

in a frantic manner; whilst another, unable any longer to endure the cold, commenced furiously to kick the sledge or a hummock with both feet, like one bereft of his senses. Anxiously is the kettle watched, and many are the tender enquiries concerning the state of the water inside. "Does it boil?" is the question frequently asked, and unless the cook is blessed with an amiable disposition, the perversity of the kettle is sufficient, at times, to drive him almost distracted. The old saw, "A watched pot never boils," was fully exemplified. At length, to the relief and delight of all, the announcement is made that the tea is ready, when all troubles are forgotten in the pleasure and enjoyment of a warm pannikin of tea. Sometimes little difficulties would crop up in consequence of the haste that had to be exercised in the preparation and discussion of this meal. These, although serious at the time, served afterwards to amuse, and were soon forgotten. On one occasion, the water having been boiled, and the cook having, as he thought, carefully added the tea and sugar, which were as carefully stirred up, the allowance of tea was served out and eagerly drunk by the weary sledgees, who were only too glad to receive anything warm. It was not until some time after the allowance had been consumed that the cook discovered he had omitted to put in the tea, and had served out simply a decoction of warm water and brown sugar. Sometimes the tea was made from salt-water ice, the cook having inadvertently mixed it before tasting the water.

Our bacon was as a rule frozen so hard as to be almost uncuttable, and it was only by thawing it in our warm tea that it was rendered at all palatable.—*Good Words.*

A LADY HELP.

BY JEAN BATHURION.

"Who was that pretty young lady with you at Mrs. Lane's last evening?" asked Mrs. Howard of her friend Mrs. Clark.

"That," replied Mrs. Clark, with a quiet smile, "was my hired girl."

"Oh," said Mrs. Howard with a sudden coldness and lack of interest in voice and manner, "I supposed she was a relative, as I saw you introducing her to some of our newest young people. But then you are always doing such queer things one is never quite sure of you."

"What was there queer about that?" calmly asked Mrs. Clark.

"Queer? Why, the idea of your taking your servant to a social party, and bringing her in to notice as Miss Gerden, instead of the Bridget she really is. I imagine the wealthy Misses Mr. dock will feel a little indignant when they find they played the agreeable to your servant girl, instead of to the cousin, or friend, they doubtless thought her."

"But why feel indignant? The very fact they supposed her a friend or relative of mine, proves her to be no 'Bridget,' and if they found her so pleasant and well informed that they chose to prolong their conversation beyond the mere forms of introduction, why feel mortified at finding they had been talking with a hired girl? The fact is our American people are forgetting their republicanism in a few things, I think, and allowing caste to destroy their unusually good common-sense. Now tell me, pray, if you can, why this young lady's standing in society should be lowered in the least, because she washes dishes and helps do my housework. Before she came I did the very same work, and no one pointed the finger of scorn at me on account of it."

"Oh, well, my dear, you will acknowledge that young ladies don't usually go into families to do house-work. It is only the low, ignorant class of girls that can be persuaded to work in our kitchens."

"True, but why? Simply because both in the family and in society a girl who earns her living at housework is persistently snubbed and neglected. Consequently the better class of girls, girls with good education, good morals, and a healthful amount of self-respect, who are quick to learn, and ready to do, in fact the very ones we need in our families, will not come to us. And can you blame them? As I say, Mrs. Howard, that only the lower class of girls do housework, but tell me, please, what satisfaction do they give? Only yesterday you were telling me what a trial your girl was to you, so wasteful, careless, and uninterested in her work; and you are not alone in this trouble. I think no class of employees give such just cause for complaint as the girls who work in our kitchens. Now there are hundreds of our girls with fair education, good common-sense, and lady-like, agreeable manners, who nevertheless, are poor, and obliged to support themselves, and they need the truck we housekeepers might give them, and we need them. Employment is at present, as you know very hard to be obtained, and many of them are being driven to absolute want, or worse, a life of shame, when we might help some, at least, by taking them to our homes and treating them according to their work."

"Do you mean, Mrs. Clark, that we should treat our servants just like our own families, let the income into our sitting-rooms, and parlors, and make themselves generally at home?"

"Certainly—why not, provided they are by nature and education fitted to be comfortable there?"

"But," said Mrs. Howard, "it isn't pleasant to have any one not belonging to the family present at any and all times."

"I acknowledge that," replied Mrs. Clark with a smile, "but on the other hand what is pleasant for the girl? If we are Christians we ought not always to think of our own pleasure merely. What shall she do when her work is done? Shall she sit down in the kitchen alone, or go to her cold, cheerless garret, the only room usually allowed a 'hired girl'? There would not be much attraction in either place for the social, affectionate nature of a young girl."

"Well, perhaps not," said Mrs. Howard, thoughtfully; "but to tell the truth, Mrs. Clark, do you really have this Miss Gerden, as you call her, feel at liberty to sit with you evenings or at any time when she is at leisure?"

