

may be called the transaction of business connected with the Tabernacle and its various institutions, the other is reserved for Mr. Spurgeon's private use alone. On one of these shelves there is a series of volumes containing extracts from newspapers, etc., referring to him, all carefully indexed. In one of these is that precious copy of one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons which was found in Dr. Livingstone's box in Africa, after the great explorer's death. It was brought to his daughter, who, thinking Mr. Spurgeon the most suitable possessor, sent it to him. The paper is brown with age and travel and climate, but on the top of the front page can still be seen the words, "Very good. —D. L.," in faint pencil.

There are many more books in the large room—half drawing-room, half library—on the other side of the hall. The whole of one large wall is covered with them. They are of a more general character than those in the two studies, which are mostly of the nature of "tools" for the preacher's work; but these are historical and biographical and also comprise several works on natural history. Of this latter class of reading Mr. Spurgeon is very fond. He has a set of old Herbals, and has read them all, finding many quaint and curious illustrations in them. The windows of the large drawing-room-library look into a very fine fernery, some of the plants being very large, and the whole graceful in arrangement and appearance.—*The Quiver*

#### A STRAIGHT RULE.

"The Bible is so strict and old-fashioned," said a young man to a grey-haired friend who was advising him to study God's Word if he would learn how to live. "There are plenty of books written nowadays that are moral enough in their teachings, and do not bind one down to the Bible."

The old merchant turned to his desk and took out two rulers, one of which was slightly bent. With each of these he ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion.

"Well," said the lad, "what do you mean?"

"One line is not straight and true, is it? When you mark out your path in life do not take a crooked ruler."

#### A TELL-TALE DOOR.

"Willie, Willie, you'll break my heart, that you will, with your temper," exclaimed Mrs. Morton, as she gazed with tearful eyes at her little son, who stood before her with crimson cheeks and clenched fist, his whole demeanor showing that he had lost all control over himself.

Willie was an only child, and his parents, earnest, God-fearing people, did their best to bring him up well; but though in most things the boy gave them complete satisfaction being truthful and obedient, yet the slightest thing would sometimes be the means of raising his naturally hot temper, and for the time he would act more like a madman than a child. To-day the cause of disturbance had been so slight that Mrs. Morton grieved more than ever over her boy as she watched him stamping about the bright cheery kitchen, his frowns and angry words seemed to blot out all the sunshine.

Suddenly the child stopped as the sound of a firm, steady footstep fell on his ear, and a moment later his father, John Morton, entered the room. His quick eye took in the state of affairs at a glance, and a shadow passed over his face.

"In another passion, Willie?" he said, in a low, sad voice, as he laid his hand on the child's shoulder. "My son, this won't do. Do you know this is the third time you have lost your temper since morning?"

The boy hung down his head. He knew it was too true; and he also knew that the same thing had occurred the previous day.

"Willie, you don't realize how often you fall into this sin, and now I am going to make you remember," continued his father; and as he spoke he took up a hammer and paper of nails which lay on the table, and bidding his son follow him, went into the yard behind their neat little cottage. Here he deliberately stopped before a door leading in the woodshed, and placing the hammer and a nail in Willie's hands, bade him drive it into the door. The boy looked surprised, but did as he was told, and then glanced inquiringly into his father's face. Why did you tell me to do that father?"

John Morton gazed earnestly into the little face before him, and all he said was, "Every time you give away to temper, Willie, I expect you to come here and