

the last two had  
dly very late in-  
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nd look for him."  
o her new friend.  
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ng for him, and  
ome home, I got  
t I just got down  
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t he got through  
nt me the answer  
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ther, positively;  
er eyes, and held  
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l God have told  
e of Reuben?"  
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p us, to hear him  
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ledge of praying  
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"If that is the case she belongs to me too," said Miss Hunter, in the same tone that she might have used if she had discovered a little fortune left to her. "I'll just stay with Beth while you go to see if she is all right; and to-morrow I'll get acquainted with her and take my turn; I shouldn't wonder if she would like one of my nice griddle-cakes for her breakfast."

But Mrs. Stone came back in haste; poor old mother Perkins was rolling from one side of her bed to the other and groaning in pain; she needed all the help she could get, and as soon as possible. Now there was work for the two families. Beth coaxed up the dying coals and put on more; Miss Hunter dashed into her own room for a scuttle full, and put them on recklessly; then, between them, they filled the two tea-kettles and a large iron pot with water; and now, what with running from room to room, and hunting in a small unpacked basket for the mustard, Beth hopped the light for Miss Hunter while she looked, and hunting in the green-covered trunk for flannel, and wringing cloths scalding hot from the water, and feeding the fire, and feeding the kettles, and doing a dozen other things the night passed quickly away. Reuben was by no means forgotten, but still Beth's heart was lighter, it had been ever since that prayer, when she had peeped to see if she could see the messenger, for some one had certainly come with an answer. Had not Miss Hunter thanked God for it? And if the answer was a joyful one, as she seemed to be sure it was, why should there be any more worry? Beth was getting some new ideas this night. As for her mother, her heart so smote her for forgetting poor old mother Perkins, and letting her get so cold as to bring on those dreadful cramping pains, that she seemed to put Reuben and every one else aside, and give herself entirely to fighting the pain. It was not until the faint gray dawn of a new day was glimmering in the east, that the three families settled into quiet. Miss Hunter had said; "Now, I declare if I'm not afraid your 'man of the house' will come and find that his mother has been up all night without a wink of sleep, then I don't know what he would do. You just go and lie down for a bit, you and Beth, poor child, how she has trotted back and forth and up and down. I'll shade the light and sit here by mother Perkins, she is so quiet now, I think she can sleep a little too, then we will all be chirp for New Year's morning."

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Stone, and she could not help wondering what New Year's morning would bring to her; she had not felt the presence of the messenger, with the answer to Miss Hunter's prayer, as plainly as Beth had; but she was so tired out, that it was not hard to persuade her to lie down on the bed. She only waited to say, "As soon as it is light enough to pick my way out, I'm going to the corner police to notify him about Reuben," then she fell into a heavy sleep. But Beth held her eyes open long enough to say to herself, "I don't believe he will need the police; I believe he will come in the morning; I'm sure she was answered." Then she too slept.

CHAPTER X.  
THE RETURN.

"Happy New Year!" said a voice close to Beth's ear. She dreamed it was Reuben, and that he came to her with his hands full of gold pieces, with which he meant to buy a cow, and a chair, and a farm in the country. She wakened with a start, to find the sun of New Year's morning flooding the world, and Reuben in a very truth standing beside her.

"Is it really and truly you?" she said sitting up straight and rubbing her bewildered eyes. "Oh, mother! here he is, and he is alive, and nothing is the matter."

And Mrs. Stone opened her own heavy eyes and New Year's morning began.

"My sakes!" said Miss Hunter, opening the door softly, so as not to disturb the sleepers, and shutting it suddenly and softly, so as not to disturb the people who were wide awake and holding a family council. Then she rushed away to her griddle-cakes.

Miss Hunter must have been very hungry, she whisked the cover from her little stone jar, and poured out a full bowl of nice, creamy-looking, sour milk. "Miss Hunter! Miss Hunter! Don't you know that a bowl full of sour milk will make cakes enough for five or six people, and there is only one of you?" But Miss Hunter gave no heed, if

