

The Family.

THE STONE OF THE SEPULCHRE.

"How shall the stone be rolled away? Thus questioned they, the women three, Who at dawn went forth to see The sealed and closely guarded cell, Where steep the land they loved so well. First of all they sacrificed, The linen and the burial spice, They sat, as with anxious speech They sadly questioned, each to each. Still as they near an nearer drew, The puzzle and the terror grew, And none had word of cheer to say! But so, the stone was rolled away!

GIVING

Not all giving is equally creditable to us. There are higher and lower planes of giving. Credit is not flung to the giver according to the amount or the promptness or the timeliness of the gift, but according to the motive that inspired the gift. I give in order that it is in the highest degree creditable. It is the giving of a gift to blind the eye, to pervert the words, and destroy the heart, of the wise. It is the gift that calls down the anathema, "Thy money perish with thee." Another plane of giving is the giving from necessity. The gift is extorted. It is probably neither creditable nor discreditable to us. Then there is a giving for shame's sake. "Give her what she wants, and send her away," say the disciples, "for she crieth after us." Shame prompts to many a gift. It may be an improper motive, it may be a proper motive, it is never a very lofty one. There is again a giving for peace's sake. Like the judge in the parable we frequently give to get rid of those who by their continual coming weary us. Many a man, though he will not rise and give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needs. Surely the credit here is not to be marked on a very high score. There is, further, a giving for profit's sake. It is very generally pays to give. The shrewd man observes the fact, and acts on it. He gives in the belief that he will receive a full equivalent in another direction. "A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men." His giving is probably all right, but let him remember that "he hath his reward," he has drawn the last penny of credit to which he is entitled. There is then a giving for favour's sake. To please the one who asks, our easy good-nature finds it pleasant to comply. Or we dislike to refuse a friend, though the gift is simply for his sake. There is a giving for duty's sake. Our heart and impulses and desires may rise in rebellion against the giving, but inexorable duty is triumphant. This giving is on a high though stern and rugged ascent. There, further is a giving for the cause's sake. Heart and soul are deeply interested in a specific benevolent or missionary project. We are mentally pledged to see it succeed. We give freely—perhaps almost exclusively—to it. Yet there is one still higher plane of giving. It towers heaven-high above all the rest. It is giving for love's sake. God always gives thus. He gave His great Gift thus. This is the divine motive in giving, and in that breast in which the divine life grows, it will also manifest itself as a human motive. As not all giving is equally creditable, so, similarly, not all withholding is equally discreditable. God and good men frequently withhold. If we are positive beyond the shadow of a doubt that our withholding is for pure love's sake, or for pure duty's sake, without any conscious or unconscious admixture of base motives, then we may be sure that our withholding will not be less creditable than would be our giving, if the latter were for love's sake or for duty's sake. —S.S. Times.

KATE.

"KATE has been in this room," said mamma sighing, as she surveyed her disorderly parlor. If there was anything on which mamma insisted in her home, it was neatness, and you may imagine that gloves on the sofa, a hat carelessly thrown upon the floor, a bit of molasses-candy stuck fast to tissue paper lying on the table close to a volume of Tennyson, no music scattered promiscuously over the piano and the adjacent chairs, were not pleasing in her sight. Wearily, for Mrs. Meredith was not very strong—and she had passed a trying morning in the kitchen, where a new domestic was slowly learning the ways of her new mistress—the mother

