

GRANDMA'S STORY.

BY EMMA S. SANBORN.

"Oh, mamma, such fun as we girls will have, all our set too, just think of it! No more hard work and study for us on Saturday afternoons. We'll forget how hard we have been working all the week to make *menages, nemes, mones*, come straight in our brains, and won't we show those haughty Seniors that although we are the 'Verdants of the School,' we can have our gatherings as well as they? And if we dance a little 'twill be all the merrier, and we'll be the better prepared to enjoy our honors when we are Seniors and invite our friends to our 'Class Reception' in 1887. Now, mamma, mayn't I go? Just say I may, and I'll be happy."

"Don't look so sober, mamma. Edith, Bessie, Ethel, and, indeed, all the girls are going. Mrs. Deane says she thinks it will be a nice opportunity for Bessie to learn to dance, it will help her so much when she comes to enter society. So, mamma, for once, put away your scruples, and let me attend the Saturday soiree."

This was Friday afternoon at the beginning of the spring term of school in Willowdale, and this was the salutation of Effie, Mrs. Burton's oldest child, on her return from school. The young ladies had been planning a course of Saturday afternoon socials, where the members of the class might learn to dance and enjoy themselves in any amusement which might be suggested from time to time. Of course they must end with a reception or a party, to which friends may be invited, and it was Effie's wish to join her classmates in attending and supporting the proposed gatherings.

Mrs. Burton, much as she needed the help of her daughter, would willingly have granted her wish, but besides the need of her help, she felt it was hardly right that she, the village pastor's wife, should grant this wish, knowing, as she did, all the temptations which would come to her child, and the effort it would take to overcome them if she would remain a happy inmate of their simple, quiet home; so she wisely said nothing, trusting that the quiet influences of home-life at the Rectory, and perhaps a word from dear old grandma, would set all straight.

There she sat, a quiet listener to Effie's enthusiastic greeting, and although she said not a word, yet we knew she heard it all; for there was a peculiar smile about her mouth, and a far away look in her eyes, which told us that she was thinking of "the golden time" when she, too, was a girl as full of life and hope as Effie. And now, in the subdued light of life's peaceful twilight, she was looking back to the morning of her own life, and drawing lessons of love for the little ones around her. So at the evening time, when baby Minnie, brother Fred, and sister Carrie, gathered around her for their "Happy Hour," I was not surprised that their demands for "a story, grandma," should cause her to think of the low studious Effie, at the opposite side of the table, and give a story which might convey to her something of her thoughts, and let the lesson taught find its own way to the heart of the listener.

"A story, children, what shall it be? A fairy tale, a Bible story, or one about the days when I was young?"

Baby Minnie, now five years old, said the story about Joseph, who grew to be such a big, big man, was about the nicest; Fred said he voted that grandma should tell a big scare-story about giants or bears; but Carrie thought of all the stories she liked best to hear about grandma's very self when she was a little girl, or about the friends she played with, and the things she did.

"Yes, grandma, yes," I heard all say "that is the best of all."

"But, children, suppose to-night I tell you a story of long ago, so long ago that I can not tell the names of the people, but call them by their characteristic virtue or vice instead."

"Then you are to tell us an Allegory," said Carrie. "Will it be like 'Pilgrim's Progress'?" Poor Christi, what a hard time he had in his journey! We are all ready for you to begin, dear grandma."

From the shadows I watched the aged face light up as she began:

"Long years ago, in the city of Wisdom lived a woman whose name was Virtue, with her three daughters Modesty, Innocence, and Charity. Modesty was quiet and retiring, her manners, and Charity, the youngest, was loved by those whom she loved,

but Innocence, the second born, was fairest and best beloved.

"To this pleasant home came a report that in the kingdom of one Fashion all was perpetual sunshine; that flowers were ever blooming; and that the song of birds which ever filled the air with music was but an echo from the hearts of her happy subjects."

"Virtue, who was acquainted with the world, understood this report, but her three daughters credited it and desired to visit such a wonderful place. Modesty wished to go, but she shrank from the journey, and Charity remained from love to her mother, but Innocence wanted very much to see the place, and persuaded her mother to let her journey thither.

"Virtue had her misgivings, but, remembering that in her gentle heart she had a sure safeguard against every evil, permitted her to depart, carrying with her a mother's blessing."

"Unlike the road which Christian traveled, this was filled with a vast crowd all bound for this wonderful city. Many of those travelling with her were pleasant and agreeable, but, as she journeyed, others sought her acquaintance, among them, Assurance and Deceit, although they were never known by these names, because they thought they would be better received in society if they were called Mary and Marcella. Pleasure and thoughtless enjoyment seemed to occupy the minds of all as they wandered on.

