

The Family.

REST

What rest is there for him who knows no la- bour! Hands idly folded all the long day, Never a thought to give a friend or neighbour, No toll to share, no load to lift away.

THE HOUSEHOLD PET.

BY MISS L. ADDNER, OF CALCUTTA, INDIA.

LITTLE Tulsi played in the sunlight that came streaming into the open door of her mother's house, tottering over the threshold, into the great world of light outside, and crawling back to pick up the sunbeams, that she had left behind on the floor.

WISE WORDS TO WOMEN.

In her admirable address as President of the Edinburgh Association for the University Education of Women, Lady Aberdeen pointed out that women claimed an entrance to the University on the ground that in conceding the right to go there it was conceded that they had a right to as good an education as men, and that women had a life-work for which they must be prepared and disciplined, as well, and much in the same way as men.

his intention, and every device used, to divert his mind, till at last the lad promised to think no more about it. Then marriage arrangements were made for him with the daughter of a high-caste wealthy neighbour, and in the gaieties of the wedding festivities, the impressions died out of the boy's mind, and care was taken that he should not be placed again where he could hear anything that would bring them back.

Thus the years went on till the little girl was eight years old, and could read well. Her mother learned many things, and among her simple neighbours was looked upon as quite a learned woman. She had learned, however, something of which she did not speak to them, something which she kept in her own heart.

But now a change must come to this quiet happy family. Tulsi, being eight years old, must be married. The father and mother have talked it over, and the mother, with a real longing, after the better things, begs that the marriage may be postponed. She even pleaded that they may all come out and confess the Christ who has become so dear to her.

Not so however, is it to be with Tulsi, our merry, glad hearted little Tulsi, who had never before in her life known a sorrow or a care.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures of others.—La Bruyere.

A COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

SOMETIMES while washing the dishes or sweeping a floor a thought strikes me: That event is likely to happen to people. A great many persons speak out their thought and then forget all about it; but, being reticent and having an idea that my thoughts might at some time be of literary value, I wished to save them.

Not all those thoughts as written then were directly useful in a literary way, but there is no doubt that the mere writing of them helped me to think. If you are going to walk a mile, you can never do it unless you put your foot down and go; if you want bodily strength, you must use your muscles often and systematically; if you want mental strength, you must use the "muscles" of your mind.

Keen, bright, thoughtful boys and girls who can say bright, kind and thoughtful things on any occasion and to all classes of people, and can appreciate everything good that is said, are most desirable members of society. They can perpetuate sunshine and music in their own homes, and can lend a ray to brighten and beautify all other homes, into which they enter.—Emma Kail Parrish, in Saint Nicholas.

A PETITION.

"When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? A quiet mind that is not stirred, By careless look or juring word, That moves serenely through the maze Of troublous and uncertain ways; Whose faith, unflinching, steadfast glows Emcompassed by a thousand woes; That patiently Thy time doth bide, From seeks to grasp the good denied; From whose pure presence strife doth flee, And discord die in harmony.— Father, take all, if so I find That pearl of price a quiet mind.—Katharine B. Heath.

THE BLESSING OF SLEEP.

Men do not properly appreciate the common mercies of God. They become so familiar with these mercies that they accept them as a matter of course, and forget to give them a place in their songs of gratitude. Our comfort, happiness and usefulness depend on a thousand little blessings, which are the gifts of the Heavenly Father. Take, for example, "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," one of the greatest of our temporal mercies. No man prizes it as he ought while he is in possession of it. It is one of the blessings that "brighten as they take their flight." He ought to be thankful who is able to put a solid layer of forgetfulness between every two days. He is equal to any task his waking hours may bring.

sinks into a profound slumber which dreams do not disturb. The noise of travel may roll by his door, the shout of the drunken reveller may be heard above the rattle of wheels, the fierce storm may swallow up the other voices of the night; but the sleeper sleeps on, and the new morning finds him a new man.

It is not so with those who are filled with anxieties, and wealth and greatness are sure to bring anxieties. The anxious man dreads the coming of the night and its sleeplessness, and the dawn of morning and its perplexities. Sleeplessness makes life a burden and turns its pleasures into gall and wormwood. One of the most foolish, and at the same time one of the wisest, sayings of Sancho Panza is, "Blessed is the man that invented sleep." If it was a human invention, its inventor would deserve the highest honour; as it is a divine gift, the Giver should have our praise. Our evening song should be, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." Our morning song should be, "I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me." An unshaken faith in this word is a better "sleeping potion" than any the chemist is able to compound: "So He giveth his beloved sleep."

Yet sleep is only "one of a thousand" common mercies, which fill our days and nights, and if we take no others into consideration we have to say, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?"—United Presbyterian.

SELF-MADE?

A WEALTHY business man not long ago made a short visit in his native town, a thriving little place, and while there was asked to address the Sunday-school on the general subject of success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered. "Your very example would be inspiring, if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent. "Are you not a self-made man?"

"I don't know about that." "Why, I've heard all about your early struggles! You went into Mr. Wheelwright's office when you were only ten—"

"So I did! So I did! But my mother got me the place, and while I was there, she did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and when I got discouraged told me to cheer up and remember tears were for babies."

