

Tales and Sketches.

Ministering.

What though your feet are often weary, On ceaseless errands sent; And tired shoulders ache and ache so sorely

Ah, then, no joy would seem so dear and blessed, As spending months and years In ceaseless service for the vanished darlings

And still beyond your household duties reaching Stretch forth a helping hand; So many stand in need of loving comfort

The Deadly Upas.

A sheaf stood proudly with sheaves in the shock, Bound by the reaper 'mid sunshine and cheer,

Then on came the farmer with horses and wagon, But instead of bearing the rye to the mill,

That crushed out the life from this beautiful grain, And heated and pressed they were forced now to yield

And then in a cask which closely confined it, Compelled now to linger with that which is worse,

This liquid is borne to the vendor of spits, And dealt out to kill and hamant, curse;

Now clear and sparkling we viewed it in goblets, And tremblingly borne to the lips of the young,

And thus how often that parents have thought, Their children would live in the future to bless

So proud of its youth and children so fair, Is broken and carried to ends unexpected,

—Rev. H. P. Jackson, in the Christian Statesman.

“Who Has a Sorrow Like Mine?” “I, too, was a mother, and my own hand

I kindled the unholy fire in him That burned with a wild unrest, And his sweet, warm lips drew the poison in

Was centred and bound in him. That fatal lesson, so surely learned Ere he knew deceit or doubt,

“See! the stars still gleam, and the sky is blue, The sun never forgets to shine; And the world has sorrowing hearts, 'tis true;

—Rose Hardwick Thorpe.

Wearing the White Ribbon.

I came up from Charleston, S. C., on the steamer to New York. As I was to have two or three hours before train time,

“Hullo, I say,” with a swing of the hand towards me and a look into my face. “Did you speak to me?”

“What’s the matter, darling?” Grandma’s loving question made the repressed tears fall like rain, and, nestling in grandma’s lap, Marjorie sobbed out her story.

“I’ll just pay her up for this,” she ended, her eyes flashing through the tears. “Shall I help you?”

“Suppose you try heaping coals of fire on her head?” suggested grandma. Marjorie gave an impatient little twist and frown.

promise was given, and as I held out my hand and clasped the big black one, the compact was sealed. This took less time than I have used for the tolling, and, as I hastened on, I heard my name called eagerly.

My friends explained. “We were just back of you and saw and heard it all—could not help it—ah, we see, it is all true, and we want to belong and to begin to help.”

“SEVENTY-FOUR, seventy-five, seventy-six. There now, my suns are all ready for Monday, and I won’t have to take my slate home with me to-night.”

Without stopping to think what she was doing Marjorie seized the dipping sponge and threw it, with all her strength, at her schoolmate.

Through a mist of tears Marjorie watched the slow hands of the clock creep round to the hour of dismissal. Her heart was aching with mortification and a sense of injustice.

At last school was dismissed, and, too unhappy to care about company, Marjorie walked home, wishing that she could overtake Bella and vent some of her indignation.

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fire on her head?” suggested grandma. Marjorie gave an impatient little twist and frown. “I might have known that was what you meant,” she said, discontentedly.

“Did you ever try this way of returning her unkindness?” asked grandma. “No’m,” admitted Marjorie.

“Then promise me to try it just this once,” pleaded grandma. “Well, I will try it to please you,” answered Marjorie; “but I know it won’t be of any use.”

Marjorie guessed at the cause of her distress, and pushed her own geography towards her, with a bright smile. Bella looked gratefully at her as she opened the book, and hastily studied the lesson.

As soon as the recess bell rang, she exclaimed: “Marjorie, I’m ever so much obliged to you for lending me your geography. But what made you do it when I was so mean on Friday?”

Marjorie hesitated for a moment, and then told her that she was trying the Bible way of returning injuries. “Well, it’s the best way to make anybody ashamed of themselves,” Bella responded.

“Your way was the best, grandma,” Marjorie said, when she told the dear old lady of the result of her kind action.

“Jane, what does make you have those great, stamping boys in your parlor every Sabbath night?” “Because I love them.”

“But I should think they would spoil your new carpet. It is light, and must show the spots that seven or eight pairs of boots make.

When it is snowy they must bring in the snow, and when it is muddy, track in the dirt. Dear me, I would not have half a dozen boys in my parlor once a week for a good round sum.”

“I wish there were a dozen of them.” “But don’t you know they will wear your carpets more than half a dozen parties?”

Domestic Department.

How to Treat Children.

A word about nervous children. Never scold them nor “make fun” of them. They suffer enough without your threats or sarcasm. Pretend not to see their awkwardness when in company nor their grimaces when alone.

Children Teething.

Teething is a very trying time for the little ones, and for that matter it is trying too for their mothers. Dear little things, they feel uncomfortable, and have no idea of what is the trouble, and so they worry and fret.

Children suffer terribly, sometimes, even to death; and if mothers only understood how to manage them, they would be spared a great amount of pain.

In the first place, keep soft flannel next to the body, till they are two years old, certainly. Then never neglect to keep close watch of the little mouth, so as to know if the gums get inflamed and swollen.

It is often a great relief to have the gums lanced, it should always be done, if there is a purple hue upon them. The bowels should be kept open by a suitable diet

—oatmeal gruel, chicken broth, beef tea, are all good and proper food for little ones—neither candies nor sweets of any kind are healthy, they cause the food to coagulate in the stomach and the result is pain, then, of course, the baby cries, being in distress.