

The Family.

"NOT AS I WILL."

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand
The darkness deepens as I creep,

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Lost seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,

"Not as I will." The sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will." The darkness feels

SOME SENSIBLE SICK ROOM SUGGESTIONS.

HINT FIRST—Get a trained nurse if you can. No one who has tried it knows the relief of having in a sick room some one ready for emergencies,

Now for a hint to the sick folk. There is certainly nothing in sickness that annuls every obligation of kindness towards the willing slave of every wish and whim.

With children, the question of recovery often lies with disposition, or rather habit born of training. One of the worst cases of diphtheria from which a child ever recovered was that of a little sweet-faced Charlie.

The model sick-room is provided with a clock, a thermometer, and a paper pad with pencil attached for jotting down the doctor's orders, and items to report to him or about which he should be questioned.

table outside in the hall to be carried down by the first person descending. Upon that table the jar of milk is kept and a pitcher of water, and any food frequently needed, all carefully covered.

My wise friend considers only the good of her charge, not the sensibilities of friends, in the matter of company. The doctor's fat meets every case.

A whole chapter could be written about my friend's care of her convalescents, but as common sense, tenderness, watchfulness, a division of labour,

IN HOLIDAY TIME.

In a lonely stretch of the Jersey coast there lived a few years ago, old Grandmother O—, with her unmarried daughter. A few fisherman and farmers occupied the houses that stood at long intervals along the coast.

Hetty O—, coming home one day from a holiday merry-making, bethought her how sad and solitary her grandmother's life was.

"Why should she, too, not have a party," she said, "of her own companions? There shall not be a young woman among them. People of eighty need society and pleasure as well as at eighteen."

The invited guests, who had been invited nowhere for years, forgot their aches and ailments, and were more eager and happy than children. Every family joined in preparing its special "grandmother" for the festivity, and as with every new idea that is whole and sweet, everybody said, "Why did we never think of it before?"

You can imagine the keen delight of such a meeting! Suddenly to pass out of the death-in-life of old age into gay youth-age, to be for one brief day, not "grandmothers," tottering on the brink of the grave, but "Mollie" or "Jenny" with those who are supposed to know how bright your eyes were and how rosy your cheeks, and to whom you will never grow old!

said the oldest of the party; "and I think we should be much happier for the rest of our lives if we should pray together."

Then they were driven safely to their homes. It was a simple matter, but it lighted up the dull, sad, quiet hours of her last days, for each of these poor souls with a loving, friendly cheer.

THINK BEFORE YOU STRIKE.

I REMEMBER reading in my boyhood about a merchant travelling on horseback, accompanied by his dog. He dismounted for some purpose, and accidentally dropped his package of money.

The following little story is not as painful, but adds force to the thought—Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak:

"When I was a boy, and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire, I worked for a farmer, and was given a span of horses to plough with, one of which was a four-year-old colt.

It was only the other day I heard of a valuable St. Bernard dog being shot, because having a wound on his head, concealed by his hair, he bit a person who handled him roughly.

A SPOOL OF THREAD AND A FORTUNE.

ABOUT forty years ago a young man opened a little store in a Rhode Island town. At first he did not succeed in obtaining customers, and one evening closed up his store, feeling doubtful whether he would open it again.

"Please, sir, won't you open the store and sell me a spool of thread for my mamma?"

He unlocked the store, lit a lamp, unpacked his goods, and sold to the child one spool of thread, then shut up his door again and went home.

SAVE YOUR LIVES.

In an address to young men a while ago, Professor Drummond said, "I do not come to you this evening to say, 'Save your souls,' but 'Save your lives.' I say to you that unless you do this you make a mistake; you will lose your life. Save your life; do something with it.

lashed in the sands. So is the life of every man who lives for himself. If you would save your life, make every day a new consecration of yourself to the service of Christ."

A SERMONETTE ON ETIQUETTE.

"How can I ever get out of this house?" That was the question which I, a young girl, used to ask myself when sent to call on certain relatives.

There I sat and sat and continued to sit till my hostess must have wished me in Timbuctoo. Finally in the energy of despair, I would gasp, "I think I must go now," and somehow manage to gain the open air.