"After a time they drew near that famous city in which all were expecting to find happiness. Innocence gazed in the direction indicated by her companion, and even her eyes were dazzled by the brilliancy of the scene. As they approached the city, night closed in around them, and first one light and then another appeared, until a flood of light shone out upon the path of the weary travelers. As they drew nearer, shouts of revelry, and the sound of music and dancing, were wafted to them on the evening air. Some had friends who had come hither before them. These they sought and remained as their guests until they became acquainted with the city."

"Of all in that vast city, Innocence knew but one, Mr. Sagacity, and, although she suspected that he was not always strictly upright in his business transactions, and disliked to become his guest on that account, yet, as she could do no better, she gladly availed herself of his hospitality. Here, she became acquainted with Mr. Flatterwell, and it was under his protection and through the agency of Vanity, her hostess, that she was introduced into the society of this city."

"Never before had so fair a sight been seen in the ball-room. Never before had one with so pure a heart descended to grace their banquets. Messrs. Smooth-tongue and Self-conceit, with the Misses Envy, Malice and Deceit, all sought her company, but an acquaintance with them served only to remind her of home, her mother, her sisters, and her friends, Prudence, Mercy, Piety and Patience."

"Thinking she would see if any in this great city were truly happy, she visited the banquets and the receptions, which Fashion frequently gave for the pleasure and entertainment of her subjects. At first sight of these gatherings, the beauty of the scene caused her to think that here, if anywhere, was happiness to be found, but when she perceived that under a smiling face was hidden a jealous heart, and that a friend was only one in name, she bethought herself of her own quiet home and her many true and tried friends, she left behind."

"Desire followed thought, and speedily resulted in action, and soon she was with her friends once more, and never since has Innocence been seen to mingle in the dance and Fashion's circles, in the city of Pomp; but go there when you will, you will find that Self-conceit, Smooth-tongue, and Flatterwell, together with Vanity, Envy and Deceit, are always present, remain longest at the wine, join oftentimes in the dance, and are ever found among Fashion's most devoted subjects."

So she finished her story. Baby Minnie was asleep, and Freddie wondering if his new top wouldn't spin better than Bertie Fisher's, but Carrie was wide awake and thoughtful, and, best of all, Effie had been a listener too, and, catching the meaning, knew that grandma's story had been told for her.

Later in the evening I saw Effie steal softly to Grandma's side, and heard her

whisper, "Thank you, dear grandma, I got your meaning, and it shall be as you wish. I care not for the dance, but will keep my innocence, and love my quiet, happy home better than all the world."

And grandma whispered back a soft "God bless you."—*Morning Star*.

TAKE HOLD OF THE RIGHT END.

BY REV. D. NASH.

The session of a certain Presbyterian church had convened for the reception of members. The venerable elders sat around in a circle, the young pastor in the midst. One candidate after another passed the usual examinations until all had been received and withdrawn. A boy of ten years of age had been sitting thoughtfully near the door. It was supposed that he was waiting for some of those who were in conference with the session; but when they were all gone, and he still remained, the pastor approached him and learned that he, too, wished to be admitted to the communion of the church. He was seated, however, and the examination began. It progressed satisfactorily until most of the usual ground had been gone over, the boy clearly and calmly narrating the circumstances under which he had been awakened to a sense of his guilt, and led to feel his need of Christ as a Saviour.

Then came the question: "What did you do when you felt yourself to be a great sinner?"

The eyes of the examiners brightened as he answered: "I just went to Jesus and told him how sinful I was, and how sorry I was, and asked Him to forgive me."

But the next answer brought the shadow again to their faces, for as the pastor asked: "And do you hope that Jesus heard you and forgave your sins?" he answered promptly, "I don't only hope so, sir, I know He did."

There was a confidence in the tone with which the word "know" was uttered that startled the hearers. The oldest of them raised his glasses and peered into the face of the little candidate and said:—

"You say you know that Jesus forgave you your sins?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt and unhesitating answer.

There was an ominous pause in the examination. Such positiveness could only be, it was feared, the offspring of presumption. The boy must be resting on some fine foundation.

"You mean, my son, that you hope Jesus has pardoned your sins?"

"I hope He has, and I know it, too," with a bright smile on his manly face.

"How do you know it, my son?" every eye being intent on the little respondent.

"He said He would," said the boy, with a look of astonishment, as if amazed that any one should doubt it.

"He said He would do what?"

"He said that if I confessed my sins, He was faithful and just and would forgive them; and I did confess them to Him, and I know He forgave them, because He said He would."

