

The Family.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should not the hours with sweetest things, If we had but a day: We should drink alone at the purest springs In-out of a wild way. We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour If the hours were few; We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power To be and to do. We should guide our wayward or wearied wills By the clearest light; We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills If they lay in sight; We should trample the pride and the discontent Beneath our feet; We should take whatever a good God sent With a trust complete. We should waste no moments in weak regret, If the day were but one; If what we remember and what we forget Went out with the sun; We should free from our clamorous selves set free To work or to pray, And to be what the Father would have us be, If we had but a day. —Mary Lou Dickinson.

THE GEOGRAPHY, ARITHMETIC AND GRAMMAR OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

RECENTLY Professor Henry Drummond delivered a sermon to the Eastern Division of the Glasgow Battalion of the Boys' Brigade on the occasion of the annual church parade. The gathering took place in the city hall. Selecting as his text the words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," Professor Drummond announced as the three heads of his address, Geography, Arithmetic, Grammar. Geography, he said, tells us where to find places. Where is the kingdom of God? It is said that in the Franco-Prussian war when a Prussian soldier was killed a map of France was very often found in his pocket. When we are going to occupy a country it is well that we should know the geography of it. Where, then, is the kingdom of God? I hear a boy saying that it is in Heaven. No; it is not there. Another, that it is in the Bible. No. A third, that it is in the Church. No. Heaven is the capital of it, the Bible is the guide to it, and the Church is the weekly parade of those who belong to it. If you will turn up a chapter in Luke you will find out where it is. "The kingdom of God is within you"—that is the geography of the kingdom of God. What is the kingdom of God? Every kingdom, you know, has its imports and its exports. Go down to the river here and you will find ships coming in laden with cotton; they come from America. You will find ships with tea; they come from China. You will find ships with sugar; they come from Java. What comes from the kingdom of God? We must go to this Book and turn it up, and we shall find there what it is. "The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, joy"—three things. You can easily tell the shop or the house where the kingdom of God is not the first thing. You see that the straight thing is not done. Your master promises you a rise of wages; you are going to get seven-and-sixpence, instead of five shillings. Next Saturday you ask for it. "Oh," he says, "I didn't think you needed it." Now, that is not right; the kingdom of God is righteousness. Or when you go into the shop in the morning you find everybody sulky and at daggers drawn with everybody else—you can't speak to them. The kingdom of God is peace; the kingdom of the devil is quarrelling. If you want the kingdom of God in your shop let the quarrelling get out, and let peace and harmony and God come in. Now you have seen what the kingdom of God is. The second head is Arithmetic. Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you. Lots of Arithmetic, you see. Now don't think that you could have anything better than to seek first to do what is right, to live at peace and to be happy. Never mind these if you know anything better, happier, purer, nobler; but if you do not, then seek first the kingdom of God. I am not here to tell you to be religious, I am not here to tell you to seek the kingdom of God, but I have come to tell you to seek it first. Not many people do that. They put religion in any place—once a week perhaps, but I tell you it is not worth seeking unless we seek it first. Suppose we took the helm of a ship and hung it over the bow and sent it to sea, would it ever land on the other side? Keep religion in its place, it will guide you safely through life and take you straight through the gates of Heaven when life is over, but if you do not put it in its place have nothing to do with it. Boys, carry that away with you, put the kingdom of God in the first place. "Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." You all know the difference between addition and subtraction. There is not one here who does not. That is a very important difference in religion. It is a very strange thing that very few people know it. They always tell boys that if they seek the kingdom of God it will be subtraction. They will be gloomy and miserable; they will have to stop playing football and reading all those nice story books, and spend all their spare time in singing hymns. Now, that is not true; it is not in the Bible, everything else is to be added

unto you. I do not mean that you will become rich. To-morrow morning a boy finds a sixpence lying amongst the orange boxes in the shop. It belongs to nobody, and the boy puts it in his pocket. But by-and-by it begins to burn a hole in his pocket. He says to himself, I was at the Boys' Brigade yesterday, and I was told to seek that which was right, and he gives the sixpence to his master. What has the boy in his pocket then? Nothing; but he has the kingdom of God in his heart, and that is worth a great deal more than sixpence.

