It we look to he ven for light. Down deep in the hold of the vessel The ponde ous engine lies. And faithfully there the engineer

His labor steadily plies. He knows not the course of the vessel, He knows not the way he should go; He minds but his simple duty,

And keeps his fire aglow. He knows not whether the billows The bork may overwhelm; He knows and obeys the orders Of the pilot at the helm.

And so, in the wearisome journey. Over life's troubled sea, We know not the way we're going, But Jesus our pitot shall be. We see not the rocks and the quicksands,

For our sight is dul, and dim;

But we know that Christ is our Captain. And our orders come from Him. Speak, Lord. for thy servant heareth; Speak peace to my anxious soul, And help me to feel that all my ways Are under Thy wise control;

That he who cares for the hily. And heeds the sparrow's fall Will tenderly lead His loving child,-For He made and loveth all. And so when wearied and baffled, And I know not which way to go, And '.is all I need to know.

A SABBATHLESS SUNDAY.

Our visit to Vienna was at the time of their Weltaussteltring, or International Exhibition, and we had opportunity to observe the feeling of British working men as regards a Sabbathless Sunday. For instance, upon the Sunday after the free pass to stroll through the magnificent building. It was midday as we left the English machinery annexe for the prater or park, when two iron houses not unlike temporary churches arrested our His is the experience of many attention. A man attired as a cook was ringing a bell, and a number of what is the goblin of the house men in working clothes-including working its destruction. engineers, carpenters and painters, some with tools in their handswere flocking into the buildings. As the Union Jack fluttered over ed on her wedding cards :- "No one of the doors, we called out-"Stop there!" and all stood still, an income of 2200." . Said he :while many crowded to the door-

Approaching them, we pointed up, and exclaimed,—"Why, there's which will tempt you to try more our old flag-

" The flag that braved a thousand years All smiled, until we said, sternly

-" Haul it down and run up Austrian colors." "Haul down our flag! Why,

what for?" exclaimed several. by working—by selling yourselves pended it on the appointments of to the foreigner to do evil on the the house. The fate of the poor

Sabbath day." the reply. "We served the Brit- fit it, is the fate of the husband who ish Commission and English mas- finds his bride in possession of gold ters, and many of us have signed to and silver valuables, and no large work every day while it is neces. income to support the owner's gold sary." And then they crowded in and silver in style. to their mess-table.

Conversation upon the matter was then entered into with the cook and a working man who was recovering from an illness.

"I've broken down," observed the latter. "I was well enough at ledge of the method of treating dishome, but this constant work would kill a horse."

After a short time, as we noticed that the men inside had finished dinner, we went in and congratulated them upon the heavy wages they were making by working seven days a week.

"Losing money and the enjoyment of life at the same time," observed an intelligent-looking man, is to keep the air of the room as who wore a flannel jacket and paper cap. "You see, sir," I am a stone mason, and we are all reading men. I take in two weekly publications, and I one day read this in one of them, that 'the Bible, Sunday, and liberty of the subject go together.' I did not understand it then; now 1 do. Where we lodge there's an the air of the room, even without old woman called a concierge, who a fire, and with one it is the best keeps the door. If we should stay ventilator possible. out after ten o'clock at night, she comes out with an odd-looking cap, her white clothes being covered over | tionally. After he is settled for the with a mackintosh, and holds out her hand for twenty-five kreutzers (that, is twopence halfpenny), and him after he has fallen asleep, he is we are obliged to pay. This is for almost sure to have a had night. the trouble of putting us down in a book supplied by the police, that behind, nor from the door, nor from they may know all the people who any distance from him, nor when are out late at night. And Sunday he is doing anything. Never lean is a horrible day. Work! ever- against, sit upon, or unnecessarily lasting work for those who can't shake, or even touch, the bed in help themselves, and pleasure, lots of pleasure for those who can afford to pay for it. Well, the other day several wretched women were sent to mix mortar, and act as our laborers; but we drove them off as expressed. What doubt and hesiwe would not disgrace ourselves by letting them work for us.'