"Yes, I have so far tried to make her feel that this was a home for her, as well as for the rest of us," replied Mrs. Clark, "a home where she has her duties and cares, but where nevertheless she receives those little pleasures and attentions which we all need in order to be happy. It is no' always pleasant, I confess, to have her sit with me evenings, for she is naturally talkative, and I like many times to be quiet, or better still, alone. I have often wished," she added with a laugh, "that I had a machine for doing housework, one that when not in use, could be put aside and require no attention whatever, but until one is invented, I cannot feel at liberty to treat a girl as though she was a mere piece of machinery, and utterly destitute of feeling."

"Well, I don't know but we do treat our girls something like that," said Mrs. Howard. "If they do our work well, and keep out of our way when it is done, it is all we ask of them."

"Let me tell you something of Annie Gerden," continued Mrs. Clark. "I had been without a girl for some time, when a friend told me of Annie, and urged me to take her. He spoke of her as being quite well educated, pleasant and agreeable in manner, and capable of making a noble woman could she be surrounded by the influences of a refined home, but if left in her present condition he feared her life would be a failure. Her home had been one where bickering, strife, and selfishness were the ruling powers, and her stepfather had made her the especial object of his dislike; and recently in a fit of passion had shut his doors against her, and she had found refuge with one, who to Annie seemed 'the friend in need who is a friend indeed,' but who nevertheless was a bad, designing woman. From this place she was persuaded to come to me. I found her willing and cheerful in learning the ways of the house; and she has proved herself far more capable and efficient than any other girl I have employed. She has a sweet voice, and baby took to her at once. I have found her very good with the child, and I assure you it is no small satisfaction to feel that my little Gracie is well cared for when I am absent. Annie is young, not yet seventeen. Her home training has been of the poorest kind, yet she has such tact and quickness of observation, that she has learned at school, and elsewhere, ways and manners that are pleasing. She has a good mind and a strong will, which evidently has been strengthened by her unfortunate home training. Yet she is hungry for love, and appreciation, and anxious to gain my favor. Now, Mrs. Howard, what is my duty to her? Is it simply to pay her good wages and speak to her pleasantly, beyond that having no care? Shall she seek her associates and amusements where she pleases, and while in the house spend her time wholly in the kitchen, and nursery, without interest or thought of mine, save what is required to see that she does her work faithfully? The girl must and will find love, and sympathy, and friends, somewhere. Shall I be guiltless, if left to herself, and neglected by the better class of young people in our village, she finds that love and friendship where it will prove her ruin? She will go up, or down, have I no responsibility in the matter? A few weeks of painstaking on my part will place her in good social standing, for if I persistently bring her into society and treat her as I would a member of my own family, others will treat her accordingly; at first to please me, but soon, I trust, she will gain friends for what she is in herself, and by giving her a fair chance in life I hope some day to see her a lovely, Christian woman."

"Well," said Mrs. Howard rising to go, "I suppose if we showed more interest in our girls' welfare, they would have more interest in their work and do more to please us. Aunt Sophia told me last week of a good American girl who needed a home, and I believe I will take her, and try your plan and see how it will work."—*The Household.*

NEVER AN ENCOURAGING WORD.

He never speaks an encouraging word to us, said a servant of Mr. Towne. "Is that so. You may try your life out to please him, and he never speaks an encouraging word. It is life under the harrow there, and I've left."

His children cannot leave home. He has two boys. They are sometimes at work in the garden, pulling up weeds, cutting the grass, making martin-houses and windmills. They put no heart in their work, it is dull and spiritless. They are for ever haunted with a furtive fear. Try as they may, and try they do, their father never encourages them. Nothing but a dismal drizzle of fault-finding falls from his lips. A sound scolding, a genuine cuffing when they deserve it—and children know they deserve it sometimes—like a thunderstorm, purify the air and make everything the better and brighter. Then the clouds clear away, and the gladdest sunshine follows. That is not Mr. Towne's way. He is never thunder and lightning and over it, not he, but a perpetual drizzle, damp, dark, murky. Nothing pleases, nothing suits him. Putting his eye on his boy is a mark of ill-favor. Every child dreads his gaze, shuns it, is ill at ease, awkward, squirming, until it wriggles out of the way and is gone. There are no glad voices in his presence; no outspoken, frank, honest utterances only hesitation, inconsequence, self-contradiction; for fear always beclouds the brightest mind and the simplest heart.

"There is no use telling it before father," the boys say in bringing home a bit of news or a tale of adventure.

But, worst of all, "There is no use in trying," as they often say. And the disheartenment will presently merge into indifference, possibly into something more active. They will run away. Evil "speaks pleasantly" at least, and many a young person has turned from home, and sought other companions for no other reason. The heart, with all its warm impulses, and with them its sense of shortcoming and incompleteness, needs enlargement—must have it in order to grow strong.

"Not one encouraging word from father!" Poor boys! Bridget can leave, they can't.