Now, lastly and very shortly—Grammar. What is the verb "Seek," what mood? Imperative. A soldier's first lesson is obedience. Have you obeyed the command? Remember the imperative mood. "Seek first the kingdom of God." It must be done. I have been trying to show you what a happy thing it is, but, beyond that, it must be done, because we have been commanded to it by our Captain. I know some boys are saying we are going to have a good time first, we are going to seek last the kingdom of God. Now it is shabby of boys to take all the good gifts and give nothing to God but the dregs of a wasted life. But, besides, very few people have an opportunity to seek the kingdom of God at the end of life. Christ, who knew that we needed Him for our lives, and not for our deathbeds only, has laid down this command, "Seek first the kingdom of God." I will leave you with the text itself. Before you go to sleep to-night, before you go to the Sunday-school, before you go out at the door of the City Hall, resolve that, God helping you, you are going to seek first the kingdom of God. Some boys here are deserters; come back to-day. You are all old enough to decide, and the grandest moment of a boy's life is the moment when he decides to seek the kingdom of God.

"My years crowd sail, and pass away Before me to eternity; How poorly freighted, Lord, are they With acts of faith and love to Thee!"

HOW THE BAKERS WENT EARLY TO MEETING.

THE new minister who was called bore not a resemblance to the former incumbent, unless it might be in a similar impression that he made of honest purpose and purity of thought. The old pastor had been gentle and meek in all his ways, studying hard to give his people most excellent sermons, coming back sometimes from a four week's vacation in summer with aching head and half-rested nerves, never dreaming of asking for another two weeks, which should have been voluntarily offered. If the congregation dropped into careless habits, he deeply regretted them, but offered no reproof.

This new minister remarked to himself—for his wife was not with him—that it was high time to bring this church to a knowledge of its delinquencies. The time for opening the services on Sunday morning was nominally at half-past ten, but not more than half the congregation were present at that hour. A number came in during the first hymn. The reading of the Scripture was a favourable time for the entrance of the Smiths, Browns, and Plummers. A group waited near the door until the long prayer was over, and if the grown-up daughters of Peter James did not rustle up the aisle near the close of the anthem, the congregation knew that they were out of town.

The young clergyman waited a few weeks, until he had called upon a large portion of the people. He began at first to visit the sick, and this plan became a stepping-stone to the confidence of those who were well. One Lord's Day, after reading the notices, he said: "I am sure you will kindly receive the suggestion that I make this morning, but I want to call your attention to the hour for opening our worship. It is announced at half-past ten. This does not mean twenty, twenty-five, or fifteen minutes of eleven. It means precisely half-past ten, and the organ prelude is as much a part of our service as the hymns or the sermon."

No one could remember a similar reproof from that pulpit, much as it had been needed. The congregation, recovering from the first shock, rather liked the new sensation. Smiles rippled over sober faces, and glances at each other told the spirit with which it had been received. A general straightening up of the audience was apparently the result of a stern mental resolve. The Bakers lived upon a farm about a mile from the village. The head of the house—a most worthy man in every respect, and prompt enough in business relations—was yet persistently and uniformly late at church on Sabbath morning. The horse was brought to the door fully three-quarters of an hour before its owner was ready, and Mrs. Baker, a grown-up daughter, Susie, little Tim, and a bachelor brother passed that time in nervous irritability or hopeless patience. "I like to have 'em get pretty well along," was the good-natured reply to all suggestions of haste.

So three members of this family were highly pleased with the new minister's reproof, and inwardly hoped that "Pa" would appropriate the whole of it. He had no idea of taking more than his own share, and only observed to his pastor, "Well, you hit the heel of Achilles a hard blow to-day."

But a fixed determination to be on time the next week, by force of strategy,

took possession of a majority of the Baker household. "I will get to meeting early for once," resolved the house mother when Saturday night came and she stood winding up the old clock, whose place was in the west entry. "I'll put this clock along twenty minutes. It's the first time in my life I ever did such a thing, but I will not have the deacon's folks laughing to see us come in late. There's no earthly reason why we should, either."

It actually seemed as if the clock ticked faster out of pure astonishment at being hurried along, and she was glad to shut the door and lose the sound. Just as the sun looked in through the east window Sunday morning, David, the bachelor brother, aroused from sleep, and reflected that it was meeting day. "And I know what I'm going to do. I'll put the clock along half an hour before I let the cows out. I'll see if my bald head must go up that aisle after everybody's there. Wonder I never thought of doing it before!"

