OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again, No matter which way I may turn, Lalways find in the Book of Life Some lesson I have to learn. I must take my turn at the mill; must grind out the golden grain; I must work at my task with a resolute will Over and over again.

We cannot measure the growth Of even the tiniest flower, Nor check the flow of the golden sands That run through a golden hour; But the morning dews most fall, And the sun and the summer rain Must do their part and perform it all Over and over again.

Over and over again The brook through the meadow flows : And over an I over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes doing will not suffice, Though doing be not in vain; And'a blessing failing us once or twice May come, if we try again.

The path that has once been tried Is never so rough for the feet; And the lesson we once have thoroughly learned

Is never so hard to repeat. Though sorrowful tears must fail, And the heart to its depths be given With storm and tempest, we need them all To render us meet for heaven

### CAN I REFORM HIM?

### BY MARY H. VILLARS.

As Mrs. Dudley leaned back in her chair by the open window, her face wore a disturbed and anxious look. "I cannot understand you, Myra. I don't understand why it is that out of all the young men of your acquaintance you should choose Martin Rogers." Myra, the daughter, sat by the table opposite her mother, her elbows resting upon the table as she pulled to pieces, with nervous fingers, a rose which she had taken from the vase before her. Her face flushed at her mother's words, but she replied without lifting her eyes from the flower in her hands, "And why not Martin Rogers, mother?" "O Myra, my child, you certainly know why. Can you marry a man who makes it his daily practice to indulge in drinking wine and brandy? Can you promise yourself happiness as the wife of a drunkard?" "Mother. please do not call him such names as that. Martin is not a drunkard:" and Myra's tone was cold and almost haughty. "But I fear that he will be before long if he continues in his present habits, my daughter.' "He has promised to give it up altogether when we are married.' "Then why not give it up before you are married?" "Because he says all the young men of his set would laugh at him; but when we are married he says he is going to withdraw from their club, and then it will be easy to quit.

Mrs. Dudley's eyes filled with tears as she listened to the excuses it prudent to remind him of his which her daughter made for the pledge. Before the day was over habits of her lover. A widow, with he had taken an extra glass to only two children, a son and a drown the memories of the preceddaughter, she naturally centered ing day. After a few days had her happiness in their prosperity, passed without any reference on and when her daughter told her that Martin Rogers, the son of a minded him of the promise he had rich neighbor, had made her an of- made. He only answered her with fer of marriage, and had been accepted, her first thought was the prospect of her daughter's future. Martin Rogers was a tippler, if not a drunkard, and the mother was grieved as she recognized the feeling in Myra's heart. She saw that in the face of the fact of his bad habits, which her daughter knew as | him? A little bit at a dozen or well as she, she would wed this more places is apt to upset a fellow man, and in all probability be the a trifle, even if it is only wine," wife of a drunkard.

few minutes of silence, "you know eyes, and a feeling of sickening I have always been willing to sac- dread at her neart. "Yes, and I rifice my own preferences to see was solish to make such a promise. you happy, but I cannot see any Come. Myra, be reasonable. I'll wife of Martin Rogers, for, rest as certainly ought to be satisfied." sured, if he will not give up drink for your sake now, he will not do so satisfied by any means. However, after you are married. Much as I as she saw how useless were her love you, I would rather follow you remonstrances, she ceased to comto your grave than have you live to plain and settled down to what endure what I have known the seemed the irremediable. Martin drunkard's wife to suffer." And Rogers did not go down at once, Mrs. Dudley bowed her face in her but step by step, as thousands had hands and wept tears of grief at her done before and are doing now. daughter's infatuation. Myra did Little by little the appetite grew not melt at sight of her mother's upon him until he not only lost all tears, but said, evidently offended control of it but apparently all deat her prejudices, "I am sorry sire to control it, and by the time you have so little faith in Martin. two years had passed away, it was You are certainly prejudiced against no uncommon event for him to him; but I love him and have giv- come to his home with bloodshot en him my word. I have no fears eyes and staggering steps. of the evil which you prophesy, but

ley's home, three months later, and then the young couple went to housekesping in a pretty residence, the gift of young Rogers's father. But the wedding day did not bring the promised abstinence from intoxicants. Bogers met an old friend, now and then, who must congratulate him, and in some respectable drinking place they must drink to the health of the bride. One day, af ter they had been married some two promise, and Rogers replied good humoredly, "Yes, dear, I am going to quit soon. But if I quit new the boys will laugh and say I am 'henhis wife." "To. I didn't know it," answered the young wife, coldly, and Rogers, seeing she was hurt at his words, said coaxingly, "Come, what I'll do. If you will not teace on her home, and when the second. slipped an arm around the waist of brow. his young wife, and looked down But what need to repeat the oft reason he puts gold down in the atmospheric diffusion of light perswered soberly. "In earnest! Of slept in a drunkard's grave, and are not to tease me any more about in health and crushed in spirit, it, and you are to be bright and sunshiny as a May morning." And with this promise she was forced to be content.