began restoring her room to freshness and tidiness. As she stooped down to pick up Kate's dingy little gloves, a voice arrested her. "My dear, are you clearing up after Kate, again?" "Yes, husband. It is my daily discipline." "I should advise you to make it Kate's discipline, little mother. It would be better for her in the end, better for you in the beginning." "In the meantime, dear," said Mrs. Meredith, smiling into the loving eyes which met her own. "Kate is at school, visitors may come, and on this special day I am expecting Cousin Prue. And, you remember, Prue has been saying that she wants one of our children to make her a visit. Kate has set her heart on going, but if Prue discovers how hap hazard and flighty the poor little thing is she will never invite her." "As a physician, I am occasionally in favour of heroic measures," said the doctor. "Take my advice, dearest, and let Kate show herself in her true colours. It may cure her of this defect, apart from which Kate is a good girl." "The doctor went to visit his patients; the mother straightened her parlour, and went to bed down for a half hour before luncheon. In the meantime Kate came home, to meet on the porch a little, plump, gray haired lady, with a travelling bag in her hand. "Cousin Prue?" inquired Kate, cordially. "Yes, dear, and you, I suppose, are the eldest of the family, Kate? Do you happen to know whether your mother expects me?" "Why, certainly, she expects you," said Kate. "She wrote, begging you to come. Didn't you receive the letter in answer to yours?" "No, Kate, and I hesitated a great while before starting from my last stopping place. I didn't know but that you had scarlet fever or measles here, or the barn had burned down, or any one of a dozen catastrophes had occurred. It was so unlike Jennie not to reply to such a note as mine." Here Mrs. Meredith appeared, radiant, and, after a moment of greeting, Cousin Prue said, "I'm glad I trusted to the old hospitality, though I could not understand your silence, Jean." "Silence!" cried Mrs. Meredith, amazed. "I wrote by the first mail, of course, and Kate carried the letter to the post office. Did you not, Kate?" "I think so," began Kate, confidently. Then a wave of recollection came over her, she blushed, stammered, and finally, Cousin Prue's keen glance looking her through, exclaimed, "Mamma, I beg your pardon; I am afraid I forgot to mail your letter." "Look in your pocket," said Mrs. Meredith. "Kate's eyes sought her mother's in mute appeal. But she saw an unwelcome severity in that generally indulgent face. "Look!" repeated Mrs. Meredith, "or rather feel, and let us see what you find." Out came such a tangle of things, as boys, often, girls seldom, crowd into their pockets, strings, buttons, a tiny scent bottle, a gold pencil-case, a glove fastener, a round pin-cushion, a knitted purse, a bonbonniere, and at the bottom of everything, stamped, addressed, and evidently never mailed, a letter, which Mrs. Meredith, taking from Kate's irresolute hand, laid in Cousin Prue's lap. Kate rushed from the room, hearing Cousin Prue's laughing comment. "What an absent-minded child you have, Jennie." The days of Cousin Prue's visit glided by, filled with pleasant things; excursions to points of interest, visits to picture-galleries, a picnic, a tea-party or two of the old fashioned kind, such as Mrs. Meredith and her cousin had enjoyed when they were girls together; finally the time of her return was mentioned, and in a talk before the fire, for the early dusk was chilly, Cousin Prue said, "Jennie, will you let me take Kate away with me, for a year?" Mrs. Meredith looked surprised. "Kate would like to go, Prue, but her father and I have not thought that you would care to have so heedless a little lassie in your pretty home and quiet household. She is a darling, but her forgetfulness and her irresponsibility make life very difficult for her, and for me too, sometimes." "So I have noticed," was the reply. "I felt half inclined to ask for Edith, but she is such a help to you, and you could so ill spare her, that I have decided to have the other, if I may." "The doctor thought," said the mother unwillingly, yet feeling it her duty to be candid; "that if I mortified Kate by expelling her faults to you instead of covering them up as usual, and then if you passed her over and asked Edith to go home with you, letting Kate know that you could not have such a forgetful creature in your house, the moral effect would be excellent." "Let me try my way," urged the bright-eyed Cousin Prue. So it came about that, one morning, two travellers, the younger feeling half-glad, half-sorrowful, set out for a city 200 miles away. Kate clung to her mother, kissed her over and over and could hardly bear to say good-bye. A year looked so very, very long, as it stretched away, like a white untrodden path before her. But the pleasure of a first journey is very great, and the little girl enjoyed it with her whole heart, finding Cousin Prue a charming