any voice whispered that to her, but measured her soda with care, and dashed it into the milk, where it presently began to make such a sissing noise, that one who didn't understand the work that soda has to perform, when it gets into anything sour, might have thought a bit of a steam engine had set up business in the bowl. "Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle," said the milk at last, changing its tone entirely; and Miss Hunter who had been briskly stirring it all the while said, with a satisfied air, "Oh, you're sweet, are you? All right; pity folks couldn't be made sweet tempered as easy as that." Then she broke an egg into another bowl whisking it around frantically with a fork, until it was a bubbling suds, then she put the yellow foam and the white foam together, and stirred little tin shovels of flour into it and salted it, and by-and-by mercifully dipped a spoonful of the mass on to a hot griddle, and lo! a lovely, round, brown cake, puffy and flaky. "As nice as the nicest," said Miss Hunter, nodding her head in a satisfied way; then she drew out her table, and spread it with a clean cloth, and dashed at her bit of a cupboard, and brought out four plates. Had she forgotten that she was a lone woman? If she had, she made herself happy over the mistake, and added spoons, and forks, and knives, and cups, four of each, and made a ridiculous quantity of coffee for one woman. When all was ready, even to the baking of a very great many of the puffy cakes, some of which she buttered and sugared, and some of which she only buttered, she set four chairs around her table, then slipped across the hall once more and knocked boldly at the north door. It was Reuben who answered the knock. He laughed when he saw Miss Hunter.

"Good morning," he said, "I've got 'em, they are here in my pocket safe and sound!"—diving down for the things she had ordered. "I didn't know but you'd think I went to the North pole for them; and I started I guess."

"Dear me," said Miss Hunter, "I'd forgotten about the things it was so long ago, you see; last year sometime, wasn't it? Happy New Year to you, we begun ours early in this house. Now, have they told you that you were going out to breakfast for New Year's morning?"

"Why, no'm," said Reuben astonished; he was just making ready to introduce his mother to Miss Hunter. Then he laughed. "Not but that I'm getting used to going out to breakfast; I've been doing it lately."

"Well," said Miss Hunter, joining in his laugh, and turning to his mother; "it's the queerest thing; you know I was up some last night, and being kind of sleepy this morning, what did I do but go and mix up the whole of my sour milk, and the consequence is I've cakes enough for half a dozen families the size of mine, so of course you'll have to come and help me eat 'em; for New Year's you know."

(To be continued.)

BELIEVING AND UNDERSTANDING.

"I will not believe anything but what I understand, said a self-confident young man in a hotel one day.

"Nor will I," said another.

"Neither will I," chimed in a third.

"Gentlemen," said one who sat close by, "do I understand you correctly, that you will not believe anything that you don't understand?"

"I will not," said one, and so said each one of the trio.

"Well," said the stranger, "in my ride this morning I saw some geese in a field eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Certainly," said the three unbelievers.

"I also saw the pigs eating grass do you believe that?"

"Of course," said the three.

"And I also saw sheep and cows eating grass, do you believe that?"

"Of course," was again replied.

"Well, but the grass which they had formerly eaten, had by digestion turned to feathers on the backs of geese, to bristles on the backs of swine, to wool on the sheep, and on the cows it had turned to hair; do you believe that gentlemen?"

"Certainly," they replied.

"Yes, you believe it," he rejoined, "but do you understand it?"

They were confounded and silent, and ashamed.—*The Young Churchman.*

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

In the first place, try to be as far as possible in what you wish your children to be. Your ideal should be so high that you yourself can probably never attain it; but where you fall you can help your children. To reach this, you will need to practise close communion with God. You must not only pray much, but wait quietly and patiently for light from him. When one is watching for it, it is wonderful how it comes. Sometimes in reading the Bible, or some book or paper, or in conversation with a friend, or often in the quietness and stillness of your own heart, a new thought darts in that suddenly illumines all your darkness.

Next, be patient and loving, and make your home, your surroundings, yourself, as pretty and pleasing as possible. A single flower gives a festive appearance to your dress—a carnation saved for your boy's buttonhole makes him happy; a wood fire lit on the hearth just before the children come in from school gives them a welcome; a pleasant story saved for them, an article in the paper on some subject they are interested in, or what you want them to be interested in, pointed out to them, gives you something to talk of together.

Do not let life be dull for them. Let the mother bring objects of interest to them. She can do it by looking about a little at home or abroad.

Make your room so cozy and pleasant that they will love to come and sit there, and be always ready to receive and sympathize with them in their confidences.

Never send the children away when they want a good talk, no matter how much you had rather sit and talk or read with your husband, or your friends who are visiting you.

When you have the confidence of your children you are all right; but you must take as great pains to win it as you do that of your friend.

Of course from the first a mother must require implicit obedience; but as the children grow older she must do it in such a way that they understand why she demands it, and if they cannot understand it she must ask it as a favor. Very often the child will come afterwards and say: "Mamma, you were right; I see it now, but at the time I could not bear to do what you wanted." Now is the time for mutual congratulations.

