

great degree to appreciate it in all its horrible realities.

I heard of a man who came home drunk and seized the water-pitcher and lifted it to his mouth. One of the children had dropped a spool of silk into that water pitcher, and, in his hurry, he had found a foreign substance going down his throat. He got frightened and dropped the pitcher. "Murder! Murder!" [Mr. Gough here pulled several imaginary yards of silk thread from his mouth.] "Hurry up! I'm all unravelling."

Now, we laugh at one phase of drunkenness. I will give you another. A man came home drunk, and his child, a girl two years of age, was crying. He harshly said to the child: "Stop your crying." She did not understand him and cried on, and that father took his own child, that little girl, two years old, and laid her on the fire; and when his wife came up to rescue the child he kicked her away with his hob-nailed boots and held the child there until she was burned to a crisp. That is another phase of it that you don't laugh at.

Over Against the Treasury.

OVER against the treasury one day
The Master silent sat, whilst, unaware
Of that Celestial Presence still and fair,
The people passed or paused upon their way.

And some went laden with their treasures
Sweet.

And dressed in costly robes of rare device
To cover hearts of stone and souls of ice,
But knelt to crave no blessing as they went.

And some passed gaily singing, on their way
And cast a careless gift before His face,
Amongst the treasures of the holy place,
But neither did they bow their heads to pray.

And some were travel worn, their eyes were dim,
They touch His shining vesture as they pass.
But saw not even darkly through a glass—
How sweet might be their trembling gifts to Him.

And still the hours roll on; serene and fair
The Master keeps His watch, but who can tell
The thoughts that in His tender spirit swell,
As one by one we pass Him unaware?

For this is He who, on one awful day,
Cast down for us a price so vast and dread
That He was left for our sakes bare and dead,
Having given Himself our mighty debt to pay?

And in return for all His gifts so rare
One, lone and trembling, to the treasury came,
With but a mite in either hand,—'twas all
Her gain,
Forgetting all but Him, she cast them there.

With empty hands, but heart surcharged with love,
She turned away, repaid a thousand fold,
With something better far than sordid gold—
"The blessing that enricheth," from above.

The rich, who cast in much from bounteous store,
Went poorer home, nor felt the glow of joy;
Their gifts, in heaven's count, was base alloy,
Nor will they be rewarded evermore.

By human rule, her gifts were very small,
But heavy in the balance of the skies,
And while the gifts from flowing wealth did rise
As puffballs in the scale, her mites outweighed them all.

O, shall unworthy gifts once more be thrown
Into His treasury—by whose death we live?
Or shall we now embrace His cross, and give
Ourselves, and all we have, to him alone?

THERE are more Roman Catholics
in New York city than in any other
city in the world.

The Lesson Taught by a Swiss Guide.

SARAH SMILEY, in her account of a tour in the Alps, recounts a touching incident and gives a beautiful illustration of Scripture-teaching concerning the generous help of our great Burden-bearer. "In the summer of 1879," says the writer, "I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of the old Swiss guides. Beyond the service of the day he gave me, unconsciously, a lesson for life. His first care was to put my wraps and other burdens upon his shoulder. In doing this he called for all; but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hindrance to the freedom of my movement, but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to me where I sat resting for a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my alpenstock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction he led the way. And now, in my freedom, I found that I could make double speed with double safety. Then a voice spoke inwardly: 'O foolish, wilful heart, hast thou, indeed, given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them, nor even the right.' I saw it all in a flash; and then, as I leaped lightly from rock to rock down the steep mountain-side, I said within myself: 'And even thus will I follow Jesus, my Guide, my Burden-bearer. I will rest all my care upon Him, for He careth for me.'"

Not a Failure.

"HER life began so brilliantly," said my friend, "it is a pity that it has turned out such a failure."

We were speaking of one who in her girlhood gave exceptional promise of scholarship and literary culture. Her powers were uncommon, and were equalled by her ambition. Stimulated by admiring parents and teachers, and filled with a genuine love of knowledge, she studied so incessantly that her health broke down, and there came a period of enforced repose.

Rallying the same course of severe effort produced the same result, and the studies had to be laid aside. The lamp burned brightly, but the vase was fragile and so the flame was obscured. It could never become a beacon sending its rays far and wide through mirk and gloom. But it could and did burn steadily on with a mild, pure radiance, shedding its cheerful lustre over the home circle.

Contented to abide in lowly ministries, the gifted girl, finding that she could not spend days and nights over Greek and Latin, determined to become that rare thing, a perfect housekeeper. She learned patiently and thoroughly the various secrets of housework; those occult processes by which neat, beautiful and well-ordered homes are kept going as if by magic.