And Martin Rogers intended to keep his promise. But he lacked that firmness and decision of character necessary to a true manhood. | and child; but her life was blight-He had acquired the appetite for in. | ed with the memory of the sad toxicants, and he had not the end of her husband. Fifteen years will power to overcome. New Year's day was only an excuse for drinking more than ever, and the fine wines in fashionable homes a greater temptation than the cheaper drinks of the saloon and clubrooms, and when Martin Rogers returned from his round of calls he had to be helped from his carriage and almost carried to his room. He Edith from committing a simila." was too much intoxicated to notice mistake. And while she shrank his wife's white face, and she stag- from blighting the mind of her gered to her room, stunned with sorrow and shame—a double blow. Her husband had not only forgotten his promise, but was drunk. her child bid her hold up her own sad experience as a warning that his promise, but was drunk.

The day following he was dull and half sick and she did not think his part to his pledge, Myra re-"It's a pity if I am not man enough to know what's good for me. I'm not goin' to be an odd chicken. All the rest of the boys take a glass when they feel like it. I know I took a little too much on New Year's day, but what's a fellow to do when every body is inviting "But Martin, you promised me," "Myra," the mother said, after a Myra pleaded, with tears in her happiness in store for you as the be more careful next time, and you

The wife was hushed, but not

About the close of the second mother, I would marry him if I year after their marriage a babe knew he would get drunk every came to their home, and the mother hoped it might be the means of Mrs. Dudley looked up at her awakening a desire in her husband's daughter in pained surprise. "O heart to lead a sober life, but her my child, God grant that your own hope was vain. When the child words may not prove a prophecy. was six months old Mrs. Dudley But let us not make it harder for was summoned early one morning both by multiplying words. If your to her daughter's home by the mesmind is made up I suppose persua- sage that baby was dead. Found sions are useless; but I fear for dead in the bed. The mother had your future." It was evident that risen at the usual hour, and left the Myra did not share her mother's child sleeping, and returning to the anxiety as to her future, but trust- room an hour after found it dead. ed implicitly in her lover's promise Myra did not tell her mother at to quit drink as soon as they were that time that her husband had returned late in the night from a club-

A quiet wedding in Mrs. Dud- meeting in a state of intoxication and had laid himself down upon the bed and fallen asleep, and that she, without thinking of his being likely to move, had left her child sleep down, and lifted his voice and hands er and more beneficent splendor Carrie, and I listened for the answer ing near him. When she returned and eyes to heaven, and said, "God than the great lord of the system. When he asked, "How is that Rating and eyes to heaven, and said, "God than the great lord of the system. When he asked, "How is that Rating and eyes to heaven, and said, "God than the great lord of the system. When he asked, "How is that Rating and eyes to heaven, and said, "God than the great lord of the system. When he asked, "How is that Rating and eyes to heaven, and said, "God than the great lord of the system. When he asked, "How is that Rating and eyes to heaven, and said, "God than the great lord of the system. When he asked, "How is that Rating and eyes to heaven, and said, "God than the great lord of the system. When he asked, "How is that Rating and eyes to heaven, and said, "God than the great lord of the system. When he asked, "How is that Rating and eyes to heaven, and said, "God than the great lord of the system. When he asked, "How is that Rating and eyes to heaven, and said, "God than the great lord of the system." to look after it the father, in his bless me, and my companion, and It is such a moon as we terrestrials tie? What do you mean by being drunken stupor, had rolled upon it, all my children, and make us all cannot boast of for it is not less than "rich both ways. and had smothered out its young life. Her frantic criee had aroused Rogers from his stupor, but he Rogers from his stapor, but he seemed to but partially comprehend house was to have family prayer, change of place, as if "fixed in its so she's rich one way. And the that his child was dead. The vermonths, Myra reminded him of his dict rendered by physicians was, " Died from some unknown cause." Regard for the family would not allow them to express their suspicions, and it was months before Myra pecked.' You know that is what could even bring herself to tell her altar, and on that altar the sacrifice rope and Africa-locking the Mediended. they call a fellow who has to obey | mother the cause of her child's The years went by slowly to the

