

fuss to make spit curls, as she used to do with yours; but give it a good brushing, and wind it up gently and tenderly, as though you enjoyed doing it for her. The young man down in the parlour can wait until you have performed these duties. If he expresses any impatience, you may explain to him that you feel under more obligation to your mother than you do to him.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

#### My Refuge.

"In the secret of Thy presence."—PSALM xxxi. 20.

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

Earthly 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 me plainly of each sinful deed and thought?

No; he is very faithful, and that makes me trust him more;  
For I know that he does love me, though 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 when'er 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.

#### THE HOUSE ON A HILL.

AFTER a long, long ride on a summer day, we came to a crest overlooking the handsome town of Westchester. On the summit was a log house, snug and neat, a corn patch on one side, a garden of common flowers on the other, the front overlooking the lovely sweep of the valley and the long descent of the turnpike. By the door, in the shadow of the house, sat a young coloured man in a home-made chair; he had a book in his hand, and at his feet lay a dog. He rose as we drew near.

"Here is a pail of water, sir, fresh from the spring. Will you have a drink, sir? Shall I water the horse? Maybe the lady would like a glass of milk?" We said we preferred the water.

"I never drink niffin else," he said; "but there is plenty of people ride by here and ask for ale and wine, or a punch, and says to me, 'Jerry, you could make your fortune, your everlastin' fortune, if you knew enough to keep some neat drinks.'"

"And what do you say to that, Jerry," we asked.

"Oh! I read them out of my book here, 'Woe to him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken

also.' That don't look much like everlastin' fortune, does it, sir? Looks more as if the man that made his neighbour drunken would have it said to him that he shall go away to everlastin' punishment, as my book reads. Every morning when I rises up I says to myself, 'Jerry, mind you have to give an account for whatever you do or say this day.'"

"And how do you come to be such a good temperance man, Jerry?"

"Oh! sir, I was brought up in a tavern. I have seen a man kill his neighbour, along of drink. I have seen a man maim his little child; I have seen a man strike his old mother; I have seen a man blow his brains out—all for drink. I have seen a house burned, a boat sunk, a stage overturned and people killed in it—all for drink. And, sir, in all my life I have never seen these 'everlastin' fortunes' they tell of, made out of drink, stay by families, father and son. It is evil made and quick go, and no blessing along with it."

"And what do you do for a living, Jerry?"

"Oh, I raise all I eat. I make my own clothes and shoes. I make kitchen chairs to sell, and I have regular places and times for going to work, and I lay by an honest penny for old age, and have a penny to give away. I never have seen real want, sir, where there wasn't rum at the bottom of it somewhere."

#### TWO KINDS OF SUNSHINE.

WINDOWS, WINTER, WORRY.

"OPEN the windows and let the warm air in."

"The warm air? I always thought we opened windows to let cool air in; then why do you say let warm air in?"

"We have had a season of damp weather, and the air indoors is chilly; so now that the sun is out bright again, we want the warm air to come into the house."

A dark, damp, close house reminds one of winter all the time, and how can one keep off worry under such conditions? Open windows, letting in the sun-warmed air, drive off premature winter and worry.

So it is spiritually. Our eyes are the windows to our mind or soul. Are there not times with us all when we see darkly? Are there not seasons of gloom when a coldness is within, and it seems to our souls that winter will never cease? How gladly then do we throw open the windows when the sun of peace, joy and light beams forth! How soon does his warming rays drive out winter, how soon all worry is forgotten, and the soul again sings songs of spring and praises its Maker! Windows, winter, worry, wrong, wrangling. With open windows winter, worry, wrong, wrangling cease. Open windows to let in God's light and love.

SUNSHINE, SPRING, SMILES.

When winter and its attendant worry are over we have sunshine, spring, and smiles. How kind is our Father above thus to order things! After the dreary, disagreeable winter, he cheers us with bright spring and her fair retinue. She comes with sunshine, smiles, songs, salutes. All nature rejoices, and all things are glad. Let us not call winter altogether dreary. Let us remember the bright, happy Thanksgiving-day, joyous Christmas, and beaming New Year. Then, too, we must not forget the fireside gatherings—the long winter evenings around the blazing fire. No time is happier than this, when the entire family, and perhaps some relatives or friends, are assembled around a cheerful fire on a winter's day or night.

What help to our faith, when we remember the old family Bible and the voice of him who read

from it in our childhood days, and the circle of little ones kneeling around the fire!

Spring's sunshine brings forth smiles of gladness; winter's sunshine warms up the soul, and produces gratitude to God for His wonderful love and kindness.

#### Signing the Farm Away.

FIX old farm for a hundred years

Kept in the family name;

Cornfields rich with golden ears

Oft as the harvest came;

Crowded barn and crowded bin,

And still 't loads kept coming in—

Rolling in for a hundred years;

And the fourth in the family line appears.

Orchard covered the slopes of the hill;

Cider—forty barrels, they say,

Sure in season to come from the mill,

To be tasted round Thanksgiving day!

And they drank as they worked and ate,

Winter and summer, early and late,

Counting it as a great mishap

To be found without "a barrel on tap."

But, while the seasons crept along,

And passions into habits grew,

Their appetites became as strong

As ever a drunkard knew.

And they laboured less, and they squandered more,

Chiefly for rum at the village store,

Till called by the sheriff, one bitter day,

To sign the homestead farm away.

The father, shattered and scented with rum;

The mother, sick, and pale and thin,

Under the weight of her sorrows dumb,

In debt for the bed she was lying in;

Oh! I saw the wrecked household around her stand—

And the justice lifted her trembling hand,

Helping her, as in her pain she lay,

To sign the homestead farm away.

Ah, how she wept, and the flood of tears

Swept down her temples bare!

And the father, already bowed with years,

Bowed lower with despair.

Drink! Drink! It had ripened into woe

For them and all they loved below,

And forced them, poor and old and gray,

To sign the homestead farm away.

Oh, many scenes have I met in my life,

And many a call to pray;

But the saddest of all was the drunkard's wife

Signing the farm away!

Home, once richest in all the town,

Home, in that fatal cup poured down,

Worse than fire or flood's dismay—

Drunkard's signing the farm away!

#### A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

SOME time ago, a Cambridge lady, who was remarkable for her dignified bearing as for her personal beauty and grace, entered a crowded horse-car where there were a number of Harvard undergraduates, all of whom arose to offer her a seat. She accepted one with thanks. Presently the car stopped, when a poor woman with a baby in her arms, entered it. Not a seat was offered her. The lady waited a few moments, and then finding that her young admirers took no notice of the woman, she rose and asked the woman to take her seat. At once a dozen young men sprang up and again tendered their seats to her, but she persisted in standing, and had full opportunity of noticing the confusion of the young collegians. It was a quiet but effective rebuke. A statement of the affair soon got over the college, and no undergraduate could be found to admit that he was in the horse-car that evening.

"JAMES, how is it that my butcher's bills are so large, and I always have such bad dinners?" "Really, sir, I don't know; for I am sure that we never have anything nice in the kitchen that we don't send some of it up to the dining-room."