

and on it a toad perched as if quite at home. After dinner, papa and the boys went exploring, while mamma and Alice took a nap in the hammock, and Kate ambitiously sketched a tiny waterfall. Toward night they drove five miles farther, and there put up at a small country inn, where they found good beds and small bills. The next day they had three hours at Lake George, and time to reach their friends' cordial welcome.

But the third day they really had an adventure. A thunder storm overtook them on the lonely mountain road, and they were obliged to seek shelter in a barn, and finally to spend the night there, finding beds in hay or hammock or carriage as best they could, and thankful when morning gave them a bright sun again and a chance to go on.

And that Sabbath among the Adirondacks, in its deep quiet, its purple haze, its majesty of rock and tree—will any of them ever forget it? And every hour of that piny aromatic air seemed a tonic to the worn father and mother, the sickly Willis, and to Kate herself it brought such a sense of majesty and of inexpressible rest, as gave to her prayer a new and richer meaning.

But all vacations have their end, and Wednesday morning found the Morgan family turned with face homeward. True to the character given her, Roxy encouraged no loitering by the way this time, and before sunset of Friday was meditating over the oats in her own stable.

"I've gained ten pounds, I do believe," Kate heard her father tell a neighbor, "and I feel like a new man."

"I don't believe I have enjoyed getting up in the morning and going into my kitchen in five years before," Mrs. Morgan said the next morning as she moulded her bread into loaves. "How much good a little change does do one, and I have got such a help, too, on my rag carpet from Aunt Martha—ten balls all cut and sewed. Well, Kate, you have given us all pleasure enough to satisfy any daughter."

And Kate was more than satisfied, even when she wore a plain cashmere for best all winter.

"You went away after all," her friend Louise said with a smile.

"Yes, after I had taken your advice and 'looked over mother,' and father too, and counted them both as my best blessings."—*Advance.*

#### GRIEVING THE SPIRIT.

A voice has come to the earth, all the way from the eternal world, warning, and commanding, and entreating us "to grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby we are sealed unto the day of redemption."

There is a sin which grieves the Holy Ghost. I will speak very plainly. It is neglect of Christ Himself by reason of *indolence*. He was by your side this morning at six, calling you to the Scriptures, and to prayer, and to Himself, and you did not rise till half-past seven, just in time to feed your body, too late to feed your soul. You saw many faces around the table, and they saw your face, but there was no light in it, none of heaven's joy, none of heaven's love. You had no time to see the face of God. And why do God's people rise so late? One reason is, because they sit up so late. If you would rise early, you must retire early. Nature makes two hours before midnight the best hours for refreshing sleep, and when you spend those hours in self-indulgence you violate Nature's law, you grieve Nature's God. If I had the value in gold of what Christians eat and drink and burn between ten and twelve at night, I could sow the earth with Bibles! If I had the time that Christians waste between ten and twelve at night, I could preach the Gospel to every creature! If I had the grace that Christ-

ians lose between ten and twelve at night, I could convert the world!

I do not know anything more likely to grieve the Holy Spirit than this habitual neglect of the Lord Jesus. He is very little sought after at all, and when He is, He is not sought after for His own sake, as the lover seeks after the one he loves. A coldness creeps over the soul when secret communion is uncultivated—a coldness that may terminate in the chill of death. It was not thus that Jesus lived with His Father. "He wakeneth [me] morning by morning, He wakeneth my ear"—such is the language in Isaiah l. 4. "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord.—In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up." In the beginning of His ministry we find Him "rising up a great while before day," and at its close, "all the people come early in the morning to Him in the temple." I plead, therefore, for this "Early Communion." It is the sure highway to the enjoyment of the "Real Presence." The last thought at night will be, "A day at Court to-morrow with my Lord, my King! Jesus to awake me with the gentle touch of His right hand, and Jesus to be with me all the time." Once aroused after healthy sleep, never sleep again. It is God's call. Grieve not the Spirit.—*Rev. H. B. Macartney, Melbourne.*

#### THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S BIBLE READING.

If young converts have not already fixed habits of daily Bible-reading and secret prayer, they must be started at once in the cultivation of them. And in directing both these matters much wisdom is necessary. The pastor must realize that the persons under his training have presumably little, possibly no taste for these things; and he must lay his plans primarily to cultivate such a taste. He must remember that a simple exhortation to pray and read the Scriptures two or three times daily will not long be heeded unless doing it brings conscious pleasure and profit. He must aim to make these duties attractive.