weary wife and mother, yet all too swiftly it brought ruin to her hus-Myra, don't worry about me, and band. Her own words had indeed don't mind my talk. But really, I proved prophetic, and day after day don't take enough to hurt any one, she saw her husband come home and I am going to quit it altogether | reeling under the influence of drink. prosperous there is a river of diffivery soon." "When?" and Myra's Two other children came to their culty that we must cross. "O!" tone and look showed that she had home, during the years, but while learned a lesson in doubt of her hus- the mother's love clung to them in band's word. "When? Well, let passionate fondness she felt that me see. Why, I'll tell you, Myra, the curse of drunkenness rested upany more about it, and if you will a son, siekened and died at five not look blue any more, I'll quit it | years old, there was a shadow of all on next New Year's day-not comfort even in her sorrow. " Hartwo months away. - I'll begin the ry will never be what his father is," new year a regular teetotaler, she said to herself as she folded the There, will that suit?" and he gaily | waxen hands and kissed the white

into her face for his answer. "Yes, told tale? Martin Rogers went mine, and pearls deep down in the mits the constellations to shine out if you are in earnest," Myra an- down until at the age of forty he course I am. But remember, you Myra, a widow of thirty-five, broken came back to her mother's roof, bringing with her the little Edith. her only remaining child, Their property, through the watchful foresight of Martin's father, had not used to sweep his own store. You been squandered, and she had sufficient income to maintain herself hard who have now got it very easy. before she had been warned; but in the delusive hope of reforming the husband, even though she could not reform the lover, she had refused to heed the warning voice, and her life had been one continued round of regrets and tears.

One aim only seemed to con troi her life, and that was to preve'ut daughter by recounting her father's weakness, yet she felt that duty to she might be enabled to avoid the error that had marred the mother's another window, and seeing a man they were waiting for a lull to run life. And so she told her the begin- turning off one sheet after another the boat through the surf, a young joy them with him forever.—Childning and the sequel to her own married life in the hope that she break. Who was it that wrote unmight not make the mistake of til the moraing? It was Walter no Jack! not this time, he said. marrying a tippler in the hope of reforming him.—Central Advocate.

# MARTHA.

Yea, Lord !- Yet some must serve ! Not all with tranquil heart, Even at Thy dear feet, Wrapped in devotion sweet May sit apart!

Yea, Lord !-Yet some must bear The burden of the day, Its labor and its heat, While others at Thy feet May muse and pray

Yea, Lord !- Yet some must do Life's daily task-work; some Who fain would sing must toil, Amid earth's dust and moil. While lips are dumb

Yea, Lord !- Yet man must earn, And woman bake, the bread And some must watch and wake Who pray instead.

Yea, Lord !- Yet even Thou Hast need of earthly care;
I bring the bread and wime To Thee, a guest divine,-Be this my prayer ! Atlantic Monthly.

## FAMILY RELIGION.

Do your members keep up fambeen family devotions are greatly to sing, "O, death, where is thy neglected, and, in some places, sting? O, grave, where is thy vicpreachers do not pray in their fam- tory?" ilies. It is not the case here, I hope. God grant it may never be! cast off these sandals which we Family prayer! Why, it is the must wear because there are so most delightful thing ever organized in a family on earth-family life, and with unsandalled feet we religion. When my father was con- will step on the soft bed of the verted in the afternoon he began river. Then with one foot in the family prayer that night, and nev- bed of the river, with the other we er suffered a morning or evening will spring up the bank, and that from that day to the day of his will be heaven .- The Rev. C. H. Spur death, unless providentially hinder- | geon. ed, to pass without family prayer; and I tell you he was a minister of Christ, and went to heaven praising

"Don't weep, wife," said he on his dying bed,

Jesus can make a dying bed, Feel soft as downy pillows are While on his breast I lean my head And breathe my life out sweetly there.

