

the future; trials and sorrows that no foresight could have turned aside, would have been doubled by anticipation and fore-knowledge, and yet—we doubt if there are many, who, looking back from the “half-way house,” would willingly endure the double pain and sorrow, if they might have had the power to foresee the inevitable result of certain courses, and, profiting by this foreknowledge, have avoided the danger or the sin.

Brother! Sister! Would you be patient or cross to your little playmate “if you knew” those little “baby fingers” would “never trouble you again?”

Two little boys were at play—one of three years, the other but eighteen months. Both wanted the rocking-chair. Full of health and animal spirits, the dispute ran high, and, at last, the elder struck the little one. Only a few days and the baby hands were folded in “snowy grace” upon the cold and quiet heart, and laid in the grave. A short time after, hearing bitter sobs in the garden, the mother found the lonely brother—himself but just past babyhood—lying under the peach trees, watching with eager eyes some birds flying over his head, and calling between his sobs, “Oh, birdies! little birdies! Fly up! fly higher! and tell Jesus Christ if he will only let Georgie come back to me he may have the rocking-chair all the time, and I never, never will strike him again—never! never!”

Oh! Father! Don't be harsh with your son. He disobeyed your commands, and of course he has done wrong; but he is only a little child. It was the overflux of exuberant life, not wilful disobedience. If you could look forward to what soon may be, may be, how leniently would you judge—how gently would you chide; and, by your gentleness secure the obedience much more effectually.

Ah! Poor tired mother! You are very weary, and half sick. Your eyes are heavy for want of sleep, and your head throbbing with the noise and shouts, and wild frolics of your little ones. But it is health, and strength, and life. Be patient! If soon, with hot and tearless eyes, you watch by the little crib were fever may conquer that life, but late so joyous and full of activity, can you endure what *may be*, if you have scattered “thorns, not roses, for your reaping by and by?”

“I have asked you twenty times to mend this coat, and it is not done yet. No time!” How long would it have taken? But, well—I can go ragged, I suppose. You take little heed to my wishes or advice. You must take your own way, or you'll not be satisfied.”

Husband! you love your wife; you would be indignant if a looker-on should hint that you misjudged, or were over-exacting. Why do you say such ugly, biting things? Your heart, or that silent monitor, your conscience, tells you that she did not mean to disregard your wishes or advice. She was tired, or over-taxed with care and frequent interruptions; or perhaps sickness is creeping upon her. Whatever the reason, the offence was but a little thing. Even if she was self-willed, or irritable, be patient with her. You know a certain tone of your voice, or a love-look from your eye, would have brought her to your side in an instant—sorry, self-upbraiding—loving and honoring you with her whole heart. Ah! “If you knew!” These first morose, fault-finding words, perhaps, are “leaving on her heart a shadow—leaving on your heart a stain” which may be the beginning of coldness, mistrust and defiance—or possibly a deeper sin, where, but for them, you could have secured joy and gladness, growing sweeter and purer day by day! Deal gently. You, her husband, can make her happy, loving and good; or you can make her irritable, unloving and evil.

John! Why do you always wait and wait, and hinder me so? You can come when I call you, just as well as to keep me waiting, if you only choose to do so. But you are always so obstinately bent on taking your own time, regardless of other people's comfort.”

Wife! It is just such little impatient, waspish words that tempt your husband to seek quiet, comfort and appreciation away from your side. No matter if he speaks “just as impatiently” to you “fifty times a day,” show him a better way. Why retort, or shrink from the “little shadows” which you can, by gentleness, dispel? You have even more power in your gentleness, than your husband has in his strength. Yield a little. *It is not hard*, and you will reap a glorious reward. Is not your husband's love and confidence worth keeping by a little patience and forbearance? But if not for present joy, to ward off misery at least, “set a guard over the doors of your mouth, that you sin not with your lips,” and so tread life's pathway with him to whom you have vowed a wife's fealty, that if called to sit in the desolation of widowhood, there shall not be added to that sorrow the anguish of self-upbraiding, for little services impatiently rendered or love requited by coldness or irritability.

When we have passed through all the labors and trials of earlier life, and in full maturity, or just on the decline, recall the friends of your youth, and the sweeter family ties, how the heart aches with the memory of

“The hasty words or actions,
Strewn along our backward track.”

and vainly years for one more opportunity for the better performance of our whole duty in all love, fidelity and patience. But

“God pity us all,
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
Who vainly the faults of youth recall;
The saddest are these: “*It might have been.*”

—The Mother at Home.

3. TWO CURIOUS NEEDLES.

The King of Prussia recently visited a needle manufactory in his kingdom, in order to see what machinery, combined with the human hand could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which together did not weigh half an ounce, and marvelled how such minute objects could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see in this respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer—that is, the workman whose business it is to bore the eyes in those needles—asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given and with a smile. He placed it at once under the boring machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished King. The second curious needle is in possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory of Reddish, and represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This well known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture which immortalize Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle, scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

4. THE NEW EDUCATION LAW IN TURKEY.

A new education law has just been promulgated in Constantinople. Primary instruction is compulsory for every inhabitant of the Turkish empire. The period of instruction for girls is fixed from six to ten years of age, and for boys from six to eleven. The magistrates of the districts and villages are to keep a register of the names of the boys and girls whose age qualifies them for instruction, together with those of their parents or guardians. If any of these do not go to school, the magistrate is to warn the parent or guardian of his obligation, and after such a notice, if the child is not sent to school within a month, and no valid reason is given for its absence, a fine of from five to one hundred piastres is to be imposed, according to the means of the parent, and the child is to be taken to school by the authorities. These fines are to be paid into the education fund.

The cases in which exception is allowed are, first, when the child is shown to have some constitutional defect; second, when the parent is poor, and would suffer loss from his child being sent to school; third, when the child is employed in agricultural labor at harvest time; fourth, when the distance from the residence of the child to the school is more than half an hour's walk; fifth, when there is no school in the district, or when the school is not sufficiently large to accommodate all the pupils; sixth, when proof is furnished that the child is being educated either at home or in a private school.

The primary schools are to be either Mussulman or Christian, according to the religion which is most prevalent in the district. The higher schools, however, are to receive Mussulmans and Christians indiscriminately. An “Imperial Council for Public Instruction” has been established to see to the due execution of the law.

VII. Educational Intelligence.

—CONGREGATIONAL COLLEGE.—In consequence of the vacancy in the office of Principal and Professor of Church History in the Congregational College at Montreal, caused by the decease of the late Rev. Dr. Lillie, the subscribers to the funds, forming the legal corporation of the College, were called together by the Board of Directors, and met at Toronto. The meeting was called to order by Rev. Professor Cornish, the Secretary of the College. Rev. James Porter, of Toronto, was appointed Chairman, and Rev. W. W. Smith minute Secretary, to the meeting. Rev. John G. Manly offered prayer. Professor Cornish read the report of the Board of Directors. The report was received, and its paragraphs considered *seriatim*. The paragraphs first and second, testifying to the labours and work of the late Dr. Lillie, and offering condolence and sympathy to the bereaved widow and family of the late