"You see," observed another, " we are here, and as the saying is, 'When in Rome, do as Romans do.' If we were always here we should get used to Sunday work, and should be jolly on lots of Saints'

on the natives." This sally pro- will ever know till you are sick of our Queen has force in all parts him. Almost every thought the law of Jehovah. His commands him; and if he can speak without have force everywhere-through- being savage, and look without bewhich is right in London must be self-control. right in Vienna.

cured. I have worked now for sixteen Sundays running, and it appears to be one long work-day. And it's no good; and the governor does not profit, as I have no mettle in me, and do less work every day. As for the extra money, it's no good, as I spend more for food and stimulants to keep up at all, and I always feel tired and careless how it goes.'

By this time the minute hand of the clock had nearly approached one, and as the wearied men glanced at it there was a general expression of dejection and wretchedness."-British Workman.

AD VICE TO A BRIDE.

Said a young husband, whose business speculations were unsucopening, we availed ourselves of a cessful, "My wife's silver tea set, the bridal gift of a rich uncle, doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred unexpected exnenses, which, in trying to meet, have made me the bankrupt I am. others, who, less wise, do not know A sagacious father, of great

wealth, exceedingly mortified his daughter by ordering it to be printin the style I am able after years to indulge, and I know of nothing than the well-intentioned but pernicious gifts of rich friends." Such advice is timely. If other parents would follow the same plan, many young men would be spared years of incessant toil and anxiety; they would not find themselves on the downward road, because their wives "Because you have disgraced it had worn all their salary or exman who found a linch pin, and "No, not to the foreigner," was felt obliged to make a carriage to

CARE FOR THE SICK.

As sickness is a sad and sure incident of every honsehold, we should have some general knowease, and especially of care for the sick, which by the best physicians is accounted of more value than medicine. Out of her wide experience, Florence Nightingale gives some valuable suggestions which ought to be in the hands of all who have the care of the ailing and the

"One of the first rules to observe pure as the outer air, but without chilling the sick person. The window should be open more or less all the time, and with bed-clothes and hot-water bottles at the feet, the patient can be kept comfortable. An open fire-place is invaluable, because it is constantly changing

Never allow a sick person to be waked, either accidentally or intennight, do not do or say anything to rouse his attention. If you disturb

Never speak to an invalid from which he lies.

Concisoness and decision are, above all things, necessary with the sick. Let your thought expressed to them be concisely and decidedly tation there may be in your own mind must never be communicated to theirs not even (I would rather say especially not) in little things. Let your doubt be to yourself, your decision to them.

the well, to think that "with a lit- your best! When you are an old man. "I see you don't know me," light reading! Shun novels; they Take care, little folks; and when "In Rome, do as the Romans might, if they chose, "dismiss pain- hand will be.

do!" was exclaimed. "Why, sup- ful thoughts," which "aggravate ly-" You know that the warrant crosses his room is painful to soft, flabby, do-nothing land? out the universe. That, therefore, ing unpleasant, he is exercising

Suppose you had been up all night "I'll tell you how it is, sir," said and instead of being allowed to a man in the attire of a smith; "I have your cup of tea, you were to be League, and subscribed, but I am Now the nerves of the sick are

To leave the patient's untasted food by his side from meal to meal in hopes that he will eat it in the intervals, is simply to prevent him from taking any food at all. Let the food come at the right time, and be taken away, eaten or uneaten, at the right time; but never let a patient have "something alwish to disgust him with every thing.

A patient should, if possible, not sce or smell either the food of others, or a greater amount of food than he himself can consume at one time, or hear food talked about, or see it in the raw state. I know of no exception to the above rule. The breaking of it always induces a greater or less incapacity of taking food. That the more alone an invalid can be when taking food the better, is unquestionable; and, even if he must be fed, the nurse should not allow him to talk, or talk to him especially about food, while eating.'

TAKE YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS.

