

THOU KNOWEST.

Lord, Thou knowest, only Thou,
Just what is best—
Just what cross 'tis best I bear,
Just what lot 'tis mine to share,
Just what I need.

Lord, Thou knowest, only Thou,
Just what is best—
'Mid the world's soul-wearing fret,
Burning heat or chilling wet,
In Thee is rest.

Lord, Thou lovest, and Thy love,
Doth bring no smart,
Dearest earthly love may fail;
Thine outlasteth every gale,
And fills the heart.

—Hannah Coddington.

JIM'S WEDDING.

BY LUCY S. WHITE.

Almost six thousand miles away from stern old Massachusetts, toward the setting sun, lie the Hawaiian Islands. But I shall not write to-day of their perennial beauty; nor of their wealth of ferns and flowers, nor of their mountains, so near heaven that mortals cannot live upon them; nor of their volcanoes, great cauldrons where incessantly boiling lava has spouted its red fountains for centuries. I shall only tell you of Jim.

Jim is not white-handed, nor even white-faced. He delights not in purple and fine linen, his usual attire being the coarsest of blue denim. He is not too proud to work, and does not disdain to earn his daily pot as a gentleman's gardener.

"Jim," said his employer one day, in a leisure moment, "it's about time a good-looking young fellow like you got married—hey?"

To his surprise Jim did not take the remark as facetiously as it was made, but answered seriously that he didn't know but that was a good idea; he'd think of it, and let Mr. H. know.

In a few days he presented himself, and with many glances toward the bare toes wriggling nervously in the sand, announced that—ah—he thought Mr. H.'s plan very good, on the whole. Doubtless it was his duty to marry. Ahem—a—aw—there was a very nice woman living near a widow, who was very anxious to—ahem—marry him, and—a—he—aw—he—guess she might as well, perhaps, and if he'd bring her around, would Mr. H. just look at her, and see if she'd do?

Mr. H. remarked that it was customary in this nineteenth century for gentlemen to select their own wives, but if Jim felt himself incompetent for the awful task he—Mr. H.—would be happy to assist him. So the lady was "brought around," and found to "do," and Jim "guessed he'd take her."

Preparations for the wedding now progressed rapidly. The bride elect was presented with a muslin dress, white cotton gloves, and a set of glass jewellery, of rare and intricate design, and the ceremony was to be performed as soon as the wedding dress could be made. But at the last moment a difficulty arose. No veil had been provided, and the bride could not, should not, absolutely would not, be married without a veil. What was to be done? The matter was referred to Mr. H., who seemed to be regarded as the sponsor, or tutelary divinity, of the whole affair. He gravely recommended mosquito netting, and presented the troubled bride with a piece, which smoothed away all difficulty, and restored tranquility to her brow. Now indeed she should be married with a veil.

Punctual to the appointed hour, the bridal party entered Mr. H.'s parlor, which he tendered for the occasion, and seated themselves with much fluttering of garments, and doubtless of hearts, on the waiting sofa. The faces of the party reminded me of the old negro who began his speech at a festival with, "Dis yer's a solum okkashun, my brudders."

And now the minister, with an impressive preliminary, "ahem," requested them to "kneel." Stood up they accordingly did, looking as if they longed for Korali's safe and to stand the poor victims continued, while for some inscrutable reason the minister read aloud the marriage license,

in all its endless formality with much stumbling, and many repetitions, since his eyes were old and dim. This performance if intended to be impressive, signally failed in its object. But all hearts beat high, when, solemnly adjusting his glasses, the minister said to the bride, in Hawaiian, "Is your name Paaluh?" Alas! Unknown to the worthy gentleman, the bride was slightly deaf, and her only response to this inquiry was "Hey?"

"Is your name Paaluh?" in a voice somewhat raised.

"Hey?"

"Is your name Paaluh?"

This time she heard, and cheerfully answered, "Oh!—yes."

But the minister also was deaf, and not slightly, and mistaking the "yes" for another "hey," he came up close to her, with despair plainly written on his face, and roared in tones which the far-famed bull of Bashan could never hope to equal, "Is your name Paaluh?" "Ye-es!" shrieked the poor bride, at the top of her voice, whereupon he serenely remarked "oh!" in a tone indicating satisfied knowledge, and proceeded with the customary questions. I think that the general sentiment was one of relief, when it was finally decided that her name was Paaluh. The groom, whose turn in this case came last, took care that it should be understood beyond the possibility of a doubt that his name was James Heenals, and the rest of the ceremony passed off with no incident worthy of note. Congratulations followed, and thus did Jim become "Benedick" between the married man," the whole process from first acquaintance to the wedding-ring, occupying but nine days. He evidently believed that procreation was likely to become the thief of time, and did not intend to lose his widow in the winding streets of By and By.