"Oh yes; I haven't forgotten. I wouldn't miss that song for anything." While you have been speaking you have quietly risen, and still facing your friend (for it is not considered courteous to turn your back upon her), you have stepped toward the door, or toward any older person who may be in the room.

There is no surer mark of good breeding than a sweet deference toward older persons. If your school-mate's grandmother be in the room when you pay a visit, make it a point to speak especially to her both on coming in and going out.

If either of them has been in the room when you came, but has gone out, it is proper to say, as you take your leave, "Will you please to bid your mamma (or grandmamma) goodbye for me?"

Try all this as sort of game at home. Probably it will give you a good laugh, but it won't do you any harm. Pay a little visit on your "aunties and cousins and your aunts," rising when the call is made, and your yourself, as speaking. At the door make your general "good-evening" with a glance at each person, or if the mamma be there, give her an especial greeting.

REST IN CHANGE.

PERHAPS there is something in the following for Presbyterians also: There is rest in change. This truism doubtless explains why Methodist preachers are such a rested, contented set of men.

There is rest in change. This truism doubtless explains why Methodist preachers are such a rested, contented set of men. There is always something hopeful and enthusiastic in beginnings. We start out with unbounded confidence in every body, and by and by we have begun to find out the essential meanness that inheres in some portions of humanity we are up and away. So these things do not wear us deeply.

What is true of individuals is true of churches as a whole. One church is in danger of going to pieces from fanaticism, from the imprudence of radical actions, or from quarrels of long standing. The next is as united as an iceberg and as fruitful. It is of one mind—that mind is to do nothing. One community is so pervaded with some dangerous "ism" as almost to nullify the influence of the Gospel. Another is entirely orthodox; there is much union among the churches, but some zealous brother pastor steals the lambs as he eats his breakfast. The worries are sure to come, but they will always be different, and, on the whole the lights in the itinerant's life will be far more than the shadows.—V. Y. Christian Advocate.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

A SHIP was far away upon the Atlantic Ocean. A storm came on. The captain was below, the mate upon watch, when the cry rose, "A man overboard!"

so great, that the mate could not bring himself to order out a boat and risk the men's lives in such a sea. He offered, however, to go himself, if two others would go with him. Two at once offered, and a boat was let down into that terrible sea, but with small hope of saving the drowning man.

They were all exhausted. The saved man could neither walk nor speak. But he was sensible of his deliverance. "He clasped our feet," said the mate, as he told the story, "and began to kiss them. We disengaged ourselves from him. He then crawled after us, and, as we stepped back, he followed us, looking up with smiles and tears, and then, patting our wet footprints with his hand, he kissed them with eager fondness. I never saw such a scene in my life. He was a passenger in the ship. During the rest of the voyage he showed the deepest gratitude, and, when we reached the port, he loaded us with presents."

Such is the love of man to man for kindnesses received. A man's heart is touched when a fellow-man loves him, and shows his love by risking his own life. Far beyond this ought to be our love to Him who came down to this world to live and to die for us. For who has loved us as Jesus has loved us? Who has done for us what Jesus has done?—Philadelphia Presbyterian.

KNOW YOUR BUSINESS.

MR. VANDERBILT pays his cook ten thousand dollars a year, my boy, which is a great deal more than you and I earn—or at least it is a great deal more than we get—because he can cook.

That is all. Presumably because he can cook better than any other man in America. That is all. If Monsieur Saucegravi could cook tolerably well, and shoot a little, and speak three languages tolerably well, and keep books fairly, and sing some, and undersoog gardening pretty well, and could preach a fair sort of a sermon and knew something about horses, and could telegraph a little, and could do light porter's work, and could read proof tolerably well, and could do plain house and sign painting, and could help on a threshing machine, and knew enough about law to practice in the justice's courts of Kickapoo township, and had once run for the legislature, and knew how to weigh hay, he wouldn't get ten thousand dollars a year for it.

The Children's Corner.

IT IS TIME.

It is time to be brave. It is time to be true. It is time to be finding the thing you can do. It is time to put by the dream and the sigh, and work for the cause that is holy and high.

VICTOR'S MIDNIGHT RIDE.

