A RELIC.

We found, that night, when, free from pain at last, She slumbered in the darkened room below, In her old Bible pressed and folded fast A flower gathered fifty years ago.

Wondering we scanned it there, so brown with age, So withered, and with curious eyes read

The writing traced beneath it on the page .-A date, a dim initial-nothing more-

And asked, with eyes that filled we know not And hands that touched it gently, rever-

ently, What dear memorial of days gone by This ittle taded floweret might be.

Why had she kept it hadden there away, Throu hall there years? What hopes, what joys that were,

Whit golden mome yot some fair day, softly from those withered leaves to her?

What potent talisman was this, to start To life again that out forgotten time, Ranewn g in her chill and wintry heart The flush and tragrance of her youth's glad prime!

Had hard of lover gathered in that day, That tair, bright summer day, so long ago? What sweet, shy dreams lay to:ded there away:

What maiden hopes and fears? We might not know. Silent we stood. We felt a sense of shame, As those, who wondering, enter unaware, Some holy place. Ah me! we were to blame.

Softly we turned, and left it lying there. But when we gathered for our last long look Upon her, in her calm and tranquil rest, We drew the flower from the worn old book And laid it gently on her pea etul breast.

-Lippincott's Magazine.

MARION'S NEW SOCIETY.

BY MRS. A. GOODWIN.

" Can you help me a few min-

utes, daughter?' " I would like to, tut I don't see how I can." The tone was not impatient, but hurried. "I have this essay to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a church committee meeting, and get back for my German lesson at 5 o'clock."

"No, you can't help me, dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind; if I tie up my head in Pond's Extract, I guess I can finish this.'

"Through at last," said Mari-Greeks." at the same time glanclateness of the hour. Her tired mother had tallen asleep over her

That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's pale face two angels, each looking carnestly at the sleeper.

"What made that weary look on this woman's face?" asked the stern, strong-looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. "Has God given her no daughters?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but they have no time to take care of

"No time!" cried the other. time I am letting them have?"

"Well," replied the Angel of Life, "I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works, but they do not know they are letting the one they love most slip from my arms into yours. Those gray hairs came from overwork and anxiety to save extra money for the music and French lessons. Those were painting roses and pansies on velvet or satin."

The dark angel frowned.

"Young ladies must be accomplished now," explained the other. "Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages. Those wrinkles came because the girls hadn't time to share the cares and worries of every-day life. That sigh comes because this mother feels neglected and lonely while the girls are working for the women of India. That tired look comes from getting up so early while the poor, exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours they gave to study or spent at the musicale. These feet are so weary because of their ceaseless tramp around the house all day."

"Surely the girls help too?" "What they can; but their feet get weary enough going round begging for the charity hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and sick."

"No wonder." said the Angel of Death, "so many mothers call me. This is indeed sad. Loving, hand;" leaves are "tree-hair;" for humanity, genius, science and wicked ones!"

"Ah, the hours are so crowd-" Girls ed." said Life wearily. who are cultured or take an active part in life have no time to care for the mothers who spent so much time in bearing and rear-

ing them." "Then I must place my seal on her brow," said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping

"No! No!" cried Marion, springing from her seat. "I will take time to care for her if you

will only let her stay." " Daughter, you must have nightmare. Wake up, dear! I fear you have missed your history class."

"Never mind, mamma, I'm not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make those button-holes while you carl up on the sofa and take a nap. I'll telephone to the committee and the professor that I must be excused to day, for I'm going to see to supper myself and make some of those muffins you like.'

" But, dear, I hate to take your time.

" Seeing you have never given me any time! Now go to sleep, mamma dear, as I did, and don't worry about me. You are of more consequence than all the paiolani was in a nude state, publanguages or church socials in the licly anointing herself with cocoa- and the cooling waters of the

tucked in a warm atghan, with a From this state of pagan degrada- healing streams abound," and that tender kiss from the daughter tion the beautiful princess soon usually too busy for such demonstrations, Mrs. Hanna fell into a Christian converts, glowing with sweet, restful sleep.

" I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation," Marion soliloquized as she occasionally stole a glance at the sleeping mother. "After this. what time she does not need, I shall devote to outside work and overt act to be thought of. In a study. Until she gets well rest. state of drunken frenzy Liholiho ed, I will take charge of the house had broken the tabu by eating and give up all the societies ex- with the women. A brave act for cept one that I'll have by myself a young King, but not of sufficif the other girls won't join-a | ient importance to affect the tabu. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers.'