Under their own banana tree in the pleasant valley of Manoa, Jim and Paaluh now live in peace and plenty. "When their way of life shall have fallen into the serene and yellow leaf," may all that makes old age happy, "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," be theirs.—*Christian at Work.*

HOW KATHIE HELPED.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

Kathie was a hunchback. There is a world of suffering and disappointment in that two-syllabled word. If her body was feeble, her mind was bright and her heart brave. Some way Kathie had fallen into the habit of going to meet her father, just of late I mean, for it cost her quite an effort to hobble down the hill on her crutches. Saturday night was the worst; for then the hands at the handle factory were paid their week's wages, and Kathie Arley's father seldom got home without leaving the most of his at the village grog shop, Sunday instead of being spent in the service of the Master, was a day of drunken stupor, and it was generally Tuesday before he was able to go to work again. David was a good workman, and always begged so hard when the proprietor threatened to turn him off, that time and again he had been allowed to return. But the "sprees" were growing on him; and Kathie's mother, who had tried many plans for saving him, was now quite discouraged.

The cottage was still theirs; and this home, humble as it was, proved a great blessing to them. Mrs. Arley had a faculty of making things bright and cheerful—honey, so to speak. Through all trials and discouragements she never forgot to trust in, and to serve the Master. Not even when in liquor was Mr. Arley unkind to Kathie; and she in turn loved her father very much indeed. How often she prayed for him! Never doubting but that in God's own good time her prayers would be answered.

Things were growing worse, as I have said, when one night Mrs. Arley told all her fears to Kathie; and Kathie, with tear-wet cheeks and a heavy heart, promised to do all she could to help save her father.

"I will go to meet him every night," she resolved, and from that time she was always at the foot of the hill. Then, too, they made an extra effort to brighten up the home, for little efforts go a great way sometimes towards making up the sum of human happiness.

"Father," said Kathie one morning, try-

ing a warm comforter, made by her own busy fingers, around his neck. "It is cold and snowy, but I'll be at the foot of the hill to meet you to-night. Come a little earlier, won't you? This is your birthday and we'll have something you like for tea."

"Bless you, child! you're all I want," exclaimed David Arley, turning away to hide his emotion.

It was Saturday morning. Kathie did long so for some assurance that her father would not get on a spree that night, and then she made up her mind to do something she had never done before. She had knitted a pair of mittens for Amy Dunn, who lived near the factory, for Kathie was handy and industrious far beyond her years. She had intended sending them by her father; but no, she would start early in the afternoon and take them herself, then at six o'clock she would be at the factory door waiting for father. When the bell rang she was there promptly.

"You here?" exclaimed David, who came out arm in arm with Jack Doyle, an associate Kathie and her mother had every reason to fear.

"Are you ready, father?" queried Kathie, in her low, pleading voice. "Mrs. Dunn has sent some peach jam to you and mother, and we are to have light biscuits. Do come, father."

Kathie's hand was on his arm, her voice was in his ears, and David Arley turned suddenly away from his half-jesting companions and went home with his child.

Anxious about Kathie, Mrs. Arley had come to the foot of the hill. Hope had been singing in her heart all the afternoon. An old neighbor had remembered that it was not only Mr. Arley's birthday, but their wedding anniversary, and sent a well-filled basket. Perhaps it cost the giver some slight sacrifice, but the happiness it brought to that humble family was worth twice the effort.

Carefully folded away in a trunk was a relic of better and happier days—Mrs. Arley's wedding dress. More than one tear was hid in its soft, brown folds, as she shook it out and determined to put it on. "David will be pleased," she thought; and Kathie, before she went out, had said: "Put on your wedding-dress, mother; you know you wore it once on my birthday, and father thought you looked so nice."

When all was ready, the table set with extra care, the one geranium that always bloomed in the window moved to the centre of the table, the Bible, her only brother's wedding gift, was placed on the little stand near the lamp.

David liked a good meal, but how often had he forgotten to provide it for his patient wife and child! He liked a bright home, and cheerful faces, too, and as he walked along with Kathie he saw more clearly than he had ever done before the efforts his wife and child had made in his behalf.

He gave a little start of pleasure when he saw his wife waiting by the great oak at the foot of the hill.