To begin with, it does not look well, when a young man crooks his presents, except those adapted to arms and thrusts his hands into his pockets, making a figure eight of "You must not expect to begin life himself, and then stands up against | And thou to angels art as sun to star. the sunny side of the house like a rooster in December.

How would the girls look ali turned into eights and leaning Our best unselfishness seeks self to please. against the wall? How would your mother look in that posture? You don't find her hands in her pockets. Your mother's hands! while you are loaning, they are the hands that sew, and bake, and stew and fry, and sweep and darn and nurse; but she does not sink them in her pockets and then loll against the building.

Are your hands cold? Warm them up at the end of the hoe-handle and the scythe. Swing the hammer; drive the plane; flourish the axe. There is untold caloric about a spade, a trowel, a wrench. Besides pocket heat is not profit-

able. Have your money there? Are your pockets the safes in which had a large family, and was glad to you have hidden treasure, and are have her do so, so she could have your hands the bolts that secure the whole of the ninety dollars to the safe-door? Money may be there to-day, but it won't be a guest over to-morrow night. An idler's money is apt to leap out of his it, a dozen times. "The boys want pocket. It is likely to go for a the work horses to draw in wood," pipe, a cigar, a tobacco plug, a mug | Mrs. Bennett said, as she started, of ale. There is no money in pock-

osing time. Time is valuable. alone." No need of the whip, she People feel it at the other end of thought, as the sleigh glided the world, whose every word is the line, when death is near and small quarters, for the work of this life craves hours, days, weeks, and line, if youth with its abundance door when she drove up. "I'll of resources, would only feel that hitch your horse for ye," he said, thoughts and human words, it time was precious! Time is a quarry. Every hour may be a nug- after your money, I spose. I've could be sure whether the words get of gold. It is time in whose invaluable moments we build our bridges, spike the iron rails to the sleepers, launch our ships, dig our canals, run our factories. You might have dug twenty hills of poyou, young man. Take your hands | right off; spose you want to see | thoughts. But, knowing that we out of your pockets.

The world is not dead, asleep under the pyramids, a mummy by ahead. try wants those hands selling dry gold in Colorado, catching mackerel from the deck of a Down-East fishing-smack. Take your hands out of your pockets.

And what a laudable thing it is It is a very common error among to meet the wants of society and do of her scholars—he was a young truer and the better. Beware of ry the marks to the grave." tle more self control " the sick man, what an honorable thing your might, if they chose, "dismiss pain- hand will be. " land will be. " land will be land temper, are the literary curse of the age; ever you give way to bad temper, so many; I've been around here all they are to the soul what ardent remember the "tide-marks."

do!" was exclaimed. "Why, suppose that next year the King of the pose that year t pose that next year the King of the Cannibal Islands had an exhibition, sick person, who behaves decently an old worker? It has been so use-her his name. "This colt does step every other enjoyment; and the cannibal Islands had an exhibition, sick person, who behaves decently an old worker? It has been so use-her his name. "This colt does step every other enjoyment; and the cannibal Islands had an exhibition, sick person, who behaves decently an old worker? It has been so use-her his name. "This colt does step every other enjoyment; and the Cannibal Islands had an exhibition, sick person, who behaves decentry and the cannibal Islands had an exhibition, well, exercises more self-control and we were there—why, then we well, exercises more self-control wrought in such honorable service. him far?" "No, only over to Mr. relish for any other hosts greater and we were there—why, then we well, exercises more self-control and wrought in such honorable service. him far?" "No, only over to Mr. relish for any other book, lay in the should eat one another, or feed up-Who wants a hand without a charSmith's." "Yes, he's one of the down till you have sought deliver.