Let your children also share in your troubles and anxieties, in your economies, in the bills that still remain the first of March unpaid, in your efforts to have no more bills, in your cares for each other's health and habits, in your love for the father and your desire to help him and, in so far as possible your religious life. And here do not expect too much from the young who have not yet learned to feel their need of help from a Higher Power. For a little while you stand to them as God does to you; give to them what he gives to you, and gradually lead them to lean on him also.

Bring pleasant people to your home; let the children hear their conversation and join with them modestly. The best minds always like to talk with young people, and if they have been made the companions of their parents they will not be shy with older people.

As for reading, and keeping abreast with the children, in these days of magazines, reviews, philosophical novels, condensed histories, and sciences, it is hard not to read too much and too generally, but whatever you read and enjoy let the children share it with you.

There is one time in a young person's life when every mother must have great patience, and wisdom, and love. She goes through it with each child when it is from twelve to sixteen or seventeen years old. In those years the child is going through a great change, mental, moral, and physical. It is no longer a petted little creature, confiding in its parents and believing them to be all wise and good. Its eyes are opening; it sees great faults, alas! in its mother. It is disappointed and wretched; it wants its own way; it cannot have it, and it rebels and grumbles and broods over its wrong, and makes itself intensely disagreeable. It has not learned to go to God; it thinks its own companions are its best guides, and that it knows more than its mother, but it is not happy. Then is the time for a wise letting alone, for great patience and love, for increased cheerfulness and trust, and, if an opportunity occurs, for a little explana-

tion of the trouble, for encouragement and hope in the future.

Sometimes this state of things lasts for years, and the mother many a night goes to bed in tears, in despair, and can only pray to God to guard her child, and do for him what she cannot. At such a time do not send the child away from home to be influenced by strangers who do not love it, and cannot bear with it as you do. Govern yourself then at that time more than her, and do not despair.

Let the child see your hope and love, and gradually it will emerge into a loving, sensible, grateful man or woman, and you will have your reward.—*Christian Union.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)  
Aug. 24.—2 Sam. 24: 15-25

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Prosperity and its dangers. Too long a period of fair weather in the Italian valley creates such a superabundance of dust that the traveller sighs for a shower. He is smothered, his eyes smart, the grit even grates between his teeth. So prosperity, long continued, breeds a plague of dust even more injurious, for it almost blinds the spirit. A Christian making money fast is just a man in a cloud of dust,—it will fill his eyes if he is not careful. A Christian full of worldly care is in the same condition. Afflictions might almost be prayed for if we never had them.—*Spurgeon.*

II. Punishment of pride. There never was a saint yet that grew proud of his fine feathers, but what the Lord plucked them out by and by. There never was an angel that had pride in his heart, but he lost his wings.—*Spurgeon.*

III. The plague from the Lord. I have a clock, as very many have, which was made to meet certain exigencies of the future. It has a calendar which points out the day of the month, the hand moving one figure each day. If the month has 31 days, it moves from that to the 1 for the next month; but if the month has but thirty days, the hand jumps over the 31, and on February it moves from 28 over the 29, 30, and 31 to the 1 of March. But once in four years it stops at Feb. 29, and then moves over two figures to the 1. Now we do not have to run to the maker when these changes are needed, and ask him to come and move the hands. He knew the exigencies would arise, and arranged for doing the work at the time, he made the machinery. So the Lord has arranged his laws of the earth in such a way that they punish certain sins. The punishment is from the Lord, but he need work no miracle to bring it. Men defy the laws of health and cleanliness, and a pestilence breaks out, or contagious diseases rage. Men oppress their workmen, or kings rule with hard and selfish power, and rebellions and insurrections break out, and the opposers lose far more than they seemed to gain.

PRACTICAL.

1. Pride is one of the most dangerous of sins.
2. We may do even innocent actions from wrong motives, which make the actions a sin.
3. Pride goes before a fall. He that exalteth himself shall be abased.
4. God uses His own laws and providence to punish sins.
5. We should not look at the faults of good men so steadily as to forget their virtues.
6. God is merciful to forgive when we repent.
7. But even sincere repentance will not wholly ward off the punishment of sin.
8. The true penitent is severe upon his own faults while he extenuates those of others.
9. Public sins should be publicly confessed.
10. There is no virtue in offering to God that which costs us nothing.
11. By what we give to the Lord we may express our worship, our sincerity, and our love.
12. Sins need not only repentance and confession, but atonement.

To BRIGHTEN the carpet dampen a sponge in water having a few drops of ammonia in solution, and wipe off the dust.