JEAN and Jeannette Dupont thought themselves a very fortunate and happy couple. In the first place they loved each other dearly; then too they had two bonny boys, a nice cottage, a well-stocked garden, a horse and light cart, and a small poultry-yard which supplied them with chickens and eggs to sell.

They were, moreover, good, God-fearing people, and were grateful to their Heavenly Father for all His gifts; and this added to their happiness not a little, for we all know how doubly precious a gift it is, if we love and reverence the hand that gave it.

being so, it is thy duty to go, and God always helps us to do our duty." Yes, Victor knew this, for his father and mother had taught him before; but then he had never had such a duty as this to perform. He was a timid little fellow, only nine years old, and it seemed to him a very dreadful thing to ride six miles on a dark winter's night all alone.

However, it was clearly his duty to take this long ride to-night, and if so it must be done. God never gave people duties that they could not perform. And this was just about Victor's only comfort.

There was no saddle, but had there been, Victor would not have known how to sit on it. He put the bit in the old mare's mouth, and bridle in hand, scrambled on to her back, and rode into the highway, waking up his sleepy steed with a gentle pressure of his little heels against her ribs, and a friendly slap of the hand on her thick, short neck.

There was a sharp frost that night. The air was keen, and almost took away the child's breath at first, as he cantered along the hard road.

The brown trees waved "and creaked in the wind, reaching across the road as though to catch him with their thin arms and crooked fingers. He could not help feeling rather frightened as he rode through little wood, where he lost sight of the stars which had been like friendly eyes watching him, and had given him comfort. Besides, it was so dark that he could not see to guide Rosalinde, so he had to lay the rein on her neck and let her find out the path for herself. This she did very cleverly, and at last came out into the open again, and re-commenced her gallop.

Once she shied at some little animal that dashed, like a black shadow, across the road, almost under her hoofs, and Victor would have come off, had he not clutched at his steed's thick mane and gripped her round sides with his knees. But nothing worse than this happened, and he reached the town safely, and found the doctor at home, and returned with him in his cosy, covered chaise, with Rosalinde trotting along behind.

On reaching home, Victor went to bed, but he could not sleep directly, he was so anxious to know what the doctor thought of his father. Guessing her boy's thoughts, and feelings, Jeannette came to his bedside, as soon as the physician's remedies had relieved the sufferer. Kneeling down, she took the child into her arms, and whispered, "God bless my dear brave boy! Thou hast been—under God—the means of saving thy beloved father's life this night. The doctor says that two hours later no human skill could have availed him. Victor, my son, if the duty was hard, surely thy reward is great."

"I could not help being frightened mother," replied the boy, "but the good God helped me, and gave me strength."

"Yes, my Victor," said Jeannette, "what God gives us to do, can always be done. No duty, however hard, can be impossible, and in all that our Heavenly Father calls us to perform, He is willing to grant us His aid. Remember this through life, dear child, for it will help thee over many a hard place."

Years have passed since Victor's midnight ride, but he is more firmly convinced than ever of the great truth of which on that occasion he learned the full meaning. Dear children, have we yet learned Victor Dupont's lesson?—Child's Companion.

"WAS I GOOD AT CHURCH."

"MAMMA, was I a good girl in church?" asked Susy, when they reached home.

"Yes, pretty good. But I must tell you something about a dear little boy, whose life you shall read, as soon as you are old enough. When asked if there were any children at Sunday-school, he said: 'I don't know, for when I am there I never dare to look round.' Now, your little hands were very good in church; and so were your feet. But I thought your eyes and ears were not so good."

"My eyes looked round a good deal," said Susy. "But my ears couldn't do anything naughty."

"Yes, they could, dear Susy, by not listening to what was said. Did they hear anything at all?"

"No, mamma. I was busy thinking. I thought about my dollies." "But we do not go to church to think about dollies. We go to praise God, and hear about Him." "Big people don't have any dollies," said Susy. "But they have other things that they like as well. And when they first go into church they ask God to help them not to think about anything but Himself, and to hear what is said. For in the Bible it speaks of those who having cars, hear not—and I do not want my little Susy to be one of these."—Little Folks.