And Marion kept her word. A few months later, one of the wo- determined to brave Pele in her man suffragists remarked to her:- own fiery stronghold of Kilauea, on, wearily, giving a finishing so much, Miss Marion. You seem new found God by defying the ors are, how happy we should be. sleep with him to-night." The baby The Development of to have lost all your ambition to goddess and breaking her tabu in the Ideas of Religion among the be highly educated. You are let- the presence of a multitude. News beginning, who knows our preting your sisters get ahead of you, of her intended sacrilege was pro- sent and our future, knows best and ing quickly at the clock. Her at- I fear. How young your mother claimed all over the island, creat- wills best. Sometimes it would tention was arrested by a strange looks to have grown daughters! ing a feeling of consternation, not seem as if he permitted us to have

FOR WINE-BIBBERS.

In strolling about Havre, especi-"What do they do with all the is all used for dyeing, but not for threatened not only death to all again, we have been led by God's mind. Two thirds of our impor- land. consumed in making wine." "In some new learned passages from pale cheeks faded while the girls that a great quantity of the red wrath of Pele. Gathering a hand- joy that these were just the posiof pure manufacture is dearer in derision of the tabu rite, inmixed with the wine in a vat, and presence of the most awful naturallowed to remain there for a week al phenomena on earth, confrontor more, and it is frequently stir- ing the most terrible conception red, so that wine and dust are in- of a pagan deity, Kapiolani calmand the astringent quality of the wood goes to make the "puckery" taste that is sometimes more than apparent in cheap wine, and may be set down as a staying quality. * * The suggestion is not new that logwood is used for coloring wine, and I had heard the red noses of certain free drinkers attributed to this cause .- Harper's for December.

sun."

MY PRAYER.

O Gift unspeakable, May I thyself receive. And live to thee. O wealth unsearchable. Enrich thou me. Fill thou my inmost soul, My treasure be O rock immovable My refuge be, When loud the waters roar

Of life's dark sea, O love unchangeable, Dwell thou in me. Till, mirrored in my heart, Thyself I see. -N. Y. Observer.

THE STORY OF A PRIN-CESS.

The several current press notices of the royal order of Kapiolani, recently presented to the author of "Kalani of Oahu" by King Kalauea, failing to describe the religio-romantic incident which imparts intrinsic vaiue to the name, I send a lication. The literal meaning of en." Princess Kapiolani, of Hawaii. was daughter of the last King of Hilo, and among the first converts of the missionaries. When first seen by the white clergy Kabecame one of the most devout pious zeal to accomplish something which might break through the superstitions of her people. Twenty-six thousand idols had been destroyed by fire, by order of King Liholiho and the High Priest, Hewahewa, and yet the degrading tabu remained unbroken. It was time for some other

Kapiolani now came to the rescue, and, with a moral heroism equal to any act of her sect, she Then Marion felt rewarded for cess, but lest the very island being a member of what she calls should be destroyed. Many came her warrior-husband.

" Behold! my people, the gods of Hawaii are vain gods. Great is Jehovah, my God. He kindles these fires. Fear not Pele; she is powerless. Should I perish, then fear her power. Should God preserve me, then break your tabu, knowing there is but one God,

ORIGIN OF A HYMN.

"Jesus, lover of my soul," was written by Charles Wesley in a spring-house, where he had taken refuge from a mob. He, with his brother, John Wesley, and Richard Pilmor, were holding one of their evening meetings on the common, when a mob attacked them, and they were compelled to flee for their lives. They at last found a season of shelter from the stones with which they were severely pelted behind a hedge. After lying here for some time the darkness deepened upon them and they found their way to a deserted spring-house, where they struck a light with a flint stone, washed their faces in the clear, cool water, brushed the dirt from their clothes, and felt at least a misment's security from the missiles which had pelted them. Charles Wesley had with him a piece of lead ham nered out into a pencil, which he pulled from his brief epitome of the story for pub- pocket, and with his soul ared with the terror of the hour and Kapiolani "is prisoner of Heav-turned toward Jesus, he composed that world-renowned hymn:

" Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high."

That the flight from the mob nut oil, while undergoing some stream helped to form this hymn So, after having been snugly heathen rite of her tabu creed. no one would doubt. "Let the last stanza,

> "Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of thee, Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.'

are creations of the mind as it felt the presence of the material fountain. But how wondrously the writer, that night of flight from a mob to a protecting shelter, penned the words which have helped thousands to fly to the bosom of Jesus.—Religious Telescope.

