

My Refuge.

BY ELLEN L. COREY, A CONVERTED BRAHMIN.

In the secret of his presence, how my soul delights to hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!

Farthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the "secret place" I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of his wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;

And my Saviour rests beside me as we hold communion sweet;

If I tried I could not utter what he says when thus we meet.

Only this I know; I tell him all my doubts and griefs and fears;

Oh, how patiently he listens, and my drooping soul he cheers.

Do you think he ne'er reproves me? What a false friend he would be,

If he never, never told me of the sins which he must see.

Do you think that I could love him half so well, or as I ought,

If he did not tell plainly me of each sinful word and thought?

No! He is very faithful and that makes me trust him more;

For I know that he does love me, tho' he wounds me very sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?

Go and hide beneath his shadow; this shall then be your reward;

And whenever you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,

You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.

You will surely lose the blessing and the fulness of your joy,

If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward peace destroy,

You may always be abiding if you will, at Jesus' side;

In the secret of his presence you may every moment hide.

Amiability.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.

WHAT a beautiful word it is! So suggestive of sweet smiles, soft tones, and pleasing phrases. Yet these are little akin to true amiability, for, in all communities, and in all circles, have we not:

"Courteous words for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best?"

The very statement carries its own condemnation. Its pathos cannot but appeal to the heart of the most churlish. Yet dare we all deny it? Or, denying, offer the vindication of our lives? Not that we would wilfully and wantonly adopt "the bitter tone" for the benefit of our nearest and dearest,—common-sense forbid! But rather, presuming upon the knowledge that true love beareth all things, we throw aside the mask imposed by the calm, impartial criticism of the stranger, and reveal our true selves, in all their petty intolerance of the slightest opposition, their weak yielding to every impulse of annoyance, unmindful of the pain such fault-finding occasions to all around.

True, our reproofs are supposed to be instigated by a desire for the improvement of those about us, who ought to be taught better than to do "Thus and So." But is the motive pure? If no impulse of personal spite, no desire to give vent to the little ugly tempers that rise within ourselves, mingle with our truly philanthropic effort for the improvement of our friends, (even at the expense of making ourselves insufferable), will not our method be studied,

if not always judicious, and our manner always kind? For know we not that kindness wins a widening way where cold censoriousness finds no entrance, but excites only contempt.

But our annoyance at the imperfections of our friends might be modified by directing a little of our attention to our own foibles. We all have them. Little points and angles, small and insignificant in themselves, yet acting upon other lives like so many tiny thorns, piercing the more keenly the more patiently and uncomplainingly they are borne.

In what does the happiness of a domestic circle lie? Not in costly furniture and luxurious fare; but rather in the sweet, kind face of wife, or mother, or sister; who, in tasteful toilet, at a dainty table, manifests to the home circle a loving courtesy and forbearance not to be won by any chance acquaintance. And to those whom we call the gentler sex, yet whom we sometimes treat with a roughness never offered to men whose regard we would retain—in what lies their joy? In the sympathetic tenderness of manly strength, in the kindly forbearance which they too need, being human and faulty. Sad the heart of a woman, and great the loss of a man, when her idol falls, shattered by some small, ungenerous word or deed. Will she look up to him again? Possibly, should he, by not repeating the offence, allow her to forget it.

"Till seventy times seven," said the Master, must we forgive and forbear. "He that hath not the spirit of Christ is none of His." Actuated by his spirit, and without the memory of past unkindness to shame us by its hint of inconsistency, how much easier would we find love's expression! Because of the hardness of our hearts, the inconsiderateness of our lives, we moan:

"We love them and they know it; if we falter
With fingers numb,
Among the unused strings of love's expression,
The notes are dumb.
We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the words unsaid,
And side by side with those we love the dearest,
In silence on we tread.

"Thus on we tread, and thus each heart in silence
Its fate fulfils,
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music
Beyond the hills.
The only difference of the love in heaven
From love on earth below
Is: here we love and know not how to tell it,
And there we all shall know."

Keep Up with Your Children.

BY MARY E. BURT.

It is a sweet remembrance, that of a quiet, old farm-house, where a tired mother—after a hard day's work—gathered her seven children about her, her knitting-needles keeping time to the measures of the verses read by one of the group from a great poet. The poetry which she knit into the lives of her boys has outlasted all the stockings, and crowned her memory with a halo of poetic recollections.

The boy whose mother "would not go to bed until she had finished reading 'Pepacton'" with him, is more to be envied with his poor jacket than the elegant lad whose mother, with no time to read, takes time to consult the latest fashion-plates that he may be handsomely attired.

There seems to be a settled conviction in the minds of many, that children must make intellectual progress beyond their parents, who are fated to lose out of their own lives any interest in books; and we often see stories of toil-worn parents who—having educated their children through many sacrifices—are pushed aside, and kept behind the scenes because they are not up

with the times. Investigations will doubtless show that such parties have had time to gossip abundantly while locating their children, and have shut themselves away from their children's mental life through wilful preference.

It is not probable that many parents who are "behind the times," or do not keep up with their children, deserve any sympathy. Children crave intellectual comradeship, and the parent who enters into intellectual companionship with his child will not get "behind the times."

An uneducated workman, deploring his lack of early advantages, was in the habit of taking his little son on his lap at night to hear his lessons. He followed the boy through all of his high-school work, and is to-day an educated man through giving the child continued sympathy in his studies.

Bits of Fun.

—Small boy—"Papa, has plums got legs?"

Papa—"No, you silly boy. Why?"

Small boy—"Then I have swallowed a beetle."

—Loafer—"How are you? Just thought I'd drop in a while to kill time."

Busy man—"Well, we don't want any of our time killed."

—Nothing so helps a newspaper as the imparting of useful information. "How shall I keep ants out of the sugar-bowl?" asks a correspondent. "Fill the sugar-bowl with salt."

—The publisher—"Don't you think these patent medicines kill many people?"

The dealer—"Perhaps they do, but look at all the newspapers they keep alive."

—Please, ma'am, can you help a poor man who is out of work?"

"I dare say I can find something for you to do"

"Thanks. If you could give me some washing to do I'll take it home to my wife."

—Office-boy (to Boston editor)—"There's a gent outside, sir, with fringe on his pants, what says he wants to see the editor."

Boston Editor—"Never say 'gent' or 'pants,' James; and tell the gentleman we don't want any poetry."

—Miss Upper crust (who has been waiting outside in the coupe)—"What keeps you so long, mamma? Couldn't you watch the braid?"

Mrs. Upper crust—"O, yes. But I inadvertently put my purse into my pocket, and it took me nearly half an hour to find it again."

—Major Jones—"See here, Rosy, you've brought me up one button-boot and one lace-boot. How is that?"

Rosa (a fresh importation)—"Faith an' they's a mistake somewhere, sur, but not a bit do Oi know where it is. Shure an' the other pair down slitan's is in the same fix."

—A London bishop had gone down into the country to visit a charitable institution into which poor lads had been drafted from the east end of London, and, in addressing them, he congratulated them on the delights of their new residence. The boys looked unaccountably gloomy and downcast, and the bishop kindly asked,

"Are you not comfortable? Have you any complaints to make?"

At last the leader raised his hand.

"The milk, my lord."

"Why, what on earth do you mean? The milk here is tenfold better than you ever had in London."

"No, indeed, it ain't!" cried the boy. "In London they always buys our milk out of a nice clean shop, and here—why, here they squeezes it out of a beastly cow."