

## Family Reading.

### WHITE HANDS.

Six young ladies of a graduating class were gathered around a window overlooking pleasant grounds, and talking eagerly about the future. Their plans were various, reaching onward with no thought of grief or sorrow. Wealth, admiration, fame, were among the attainable. Music and art would each have its devotee. One would continue her studies at a higher institution; another would become the mistress of a beautiful home.

One had not spoken, and when the question, a second time, was asked impatiently, "Louise, what are your plans?" her answer was eagerly awaited.

"I shall help my mother," said quiet Louise.

"O-o, oh, we all mean to do that, of course," said one; "but what plans have you? You can't mean just to stay at home in a poky way and not try to do anything."

"Girls," said Louise, "I do mean to do just that for the present, at least. My business shall be to help my mother in any way that it is possible for me to help her."

A glance at the puzzled faces around her, and she continued: "Shall I open my heart to you a bit, and let you read a sad passage from it? You remember Stella Morton? You remember that I once visited her during vacation? Her home was very pleasant, and a large family of brothers and sisters making the day pass merrily. Our pleasures kept us so much out of doors that we saw little of Mrs. Morton—a delicate, quiet lady, always ready to bestow sympathy when needed. I noticed that the girls were not so tidy and helpful about the house as I had been taught to be; but, as I did not see who supplied all deficiencies, I thought little about it. One day a picnic had been planned, and I heard the girls impatiently commenting upon the illness of the one servant, as it threw upon them some disagreeable household duties. How Mrs. Morton ever accomplished the delicious lunch we ate that day, only such overworked mothers can explain; the little assistance given by Stella and Alice must have been most unsatisfactory.

"We returned by moonlight, so tired that we went to our rooms without seeing anyone, if, indeed, anyone was up at that hour. By-and-bye—I don't know how long we had slept—a frightened voice called Stella, who shared my room, and soon we all knew that gentle, tired Mrs. Morton was alarmingly ill. At sunrise she was gone, without hearing the voices so full of love and sorrow. Girls, I can't describe Stella's grief; she placed her own delicate hand beside the thin, toil-stained dead one, and said: 'See Louise, at what cost mine is so fair; and I have been vain of my white hands.' She kissed the cold fingers again and again.

"One day I found Stella at her mother's work-table, holding up some unfinished piece, evidently left in haste. 'Louise,' she said, 'mother asked me to do this, and I really meant to; oh, why didn't I do it at once!'

"You can understand what an impression all this made upon me, and when a few days later, I was called home by the illness of my own mother, the feeling was intensified. Mother was very ill, and as hope grew fainter, my distress was hardly less than Stella's. One night, when my sister and I were too anxious to sleep, I told her about Stella, and we then pledged ourselves to take from mother every possible care, and to make our home our first object. To make the promise more binding and real, we exchanged rings. Mother's illness made it more natural and easy at first, and everything moved on so smoothly that I really think she regained her health more quickly. All the mending and sewing was done promptly under her direction, and we always silenced her by saying we liked to do it. She seldom knows what is prepared for tea or breakfast; we beg her not to inquire, for we know that she enjoys little surprises. The boys and the dear baby are better and happier for having so much of her time and attention.

"Last summer I visited Stella again. She is the light of the home. Only for the discipline I passed through could I understand how she was able to accomplish so much. Once, when I expressed something of this to her, her eyes filled with tears, as she asked, 'Do you suppose she sees us—that she knows what I am trying to do?' Her hands were not fair and delicate, but I thought them more beautiful. Why, girls, I never see a pretty hand now without wondering if it has a right to be fair and white. So I am going home to help mother; I shall be happy, because I know it is my duty."

As Louise finished speaking, the retiring bell sounded. Not a word was spoken, but the kiss that each bestowed upon the flushed face of the earnest speaker told of the impression her words had made. Those mothers alone can tell whether the influence was lasting.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

### MY REDEEMER.

There is one word full of meaning from which we collect the truth of sympathy. It is that little word of approbation "My" Redeemer. Power is shown by God's attention to the vast sympathy, by His condescension to the small. It is not the thought of Heaven's sympathy by which we are impressed when we gaze through the telescope on the mighty world of space and gain an idea of what is meant by infinite. Majesty and power are there, but the very vastness excludes the thought of sympathy. It is when we look into the world of insignificance which the microscope reveals, and find that God has gorgeously painted the atoms of creation and exquisitely furnished forth all that belongs to minutest life, that we feel God sympathizes and individualizes.

When we are told that God is the Redeemer of the world, we know that love dwells in the bosom of the Most High; but if we want to know that God feels for us individually and separately, we must learn by heart this syllable of endearment, "My Redeemer."