GOD'S WILL.

God's will is the best. We do

not know what is or will be the best for us. We think we do. We think if we could only have our own will and our own way we should be perfectly happy. We think if we could be rich, or honor-"We miss your bright essays testing the divine power of her able, or healthy, or learned as oth-But he who sees the end from the sight, which made her forget the I never saw her looking so well." only for the welfare of the prinjust to show us how much better it would have been had we subthe "S. P. C. M."-Zion's Herald. to plead that she would abandon mitted cheerfully to his will. Then the rash act; and none were more the very things which we had terrified for her safety than Naihe, thought were so desirable we find are full of thorns or stings, and Followed by eighty of her ter- often we are glad to escape from ally in the vicinity of the Bassin ror-stricken friends, Kapiolani what we had thought so desirable. du Commerce, I observed large walked a hundred miles through Very many of us will also rememquantities of logwood in process the mountain wilderness on her ber how we have longed for cerof landing from ships that have pilgrimage of terror. Approach- tain positions and relations in come from the West Indies. "Can ing the seething crater, Kapiolani life, for the possession of certain all this be needed for dyeing?" was met by a shrivelled old priest- things, and how we have lived long is the question that naturally oc- less of Pele, bearing a fiery male- enough already to see that if the curs to me, and I repeat it to my diction from Pele-hot from the Lord had given us our hearts' defriend who has told me of the uses dread Hallman-man (house of sire, it would have made us poor, of cider. "Yes," he replies, "it everlasting fire)-in which Pele or miserable or wretched. Then the kind of dyeing you have in comers but destruction of the is- providence into positions or surroundings where everything seemtation of log wood is for the color- The multitude stood appalled, ed to be against us. We could ing of tissues, leather, and similar and begged the princess to desist not think that this could be in acarticles, and the other third is from her rash act. But quoting cordance with the Divine will, but that there must have been making wine!" I exclaim in as- Scripture to the Kahuna wahine some mistake, and we, losing tonishment. "Do you really -woman priest-Kapiolani walk- sight of God's hand, began to find mean it?" Certainment, mon- ed calmly and resolutely to the fault with secondary causes and sieur; c'est bien vrai." (Cer- crater's verge, where the sea of to complain bitterly of our lot. tainly, Sir; it is entirely true). molten lava raged like a storm- How often, in the end, we have And then he went on to explain lashed ocean demonstrating the ascertained to our comfort and wine of France of the lowest grades ful of sacred ohelo berries, ever tions for us, and that our highest is artificially colored. Red wine consecrated to Pele, she ate them happiness was found in them. I would not say that we always see than white wine, and so the enter- stead of casting them into the how the Divine will is or will be prising dealer makes use of log- crater as a peace offering to the for the best. No; we are too wood for both color and flavor. goddess. Gathering up stones blinded; our stand-point is too The wood is ground in a mill not she threw them into the fiery narrow; our faculties are too limunlike that used by tanners for flood instead of the accustomed ited. But the revelations of this grinding bark; the dust is then berries. Standing there in the are so frequent, even in this world, that we cannot doubt that, "what we know not now we shall know hereafter." O, when the clear light of that eternal day timately associated. The color- ly addressed the multitude as they breaks over our souls, then wo ing matter gives the proper tint, stood appalled at their own fears; shall see that "He hath done all things well," that His will was the best .- " Sermons on the Higher Life," by Rev. L. R. Dunn.

AN EMPTY SPOON.

quite self-satisfied with his own Jehovah." In commemoration of discourses, was always very curithis brave act of Kapio'ani Ke ous to know what others thought ness, while the other lived and which raise easily and sail high; Nui (the great), the king's pres- of them. The Lord permitted died in comparative obscurity. ent wife, was named, and his roy- him to gratify his curiosity one The Choctow language though al Order of Kapiolani was pro- Sabbath evening, as he was pass-

and for the blessed Bible on which their souls might feed, "for thou knowest, oh, Lord," he said, that we have been fed this day

out of an empty spoon. Our poor Sunday school children are often fed the same way, by people who undertake to ad-

dress them. "And now, children," said a learned gentleman, "do vou desire to know what it is you all want-every one of you? I will tell you. You want an organic law and a fundamental basis!" is quite doubtful whether the childrenduly realized their wants. Said another good minister to the children, "I will now give you a summary of what I have been saying." Here the children's new barns and houses, and of pastor hinted in a whisper, that "summary" was too hard a word. "Your pastor tells me," continu- coming out into full bloom; then ed the orator, "that you do not a field covered with corn or wheat un lerstand the meaning of sum- here a broken rail in the fence mary. Summary, my little riends, there a washout in the road; or is an abbreciated synopsis."