companion. When the journey was ended and the mistress was welcomed home by her two maids, her big Newfoundland dog, her Maltese cat, her doves and her chickens, Kate found herself in a home presided over by the good fairy, Order. "I'm going to give you a rule, dearest," said Cousin Prue, on the morning of the second day, and I shall help you to keep it. I know you want to surprise papa and mamma, one of these days, by being a very responsible little woman. As I was once precisely such a character as you are yourself, I know how to sympathize with you in your defects." The rule was simply, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." "A time for everything, and everything in its time." Cousin Prue insisted on this, at no matter what inconvenience, and Kate seconded her efforts so heartily, that she hardly knew herself for the same girl. It took a great deal of trouble to establish right habits, but the trouble paid for itself. The other day I heard Mrs. Meredith say, "My most dependable child is Kate." —By Margaret E. Sangster, in *Interior*.

SUNDAY REST—IT PAYS.

"How on earth do you manage to stand up under the tremendous physical as well as mental strain which you continually endure?" a gentleman in our presence asked young Joe Brown, the general freight and passenger agent of the Western and Atlantic Railroad. "You seem to be close at your business all day, and I am told you scarcely ever quit before midnight. You look slender and like one of feeble constitution, yet you do more work than any man in your position or any other that I know of. How do you stand it?" "By never doing any work on Sunday," was the reply. "When twelve o'clock Saturday night comes, I drop any business that I may have in hand, and I don't touch it again before Monday morning. I never open a telegram on Sunday; so if any one wires me a message which he knows will reach me that day he may just as well wait till Monday. I think every business man ought to scrupulously abstain from all business matters on the Sabbath, first, because it is required by the Bible, and secondly, because if he does his duty on week-days, he needs the rest on that day. The first is my principal reason; but the other is an important one, and I always find that although I may close the week very tired, yet I begin it as fresh as a rose." —Selected.

AN IGNORANT DEITY.

GEORGE KENNAN, an American traveler, describes in the *Century Magazine* his interview with the "Grand Lama," or human god of a Siberian tribe. After dinner I had a long talk with the Grand Lama about my native country, geography, and the shape of the earth. It seemed very strange to find anywhere on the globe, in the nineteenth century, an educated man and high ecclesiastical dignitary who had never seen or heard of America, and who did not feel at all sure that the world is round. The Grand Lama was such a man. "You have been in many countries," he said to me through the interpreter, "and have talked with the wise men of the West; what is your opinion as to the shape of the earth?" "I think," I replied, "that it is shaped like a great ball." "I have heard so before," said the Grand Lama, looking thoughtfully away into vacancy. "The Russian officers whom I have met have told me that the world is round. Such a belief is contrary to the teachings of our Tibetan books, but I have observed that the Russian wise men predict eclipses accurately, and if they can tell before-hand when the sun and moon are darkened they probably know something about the shape of the earth. Why do you think that the earth is round?" "I have many reasons for thinking so," I answered; "but perhaps the best and strongest reason is that I have been around it." This statement seemed to give him a sort of mental shock. "How have you been around it?" he inquired. "What do you mean by 'around it'?" "How do you know you have been around it?" "I turned my back upon my home," I replied, "and travelled many months in the course taken by the sun. I crossed wide continents and great oceans. Every night the sun set before my face and every morning it rose behind my back. The earth always seemed flat, but I could not find any where an end, nor an edge; and at last, when I had travelled more than 30,000 versts, I found myself again in my own country, and returned to my home from the direction exactly opposite to that which I had taken in leaving it. If the world was flat, do you think I could have done this?" "It is very strange," said the Grand Lama, after a thoughtful pause. "Where is your country? How far is it beyond St. Petersburg?" "My country is further from St. Petersburg than St. Petersburg is from here," I replied. "It lies almost exactly under our feet, and if we could go directly through the earth that would be the shortest way to reach it." "Are your countrymen walking around there, heads downward under our feet?" asked the Grand Lama, with evident

interest and surprise, but without any perceptible change in his habitually placid face. "Yes," I replied, "and to them we seem to be sitting heads downward here." The Grand Lama then asked me to describe minutely the route that we had followed in coming from America to Siberia, and to name the countries through which we had passed. He knew that Germany adjoined Russia on the west, we had heard of British India, and of England, probably through Thibet, but of the Atlantic and of the continent that lies between the two great oceans he knew nothing.