Who wants a hand without a charSmith's." "Yes, he's one of the down till you have sought deliver. on the natives." This sally pro- will ever know till you are sick duced laughter, but we added stern- duced laughter, but we added stern- some is nainful to soft flabby do-nothing hand? | Jer." "You taught in a good dis- ed from the Holy Spiniter obtain.

of her dominions, and it is so with that crosses his brain is painful to but you can't find anything to do? thing that comes along. Saw wood, think not." "Have you long to get in coal, go on errands. In teach?" asked the man, evidently short do anything honest with your | bent on being sociable. hands, but don't let them loaf in your pockets.

have had my dose. At home I at- told that you ought to "exercise done by a young man who takes said the man with a sudden change tended meetings of the Sunday self-control, "what would you say? and keeps his "hands out of his of manner; "and I'll take it, always in the state that yours are duated a few years ago at Harvard at her head. No use to try to rein after you have been up all night. University. He determined to be- sist. They were passing through a education, and waiting for an opening, as many of his classmates did, he began at once to prepare specially for the business he had chosen, by entering a machine-shop as a she said, snatching the empty workman-making full hours and acquainting himself with every ways standing" by him, if yondon't part of the machinery of a cotton- hind them into the snow. The man mill. From the machine-shop he sprang after it. She caught the went into the cotton-mill, and by whip from its socket and laid it hard work and close attention, ra- sharply, with all her force, the full pidly acquired a thorough knowledge of all the processes of cotton manufacture. While some of his classmates were waiting and looking for an opening in business, and others were with difficulty filling her, but they did not touch her. Coal made of plants, was covered subordinate positions, he was rapid- "The colt's runnin' away up by water, so that the rotten ly rising, step by step, until he is to-day in charge of one of the largest cotton mills in New England, with ample salary, and, what is better, is discharging the duties of his position with great satisfaction to the company he serves.—Golden Days.

FORGIVENESS.

"Forgive us our sins, for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us."—Luke II; 2. Revised Version.

Forgive us, Lord, because we have forgiven, Not as we have torgiven, is our prayer; Earth is so lower far than highest heaven, Man is not even as the angels are,

Measure Thy pity, not in our poor scale, But in Thine own which weighs eternities; We do our little part. we strive, we fail; Our wine of charity has bitter lees,

Our purest gold with base alloy is dim, Our fairest fruit hangs tainted on the tree, Our sweetest song heard by the seraphim, Would all discordant and unlovely be Save for the charity they learn from Thee.

But Thou canst pour forgiveness with a word O'r countless worlds, an all embracing ray Beyond our hopes, our best deserving, Lord, Forgive us, then, and we in our poor way Shall catch Thy higher meaning as we pray. -Susan Coloidge

LAURA'S STRATEGY.

Laura had taught her school, and now she was going to get her money -three months' wages. She had earned thirty dollars a month, and she had paid for her board in sewing and knitting-for Mrs. Bennett use as she pleased. It looked like a very large amount to her, and she planned how she was to spend

her; probably a brother of some let the true and good smother the and covetousness, that it must car-

Did you ever think of the digni- winter," he added, but Laura after- spirits are to the body. See that er." "You taught in a good dis-You are willing to work you say, trict. Some of them make their relish, a keener appetite, for the teachers wait for their pay, but I Word of God (Jer. xv. 16; Ps. xix Nothing to do! Do the first believe this one never does." "1 7. 10).-H. Bonar.

"My school is done," said Laura, still wholly unsuspicious. "And A good example of what can be you've been after your money.' pockets," was set by one who gra- drawing a revolver and pointing it come a cotton manufacturer. In- lonely strip of woods, not a house stead of relying upon his general near them. She was a frontier girl, with plenty of nerve. She remembered she had two pocket-books, one empty and one full.

"If you want my money, get it," pocket-book from her pocket and throwing it as far as possible belength of Banquo's nervous back. With a mad plunge, he was off like lightning. The man opened his pocket-book and, enraged at his defeat, fired a couple of shots after with the schoolma'am," shouted plants were kept there and changed John, as she dashed in sight, but to coal. Veins of lead, copper, she guided him up to the gate in good order.

"You're plucky," said Mr. Bennett, when she told the story, and, in it. And water, as ice (glaciers) "She's a plucky one," said everybody, when it was repeated. The man proved to be one of the neighbors' hired men. He was never again seen in that part of the country.—Mass. Republican.

STUDY THE BIBLE.

