found out that what she had mistaken for the idle caprice of a careless boy was really the first idea of the steam-engine sheping itself in the mind of James Watt.—Harper's Young People.

WHO WAS CAIN'S WIFE?

Some short time ago I heard an infidel lecture upon the Bible, and during his remarks the lecturer said: "This present world existed hundreds and thousands of years before what we call the beginning, and he went on to attempt to prove it by the following assertion: 'Cain went into the Land of Nod and took a wife, when there was not another woman upon the earth but his own mother.' As scoffers and infidels have often put the troubling question, Who was Cain's wife? I think my thoughts upon the subject might be acceptable to at least some of your readers. And the first problem is, How long was it after Adam was created before Cain took a wife? Some say ten years, others five, others one; but with-

out discussing any of these dates, I will take the lowest, which is given by Bishop Usher at 125 years. The next question is, How many people would be born in 125 years? Let the reader consult Gen. xii, Numbers I and xxvi. Take Manasseh for an example, and we find that 254 years after he was born, the fighting men of the tribe were 52,700, and 32,200 had died in the desert, making a total born to Manasseh of 84,900; by then taking the fighting men to be one sixth of the family of Manasseh, his descendants increased in 250 years to 509,400.

From the time of Adam's creation to the marriage of Cain was, say 125 years, or just one-half of the time from the birth of Manasseh to the time he entered Canaan; so that if Adam only increased as fast as Manasseh, there would not be less than 254,700 people on the earth when Cain married. Again, allowing 21 years for Manasseh's nonage, this would increase the inhabitants to 341,466. Again, allowing for the children of Manasseh who were slain by Pharaoh, and also for the slow increase in the wilderness caused by the death of 38,000, there must then have been nearly half-a-million of people on earth when Cain took a wife. These are not mere conjectures, for I have not chosen the tribe of Manasseh because it increased faster than others, but to show the recklessness of men who make an assertion for which there is not the least foundation in the Word of God.

May you and your readers be led into all truth.—English Paper.

NICOTINE.

I AM the Spirit (Nicotine)
I'm I who glide the lips between;
Through the pipe I trace the brain;
There I am a mighty pain.

I pierce my fatal track
Down the arched and narrow back;
And the vertebrae grow slack;
Nought can hinder, nought can swerve,
I pervade each secret nerve;

Pick my meal with knife and dart
From the palpitating heart;
Quaff the leaping arterial blood
Of the rich and generous blood.

I the yellow bile diffuse,
Palest the face in ghastly hue;
Muscles and sinews
May not resist me.

To hold their wonted haughty pride,
The white I through the system glide.
Slowly I my purpose wreak,
Slowly I denude the blooming cheek.

Gloomy fancies I suggest,
Fill with fears the hardy breast.
The limbs then fall,
The keep become dim,

Life hears death's bell,
And answers him.

Heart and liver, lungs and brain,
All their powers lose amain,
And yield to me
And I and I!

Loath to see
My victim die.

—Jewish Messenger.

THE DOLL.

"How many children have you?" asked a gentleman of a friend whom he met after a party of many years. "Only one," he answered; a "pillow."

"A pillow?" inquiringly.

"Yes," smiling, "a pillow is something to rest on, is it not?"

"Certainly."

"Well that is why I call my little daughter a pillow, she's so restful."

The gentleman soon reached the home of the father of the "pillow," and a lovely young girl of about sixteen years old was introduced as "my daughter Emily."

The visitor only remained one night, but by the time he had fully decided that his friend's young daughter merited the sobriquet given her.

The smiling face with which she greeted her father and her father's friend won the latter's heart at once.

In a gentle, quiet way, she brought the evening paper and laid it open at the page he always read first, on the table near her father.

His slippers and dressing-gown were brought too, and she was rewarded with a fond kiss and a whispered "Thank you, dear."

Later in the evening, when her father expressed a desire that she should sing something for his friend she did not refuse, but did the best she could with a grace and sweetness indescribable.

A little bell tinkled once, and Emily left the room hastily.

"My wife is sick this evening; she is a victim to nervous headache," explained the host. "I hardly know what she would do at such times if it were not for Emily; the child is a born nurse."

The hostess, free from her headache, but looking pale and weary, came down to breakfast next morning. She sat at her usual place—the head of the table—and poured out the coffee. But Emily was near at hand, and it was she who relieved her mother by putting the cream and sugar in the cups, and passing them. It was she, too, who dashed the oatmeal in a neat and dainty way that was charming.

A pink-tinted rosebud, with a gemstone leaf, lay at each of the three places. The father lifted his to label the fragrance, smiling his thanks.

"Where is yours?" he asked.

"There were only three this morning," she replied brightly; "I shall have the next one."

After breakfast, as the guest lingered for a few moments in the sitting-room waiting for his friend to accompany him down town, heard Emily's voice say in a low tone of anxiety, "Now, mamma, go and lie down, please; I will help Bridget with the breakfast-work so that she can get at her ironing, and do the dusting later; don't think of anything."

"But she must think of something," thought the great, "she must think of the helpful little daughter who is such a joy and comfort that she is indeed a pillow—something to rest the heart on."—Children's Banner.

THE TOUCH OF NATURE.

A boy, ten years old, pulling a heavy cart loaded with pieces of boards and laths taken from some demolished structure—an every day sight in our large cities. Tired and exhausted, he halted under a shade tree. His feet were sore and bruised, his clothes in rags, his face pinched and looking years older than it should. The boy lay down on the grass, and in five minutes was fast asleep. His bare feet just touched the curb-stone, and the old hat fell from his head and rolled on the walk. In the shadow of the tree his face told a story that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food, of nights when the body shivered with cold, of a home without sunshine, of a young life confronted by mocking shadows.

