

you, Mrs. Bowen." And Mrs. Coates went into her cottage, entered her pantry, and from the top shelf took down a vase which she had not used before for years. She filled it with water and arranged the pinks to her satisfaction within it. She stood for a moment or two before it, forgetting her washing. A tear stole down her face.

"How thoughtful Mrs. Bowen is, and so kindly and cheerful! I wish I was like her," she thought. That evening Mrs. Coates went into Mrs. Allen's to enquire about Sue. Finding the child very much better and entirely out of danger, their conversation drifted upon their friend Mrs. Bowen.

"I can't understand how she can always be so cheery, so loving, and yet so busy;—and full of care as she must be with those three children and all her household and sewing to do," Mrs. Coates remarked.

"No, neither can I; I wish I did know the secret of her happiness, and perhaps there would be some hope for me. I got more weary and discouraged every day that I live, I verily believe," Mrs. Allen said regretfully. A bright idea entered Mrs. Coates's head.

"Supposing we ask her for her recipe for good humor and patience," she said grimly. "You want to know why I am patient and happy, do you?—why I don't fret and chafe at little things;—is that it? Well I will, tell you," answered Mrs. Bowen with a smile and a tear.

"'Twould be too long a story to tell it all; so, as a beginning, I will only, to show you where I once stood, refer to my old home previous to my marriage. In my baby days it had been full of luxury, for father was wealthy; but as time rolled on, the wheel rolled around and my girlhood was one of bitter sorrow. Down we went swiftly from an almost palatial home to a rented house; from the rented house to a miserable flat; from the flat to a few rooms in a wretched tenement; and from that to a floorless hovel. I would not attempt to picture the sorrow of those years. Then, when father died of delirium tremens, mother, and Bertie my brother and I, gradually but surely worked our way upward to respectability again. When I was nineteen years old, we again owned a house, not much of a one,—only a little three-roomed affair; but it was ours, and we were very thankful. Then another dreadful blow fell; our precious mother died,—the long continued strain of a life-long sorrow having borne too heavily upon her. Bertie soon followed her, and I was left alone. O the agony of those terrible days!

"But, through storm or sunshine time hastens on, and a year later the darkness seemed passing off from my soul. It was then that I met Frank Bowen, an intelligent and genial young man, a book-keeper in a large dry-goods store. Another year passed and then we were married, and all was joy with us. I felt that the bitterness of life was past, and that henceforth my path would be strewn with roses. But O how little we know in regard to our future! There was a thorn, a dreadful thorn hidden in the rose life we were leading. Frank, unknown to me, began drinking wine. When I discovered the fact, I felt completely crushed. I wept and moaned and pleaded, all to no effect. After the first glass, the chain grew quickly, binding him closer day by day.

"Years passed away. We with our three children were down in the depths. Long ago my pretty home, earned by mother, Bertie and I, was swallowed up in Frank's glasses. We had sunk so low that we were only able to pay the rent of one dirty, leaky room with closet adjoining. We were hungry and cold and almost despairing. I worked at fine sewing, but the money I earned was nearly always clutched by my drunken husband and squandered for drink.

"One cold, wintry night I was lying on my wretched bed, sick and in terrible mental agony. God forgive me the wicked thought that then entered my mind! I fairly longed to take a sleeping potion that would put me into a never-to-be awakened sleep. My little Daisy, then only a year old, was lying beside me, shivering under the old quilt. Carrie, a tiny child of three, and Tom, aged five, were crying at the foot of the bed, crying because they were nearly starved and frozen. Just then my husband came stumbling in. He had a bottle in his hand and threw it at Carrie. It just escaped her head.

"Stop your blubberin' or I'll throw it

at ye again," he said angrily, striding toward the timid, sobbing child. I got out of bed and stood before him, weak and trembling.

"Frank," I said, 'don't throw the bottle at little Carrie, but get a sword somewhere and kill us all together,—your wife and your three children.' I never saw such a look upon any one's face as there was upon his as I spoke. He looked like one mortally wounded and turned from me to stagger from the room. After he was gone I fell upon my knees in prayer,—a weeping, wailing, pleading prayer,—that God would take me and my three almost naked, starving children out of this world of woe. I finished my prayer by beseeching our Father to 'leave the gate ajar, for poor, dear, weak Frank. I prayed for a long time, and at last from utter weariness I sank down upon the floor in a faint. Poor little Tom and Carrie vainly endeavored to raise me up; but soon the outer door opened, and some one came in and lifted me up. I opened my eyes and saw that it was my husband. He laid me down gently upon the bed and pulled the quilt over me; then with his trembling hands he stroked my hair.