Do not skim it or read it, but study

it, every word of it: study the

whole Bible, Old Testament and

New,—not your favorite chapters

merely, but the complete Word of

they may be of use if kept in their | things. It softens food, and then as place, but they are not your guide. | watery blood carries the food to every Your guide is "The Interpreter,' the one among a thousand (Job and bones, that we may grow and xxxiii. 23), and who will lead you have strength. It carries the plant's into all truth (John xvi. 13), and food up into the plant. Water carkeep you from all error. Not that | ries man and goods in boats, and, as vou are to read no book but the steam drives his cars. It makes Bille. All that is true and good is the wheels go in his factories. It worth the reading if you have time is a great worker, and we could not for it, and all if properly used get along without it. And it makes will help you in the study of the much of the beauty in the world, Scriptures. A Christian does not | Ask your friend how it does 'that? shut his eyes to the natural scenes of beauty spread around him; he does not cease to admire the hills or plains or rivers or forests of the earth because he has learned to love the God that made them; nor does he turn away from books of science or true poetry because he has discovered one book truer, more precious, and more poetical than all the rest together. Besides, the soul can no more continue in one posture than the body. The eye must be "so John has hitched up Banquo relieved by variety of objects, and for you. He's gentle enough, but the limbs by motion; so must the Take your hands out of your he's a colt, mind ye, and the best soul by change of subject and posipockets, young man! You are thing ye could do is to let the whip tion. Let the Bible be to us the book of books, the one book in all smoothly and swiftly along over truth, and whose every verse is eternity is pressing them into such the well trodden road. She was wisdom. In studying it, be sure to quite surprised when she so soon take it for what it really is,—the came in sight of the house where revelation of the thoughts of God years. If those at the end of the the treasurer lived. He was at the given us in the words of God. Were it only the book of divine coming down to the gate; "come would profit little, for we never got it in here, all ready for you. really represented the thoughts; It's lucky you come now, I was just nay, we might be sure that man about startin' off. Got the colt, would fail in his words when have you? Wall, I swan! he's a attempting to embody divine clipper; I didn't spose Bennett 'ud | thoughts; and that therefore, if we let anybody drive him. Come in, have only man's words, that is tatoes while I have been talking to I'll sign your order and pay you man's translation of the divine your money-pretty good little have divine thoughts embodied in The world wants those hands. bunch of chink for a girl like you." divine words through the inspira-Laura talked with the treasurer's tion of an unerring translator, we wife a while, then got her money sit down to the study of the heaventhe Nile. The world is alive, wide- and started for home. She had not ly volume, assured that we shall awake, pushing, struggling, going gone far before a man on foot came find in all its teachings the perfec-The world wants those out of a cross road just in front of tion of wisdom, and in its language hands. You need not take them her. He stepped aside and waited the most accurate expression of out of America. They can find a for her to come up. 'Good after-that wisdom that the finite speech market here at home. The coun-noon, school-ma'am," he said; of man could utter. Every word "would you object to letting a fel- of God is as perfect as it is pure goods in New York, cradling wheat low ride a little? I'm pretty tired, (Ps. xix. 7; xii. 6). Let us read in Minnesota, raising cotton in Ala- and I see you've got Bennett's colt; and re-read the Scriptures, meditatbama, weaving cloth in Lowell, I'd like to ride behind him once." ing on them day and night; they grow up, to have your face marked picking oranges in Florida, digging Laura stopped the horse, and the never grow old; they never less all over with the tide-marks of pasman got into the sleigh. She did their sap; they never run dry. sion; for these evil tempers leave not know him, but from the way Don't let man's book thrust God's their marks as surely as the ocean he spoke she supposed it must be book into a corner; don't let com- does, and I have seen many a face some of the neighbors who knew mentaries smother the text; don't stamped so deeply with self-will

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

God of heaven, hear our singing; Only little ones are we, Yet a great petition bringing. Father, now we come to Thee

Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee Let the world in Thee find rest; Let all know Thee and obey Thee, Loving, praising, blessing, blessed