Then something curious happened. A labouring man—a queer old man, with a wood-saw on his arm—crossed the street to rest for a moment under the same shade. He glanced at the boy and turned away, but his look was drawn again, and now he saw the picture and read the story. He, too, knew what it was to shiver and hunger. He tiptoed along until he could bend over the boy, and then took from his pocket a piece of bread and meat—the dinner he was to eat if he found work—and laid it down beside the lad. Then he walked carelessly away, looking back every moment, but keeping out of sight as if he wanted to escape thanks.

Men, women and children had seen it all, and what a lever it was! The human soul is ever kind and generous, but sometimes there is need of a key to open it. A man walked down from his steps, and left a half-dollar beside the poor man's bread. A woman came along, and left a good hat in place of the old one. A child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy with a coat and vest. Pedestrians halted and whispered and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece. The pinched-faced suddenly awoke, and sprung up as if it were a crime to sleep there. He saw the bread, the clothing, the money, the score of people, waiting around to see what he would do. He knew that he had slept, and he realized that all these things had come to him as he dreamed. Then what did he do? Why, he sat down, and covered his face with his hands and sobbed.—Littell's Living Age.

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THE DOLL.

The irony of criticism has received fresh illustration of late in the onslaught made upon Miss Willard at the enemy of childhood, especially of that favourite toy, the doll. Perhaps few women have devoted their lives more exclusively than she has done to the interests of the home, or have set more forces in motion to defend that "citadel of purity and peace," as she is wont to call it. But Miss Willard did say that the doll, as we have it in these modern days, fosters a love of dress and display. This is the head and front of her offending. To the old-fashioned, simply attired doll we find her making no objection; indeed, she says that with such she used delightfully to play. Her view is, that living pets educate children on a higher plane than French dolls; that the fatherly instinct needs development more than the motherly, and hence the doll should be for boys as well as girls; and that the too exclusive devotion of the latter to the care of their dolls often deprives them of needed out-door exercise, dulls their curiosity concerning the mechanism of the world, and may help to explain why women are not yet inventors. She claims that the care of dolls does not impart the instinct of motherliness, but that in every woman's heart that instinct is the central motive power, whose broadest manifestation is found in those women who, through the kindly channels of the Christian Church, and the philanthropies that it develops, have shown themselves to be mother-hearted toward that winnowed, yet most wayward of all children, whom we call "Humanity." Miss Willard desires us to say that she is confident the editorial gentlemen who have reflected upon her womanliness of character, will, in the light of this explanation, gladly do her justice by publishing her true position as herein given.—Union Signal.

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—Littell's Living Age.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LITTLE KENNETH'S TEXT.

Our Kenneth went to Sunday-school one pleasant day. He was but three, but in his head—new hat and coat! He sat just like a man, you see.

His little text he learned so well. That grandma heard it with delight, kissing his rosy cheeks, she said, "Now you'll be sure to say it right."

Among the troops of little ones. That round the teacher's smiling face were filling every vacant chair, he quite demurely found a place.

And now, what do you think he said. When asked if he had learned his text? "I learned my text and mamma, and hence my nice grandma, too."—School.

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GOD IN THE DARK.

THERE was trouble in Mother Frush's cottage. The Goodman, August Frush, was away, and would be for two more nights, and Baby Lotta was very sick.

Her head and hands were burning hot, her breath came too fast, and every now and then she would start out of her stupor and scream loudly. The mother thought she would die unless she could have a doctor.

But the doctor was eight miles away and the Frushes had no neighbours. Their cottage was out in the wilds, where the German had got land cheap for his sheep-farm. Agatha, the oldest daughter, was too young to go for the doctor, for it was now almost midnight; neither could Chris go, and of course Earnie was too little.

The mother must go herself, and the little children must watch Lotta and bathe her head and coax her to take the cooling drink and try to quiet her cries. "She may die while I am away," thought the poor mother; "but the best I know how to do is to leave her in God's hands and go for the doctor."

Shouldn't you think Agatha and Chris and Earnie would be afraid to stay in that lonely cottage all night by themselves? Ah! their young hearts were so full of trouble about the dear little baby that they did not think of themselves at all.

For hours after Mother Frush had walked away in the dark, Lotta lay and panted heavily, only rousing up to scream out as if in terror. But presently her breathing grew softer, her cries ceased, and she seemed really to sleep.

"Oh, if mother could see her how she would say the little dear was better," cried the sister. "Go, Earnie, peep out of the window and see if you can see her coming."

The sleepy little boy shaded his eyes with his chubby fingers and gazed through the window. "It is very dark," he said gravely; "nobody is out there except God."

The faces that Mother Frush saw at the window smiling above Agatha's plant when she drew near the cottage in the old doctor's gig, gave her heart a great bound; indeed, before she got near enough to see the bright faces Agatha's little spotted shawl waving in the dancing light gave her hope. And when she entered the cottage and the sweet baby smiled up at her, Mother Frush thanked God for his goodness.—Sunbeam.

—Sunbeam.

LETTER, my boy, I've a word for you, And this is the word, "Be true! be true!" At work or at play, in business or fight, Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

LIT, little girl, I've a word for you, "Be true! be true!" Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

—Littell's Living Age.