

The Family.

THERE IS BLACK IN THE BLUE OF THE SKY.

AN artist one day at his easel stood,
And sketched with a pencil free,
The gold of the meadow, the green of the wood,

There are films over nature everywhere,
To soothe and refresh our sight,
For mortal eyes were not made to bear

What then? Are the skies indeed not blue,
Lilies white, not the roses red?
Shall we doubt whether ever the crystal dew

We have read from the leaves of an old-fashioned Book,
Of One in the glory unseen,
Whose gaze the poor sinner dare not brook,

BOOKS AS FRIENDS.

THE highest use of a book is as a companion and a friend. You are not particular as to the binding; for though you like to see your friend well clad, the tailor does not make the man; neither does the book-binder make the book.

We read books too little as friends; we use them too much as tools. The same book cannot well be both; certainly not at the same time.

professional books. Some men read books by stint; so many pages a day, and give themselves a college mark of 10 when the task is done.

THE STRAIN OF CITY LIFE.

READ the following facts with regard to Chicago: From 1852 to 1863 population increased 5 1 times what it was in the first period.

JAPAN LIFE IN BOATS.

In Poland some families are born and die in salt mines, without ever living above ground, and in Japan some are born and die the same way on boats without ever living on shore.

VALUABLE ADVICE TO YOUNG GIRLS.

A LADY of intelligence and observation has remarked: "I wish I could impress upon the minds of the girls that the chief end of woman is not to marry young."

ly, and on their good behaviour. If she marries early the man who happens to please her fancy, she learns to her sorrow that in nine cases out of ten a man in society and a man at home are widely different beings.

A MOTHER'S DEVOTION—A TRUE STORY.

ABOUT half a century ago their lives in one of the sequestered glens of Ross-shire, Scotland, a widowed woman who in her younger days came under the influence of the gospel as preached by an eminent divine from the south.

During the solemn season this widowed woman fed her soul most gratefully on the milk and honey of the Word. Her dress, manners, and general behaviour singled her out amongst the assemblage as devoted, pious, affectionate and sweet.

This child, is still living, is now developed to manhood, and has children of his own. And happy we are to inform our readers that hearing of the sacrifice his mother had made for him he consecrated himself to the God of his mother and has been the means of leading many to Christ.

PATTY'S INTERRUPTED STORY-BOOK.

"PATTY, Lulu Pease has called for you on her way to Sunday School. Are you ready dear?" said grandma, speaking in her pleasant voice from the foot of the stairs.

Patty glanced from the window, and saw Lulu's golden head bent over her New Testament. With a sigh she closed the fascinating Fanny book she had been reading, and somewhat reluctantly set out for the Sunday School.

When the lesson had been read, and the opening exercises were over, Patty found herself very glad she had come; for the lady who taught Lulu's class—Miss Myrtle for the girls called her—explained the verses so clearly, and had such a sweet, affectionate manner, that every one was drawn closer to the dear Saviour as she talked of His love and compassion.

girls about a plan I have? I think they would not object to hearing it."

Miss Myrtle assented, and went on, hoping that she had sowed good seed that day. Patty, flying upstairs, was caught on the landing in grandpa's strong arms, and lightly borne down to the parlor, where she was seated on the piano-stool, with Gospel Hymns open on the rack.

Something in the words and the tune smote the hard heart, as the rod of the prophet touched the rock in the desert. He sat down under the tree, and listened till the singing was over, and then went on his way—still poor, hungry, and earth-stained, but with a new purpose and something like a prayer in his thoughts.

"I thought it would please poor Mrs. Saunders, dear, to hear you recite that beautiful poem about Barbara,

"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake, We are his who gave His life for our sake."

She cannot read, and her daughter grows tired of reading to her, with everything else to do, and this would be such an entertainment. She could think of it all day to-morrow, when Matilda will be too busy with her washing to sit beside her mother."

"I am afraid she will be very much disappointed, my love; and, to be candid, so shall I, if my Patty does not set a good example. City people, when staying in the country, so often seem to forget or neglect their privileges, and the effect is bad on those who are watching them.

HISTORY OF A DISTILLERY.

WHAT if the history of a distillery could be written out?—so much rum for medicine of real value, so much for the arts of real value—that would be one drop, I suppose, taken out and shaken from the distillery.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

MRS. PRESIDENT GARFIELD asked someone if he could account for her two sons taking to a seafaring life. Pointing to a large picture of a splendid ship on the wall, he said, "There is the solution of the mystery."

THE English Presbyterian Church is in the forefront of the Temperance movement. Of her 280 congregations 240 have temperance societies.

Make us eternal truths receive, And practice all that we believe. —John Dryden.