Child of God, if you would have your thought something beyond a cold feeling of His presence, let faith appropriate Christ. You are as much the object of God's solicitude as if none lived but yourself. He has counted the hairs of your head. In Old Testament language, "He has put your tears into His bottle." He has numbered your sighs and your smiles. He has interpreted the desires for which you have not found a name nor an utterance yourself. If you have not learned to say, "My Redeemer," then just so far as there is anything tender or affectionate in your disposition, you will tread the path of your pilgrimage with a darkened and a lonely heart; and when the day of trouble comes there will be none of that triumphant elasticity which enabled Job to look down, as from a rock, upon the surges which were curling their crests of fury at his feet, but could only reach his bosom with their spent spray.—*Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

### HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Fish may be scaled much more easily if dipped for an instant in boiling water.

A layer of leather in the ironing holder makes it cooler to use.

A little molasses upon the mustard draft will prevent blistering.

A bit of soda dropped into the cavity of an aching tooth will afford relief.

LEMON WHEY.—One pint of boiling milk, half a pint of lemon juice, sugar to taste. Mix and strain.

An economical and really delicious way to flavor a cake which is to have icing over the top is to grate part of the peel of an orange or lemon over the cake before putting the icing on.

Sponges which are to be used in the bathroom may be softened by boiling for a few minutes in three waters. After each time of boiling rinse in cold water, and put on the stove again in a pan of cold water.

A simple plan of stopping bleeding of the nose

has lately been advised. Grasp firmly the nose with the finger and thumb for ten or fifteen minutes; by thus completely stopping the movement of air through the nose (which displaces freshly formed clots), you will favor the clotting of the blood and will frequently stop hemorrhage.

SOFT TOAST.—Some invalids like this very much indeed, and nearly all do when it is nicely made. Toast well, but not too brown, a couple of thin slices of bread; put them on a warm plate and pour over boiling water; cover quickly with another plate of the same size, and drain the water off; remove the upper plate, butter the toast, put it in the oven one minute, and then cover again with a hot plate and serve at once.

For the cabbage worm use a solution of saltpetre, at the rate of a quarter of a pound in two gallons of water, with which shower the plants liberally. This is also useful in destroying rose bugs, and if a little of it is used in watering cabbage and tomato plants or melon hills it may prevent the cut worm from attacking them.

### THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

(Continued.)

I have on one of my library shelves, between twenty and thirty volumes, containing about twelve thousand pages of the writings of different Christian authors who wrote before A. D. 325, when the Council of Nice was held. Many of these books are full of Scripture. Those writers had the same books which we have; they quoted the same passages which we quote; they quoted from the same Gospels and Epistles from which we quote.

Origen, who wrote a hundred years before the Council of Nice, quotes 5,745 passages from all the books in the New Testament; Tertullian, A. D. 200, makes more than 8,000 quotations from the New Testament books; Clement, A. D. 104, quotes 380 passages; Irenæus, A. D. 178, quotes 767 passages; Polycarp, who was martyred A. D. 165 after having served Christ for eighty-six years, in a single epistle quoted 86 passages; Justin Martyr, A. D. 140, also quotes from the New Testament; to say nothing of heathen and infidel writers like Celsus, A. D. 150, and Porphyry, A. D. 304, who referred to our quoted scores of the very passages now found in the Scriptures which we have. Indeed, Lord Hailes, of Scotland, having searched the writings of the Christian Fathers to the end of the third century, actually found the whole of the New Testament, with the exception of less than a dozen verses, scattered through their writings which are still extant; so that, if at the time of the Council of Nice every copy of the New Testament had been annihilated, the book could have been reproduced from the writings of the early Christian Fathers, who quoted the book as we quote it, and who believed it as we believe it. And now infidels talk about the Council of Nice getting up the New Testament. You might as well talk about a town council getting up the Revised Statutes of the state or nation, because they happened to say they accepted or received them. The Council of Nice did nothing of the kind. The books of the New Testament were received from the apostles who wrote them, and were carefully preserved, and publicly read in the churches of Christ long before the Council of Nice was held.\*

Says Tertullian, A. D. 200, "If you are willing to exercise your curiosity profitably in the business of your salvation, visit the apostolic churches, in which the very chairs of the apostles still preside in their places; in which their very authentic letters are recited, sounding forth the voice and representing the countenance of every one of them. Is Achaia near you? You have Corinth. If you are not far from Macedonia you have Philippi and Thessalonica; if you can go to Asia you have Ephesus, but if you are to Italy you have Rome."

These apostolic churches received the Gospels at the hands of the men who wrote them; and the

\*See *The Council of Nice and The Canon of Scripture* by H. L. Hastings.

† Tertullian, *Against Heretics*, chapter xxxvi.