He went into the kitchen, and threw up the windows. The fragrance of sweet-briar and honeysuckle floated in, and the slow ticking of the tall old time-piece sounded clear and distinct as the strokes of a hammer through the stillness of the farm house. When David left the outside door open, the sunbeams danced upon the brown floor with a wide-awake alertness, suggesting to him that it was high time anyway that the family were up, and half an hour would be no loss. He patted the heads of the cattle, as he turned them down the river road, with an approving sense of his own foresight.

Susie woke up two hours earlier than usual, for her young head was burdened with a scheme for taking her father to meeting on time. "I shan't dare to tell ma," ran the line of her thoughts, "for she never deceives pa in any way, but I do believe I'll put the clock along just a little way. Then we shall gain a few minutes without any fuss. Everybody will look at us and smile if we go in late to-day. Uncle Dave must have gone out. I don't want a soul to know." So stealing downstairs on tiptoe, through the kitchen, a pretty figure and fresh herself as the early morning, she opened the glass door that covered the face of the clock, once more speeded the hand twenty minutes on its course, and then rushed back to her bed.

The next one to disturb the silence of the long room was Mr. Baker himself. He glanced out into the entry. "Who'd have thought it was so late! Well, I've a good mind to put the clock along, and hurry 'em up a little this morning. Believe I'll try and start off twenty minutes earlier. It'll be a good joke to have 'em think I'm late as usual. A pretty good joke, and I'll do it." By the time he had turned the minute hand forward it was seven o'clock. Calling to his wife that she must hurry up, or she'd be late, he went out to the barn in a state of inward delight.

An interested observer would have noticed that little Tim was the only one entirely at his ease through breakfast. When the family started off in the carryall, each one, except the child, began to have a secret misgiving that by some mistake the clock was turned too far ahead. It seemed surprisingly early. There was altogether a lack of directness in the sun's rays, not usually noticeable on their weekly ride. No sign of church-going was visible at any of the neighbour's houses. One of the Maynard boys standing in the open barn, threw up his cap as they passed. At the Walkers', David caught a glimpse through the window of the old gentleman standing before a small looking-glass, and just beginning to shave. Actually at Deacon Smith's they were studying their Sunday-school lesson in the sitting-room. He hoped no one but himself had made these observations.

They drove to their usual hitching-post under a rock-maple-tree, and alighted. Tim hurried to open the gate. It was locked. No trace of the sexton even; only the cool, sweet air rustled through the trees. Above, the white clouds rolled up in great fleecy masses, as if they were trying to afford a deeper look into the blue sky, and the Sabbath morning stillness rested upon the sacred place like the peace of God. Four people looked inquiringly at each other. "We are making up for past offences," said David, with a faint smile.

"Perhaps there isn't any meeting to-day," suggested Susie, and immediately felt as if deception was invading her deeper and deeper.

"It's the strangest thing I ever knew," remarked Mrs. Baker, and then wondered if she had told a lie. They found a window that was unfastened. The boy crept in, and opened a side door. He proposed that they take a ride, but this plan was promptly vetoed by his mother. When the family entered the building and looked at the clock it was five minutes past nine.

The young minister, who had been writing a new sermon through the week, had not succeeded in rounding off the closing period. It had occurred to him that a few minutes alone in the church might furnish the needed inspiration. Living close by, he walked over; but what was his amazement to be met at the entrance by Mr. Baker, and after him by the whole family.

"What is the meaning of this?" he exclaimed.

Mr. Baker had by this time returned to his usual sense of humour. "Why, you see, brother, you made such an impression on us last Sunday, that we thought we wouldn't go home at all, so we stayed through the week and here we are."

"No," interposed Uncle David, "that is stretching the story, we came here last night so as to be up in good season this morning."

"But what is it, friends? You are giving me an awful sense of responsibility." "Well," answered Mr. Baker, "I'll own up. I thought I'd be on time and please my wife and daughter this morning, so I gave the clock a little push, and I suppose sent it too far ahead—that is all."

"O, pa!" cried Susie, with burning cheeks, "it is all my fault. I got up and put the clock ahead twenty minutes, so we could come early to day."

This was too much for Uncle David's generosity. "O, come, I put it along this morning myself half an hour when I first went out."

"Well," burst in Mrs. Baker, "I did better than any of you, for I put it along twenty minutes last night when I locked up the house." By this time the minister had dropped upon a seat, while the family, after staring at each other for a moment, followed him in a paroxysm of laughter. Then the clergyman wiped his eyes, shook hands all around, and hastened home just as the sexton appeared in the yard. The minister entered the pulpit at the usual time in some trepidation, for fear that a glimpse of the Baker family would overcome his gravity.