Let him advise young Christians to settle at once upon some definite portion of each day to be spent in secret, and kept sacred for this purpose. To do this is often difficult, particularly for those whose time belongs to others. The season should be brief; but however brief, not hurried; and they should be taught to arrange for it by careful foresight. When it comes, they will often find themselves entirely lacking in the spirit of prayer, or the desire to pray. But let them not desist, or be discouraged. If the time at command be only five minutes, let them spend the first two or three in calmly thinking what they need, and the remainder in telling God simply of their wants. Let them not rush into his presence with mind and heart distracted; for, so doing, they will find neither help nor joy. Let them order their approach to God, anticipating sweet fellowship, and they will not be disappointed. Prayer must be a delight, or there will soon be no prayer. The most resolute heart will not long hold to the habit of the closet merely as a routine observance.

So likewise of Bible-reading. The first impulse of the young convert is usually to begin to read the Scriptures through in course. This in itself is no doubt a good thing. But the pastor should not advise or encourage its being done *now*. If attempted, it will probably kill Bible-reading altogether. He would be a most exceptional young Christian who should finish the Pentateuch. In fact, there are few things harder to direct than this in the case of persons of only average intelligence. One thing is plain, however: Bible-reading will not be pursued unless it is found interesting. And it will be found interesting only as what is read is un-

derstood. For this purpose some topical method is probably the best. Let the young convert begin by reading about Christ in the Gospels. Let the pastor, or some other experienced Christian, frequently talk over with him what he is reading, and indicate salient points about which to group knowledge. Let him belong to a suitably graded and thoroughly taught class in the Sunday-school. Let the spirit of research be thus kindled, without which, reading of the Bible will become so tiresome a routine as to surely cease. From Christ in the Gospels, let him turn to the Christian life in the Epistles, using the Psalms and Isaiah for devotional purposes; thus compassing the Book as a sustained appetite leads him on.

#### THE HOME LIFE.

One of the surest and safest tests of a man's character is the life he leads at home. We care not how great he may be in the world's eye, how high his position, how wide-spread his fame, if he fails in the exercise of those virtues that most adorn private life, if he is faithless to those to whom he should be most faithful, if he is false to the obligations which spring from the holiest and most tender relations, then he fails in the essential thing if he is not at heart a base hypocrite, the most despicable of men.

Not unfrequently men parade before the world as generous and philanthropic, while at home they act the part of miserly, petty tyrants. They are generous where they think their gifts are likely to return measure for measure through popular favors, but niggardly where they find it safe to be so without detriment to their purses. Others are courteous and affable in their business intercourse through the day, but carry home at night their frowns and sighs and peevish fault-finding to chase away what little happiness their absence left behind.

The home life is the real life, the life in which men act out their true natures. It is within the privacy of home where to a great extent men exhibit those weaknesses and tendencies which motives of policy or social restraints cause to be hidden or controlled elsewhere. It is also within the sacred precincts of the home that the rarest virtues and graces that ennoble human character are found in their freest exercise.

The really good, or great, man contributes to the home life the best things there are in his nature. It has his deepest sympathy, his tenderest regard, his most loyal and enduring affection. In its care and protection his manhood asserts itself most strongly, and for its peace and happiness he holds nothing too dear for sacrifice.

#### British & Foreign News.

##### ENGLAND.

The series of articles now being published in the "Pall Mall Budget," entitled "Women who Work," is very interesting. That on the Needlewoman at the East End gives a deplorable account of their sufferings and struggles.

At No. 8 High Street, Shadwell, there was recently witnessed the first beginning of an enterprise which, if supported as it deserves, will do much to lighten the lot in life of some of our workingwomen. At that address a philanthropic lady, of unbounded energy, but alas! of delicate health, has started what it is hoped will be the first of a multitude of Workingwomen's Co-operative Associations, where the public will be able to enter into direct communication with the needlewomen, so as to obviate the intervention of the middlemen or sweaters. At the simple little shop in Shadwell High Street Mrs. Heckford sells articles of dress made on the premises by needlewomen, none of whom are required to work more than eight hours a day, in a healthy work-room, at a decent wage. The small capital of £500 needed to set this modest establishment going