APOLOGIES.

EVERY BODY knows that window-panes will grow dingy, that dust will accumulate, and that the faces of little children, like their clothes, have a natural affinity for dust; that all clothes will wear out; that paint is sure to be finger marked; that china will get chipped, and that it is simply impossible to keep every thing in perfect order all the time. In spite of this, we are continually apologising for omissions, negligences, and errors which cannot be avoided, and which would not be noticed, perhaps, if attention were not called to them by ill-timed apologies. It is refreshing to go into the houses of our friends and see things a little topsy-turvy, and be assured by what we see that we are all mortal, and only what is common has happened to us, that just when company comes our hostess has nothing cooked; that children usually quiet and orderly, when animated by the presence of visitors, show off to the greatest possible disadvantage and thus that other people have their trials as well as we ours, and that the difference between these and those are quite trivial. On the other hand, it is really depressing to come across a woman who, always, under all circumstances and on all occasions, is ready for company, on whose ceilings spiders never hang their webs, behind whose furniture dust never hides, whose closets and drawers and trunks, being thrown wide open at any moment reveal only orderly interiors. Let the language be changed a little—if such a woman could be found it would be discouraging to persons of ordinary feelings. While she had been polishing her silver, notching her shelf-paper, sluting her pillow-shams, adjusting her position of easy chairs and sofas, and brushing away the last suggestion of dust from the mantle piece, possibly it might appear that she had not had time to glance at the latest discoveries in science, to enjoy the last new poems in our magazines, to become posted as to the latest political and social events here and abroad. "Should she apologise for this? By no means. Let her be happy, if she can, in her perfect housekeeping, and let her sisters, who love something else better than painful domestic neatness, rejoice without envy in that something better. It is much for which apologies are usually made in silence, and to lead, if possible, the minds of visitors not toward but away from those things which suggest apologies. The habitual apologist is invariably weak in mind or body, and frequently in both." —N.Y. Christian Advocate.

A LARGE fortune has been left to a young man in New Hampshire, under certain conditions. Sometime since a father died, and left his son a fortune of one million dollars, provided he hereafter abstain from tasting intoxicating liquors. But in case of his touching a drop of this, the whole fortune is to be taken from him, and bestowed elsewhere. The son contested the will on the ground that his father was unduly prejudiced on the question of his drinking, and that he was mentally incapacitated at the time of making the will; but the courts have decided the will valid. We would think the fact of so much being at stake would cause the young man to resist any temptation to intoxication. How much more ought the fact of sin putting in jeopardy an eternal inheritance, cause us to flee from it as from the face of a serpent. —Pulpit Treasury.

THE way a little girl escaped from imprisonment in Chicago, and was restored to her happy home, was a very simple, but thoroughly effective one. It was simply by making known her father's name. Nearly a year ago she was kidnapped, and after much suffering was finally taken by the police from her persecutors, and placed in a house of refuge. All this time, diligent search was being made for her by her parents, but without avail. Recently, some one going through the house of refuge, thought he recognised in hers a familiar face, and enquired of the child her name. The reply was, "My real name is Annie Redmond." That was enough. The enquirer knew how anxiously she had been searched for, and it was not long after her father's name was mentioned until she was in his arms. The child had been taught by her enemies to call herself by another name; and under threats of punishment had long concealed her true one. The case up of every sinner is analogous. However in the bondage of sin and Satan, he has only to pronounce, in the language of penitence and faith, the name of that God, who, through the atoning Saviour, is his reconciled Father, and he is saved. —Pulpit Treasury.