That's a consolation, but not so to stay the steps of departing day. much as the morning prayer and At one stride comes the dark. But wished to know. Her father seem. the evening hymn and the Scripture looking up into the sky, we behold ed also in doubt what kind of rich. lesson. And that man of God knelt a vast orb which pours down a mildes she had in mind as belonging to Christians!" Those are green spots thirteen times as large and lumiin memory's wastes. The first nous as our own. There it hangs and her parents have plenty of thing I did when I went to my own in the firmament without apparent money, and live in a large house and the last night that I was at everlasting seat. But not without girls at school all love her, for she is home I prayed with my family. I change of surface. For this great always so gentle and kind: so she is do not know how Christians can globe is a painted panorama, and rich in another way. get along without family prayer. turning around majestically on its Her father smiled, and so did I. Every father, every mother, every axis, presents its oceans and contibut the proceedings of the meeting head of the family ought to have an nents in grand successions. As Eu- now began, and the conversation should be laid, and never taken off. terranean in their embrace, roll away. I have among my dear young and the smoke and incense should to the right, the stormy Atlantic friends some who are poor that is go up before God continually.—Dr. offers its waters to view, then the two if their wealth were counted in J. B. McFerrin.

### A RIVER OF DIFFICULTY.

bright and beautiful and useful and

said the Israelites to Joshua, "I wish I could get some of those grapes!" " Well," said Joshua, them?" The grapes are always are rotundity we tread" turns its pic- "rich both ways," except those the other side. You have got to tured countenance to the moon, and who have a great deal of money, cross over to get them, That grandly repays the listening lunar- yet they all may be rich in one way, which costs nothing is worth nothies by repeating to the best of its Can you tell how? ing. God puts every thing valua- ability the story of its birth. Nor Did you ever hear of any one beble a little out of our reach, that we is the sky less marvellous in anothmay struggle for it. For the same er respect. For the absence of any Carrie Morton was rich in kind sea, to make us dig and dive. We with a distinctiveness which is nev- did; and I hope she was also rich in all understand that in worldly er paralleled on earth. They glit- that love of Jesus which makes the things; would God we understood | ter like diamond points set in firmait in religious things? Nobody is ment of ebony. Stars and clusters surprised to read that Cornelius which we never see by the naked Vanderbilt blistered his hands row- eye flock into view and crown the ing a ferry-boat. Nobody is sur- heavens. - British Quarterly. prised to bear that A. T. Stewart can think of those who had it very Their walls blossom and bloom with those performed by heroic life-boatpictures. Carpets that made foreign looms laugh now kiss their when to put off seems certain death. feet. The horses neigh and champ If the surf beats them back to the their bits at the doorway, gilded shore, they try again and again harness tinkles, and the carriage until they can do their mission of rolls away, like a beautiful wave, life saving. Read the following on New York life. Who is it? It anecdote of a life-boatman's heroism, is the boy who once had all his es- and then think that every year acts tate slung over his shoulder in a equally heroic in spirit are performcotton handkerchief. There was a ed, but unrecorded; "One stormy river of difficulty between Benjamin Sunday evening in March, as the Franklin with a loaf of bread under his arm trudging along the streets of Philadelphia, and Benjamin Franklin the philosopher, outside Groby Sand. The ship had struck of Boston, playing kite with a on the Sand, and the waves were thunder-storm. An indolent man booming over her. The seamen was cured of his indolence by looking out of the window at night into Scott. Who was it that looked at him from the opposite window? It was Lockhart, afterward his il-

lustrious biographer. It is push and struggle and drive. There are mountains to scale, there are rivers to ford, and there has been struggle for everybody that gained anything for themselves or anything for the Church, or gained anything for the world. We all Understand it in worldly things: why can we not understand it in religious things? You think it is a mere accident that that old Christian knows so much about the Bible! Why, he was studying his Bible when you were reading your primer. He got strong by running the Christian race. In fifty Solferinos he learned how to fight. In a shipwreck he learned how to swim. It was by pounding at the anvil of trouble he became swarthy. Then when this Christian goes on and gets across all these other rivers of difficulty, there is the river of death still. To some it seems a dreadful river to cross, but here is the Christian coming. His priest, the Lord Jesus Christ, with bruised feet, goes right ahead of him. ily religion? Is there an altar in | His breath grows shorter and shortthe house of every member of your er, and his last breath is gone as he church? Alas! alas! in many por- touches the wave. But then all the tions of the country where I have | billows toss their plumes, and begin

The time will come when we will many sharp places on the road of

## NIGHT IN THE MOON.

At last night sets in. Gratefully it comes after the sun has gathered up his smiling rays and gone down to his rest. All at once we are ity, for again there is no twilight both ways.