the empty spoon of high sound- a carriage, and there a farm-war ing words. This is far from tol- on. And not only had he seen lowing the Master's direction, these and many more things in "Feed my lambs." If you have the fields and by the wayside, but no good, earnest word that will looking up he had noticed flock come home with power to their of blackbirds going north to their souls, keep silent, and do not take summer home. He saw the ban up golden moments that others and the chimney-swallows flying might use with profit to perishing about in every direction; there

THE MESSAGE.

Sometimes I believe the little

ones say the best things after all. I know a little family in Detroit with that of the meadow-lark. who are heart-broken and sad this new world had sprung up a Saturday night. There were three around him-earth, water and a last Saturday, but to-day only two were now full of interesting object are left. The tie that bound them to him. Up to this time he had more closely than that which the never learned to look and think elergyman drew has lately been | Things around him had not change loosened, and the light of their countenances went out with the red winter sun only the other night. The father is a railroad man, whose duties call him away from home nearly three-fourths of the time. It was his habit whenever he was about to start for home to telegraph his wife, apprising her of the fact. In these telegrams he never failed to mention the name of the little four- in thought. year old, and the despatches usually ran as follows: "Tell Arthur I shall boy was very proud of these tele- murdered him?" and "Why did grams, which his mother would they murder him?" were que read over to him, and he consider- tions all asked in one breath by ed the "teledraf" a great institu- Ernest. tion. The other night when the "I'll tell you about it, Ernest fever had done its work and the There is a green grass mound in mother was sobbing out her angu- the church yard of a village on ish, the little one turned calmly the hill, where the stone quarte in his bed and said: "Don't ky, are. The little fellow who no mamma; I s'all s'eep wiv Dod, 'oo know. Send Dod a teledraf, and tell Him I s'all sleep wiv that rude place. He was the so Him to night." But the message of a poor but decent woman, went up straight there without whom you know very well. She the clicking of wires or the rustle had other children who were a of wings.—Phil. Home Journal.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FIVE STEPS. A little sip of cider, A little sip of beer A taste that's rather bitter, But what is there to fear?

A glass of foaming lager, A choice perfumed cigar; It's funny what fanatics Those temp'rance people are.

Say, boys, here's to our welfare-

May none here lack a dime

To buy a glass of liquor At any other time. Say, can't you trust a fellow? Give us a drop of gin To stop the dreadful gnawing

That's going on within. Found dead-a common drunkard! Alas! how came he there? It was the beer and cider; Beware! beware!! BEWARE!!!

-Temperance Banner,

IF YOU WOULD RISE.

Soon after the great Edmund Burke had been making one of his powerful speeches in Parliament, his brother Richard was found sitting in silent reverie; and when asked by a friend what he was thinking about, he replied: "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talent in our family. But then I remember that when we were doing nothing, or at play, he was always at work."

And the force of this anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard was always considered, A young minister, who was by those who knew him best, to be superior in natural talent to his brother; yet the one rose to great-

The lesson to all is, if you ever ready to fly, but slow to would succeed in life, be diligent; leave the "swinging briar of rude and rudimentary is often claimed, for the "recompense of ing the cottage of an humble but improve your time; work. "See- weed." Napoleon conquered his poetic. Fingers are "sons of the distinguished merit to the State, pious laborer. The good man was est thou a man," says Solomon, enemics before they began to or kneeling with his family, and the "diligent in his business? He ganize. The unready is the industrious girls giving their mo- a river is a "water-road," and art, services rendered to Ourselves young minister paused a moment shall stand before Kings; he shall successful. Dispatch ends the ther to my care as soon as selfish, the moon "the night-traveling or Our Successors."—Boston Cour- to listen. He was thanking the not stand before "—that is shall business before the cautious and Lord for their spiritual mercies, not be ranked with-" mean men." dilatory man draws his boots on-

EYES OR NO EYES.

When I first began to teach school in the country, I said to bright boy, one pleasant spring morning, who had a long mile come to school every day "Well my young man, what did you se this morning on your way to school?"