The Children's Corner.

"SUCH A LITTLE THING TO DO."

"MARY, my child, fill the picher with water before you go to school. I cannot get to the spring this morning." "Oh, mother, I have not time, I did not learn my lessons last night, and must do them now." "But, Mary, I must have some water, and you will have plenty of time if you do not linger on the way. See, here is the picher, run at once and fill it." Mary takes up the picher and walks slowly down to the spring. It is a lovely morning. Everything seems bright and happy. But Mary has a sullen look on her face as she treads on the soft grass. She does not hurry to fill her picher with the cool spring water, but waits to gather flowers, and to look at herself in the spring. She is thinking, "I will not hurry, mother ought to have come herself. I don't care if I am late for school, or if I have to learn my lessons in the play-time. It is not my fault." More than half an hour passes before she returns, and snatching up her books she goes to school. Now the teacher had said to herself that morning, "I will have all the good children to tea with me to day—all who come early to school, and are attentive to their lessons." When Mary gets her red cross for being late, she does not trouble, and even when the lessons are returned to her curly head and smiles. But when twelve o'clock comes, and the teacher tells all those who have been diligent that morning to be at her house at four o'clock, poor Mary's heart beats very rapidly. She catches a glimpse of the merry party in teacher's house and the bitter tears rise to her eyes. When bed-time comes, mother is ready to comfort her, and she tells her of the only one able to help her to conquer her bad-setting sin. So the evening prayers are said at mother's knee, and Mary intends to do better next time. —Little Folks' Paper.

HOW SHE MADE HIM DO IT.

HARRY was standing in the road, on the way home from school. There had been a heavy shower an hour before, and there was a large puddle in the road. He had a switch, and was switching the water from side to side. Nettie came along, and looked very cross at Harry. "You stop that!" she said. "Harry did not like the way she spoke, nor the look in her face. "Say 'please,' and I will," he said. "I'm not going to say 'please'." "Then I shall do it as long as I like." "I can't get by till you stop." "Yes, you can. I'm not hindering you." "You are. I shall get all splashed." "Then stay where you stand. You can't make me stop." Now, the truth was, Harry did not care a bit about switching the water any longer. If Nettie had spoken pleasantly he would have stopped at once. But now he felt as if he would stay there all day just to spite her. "I shall tell your mother, you mean boy, if you don't stop," went on Nettie. Harry laughed louder as Nettie tried to run by. He gave a harder switch, and laughed more loudly than ever, as he saw Nettie's white apron spotted with mud. She scowled back at him as she went on. Nettie had just turned a corner when Ruthie came up. Harry looked at her a little sourly, for he did not feel half so pleasantly as he had before Nettie came. Do you wonder why? Was it because Nettie had been cross? Partly so; for no one can speak or look cross without leaving a shadow behind. But Harry felt that he had been wrong, too, and that it was worse than to suffer wrong from others. "Stop a minute, and let me get by, Harry," said Ruthie. "I don't have to stop," growled Harry. "But I can't get home till you let me pass." "I don't care. You can't make me stop." "Oh, yes, I can," said Ruthie, with a laugh. "I should like to see you try," said Harry, holding his switch tighter than before, while he looked at Ruthie. "You're as big as I am; but who cares for that?" "I can, though," said Ruthie. "How do you think she did it? She came nearer, still smiling, and said: "Harry, please let me pass. You wouldn't be ugly to me, I know." Harry had never thought of an attack of kind words. If Ruthie had tried to take away his stick, or to push him out of her way, he could have made a good fight; but what could he do now? He gave a little laugh as he stood back to let her pass, saying: "Well, if that's the way you're going to make me, I guess I'll have to give up." Try it, little children. You have all seen how one angry word or look will bring another, and how little good they do, and how much harm. Try how much power there is in a gentle word and a smile. —Sidney Dwyer, in *Our Little Ones*.

Our Story.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF McNEIL.