Nor can his wife leave. Poor woman! She is a brave woman, too. What a hopeful smile she often wears. It is because she will bear up; and smile she must, an answering smile to the love of friends, the courtesy of society, the beauty of flower and grass, and the sunset sunshine through the trees. But there is no joy within. Home is a joyless spot, for her most careful house wifery there is never an encouraging word; for the taste and grace, with which she tries to make home attractive there is never an encouraging word. To her love, her devotion, her painstaking, her sweet solicitudes to please, there is never an encouraging word. The glance of her husband's eye only takes in what happens to offend, the word of his mouth only expresses what he finds, and those are faults, spots, something forgotten or overlooked. She dreads him, she fears him, she shrinks from him. There is no freedom or sunshine in his presence. Perhaps in her yearning woman's heart she has longed for his return, forgetting in his absence the small tyranny of his exacting spirit; but the thrill of his coming is soon deadened—"no encouraging words," and she silently slips out of his sight to swallow her disappointment and heart-breaking alone.

There is a sense of misery in the house which no stranger can detect; perhaps this is too positively expressed; it is rather an absence of joy, everything spontaneous and cheerful and glad held in check. A minor tone runs through the family life, depressing to every one. The prints of an iron hand are on every heart.

"Never a word to encourage!" slipped unawares from her lips one day. It does not seem much, but who that has felt it does not know that it is the secret of many a joyless childhood, many a broken spirit.—*Family Friend.*

THE FIRST ROYAL CONVERT IN INDIA.

A young Indian king was, by the fortunes of war, placed under English guardianship. A young Hindu—not a Christian, but educated in a mission school—was given to him for a companion. The king, one night, could not sleep, and desired his attendant to read to him. The Hindu books were brought; but the peruse and superstitious observances and maxims did not satisfy him. He asked for something else. "Here are the Christian sacred books," said his companion. So the Bible was read. The king listened, was interested, convicted, came under the instruction of American missionaries, and finally became a Christian. The Koh-i-noor, diamond, so famous as the largest in the world, belonged to his father, and was sent as a present to Queen Victoria. Thirty-eight years ago that father, the "King of Kings," Runjeet Singh, lay

dead in a city of Northern India. Though unable to read or write his own name, and never knowing one figure from another, he had, by remarkable military talents and administrative ability, become leader of the Sikhs, a martial sect, and king of the Punjab, the fan-shaped country of the five rivers uniting to form the Indus. He was the greatest force with which the English had to measure swords in the maintenance of their Indian possessions, and was known as the "Lion of the Punjab."

At the death of his father, this son, Muharaja Duleep Singh, was four years old. He was in his sixteenth year when arrested by the Holy Spirit, through the reading of the Bible, and eighteen years of age when he received baptism, and became a member of the Christian Church. In his own royal city, and at the American mission station where he had learned Christ, he immediately established societies for the relief of the poor, and now supports numerous and village schools, and gives every year, for these and other benevolent objects, at least one-tenth of his princely income. On his travels, not long after he became a Christian, he visited Egypt. Attending there an examination of a mission school, he was much interested in one of the pupils, a young lady, whom he afterwards married. Gratitude for this Christian wife has led him to give largely to mission schools in Egypt, and every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he gives five thousand dollars to the school where she was educated. He has thus bestowed upon it fifty-five thousand dollars during the last eleven years.

On the breaking out of the Sepoy rebellion in India he exchanged his native country for a residence in England. He lives in a magnificent home near London, and the income suited to his rank is paid him by the British Government, which rules his former possessions in India. He has done much for London, and in a vice president of the Bible Society. The society, of course, is a special object of his grateful charities, for to the Bible he owes all.—*Life and Light.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

xv.

1. The man who credence gave on touch of hand.
2. That which is equal to a murderous deed.
3. A fruit much eaten in an Eastern land.
4. Bathsheba's husband, as by Matthew read.

5. What animal on Judah's hills was found?
 6. The first five letters of the precious things which in Saul's reign in Israel did abound.
 7. The trusting bird that flew with soft white wings.
- To bring Noah comfort in an olive leaf,
And end at last his time of waiting grief.

Take first and final, and a text is made,
Which in temptation's hour may prove an aid.

xvi.

Afar they watch me, whole arise,
Its summit seems to touch the skies.
"When all is done," the crowds exclaim,
"Then shall we make ourselves a name."

Remove a letter, and behold!
A shepherd issues from the fold,
With blood devoutly draws he nigh,
Himself, alas! how soon to die.

Remove a letter still, and now
Before an idol-god they bow,
To wood and stone is worship paid,
And men adore what men have made.

Remove a letter yet once more,
We see an altar stained with gore,
And he who built it named it thus,
To teach a precious truth to us.

EFFECT OF REVIVALS.—"What would the great hives of our various industries in Northumberland, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire, and Cornwall have been," asks an English correspondent, "but for revivals? It is all very well to howl against spasmodic and hysterical religion, but the fact is that the mighty moral renovations which the populations of those countries have undergone, is due chiefly to the things to which such ugly epithets are attached."—*Zion's Herald.*

We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.