American, with their huge forests money; others who are comfort and vast prairies, pass under in- ably well off, as we say, having a spection. Then the grand basin of good supply of the necessary things the Pacific, lit up with island fires, of this life; and others who are meets the gazer's eyes, and as this rich-whose fathers own costly glides over the scene, the eastern houses, who can ride in a carriage rim of Asia, the upper portions of when they will, and whose clothes Australia sail into sight. The In- are very fine. And, since I overheard dian ocean, and afterward the Ara- Katie's talk about Carrie Morton, bian sea spread themselves out in I have thought it would be well to their subdued splendor, and thus in remind all these dear children, that "why don't you cross over and get four and twenty hours "the great although none of them may be

NOBLY DONE. No braver deeds are done than men. They launch their boats, people were coming out of church at Great Yarmouth, a signal gun was heard from a vessel on the were at once upon the beach, and prepared to launch a yawl. While 'You've been out three times already because I've got married. Fair's fair, so now I'll take my spell again. The boat was launched, and was just clearing the surf, when a breaker lifted her up and flung her completely over. Three of the crew were drowned, and one of them was the newly married man who had refused to let his brother take his place. Without a moment's delay, another yawl was got ready for launching. She was pushed out to sea, but it was too late. The ship on the Sand had gone to pieces, and all hands were lost.'

## KNOWING AND TRUSTING.

I think if thou couldst know, O soul that will complain, What lies concealed below Our burden and our pain How just our anguish brings Nearer those longed for things We seek for now in vain-I think theu wouldst rejoice, and not complain

I think if thou couldst see, With thy dim mortal sight, How meanings dark to thee, Are shadows hiding light; Truth's efforts crossed and vexed, Life's purpose all perplexed—
If shou couldst see them right, think that they would see:n all clear, and wise, and bright. And yet thou canst not know,

And yet thou canst not see; Wisdom and sight are slow In poor humanity.
If thou couldst trust, poor soul! In Him who rules the whole, Thou wouldst find peace and rest.
Wisdom and sight are well, but truth is best.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

# RICH BOTH WAYS.

One day I was sitting in a large meeting of people who had come together to promote a pious object. A father and his little girl sat near me. She was a bright-looking, curly-haired girl, about nine years old, and seemed much interested in range of my acquirements. all about her.

"O father!" I heard her say, paid both in fame and in money "there's Carrie Morton!" and she for that journey to Boston; and the looked in his face with an arch and moral is that good work is rewardknowing smile. "O, she's so ed in the end, though, to be sure, plunged into comparative obscur- good!" she continued; "she's rich one's own self-approval should be

What could the child mean? I

"Why tather, she has nice clothes

ing rich in faith, hope and love? words and acts, else her little friend would not have spoken of her as she poor child richer than a king, if crown and kingdoms are his all. Would you not rather be rich in

the love of those who know you and, most of all, in the love of God than rich in money but poor in all the rest? Dear children, if God has given you a home where your every wish is gratified, remember that at last you must give an account to him for such a home; and ask him to make you rich both ways rich in the love of Jesus and in the hop of heaven. But if you are not rich in clothes and money, remember that a meek and a quiet spirit, and a loving, trusting heart, are orns ments more precious than diamonds and pearls; for while the diamonds and pearls of this world must be left here at "last to perish, these you shall wear in heaven. Bemember that with the grace of the Holy Spirit you can become as a sunbeam, a source of joy in your home, wherever it may be; and you can all the time be laying up treasures in that brighter home, where your heavenly Father will keep them safely till he calls you to en-

### DO SMALL THINGS THOR OUGHLY.

Hon. Josiah Quincy reports in the Independent a conversation he once had with Daniel Webster.

The conversation was running upon the importance of doing small things thoroughly and with the full measure of one's ability. This Webster illustrates by an account of some petty insurance case that was brought to him when a young lawyer in Portsmouth.

Only a small amount was involved, and a twenty-dollar fee was all that was promised. He saw that to do his clients full justice a journey to Boston to consult the law library would be desirable.

He would be out of pocket by such an expedition, and for his time he would receive no adequate compensation. After a little hesitation, he determined to do his very best, cost what it might. He accordingly went to Boston, looked up the authorities, and gained the case.

Years after this, Webster then famous, was passing through New York. An important insurance case was to be tried the day after his arrival, and one of the counsel had been suddenly taken ill.

Money was no object, and Webster was begged to name his terms and conduct the case.

"I told him," said Mr. Webster, "that it was preposterous to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice. They insisted, however, that I should look at the papers; and this after some demur, consented to do.

"Well, it was my old twenty-dollar case over again, and as I never forget anything, I had all the authorities at my fingers' ends. The court knew that I had no time to prepare, and were astonished at the

"So, you see I was handsomely

SUNDA

THE SERP.

The per the wilders away : mos of Egypt new gener against (io Because the king

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