But no such result followed. The hearty laugh had only aroused quick-ness of thought and energy of speech, and he preached with unusual power. The family clock was never made to swerve from its faithful time-keeping again, but a steady improvement of Mr. Baker's punctuality in church going was apparent from that date.—Christian Union.

PAYING OUR SHARE.

Boys and girls do not have to be very old before they learn the meaning of the word "contribute," and it seems to be associated with the collection baskets in church and Sunday school, with mission bands and charitable objects exclusively. It is a word with the broadest meaning; it is a word that expresses nearly every action of our lives.

We contribute every day to the happiness of the home life, or we contribute to friction, the annoyances. We contribute to the knowledge of what is best that comes to us, or we contribute to the sum total of disagreeable facts of persons or of things. We contribute our share of strength in carrying the burdens of the home life, or our weakness, and then contribute to the burden borne by mother, father, sister or brother; some one is giving his strength to bear our weakness. When we become old enough to go into society we still contribute to the general good or pleasure of the people we meet. Every one wishes to be popular in a right way—that is to be desired because they fulfil a desire or meet a want of the circle they frequent. The contributions cannot all be alike any more than each can contribute the same sum to a charitable object; some can give little, some can give much, but no one is expected to give more than he can. So in society we cannot all play like Josef Hoffman, and if we did society would be very monotonous. We cannot all be Alvers or Lehmanns, we cannot all be wits or elocutionists, or banjo players, or whistlers—as has lately become fashionable—but every one who goes into society can contribute his or her mite towards the general good. We can cultivate the grace of saying pleasant things, reading and thinking about what we read enough to talk intelligently. We can—at least those of us who live in cities—visit art galleries, hear music and think about what we see and hear enough to bear our share in the general contribution. Is there anything more depressing than a boy or girl sitting glued against the wall, waiting to be entertained? One scorns the thought of being a beggar for money, but is not the guest who sits waiting for the generous donation from another mind, a social beggar? Have you not met boys and girls who made you think of sponges? They took the best you had to give them and gave nothing back. The place to begin to pay our share to the social good of the world is the very first time we go out in society, and we will do this if we carry the same text with us into the world of society that we do in the world of charity—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Now we do not give to those who are already rich, but to those who lack. When in any social circle, if we forget ourselves enough to see those who are timid, or awkward, or shy, or so self-conscious that they are too sensitive, and give them pleasure by contributing something from our own best training or gift or temperament, we have paid our debt. And this does not mean sitting and entertaining them, but introducing them to others, finding out what they have to give to the fund of pleasure or profit and letting them feel that they are giving as well as receiving; by so doing you have made your contribution and succeeded in getting another.

The Children's Corner.

CALVARY. UNDER an Eastern sky, Amid a rattle's cry, A Man went forth to die For me. Thorn-crowned His blessed head, Blood-stained His every tread; Cross-laden, on life sped, For me. Pierced glow His hands and feet, Three hours 'er Him beat Fierce rays of noon-tide heat, For me. Thus wert Thou made all mine; Lord, make me wholly Thine; Grant grace and strength divine To me. In thought, and word, and deed, Thy will to do, Oh, lead My soul, 'e'en though it bleed, To Thee. —Daiton Pilot.

A BRAVE LITTLE MAN AND WOMAN.

GEORGE was nine years old and Lulu was eleven when the little town where they lived in the far Northwest was attacked by the Sioux Indians. The Indians spared no one. Even Dutch Charley's house was burned and all his family killed although he had been a great friend of the Sioux. The only house left was that of Judge Waldron, the father of these two children. This house was built right into a hill, and the Judge had forty Springfield rifles and plenty of ammunition. So when the Sioux after setting on fire all the others drew near to his house, with terrible war cries, the Judge made ready to defend it. He sent George and Lulu with the two-year-old baby, Gussie, up stairs. To the two eldest children he gave some plain directions. The first direction was to put baby Gussie carefully between two feather beds so she would not hear the terrible

carrying into it our own lamps trimmed and burning, and help to trim another lamp filled with oil but not burning. And if we wish to be the wished-for guest, this is the grace we must cultivate, and to bring it to perfection we must begin at our very first party and learn how to make people happy by finding their best side.—Christian Mirror.

ONE WAY TO CLEAN HOUSE.

"DAD, an' ye won't find me down on the two knees clanking house for nobody the year!" "Futh, nor me nayther; I'm not engaged for the loike of that. Everything in raison, sez I, but they may git in extra help or I'll go to the paper-mill beyant the river."