Let the sweet and joyful story Of the Saviour's wondrous love Wake on earth a song of glory, Like the angel's song above

Father, send the glorious hour: Every heart be Thine alone; For the kingdom and the power And the glory are Thine own. -F. R. Havergal,

WHAT IS WATER FOR. Water is so common we hardly

think of it. To begin with, water was God's builder of the world, as we see it. The rocks were mud and sand made by water and laid down by it, one kind on top of another. gold, silver, crystals, were crack in the rocks, filled with water that had these precious things dissolved ground up rocks into earth, in which plants can grow, the sea and streams helping to do the work. Water builds plants and animals too. Three quarters of what they are made of is water. When you pay twenty cents for a peck of potatoes, you are really paying fifteen of the cents for the water that is in the potatoes. A boy who weighs eighty pounds, if perfectly dried up, would weigh only twenty pounds. And there could be no potatoes nor boy without water. It must dissolve things to make them into new God from beginning to end. Don't things; and it carries them where trouble yourself with commentators; they are wanted to build the new part of the body to make new flesh

TIDE-MARKS.

It was low tide when we went to the beach, and the great gray rocks stood up bare and grim above the water; but high up, on all their sides, was a black line that seemed hardly dry, though it was far above the water

"What makes that black mark on the rocks?" I asked of my friend.

"O! that is the tide-mark," she replied. "Every day, when the tide comes in, the water rises and rises, until it reaches that line, and in a great many years it has worn away the stone until the mark is cut into the rock."

"O!" thought I, "that is all, is it?" Well, I have seen a great many people that carry tide-marks on their faces. Right in front of me was a pretty little girl with delicate features and pleasant blue eyes. But she had some queer little marks on her forehead, and I wondered how they came to be there, until presently her mother said: "Draw down the blind now, Carrie, the sun shines right in baby's face."

"I want to look out," said Carrie, in a very peevish voice.

But her mother insisted, and Carrie drew the blind, and turned her face away from the window. dear me. what a face it was! The blue eyes were full of frowns instead of smiles, the pleasant lips were drawn up in an ugly pout, and the queer marks on her forehead had deepened into actual

"Poor little girl," I thought, "how badly you will feel when you

THE

POWER

Ver. 1 and Capernanui about hin N tense. turned, and spread throt speedily a probably through th. pressed in, at tals still, who within who. see. The hu: ed, and oth door, hoping great Teache that the co H. ment. time to teach, Revised Vits the wind unti-

Wail- he w [verse 3] a pa man, carried c mattress by been stricken afflicted pers cently been h erriving at found it imp sount of the c too anxious to er to be turne a little d ffi :ni flat roofed ; if there to be a outside; and structed that made, and rea

Verse 5 .- 1 in his power ! compassionate was a very per their faith a their friend "He said un Son, thy sins words were sp fore any appli must have tak surprise. Th brought to his ily disease, b he was consci and of a dee physical health ing after a sp forgiveness th there were but the heart of th his friends my in relation to a relation to a s must all believ for ourselves i giveness of si help to bring in removing hi but only the ex can bring the Verse 6, 7 .-

Scribes was no fessing to poss sins, Jesus did ative. None only. For at so is blasphen fore, a sound words from spirit of these they would ha light on what is always a sig people put the better constru

hear or see.

Verse 8. —"

His spirit." mentators, wa his divine nati will bear that is evidently tr thus read men cise of his omr have been to than human k tion of their must have be that it was s mere human sa of a penetration ledge, accurate discovery of flash of conv scribes. He and feelings Father's thron did those of th the days of his

Verse 10-12. know."-He to sick man, and his bed, and With the com municated, an all present, arose, folded u ried it away. ed only—they ference is to sprang up to t from their mot witnessed the tion of the ma "Praised!" such moments. great intensity man instinctive ence of the Inf "That the S

etc. Jesus u as he always di power inherent exercises it fo Man-through demption. was the first his own lips of he came into the the Son of A power, i. e , aut

Abridged fro azine.

Holiness 18 holiness can be