

heaven? A mansion on high? What must it be to have no home in eternity save with the lost in perdition! Will you be a houseless and homeless soul forever? Is your peace made with God, and your title clear to that "better land?" See to it now, lest you have no home eternally.

BIG WORDS.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are often employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education.

It is a very common but very egregious mistake to suppose that long words are more genteel than short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the styles of dress.—They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence."—They don't live, but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed." And instead of dying, at last, they "decease."

The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation—and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood and affectation delight in what Horace calls *verba sesquipedalia*—words a "foot and a half long."—*Journal of Education*.

OLD AGE.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." Who that has witnessed a calm, serene and peaceful old age, has not been minded of this declaration of the wise king of Israel? An old age filled with sorrowful regrets is a sad spectacle. "My whole life has been a failure." This has been the regretful acknowledgement of more than one whom the world has deemed successful and crowned with many honors. Such an acknowledgment reminds us by contrast of the retrospective view of life taken by the aged apostle: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." Here is an example of an old age, not only serenely peaceful but joyfully triumphant.

Another beautiful example of old age is given us in a touching incident related of the last days of the Rev. John Newton. In commenting at family worship on the text "By the grace of God I am what I am," he used language very expressive of the humility, the tenderness, and the trusting confidence of the aged disciple, ripe for the harvest, and waiting to be gathered into the garner of his Lord. These were his words: "I am no what I ought to be. Ah, how imperfect and deficient. I am not what I wish to be. I abhor that which is evil, and I would cleave to that

which is good. I am not what I hope to be. Soon, soon I shall put off mortality, and with mortality all sin and imperfection. Yet though I am not what I ought to be, nor what I wish to be, nor what I hope to be, I can truly say that I am not what I once was, I have to sin and Satan; and I can heartily join with the apostle, and acknowledge, "By the grace of God I am what I am!"

Youthful reader, do not suppose that these thoughts are only for the aged. It is too late to prepare for winter when its howling blasts sweep around our dwellings. As summer is the season of preparation for old age. You cannot too soon begin to prepare for the winter of life. You may, indeed, never reach that period; but the best preparation for a peaceful and happy old age is also the best preparation for those endless ages of existence which will succeed the brief period of our sojourn here.—*Sunday-School Times*.

MAYFLOWER.

THE JOYS OF MATERNITY.

Grace Greenwood [Mrs. Lippincott], in an address to mothers, in the last number of *The Little Pilgrim*, thus writes;

"Since I last addressed you, another year has passed over us—a peaceful and fortunate year, to most of you, I trust, yet doubtless bringing to the happiest hearts and homes something of change and sorrow. To me it has brought the most profound and sweet, the most solemn and sacred, happiness of womanhood—for within this year I have been joined to the great and noble army of mothers." I am now one of you. Oh, if there is a time when woman may feel that she, like Mary of old, is "blessed among women," it is when she folds in her arms her first born child—feels the touch of its tender little hands thrill on her heart strings—feels upon her cheek the first soft breath of a life immortal—sees, faintly twinkling in the misty depths of sleepily little eyes a love that shall yet brighten the world for her. This joy unspeakable this holy triumph of maternity, is Heaven's abundant compensation for all that is suffered by woman—for all that is denied to her. With existence renewed and freshened by the inflowing of this pure rill from the divine fountain of life—with my heart made more tender and loving by the sweet, mysterious influences by which babyhood, mighty in helplessness, and without speech, most eloquent, comes to us—I feel like consecrating myself anew to the service of such as Jesus took in His arms and blessed—and of you, whom maternity makes kin in her once elected to the highest joy and deepest anguish of mortality—her whom He most loved and most tenderly remembered in His last hour."

"I am not anxious,"—said good Mr. Adams of Falkirk, in the middle of the last century,—and he was then near his journey's end,—*"I am not anxious either to live or to die; if I die, I shall be with God, and if I live, He will be with me."*

A TASTE for trees, plants, and flowers is a peculiar attribute of woman, exhibiting the gentleness and purity of her sex; and every husband should encourage it, for his wife and daughters will prove wiser and happier and better for its cultivation.