The old elder took off his glasses to wipe them, for the moisture from his eyes had made them dull, and he turned to the pastor and said:—

"He's got hold of the right end of it, sir. Flesh and blood have not revealed it to him. I move the examination be closed."

Thank God for salvation and the knowledge of it!—*Zion's Herald*.

A RATIONALIST SAVED.—Dr. Hildebrandt a learned German naturalist, travelled eight years in Africa and Madagascar, and gained a deservedly high name in the scientific world. He arrived in Madagascar a Rationalist, but died there a believer in Christ. When he was taken ill he was received into the house of the Norwegian Missionary and Dr. Borchgrewink at Antananarivo, where he died. When the missionary saw that the illness was likely to be fatal, he told him so, and said, "Shall we not together call upon God, and ask Him to reveal Jesus to you as His Son and as the only Saviour from death and judgment?" He willingly consented. "During the prayer," relates Dr. Borchgrewink, "the doubts which had so long held him captive disappeared, and soon after, when my wife came into the room, he stretched out both his hands, while joy beamed from his face, and triumphantly cried out, 'Yes, dear friend, there is indeed a Christ,' and he often repeated that he could now die with joy."—*Wahrheitszeugen*.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Peabody's Select Notes*.)

Nov. 23.—Prov. 1: 1-16.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Professor Law, who knew Scotland well, said that the practical sagacity of the Scotch was owing to their familiarity with the practical wisdom of the Book of Proverbs. My own pastor in my childhood, Dr. Duffield, used to say that when he was in any spiritual trouble, he could always find help in the Psalms, and when he wanted guidance in any practical matter he could always find it in the Proverbs.

II. Enticements of sinners. Sometimes temptation comes to us like an army with open attack, but more often like a malaria. We breathe in the poisoned air from neighboring marshes, we bring the deadly sewer-gas into our houses by the very triumph of modern conveniences, cesspools in hundreds of yards send up their malaria to enter every open window in summer, and then in winter we shut up every crack and crevice lest God's pure air enter our rooms, to save coal; till our whole systems are poisoned, and in some hour of weakness or overwork, suddenly we are consumed with a burning fever. If the fever had come like a deadly serpent, we should have avoided it; if it had come like the north wind, we should have sheltered ourselves from it; if in battle array, we could fight it. But it has come with our daily breath, its footsteps unheard, without knocking at the door, and has insidiously poisoned our whole system before we were aware of our danger.

PRACTICAL.

1. Ver. 1. Few words and to the point, like a proverb, is one secret of successful prayer-meetings.
2. "Let thy heart be without words, rather than thy words without heart," said John Bunyan on his death bed.
3. "The man who has drained the cup of pleasure can best tell the taste of its dregs."
4. Practice is better than precept. Solomon's sins were a living illustration of all that his father warned him against.
5. Vers. 2-5. Old and young, wise and simple, all need wisdom and instruction.
6. Ver. 7. The sign and the proof of a wise man is his desire for more wisdom. The mark of a fool is the conceit that he knows about enough already.
7. Fear and not love is the beginning of wisdom, but love is the end.

OUT of four thousand Jews in Toulon and Marseilles only seven, it is said, were attacked by the cholera. It is the repetition of an old experience, and is attributed to the dietary laws of Moses.

Question Corner.—No. 21.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. A woman killed a man with a nail; who was the woman and who was the man?
2. Who was the judge of Israel at that time?
3. Why was the country after Solomon's reign divided into two kingdoms?
4. Mention an Old Testament incident similar to that of Christ feeding the five thousand.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The initials and finals give our two chief gateways of knowledge.

1. Our first mother.
2. What did Gaal, the son of Ebed, tell Abimelech to increase?
3. From what city did Claudius command the Jews to depart?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 19.

1. At the close of a prayer for Solomon given in the 72nd Psalm.
2. Omri, king of Israel, 1 Kings 16: 23, 24.
3. Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, Laodicea, Rev. 2: 3.
4. Smyrna, Rev. 2: 8, 11; and Philadelphia, Rev. 3: 7, 12.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- SHEPHERD—HIRSELING.
1. S. A. T. A Gen. xx 2.
 2. H. A. N. A. 2 Chron. xvi 7.
 3. E. T. Isa. xxiv 8.
 4. P. H. E. N. I. C. Acts xv 8.
 5. H. A. N. A. M. E. Jer. xxxii 7.
 6. R. E. 1 Sam. iii 8.
 7. R. A. Levit. xxvii 4.
 8. D. I. Y. Luke xiii 8.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French, Hannah E. Greene, and Cora Snow.