Reading the other day about Solomon's temple, and the great blocks of hewn stone and massive beams of cedar, which were prepared and brought to it, all ready for use, so that the grand edifice was reared in dignified quietude, without noise or confusion, I thought how like to this is the work which must take place in the household, if things are to be carried forward in order. Nobody builds a beautiful home temple without pains and care, and we must do our polishing and our hewing out of

sight, if we would be successful architects.

The young girl I am speaking of, I will call her Lillie, learned to brew, to bake, to sweep, to dust, to sew, to manage servants and to entertain guests, every one of these occupations being in a manner uncongenial to her, since she was by nature shy, retiring, and a bit of a recluse. The variety and exercise necessary to homely house-keeping did not tax her strength as did intense devotion to books, yet she continued frail, and was sometimes laid aside for months.

I suppose nobody learns how to sympathize with the sick in any other way than by bearing pain and suffering. Our Lillie became a tender visitor in shadowed homes. She would come with her soft step, her gentle words, her sweet face and unerring tact into a sick room, and when she left it the patient felt encouraged. So, there was one work she did for the Master, not the less precious that it was a very unobtrusive one.

She taught class after class in the Sunday-school; and as the years went by, and the girls and boys who had been under her instruction grew up, they remembered her counsels and prized her continued friendship. They sought her for advice, told her their perplexities, and were influenced by her in their maturity, as they had been guided in their childhood.

Lillie's brothers and sisters married and went here and there to their new homes. Neither love nor marriage were appointed for her, and she staid on with her parents through their declining years, always their comfort, and gradually their main dependence. She retained, as it seems to me some single women do, in a marvellous way, the simplicity of her child-heart through all her years; and now that her hair is sprinkled with silver, and her foot-fall is less firm than of old, she is still everything that a daughter can be to the aged ones who lean on her.

Lillie has never written a poem, nor painted a picture, nor made a discovery in science, nor dazzled a drawing room. She has spent her life humbly, in a shady place, but she has made the shadows sweet with the perfume of Christ's love, and the world has been the better for her. Such a life is anything but a failure.—*Congregationalist*.

JACK OLDSTOCK—"We're very proud of our ancestry, you know." Tom Parvenu—"Yes, I know; but how would your ancestry feel about you?"

OLD ROWLAND HILL was both wise and witty when he replied to one who applied for admission to the sacrament at Surrey Chapel, stating that his religious feelings originated in a dream. "Well that may be," said Mr. Hill, "but we'll tell you what we think of your dreams when we see how you walk when you are awake."

THE famous Lord Chesterfield had a relative, a Mr. Stanhope, who was exceedingly proud of his pedigree, which he pretended to trace to a ridiculous antiquity. Lord Chesterfield was one day walking through an obscure street in London, when he saw a miserable daub of Adam and Eve in Paradise. He purchased the painting, and having written on the top of it "Adam de Stanhope, of Eden, and Eve, his wife," he sent it to his relative as a valuable old family portrait of his remote ancestors.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

37.—Monkey.

38.—Invalid.

39.—HOT
ONE
TEN

HALE
AVER
LENS
ERST

40.—A
AGE
AGNES
EEL
S

P
RAT
PARIS
TIM
S

NEW PUZZLES.

41.—CHARADES.

To obtain; a letter; a pronoun; a wooden pin. A lake in North America. A young bud; an article; a letter. A country.

42.—ENIGMAS.

1, 4, 7, belonging to a boat; 8, 9, 10, 5, indispensable to a baker; 6, 7, 4, 2, 3, a divine gift. A seaside resort. 6, 8, 3, turf; 4, 11, 9, to dress; 7, 5, 10, part of a wheel; 2, 1, 12, is a girl's name. A river in the United States.

43.—HOUR-GLASS.

A term used in grammar; a texture; an article; a letter; an animal; renown; a kind of rock. Centrals form the name of an English botanist.

44.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Excepting; a son of David; an American poet; dark; an English philosopher. Primals, a French naturalist. Finals, a celebrated ancient physician.

A FRIEND, visiting in a minister's family where the parents were very strict in regard to the children's Sabbath department, was confidentially informed by one of the little girls that she would like to be a minister. "Why?" inquired the visitor, rather puzzled to understand what had given the child so sudden an admiration for that calling. She was quickly enlightened by the prompt reply, "So I could holler on Sunday."

I SEE in this world two heaps of human happiness and misery. Now, if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add it to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a cent has dropped a halfpenny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do greater things; but I will not neglect this.—*John Newton*.

MR. PEET, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself from being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally, summoning courage, he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated, "Oh! don't call me Peters; call me Peet." "Ah! but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters!" said the young lady, blushing.