BY ANNE E. BARR. Author of "Jan Vallery's Wife," "The Daughter of Fifty," etc., etc. CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

AFTER this conversation there was no lack of vivid enterprise in McNeil Castle. Colin was going and coming continually; and the Laird appeared to have grown ten years younger. His bold, and yet cautious enterprise was splendidly backed by Colin's enthusiasm and physical endurance, and in a few weeks the work had been well begun. And time passes rapidly that is filled with labour. The spring opened to the sound of the pick and the hammer, and there was an air of hope and prosperity, and a sense of business that admitted of no lazy intervals about the little hamlet. It made the staid old fishers shak their heads and wonder mournfully what the world and the McNeil were coming to. As the summer grew and the work went busily on, the Laird was like another person. Nature had given him all the qualities necessary for a leader or director of large bodies of men. His presence was felt everywhere. His gigantic form stood like a tower among the bowed workers. His clear resonant voice, commanding, directing, encouraging, was the one distinct tone in the babel of tongues, the chip, chip of the stone-masons, the ring of the trowels, and the sounds of hammers and saws. Colin was his lieutenant. He was nearly always on the move. The change of workers, the constant need for material, or directions not remembered until the necessity demanded them, the money transactions incident to the enterprise, were all dependent upon him; so that the drowsy old castle was now ever on the lookout for the preparation Colin was going away, or Colin was coming home; the architect from Glasgow was making his regular inspection, or Mr Balfour the writer from Edinburgh—who had a share in the investment—was paying a visit to the Laird, to consult or advise with him as to the progress of the work. And this change in the business life of Edderloch was met by one equally great in its social and domestic aspects. The minister, in his way, was as full of fresh interests as a Laird. He had been brought suddenly into contact with a new and perplexing kind of parishioners and put face to face with the very duties which he had discussed theoretically with George Selwyn. Colin had made it a special condition in all the workmen brought from Glasgow that they should be Protestants. It was, indeed, a piece of practical wisdom to insist on this point, for the neighbouring laird's would have opposed the introduction of a Roman Catholic element and an adverse nationality into their quiet villages and pastures, and between it and the indigenous race fierce quarrels would certainly have sprung up, not only retarding the work but also bringing it into bad repute. But, for all that, they were very different Protestants to the grave mystical Calvinists who gathered in Brodick's kirk every Sabbath day from the sheepfolds and the boats. Those of them who really cared for their religion were usually from Ayrshire and Galloway, and had an old Covenanting rebelliousness about them. And they carried the almost inevitable democratic tendency of Calvinism to its extreme outcome of Radicalism. They disputed with Dr. Brodick on Church Government, and they sang Burns's most democratic songs. McNeil's very presence. The most vulgar and quarrelsome poorest Highland gillie on had a vein of poetry in his nature. These men from the Glasgow were painfully matter-of-fact; could not even understand unless it took the form of whiskey. The problem which they presented to Brodick was one to which he was wholly unprepared. He understood now why George Selwyn had been sent to speak to him, and he answered "the call" he believed himself to have received with a cheerful alacrity, a glad "Here I am, Lord," that had in it not only the wisdom of age but the enthusiasm of youth. And what Colin was to the Laird, Helen was to the minister. They took sweet counsel together, they encouraged each other when difficulties sprang up, they worked hand in hand for the tangible welfare of the people, whom they accepted as God's special charge to them. In many respects it was impossible to do much without the Laird's consent. He owned all the land, he was a master no one dared to disobey. But he was not able to resist Helen; sooner or later she won from him whatever was desired. Thus the summer passed rapidly away, and in October six new lobster boats, with all their traps and tongs, etc., etc., were launched. They brought nearly twenty new families to Edderloch, and the utmost capacities of the village were needed to shelter them. The cottages building had been severely denounced by Brodick. He pointed out to the Laird how they disregarded all the laws of health, and were, in fact just as barbarous as those which the McNeils had built three or four cen-