"Are we late, mother?" asked Kathie; and in the same breath Mr. Arley asked: "Is there anything the matter, Dorothy?"

"Nothing, only—"

Here Mrs. Arley's voice failed her, and Kathie supplied:

"This is your birthday, and yours and mother's wedding day, and we wanted to make you happy."

"God helping us, we will be a happy family once more," returned her father.

His tones were very earnest, and he had never spoken before of relying on God's help, so the happy wife and child could only say amen in their hearts. Reaching home, Mr. Arley noted that everything had been prepared with unusual care, even to placing the Bible where it had been wont to lay in the first years of their married life. "If father would only ask a blessing," thought Kathie, as they sat down to tea. For the first time in years Mr. Arley bowed his head and said "grace" It was a happy moment for all, one which was never forgotten. From that time on there was a change in David Arley. He would often say to Kathie, "If you had not met me at the factory door, I would have gone off with Jack Doyle that night, and still been on the downward road."

God bless the little helpers! By and through them many a fallen one has been reclaimed. They are God's angels, ministering in ways we wot not of.—*Church and Home.*

SCRAP BOOKS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Every newspaper we read (if it is worth reading) ought to bear the traces of our scissors. Whenever an article or passage is seen, worth preserving, clip it out (or, if the rest of the family have not read it, then mark it with a pencil, so you may tag it after they are through) and put it in your encyclopaedia, just where it would come alphabetically, or where it should be found, if arranged under general divisions—as in my own encyclopaedia, under the heads of "Arts and Sciences," "Biography," "Geography," and "Natural History." In course of time it will be observed that scraps on certain subjects accumulate rapidly, and on certain openings of your encyclopaedia the accumulation is growing too large. Now appears another branch of the system. Furnish yourself with blank scrap-books of uniform size. They can be purchased by the dozen at a moderate price. For example, scrap gather rapidly on the subject of education. Transfer all these to a scrap-book marked "Education." And you may divide and subdivide the subject as it suits your work. Each superintendent ought to have a scrap-book to contain articles on his own particular work, and so should each teacher. If a scrap has an article printed on both sides, so that one side will be hidden, if it be pasted fast to the page, then drop it in loose, or paste only that portion which will not interfere with the reading of the article; or, better still, take two copies of your favorite paper, and then you can preserve every article you select, in most accessible form.

As to the accumulation of scrap-books, the writer's idea is to have one for each of the great cities of the world—every Sunday-school teacher should have one for Jerusalem at least, and then one on each of topics such as the following, in addition to those named above: Bible, Prayer, Providence, Preaching, Teaching, Phases of Modern Infidelity, Religion and Science, Woman, Christian Working, and one on Wit, and one for Illustrations. Of course the list will be adapted to suit the field of the one compiling it.

Another centre is a large dictionary, in which all manner of brief and suggestive lines on words, places, things, can be pasted to the tops and bottoms of the pages, and around the edges, or dropped in loose, and the whole dictionary secured by strings. Here is a dictionary the writer values beyond the hundreds. In it one can put all manner of recipes, and turn to them in a moment. Suppose you have a child easily made a victim by poison-ivy or other wild growths (I have four such), you open at "Poison," and here are a half-dozen or more prescriptions of the best. You may have to try them all before you reach the effective remedy. A child is bitten by a mad dog, you snatch your dictionary and open at "Mad Dog," and you have directions for the best to be done at such a crisis. In a family, or for a writer, or for any person seeking a place for general intelligence, such a dictionary can be made of great service.

In addition, many workers will find it to their advantage to provide box or case envelopes for special topics of practical importance. Here is one for "Ventilation"—certainly a topic very nearly concerning all who have to do with churches, and schools, and halls, and homes, &c. Here is another for "Last Words," and another for the late news upon missions. Then one who writes or speaks on occasion may add ordinary large envelopes, after Mr. Moody's style, for receiving and preserving hints on special topics.

And, again, one will do well to have a series of blank books always at hand for preserving valuable extracts for use in writing out thoughts for meditation, for sermon outlines, questions for discussion, &c.

I think I hear the reader exclaiming, "Too complicated, and too extended!" Let us say that the plan will be found quite easily worked in practice. It needs a little patience at the outset, but one soon forms the habit of deciding quickly and preserving promptly. Then, when one begins to enjoy the fruit of his "knowledge at hand," he will never regret the pains he has taken in perfecting his system of compilation and reference. We may add, that the reader can easily adopt any part of the plan, using any one or more of the "centres" to which reference has been made.—*S. S. Times.*