"While you were there you studied by yourself—"

"Oh no, bless you, no! Not by myself! Mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she beat up cakes for breakfast. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing book, ugly with pot-hooks and tammels, into the fire, and she burned her hand pulling it out."

"Well, it was certainly true, wasn't it, that as soon as you had saved a little money, you invested in fruit, and began to peddle it out on the evening train?"

"The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection. "Yes," he said slowly, "and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that might do the Sunday-school good. The second lot of apples I bought for peddling were specked and wormy. I had been cheated by the man of whom I bought them, and I could not afford the loss. The night after I discovered they were unfit to eat, I crept down the cellar and filled my basket as usual."

"They look very well on the outside," I thought, "and perhaps none of the people who buy them will ever come this way again. I'll sell them, and just as soon as they're gone, I'll get some sound ones." Mother was singing about the kitchen, as I came up the cellar stairs. I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in the twinkling of an eye she had seen and was upon me.

"'Ned,' said she, in her clear voice, 'what are you going to do with those specked apples?'"

"'Se—sell them,' stammered I, ashamed in advance."

"'Then you'll be a cheat, and I shall be ashamed to call you my son,' she said promptly. 'Oh, to think you could dream of such a sneaking thing as that!'" Then she cried and I cried, and—I've never been tempted to cheat since. No, Sir, I haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles, but I wish you'd remind your boys and girls every Sunday that their mothers are probably doing far more for them than they do for themselves. Tell them, too, to pray that those dear women may live long enough to enjoy some of the prosperity they have won for their children—for mine didn't."—Youth's Companion.

The Children's Corner.

SHADOW PICTURES

In the day or night When the lamps are bright, Far up in the sky's blue dome is Every kind of tree Is a child like me, Amusing himself at home.

NED'S DAY OF LIBERTY.

NED TOWNSEND was a little boy who was particularly fond of having his own way. His mother's commands he always received with such a sullen look that he made her feel very sad. One morning he had been left to button his shoes, and he was pouting over them as usual when Mrs. Townsend returned to dress him for school. Taking the button hook from his hand she said pleasantly "There has been a new law passed, my boy. Children are to have their own way for a whole day; no one is to interfere with them, and when the time is up they will know whether it is better to do as their parents say or go according to their own wishes."

"Hurrah!" cried Ned, "won't I have a good time! Shall I go to school to-day? Yes, I'll lose all the fun with the boys if I don't. Besides, I won't have to mind the teacher when I get there. How fine!"

"So without another thought for his unbuttoned shoes he threw on his hat and overcoat and started. The boys were having rare fun when he reached the playground, and he joined them heartily. Soon the bell rang for them to go into school, but they went on playing just the same. They all understood that they were having their own way now, and they meant to play as long as they wished. However, they at last grew tired of this sport and concluded to go inside and search for different fun. The teacher invited them to take seats; but they scorned her invitation. They laughed and played and talked and ran around just as if they were outside.

"How grand it is not to have to mind!" thought Ned. But at that moment a rough little boy ran past Ned's desk and knocked over the basket containing his lunch. Of course it fell on the dirty floor and was spoiled. "I wish he had been made to mind," said Ned to himself. But he tried to look happy and to join in the general fun.

Somehow towards noon the privilege of playing grew less and less satisfactory to the scholars, and without any apparent reason they began to feel cross. After that they took to quarrelling, and actually ended in fighting. The poor teacher looked very sorrowful, but she had no power to stop them that day. Lunch settled them for awhile, but when they had taken their last bite they became more boisterous than before.

In the meantime Ned had grown very hungry, and his feet were wet and cold. His head was aching, and the noise of the other children made it worse. He sat down and wished the teacher could get them quiet; but instead, the usually pleasant room was beginning to somewhat resemble a miniature battle-field. Ned longed to get out into the still air. "But what hinders me?" he suddenly thought. And leaving his seat he hurried out of the noisy room. Then his feet grew colder and wetter than ever; his throat began to feel sore, too, and he came to the wise conclusion that he had better go directly home to his kind mother.

It was a very tired, very cold and very sick little boy that crept into Mrs. Townsend's house that afternoon. When he saw his mother he cried out in a hoarse voice, "Oh! mamma! I don't want boys to have their own way any more."

"You are sick, my son," was all she replied. And taking him in her arms she laid him in his bed. Then the little fellow had a peculiar feeling all through his body, and he believed he was dying. "Mamma," he cried in alarm, "don't let me die, and I'll always mind what you say!" After that the feeling passed away and he saw that his mother was smiling. "Why Ned, you must have been dreaming!" she said. And Ned looked down on his night-clothes, and realized that all his trouble had come to him in a dream. "At any rate," he said to himself with a sigh of relief, "it isn't best for children to have their own way, anyhow."—S. Jennie Smith, in Christian Inquirer.

Forever from the hand that takes One blessing from us others fall; And, soon or late, our Father makes His perfect recompense to all. —J. G. Whittier.