"Nothing much, sir." I said, "To-morrow morning,

shall usk you the same question The morning came; and, when I called him to my desk, you would have been surprised to hear how much he had seen along the road-cattle of all sizes and colonfowls of almost every variety. sheep and lambs, horses undoxe ones; here a tree blown down and yonder a fine orchard in yonder a pond alive with garm Do not feed the little ones from ous geese and ducks; here he me had noticed a kingbird making war on the crow, and here a little wren pursuing a hawk; yonder he had seen robins flying from tree to tree, and over there the bob. link mingling his morning son ed in number or character, but had begun to take note of then -Golden Days.

WHO KILLED WILLIE!

"Please, mamma, what are you thinking about?" said Ernest to his mother one day, when she did not answer one of his question but appeared to be lost very deep

"I am thinking about wh murdered Willie," said his mother. "Who was Willie?" and "Who

lies in that hamble grave was the sweetest and best beloved boy in very dear to her, but she had none so lovely as Willie. He was the flower of the flock,' she said. In deed, he was so gentle and affertionate and obedient, that all who knew him loved him. One day he was sent to the stone quart with the dinner of a man whows working there, and when he got there a man gave him a glass of ale. He might as well have given him a glass of poison. Poor child! His father had been drunkard and killed himself with drink, and yet-can it be believed -Willie's mother had never told him there was any danger in tast ing, and so the poor unwarned child tasted that one glass of ale, and it was his last. As he was returning from the quarry he tell the poison running through his limbs, making them tremble at first, and then bow beneath him; so he got on the cart, with which he was going back to the village. They were expecting him at home and wonderd why he stayed so long. Little did they think they should never hear little Willie's voice again. The cart went rattle ing on over the rough road, then jolt, jolt over a large tree, which,

Some people are like eagles others remind us of the bobolink,

as Willie could not steady himself,

threw him off. Again the broad

wheel jolted-crash. It had crush-

ed little Willie! Poor murdered

Willie! There he lay, the curls,

and the blue eyes, and the dimpl-

ed mouth, and the rosy cheeks,

were all crushed in the cart rul

There lay one of the many victims

of strong drink! Strong drink

murdered Willie!"-The Morning.

THE TEM ACTS, V Barnabas was e man than most w infant church. In sion field is substitu some consider that still more correct its sale and devot

THE SUNDA

FEBRUA

to the common goo talked about, and thus acquire an and inflaence in nity. Thes, no do for the temptation Sapphira. They, possession, and we be excelled in the it of self-sacrifice, shows, their motiv and that afforded opportunity to de what should have ble action was beinous sin. Lean purity of motive Barnabas had sold the proceeds at evidently from the giving up all fo cause without tho Ananias and Sa was so palpably that their act wo acceptable to God not kept back par

The question of Ananias had pern his heart. He mi for all Satan can d to constrain men to I Peter v. 9). Sat heart with two con 1. An ambition to devoted and selfsire to retain his this world's goods sistently with carr bition; and 3. Sai way to do it, viz. land, keeping back and professing th whole of it. It was serve God and man reputation of a sais ality of holiness. 1. It was delibera

is clear from the (ver. 8) and Peter' is it that ye have a tempt the spirit o This was a guilt. Sins commi for temptation are those coully planne This was not a fall tion, but walking in eyes open. It depen the strength of the the state of our he

whether we yield to 2. It was a sin t no excuse. They w to sell their land; it they were not r the proceeds at the but had they chose have sold our land and have decided it to the common serve the rest, no had any right to they would have re it tuey deserved for did give. As Pet land was their own

they liked with, au ey obtained by the 3. It was a sin Ghost. The apost and acting under ation of the Holy temptito deceive th to deceive Him. against Him, a del of those nobler im aspirations He bac implant in their h ance of the Holy

step in a course w to deadly sin again In the emphatic 4, "Thou bast not unto God," is to b strongest proofs the Holy Ghost. tains a distinct s

Holy Ghost is God

3.-The punishu ble and unusual death. A great the subject, but it stood that Peter sponsible. It was God; and had an to ascertain the c only possible verdi that which we so o the death is uner natural causes, " [tion of God." ponding case in th but in the Old the Abihu, Korah and Uzzah, are strictly there is a sin un v. 16) we know, th be able to under administration of ment, some offend o much more s

"With respect the punishment : deliberately plan practiced amidst b Divine presence assemblies, and da of simplicity and part of others. allowed to pass, censured, the jove the infant Church unfer suspicion; attracting wo erled into a ver

the credit of

speedily dest

than others.