"Mary," he said huskily, 'I'm a brute I know, but God knows I don't want to kill you. Mary, I'll never abuse you again, nor harm a hair on the head of one of those little ones.' I hardly knew his voice it was so soft and loving. I wish I could tell you all he said to me then, but it is impossible. He had heard my prayer and God touched his heart. That was the night of his awakening. Since then he has been a follower of the Saviour. If ever a man was on the Lord's side he is; and he has accomplished wonders since then. You can't think it strange now, can you, that I am patient and happy! I'm so glad of a house after all our weary struggles,—a house of our very own that I could shout for joy. Ought not a wife and mother to be happy, who has a house of her own, a temperate, loving, industrious husband, affectionate children, and health?"

"Yes," Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Coates both said, and they went home resolved to keep the frowns off their faces and the fretfulness out of their hearts.—Christian Intelligencer.

"OH! SO BRIGHT!"

In a small, dark room, in a closely built-up alley in one of the lowest parts of London, lay a sick man. The room had very little furniture; it consisted of two or three broken chairs, a small table, and a bed in one corner. Upon a few red cinders in the grate the man's eyes were fixed.

He was but young; and as he lay there thinking of his own fast-departing life, of his loving wife and little children, and what they would do for a livelihood when he was gone, his heart sank within him, and he turned away and wept.

Presently he heard a sweet childish voice coming singing up the stairs, and as it came nearer he caught the words, "Oh, so bright! oh, so bright!"

"What can it be that is so bright?" thought the sick man; "all here is dull and dark enough; what can the child mean is 'so bright'?"

The door was pushed open, and in came a little girl, about five or six years old.

"Well, Mary, was that you singing?" "Yes, father; it's one of the hymns we learn at school."

"And what is so bright that you must be singing it over so often?" "Oh, father, don't you know? It's the better land. Shall I sing it all to you?"

And again the sweet voice began,—

"There is a better world, they say,  
Oh, so bright!  
Where sin and woe are done away,  
Oh, so bright!  
And music fills the balmy air,  
And angels with bright wings are there,  
And harks of gold, and mansions fair,  
Oh, so bright!"

"Sin and woe are done away," mused the sick man. "Who gets there, I wonder?" The singing was interrupted by loud shouts and screams; they did not pay much attention to them; such sounds, alas! were too common in those alleys for the inhabitants to take much notice; but little Mary was anxious to see who was making so much noise.

"Don't look at them, Mary; come away; there's sin and sorrow enough here. I wonder what will be the end of it! Sing to me again about the land where it will all be 'done away.'"

"Yes, father, I will; and while she was singing the door was pushed open, and in

came the wife and mother. She had been working hard all day, trying to earn a little by washing, and had bought a loaf of bread and an ounce of tea with some of the money.

Mrs. Williams put down her parcel on the table, and turning to her husband, knelt down by his side, and asked how he had got on all day.

"Weary, weary, Kate, lass; grieving to think of you working so hard, and me lying here, and no one knowing or caring for all our troubles. I wish I was gone, and no more a burden to you."

"Hush, hush, James?" his wife replied, with tears in her eyes. "I shouldn't care anything if you was to go, lad." "Father," said the little one, who had been thinking of his last words, "some one cares; our teacher taught us to-day, 'He careth for you.'"

"Who cares, Mary?" "I think it is God," the child replied, with a thoughtful look. "Teacher says He loves us and cares for us always."

And the poor man learned on his sick bed the wondrous truth, that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—From "The Broken Clothes-Line."

PERNICIOUS READING.

BY JOSIE KEEN.

Mothers are often appealed to to make home bright and attractive, as one of the silken cords with which to bind the hearts of their children from the evil temptations of the outer world—from gambling and drinking saloons, or from improper associates, who may lead them astray. But are they at all conscious of an evil that may be brought to their own fireside?

Glad to see their children interested in reading, do they as closely look into, as they ought, the character of the apparently attractive paper their sons and daughters are perusing? Or do they, with a careless glance at the title of the illustrated paper, say, "Here childish stories, and of no interest to us grown people?"

We fear it is so with too many mothers, or else much literature of a pernicious character could not find its way into print, or prove salable. Indeed it is a startling fact that these highly wrought sensational, and oftentimes, immoral, writings, are not alone read by lower classes, the poor, ignorant city stragals, as they are called, but by pure-minded, refined children. A case in point is this given:

A lady was visiting in the family of a friend where there were lovely children. One day, as she was sitting by her window, she heard a sweet childish voice reading aloud in the garden near by. On looking out, she saw a group of young girls and boys gathered around a bright lad of about ten years of age, who was amusing them with a story paper. She was particularly struck with the sight. The lady watched the happy group for some time, when suddenly a word caught her ear that caused her to give attention. To her intense surprise, the story was immoral and shocking in character. Calling the lad to her she examined the paper. She trusted to his candor, and explained the nature of the fiction. He put on an air of bravado, and pronounced it "bally!" And then he said he read just such every week. Of course, the mother of that child was horrified when told of the fact, but she confessed she never looked to see what those boys and girls were doing. Thus warned, she forbade them to purchase any more of those papers. Several weeks subsequent to this she took occasion to reprove the newsdealer who sold such matter to children.

