

"I SAY WHAT I THINK."

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"I say what I think," says the valiant man,  
With a voice and a look of daring,  
Determined to act on a selfish plan,  
And for nobody's comfort caring—  
"I say what I think"; and at every chance  
This impulse of his obeying,  
His plain to be seen at a single glance  
He doesn't think what he's saying.

Oh, many an arrow will reach the heart  
For which it was never intended,  
If a careless marksman wings the dart,  
And the hurt can never be mended;  
And many a friendship may be lost,  
And many a love-link broken,  
Because of neglect to count the cost,  
Of words that are lightly spoken.

"I say what I think." Ah! the truly great,  
Who give their wisdom expression  
In chosen phrases, would hesitate  
To make such a rash confession.  
For think what injuries might be wrought,  
What evils we could not smother,  
If everybody said what they thought  
Without regard to each other!

To say what you think is a noble thing,  
When your voice for the right is needed,  
To speak out your mind with a loyal ring  
When order and law are impeded;  
But the evil thoughts that flow through the brain  
And the heart should be retarded,  
For we lessen the tide of grief and pain  
When our speech is carefully guarded.

You may think what you choose, nor give offence—  
Be a traitor, and not display it;  
And if you're deficient in common-sense,  
By silence you'll not betray it.  
And let it be written in blackest ink,  
For the good of each son and daughter,  
That those who always say what they think  
Are most of the time in hot water.

CHRISTIAN AT THE CROSS.

Now I saw in my dream that the highway,  
up which Christian was to go, was fenced on  
either side with a wall, and that wall was  
called Salvation. Up this way, therefore,  
did burdened Christian run, but not without  
great difficulty, because of the load on his  
back.

He ran thus till he came at a place some-  
what ascending, and upon that place stood a  
cross, and a little below in the bottom a  
sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just  
as Christian came up with the cross, his bur-  
den loosed from off his shoulders, and fell  
from off his back, and began to tumble, and  
so continued to do till it came to the mouth  
of the sepulchre, where it fell in and I saw  
it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome,  
and said with a merry heart, he hath given  
me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death.  
Then he stood still awhile to look and won-  
der, for it was very surprising to him that  
the sight of the cross should thus ease him  
of his burden. He looked, therefore, and  
looked again, even till the springs that were  
in his head sent the waters down his cheeks.  
Now, as he stood looking and weeping, be-  
hold three shining ones came to him, and  
saluted him with "Peace be to thee." So  
the first said to him, "Thy sins be for-  
given;" the second stripped him of his rags,  
and clothed him with a change of raiment;  
the third also set a mark upon his forehead,  
and gave him a roll with a seal upon it,  
which he bid him look on as he ran, and  
that he should give it in at the celestial  
gate; so they went their way. Then Chris-  
tian gave three leaps for joy, and went on  
singing

"Thus far did I come loaden with my sin,  
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in,  
Till I came hither: what a place is this!  
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?  
Must here the burden fall from off my back?  
Must here the strings that bound it to me  
crack?  
Blest cross! blest sepulchre! blest rather be  
The Man that there was put to shame for me!"  
—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

A CHANGE.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

Mrs. Benton was tired, and she was ner-  
vous. She was also, in consequence, some-  
what depressed and discouraged. She was,  
in addition, very busy, for the short days  
seemed overrunning with inevitable recur-  
ring tasks. Not only were the meals to get,  
the house to set in order, the dishes to wash  
but the winter at hand imposed upon her  
burdens of needed sewing,—making and  
altering and repairing. And she was,  
moreover, one of those necessarily economi-

cal people, of whom it is true at any season  
that

"Always between her and idleness  
The mending-basket lies."

"The days are pretty much alike!" she  
sighed, on this particular gray and chilly  
morning. There was dinner to get for hus-  
band and children and work-folks. The  
house, at half past eight, bore traces of the  
hasty departure school-ward of two or three  
impatient young people. She had been up  
at six, but her kitchen was not yet in order;  
for she had left her work to help the young-  
est, the household darling, find her mislaid  
mittens. A little baking must be done be-  
fore noon, and the afternoon must be free  
of kitchen interruptions, for several needed  
garments waited her needle and her finish-  
ing touches. One, in particular, must be  
done that day. And when you add that  
there were various other demands on her

only a little over a dress-pattern left. I  
can't do without it, and I'm afraid it's all  
sold now. Perhaps I can manage to hurry  
down to the store myself and get it, and get  
back in time for my biscuit baking. I'll  
put on a veil, it's so cold, and I can't stop  
to talk with anyone."

So, in a very few minutes, she was hur-  
rying down the street. Just ahead were two  
ladies whom she recognized, but, as she had  
said, she had no time to talk, herself, with  
anyone. They were conversing very  
earnestly.

"I am so sorry for them! It must be such  
a change? I must call, but I dread to go there,  
the house will seem so different, with no  
little child in it!"

"And he was such a bright little thing!  
A singularly winning child, yet a very busy  
little fellow. He quite filled his mother's  
hand, I used to think."



time, in the form of solicitations for church  
and benevolent enterprises, you will not  
wonder that our sister felt driven, hurried,  
and worried.

"But I wouldn't mind it so much," she  
thought, "if there was only a little change  
or variety once in a while. I've no time to  
go out,—John would say, 'Take time;' but  
I've not the time to take. And besides, I  
can't or won't, tell him that I haven't any-  
thing suitable to wear out making calls, or  
to a church sociable, or hardly to church,  
though I do go to meeting. And I'm most-  
ly too tired to go, if I had."