This was a fragment of the romantic conversation I heard as I strolled down the garden path by moonlight. My mother-in-law's girl and mine were conferring over the garden gate.

Dear me! get in extra help! It wasn't an easy thing to do, even if I could afford it, and Mary such a good girl in the main. It was too true that the doors of the paper-mill stood always hospitably open for the domestic with a grievance, and a long line of the disaffected had already disappeared therein.

Was not all fair in household warfare? What might not a strategic movement effect?

The next morning I said: "Mary, I have pulled out the trunks in the attic to get at the children's spring clothing. It would be a good time to sweep and wipe up the floor, and take a cloth along for the window. I will clear the breakfast table and wash the dishes." This was "in raison," and whatever Mary did she did well. I ate my dinner with a rainbow in my soul. The attic was cleaned. A few days later, I smuggled implements to the second floor, brushed down walls, dusted pictures and put closets and drawers to rights; then in a casual way I asked Mary to take the rugs to the yard for an airing and shaking, and as there was no heavy work on hand for the day, she might wipe off the paint and windows. The hardwood floor was kept bright with its weekly polishing. There was none of the remarkable energy of the house-cleaning period in my tone or manner, and as Mary was lying back for her grand coup she took no offence. Another time I remarked, as though struck by a sudden idea, that as Mr. Jones was out of town, I believed I would have James Leary come and beat the heavy parlour and library rugs. While the castigation was going on, what more natural than that Mary should wipe—the word clean being always scrupulously avoided—the paint and windows. The book-cases I had already taken care of. I bought a variety of bright-coloured and elaborately cut shelf-paper at the five-cent store, and this was such a fine bait that Mary, of her own accord, proceeded to clean and decorate the china closets with increased satisfaction and brilliant success. Later, came a man to kalsomine the kitchen and whitewash the cellar walls, and on the first of May I was speck and span from garret to cellar. We had cleaned house, and Mary never suspected it!

I know my mother-in-law would despise such ignoble subterfuges, but then her Jane is now adorning the rag-room of the Excelsior Paper Mill, and she is getting on with the merest makeshift help. She has house-cleaning still in the perspective, and she said with a sigh last night: "Oh, if I only had your Mary."—Helen Rogers, in Home Maker.

THE HINDU GODDESS KALI.

The religions of the heathen are almost all cases of cruel and bloody. It was indeed a new commandment on earth when Christ came and made love the first requirement. Our religion says that God is love, the Hindu religion says that God is hate. The following account of Kali, one of the principal gods of Hinduism, is given by a writer in Woman's Work for Woman: "The great goddess Kali's chief temple is situated at Calcutta, a name derived from the name of the shrine Kali Ghat. She is an incarnation of cruelty. Her food is blood. If she be not propitiated by the blood of sacrifices she will feed on human gore. Such is the belief of her worshippers. Hence their offerings are in no way a sign of their love, but, on the contrary, are made through fear. What a terrible bondage! How thankful we should be for the truth which has made us free from errors like unto this, and revealed unto us the love of God in Jesus Christ!

"The following is a passage taken from the Agama-prakasa, a Sanskrit book, followed by the Tantra sect, descriptive of Kali's appearance:

"One should adore with liquors and oblations that Kali who has a terrible gaping mouth and uncombed hair; who has four hands and a splendid garland formed of the heads of the giants she has slain and whose blood she has drunk; who holds a sword in her lotus-like hand; who is fearless and awards blessings; who is black as the large clouds and has the whole sky for her clothes, who has a string of skulls round her neck and a throat besmeared with blood; who wears earrings (consisting of two dead bodies); who carries two dead bodies in her hands, who has terrible teeth and a smiling face; whose form is awful and who dwells in burning grounds (for consuming corpses); who stands on the breast of her husband, Maha-deva. "Sir Monier Williams gives this explanation of her trampling on her husband: "She had a contest with the thousand-headed Ravana for ten years, and having conquered him, became so elated and danced so energetically that the universe would have collapsed under her movements had not Siva mercifully imposed his body. "It was consonant with the worship of a being so cruel that the Thugs or murderers, so lately suppressed in India should have been the devoted followers of Kali. Truly her habitations are habitations of cruelty."—Mission Dayspring.

O TRAIN the child with hand and heart In all that's noble to take part; To be, to do, to pray, to give, In every highest sense to live.