She then learned from him that he had a large custom among juveniles of the neighborhood. Moreover this man told her to her dismay, that her own boy was still a purchaser regularly at the stand. Even now he surreptitiously procured and read the forbidden sheets. It was the custom of that newsdealer to give these issues on credit to children, when they had not the five cents to buy them with.

We have seen it also stated that "during an investigation into the sale of the trashy and obscene literature in one or two Eastern cities, the committee learned that the keepers of gilded palaces of pleasure paid the newsdealers for all they delivered free to young girls." If the above facts are true, can parents examine too closely into the moral character of what their children are reading?

—Church and Home.

PUZZLES.

CHARADES.

- 1. A forest, a measure, a son of Judah; whole, a bird.
- 2. The human race, a personal pronoun, to double; whole multiplied.
- 3. A Latin prefix, a company, after the usual time; whole, to filter.

SURNAMES OF DICKENS' CHARACTERS. (PHONETIC.)

- 1. A measure and a smell.
- 2. A coin and beside.
- 3. A mineral and a lot.
- 4. A pivot and a consonant.
- 5. A sack and a gentleman's neckwear.
- 6. A poet and a linear measure.
- 7. Robin's first love.
- 8. An elopement.
- 9. A stony substance and a sorceress.
- 10. A little plant.
- 11. A precise person.
- 12. Extinct and lake.
- 13. A beam and a Scotch stream.

WORD SQUARE.

o o o o o  
o o o o o  
o o o o o  
o o o o o  
o o o o o

A feast of the Jews instituted by Esther; oneness; clefts; a Gittite, noted for his fidelity to David; place where Paul preached on his first journey to Europe.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

- My first is in street, but not in lane;
- My second is in wild, but not in tame;
- My third is in iron, but not in gold;
- My fourth is in hot, but not in cold;
- My fifth is in zebra, but not in bear;
- My sixth is in nest but not in lair;
- My seventh is in merry, but not in gay;
- My eighth is in tell, but not in say;
- My ninth is in acre, but not in road;
- My tenth is in strange, but not in odd;
- My eleventh is in David, but not in Amos;
- My whole is a country, small but famous;

A. A. G.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

HISTORICAL PI.

We propose to mention here a few of the world's great generals, inventors, discoverers, poets and men of noted deeds.

Hannibal was born at Carthage, which city was so named by Cato that he rarely made a speech without saying: "Carthage must be destroyed." Other noted generals, Julius Caesar was a Roman; Frederick the Great was a Prussian; Napoleon Bonaparte was a Corsican; and Ulysses S. Grant is an American.

It is believed that Galileo invented the telescope and discovered the satellites of Jupiter and the revolution of the earth; that Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravitation and William Harvey the circulation of the blood; that James Watt invented the steam engine; George Stephenson, the locomotive; Robert Fulton, the steam-boat; Samuel Morse, the telegraph; John Ericsson, the monitor; Elias Howe, the sewing-machine; Eli Whitney the cotton-gin; and Charles Darwin, the naturalist, the theory of the Descent of Man. Among poets, the greatest in all history is Shakespeare; while Goethe ranks highest in the poetry of Germany, and Dante in that of Italy. Tennyson and Browning are famous English poets of our day.

Many men have performed special feats. Alexander conquered and rode Pegasus, the most fiery, if not the fastest, horse of ancient times; Blondin frequently crossed the Niagara River on the tight-rope; and Dr. Tanner claims to have lived forty days without eating.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Lillian A. Greene, and Tillie Moffet.

Persons sending puzzles for this column should remember to write on one side of the paper only, put each puzzle on a separate slip of paper with its answer below, and write their name on each slip.

MY INFLUENCE.—What is my influence; Are people who have most to do with me better people or worse people on account of my relation to them? I saw the pestilential Campagna of Rome planted with the eucalyptus tree. In some way its waxy leaves counteract the poisonous malaria. No man, Christian by profession, or man of the world, will dispute the statement that there are moral influences in our society that poison the atmosphere like the exhalations of a swamp. Well, what am I to this tainted world—a eucalyptus tree or a poisoned ivy? In one word what is the moral effect of my influence?—Bishop Cheney.

THERE is no day so delightful as the day that is useful; and no week is likely to pass so serenely as the week whose first day was devoutly hallowed by devotion and beneficence.