At ten o'clock Mrs. Benton found she  
could snatch a few moments for her sewing.  
But, taking up her work, she soon discover-  
ed that she must have a yard or two more  
of the material. "How provoking! This  
dress must be done to-day; and the  
children just gone, too. I could even have  
sent a note by John, with the sample, to Mr.  
Johnson. And I remember now there was

"And it came so suddenly! I hear she is  
quite heart-broken."

They turned a corner here, and Mrs.  
Benton hurried on. She knew well the  
afflicted mother of whom they had been  
speaking. As she lifted her veil just before  
entering the store, a friend met her and held  
out welcoming hands. She, too, was tired  
and pale as Mrs. Benton herself.

"I've been watching with Miss Colburn.  
Poor thing! she suffers so, and the family  
are quite worn out. She can't last much  
longer, I am afraid. But she wants so to  
live, and they cannot bear to tell her. In-  
deed, they hardly realize themselves how  
near a change may be. But I mustn't de-  
tain you, nor stop myself—good bye!"

But before Mrs. Benton could enter the  
store, another acquaintance saluted her.  
She had made a call this morning.

"On an errand, it was. My niece is com-  
ing to Riverton to be book-keeper at Lym's,  
and she wants me to get her a boarding-

place. So I went to Mrs. Emery's. You  
know, since her husband went away and  
came home crippled, she has to maintain  
herself that way, and support the family.  
I pity her; she isn't used to hard work, or  
to providing. Few women are. And it's a  
hard change for her."

Would people never be done talking of  
changes? Mrs. Benton asked herself the  
question impatiently, yet not without re-  
morseful recollections of her own bitterly  
repining thoughts. "No, no!" she whis-  
pered, earnestly. "I don't want a change.  
I'll never say I do again."

But one other reproving reminder awaited  
her. As she waited the movements of the  
leisurely clerk, she heard, brokenly, a con-  
versation going on behind her, between the  
proprietor and another gentleman.

"There couldn't be any other verdict nor  
a lighter sentence. These defalcations are  
getting so common, leniency, for any reason,  
isn't to be thought of. He owned up, and  
helped them straighten things round, and  
took his sentence like a man. Pity his  
manliness hadn't come to the front a little  
earlier! None suspected it, the family had  
always stood so high. Never had a stain on  
the name before. Well, their heads have  
come down now. I'm sorry for 'em,  
though. It's pretty hard, sir!"

"Yes, it would be hard, anyway; but,  
as you say, it will be such a change for them  
to be in disgrace and looked down on, 'twill  
be doubly hard."

These people, too, she knew—their dire  
misfortune and dishonor. Why had she not  
remembered what sad, sad changes were all  
about her, nay, might even threaten her  
home? What were care, poverty, work,  
monotonous, irksome grinding though it  
seemed, to such change as this? How good  
it was to have husband, children, friends, for  
whom to toil. What better things could life  
hold, she wondered, than such dear service?

These thoughts, and others like them,  
were ringing in her heart as she hurried  
homeward. And, there again, the heaviest  
tasks and most exacting cares seemed very  
sweet and precious. And for a long time  
afterward, Mrs. Benton could hardly hear  
without a shudder, those two significant  
words—"a change."—*Morning Star.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

John Ruskin, in his autobiography, tells  
of the foundation on which the character of  
this remarkable man was reared. It was the  
work of his mother.

"After our chapters (from two to three a  
day, according to their length), the first thing  
after breakfast (and no interruptions from  
servants allowed, none from visitors, who  
either joined in the reading or had to stay  
upstairs, and none from any visitings or ex-  
cursions, except real travelling), I had to  
learn a few verses by heart, or repeat to  
make sure I had not lost something of what  
was already known; and, with the chapters  
thus gradually possessed from the first to  
the last, I had to learn the whole body of  
the fine old Scotch paraphrases, which are  
good, melodious, and forceful verses, and to  
which, together with the Bible itself, I owe  
the first cultivation of my ear in sound."

Mr. Ruskin prints his mother's list of the  
chapters "with which, thus learned, she  
established my soul in life." It is as fol-  
lows: Exodus, chapters xv. and xx.; 2  
Samuel i.; from the 17th verse to the end;  
1 Kings, chapter viii.; Psalms, chapter xxiii.,  
xxxii., xc., xci., cxii., cxix., cxxxix;  
Proverbs, chapters ii., iii., viii., xii.; Isaiah,  
chapter lviii.; Matthew, chapters v., vi., vii.;  
Acts, chapter xxvii.; 1 Corinthians, chapters  
xiii., xv., James, chapter iv.; Revelations,  
chapters v., vi. And truly (Mr. Ruskin  
says) "though I have picked up the ele-  
ments of a little further knowledge—in  
mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in  
after life—and owe not a little to the teach-  
ing of many people, this maternal installa-  
tion of my mind in that property of chap-  
ters I count very confidently the most preci-  
ous, and on the whole, the one essential  
part of all my education."

PAUL'S DIRECTION in respect to erring  
brethren is in these words: "Brethren, if a  
man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are  
spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of  
meekness, considering thyself lest thou also  
be tempted." A great many evils exist in  
the Church of Christ that would be quietly  
and happily cured if this rule of dealing  
with erring brethren were universally ob-  
served.