

'sweep,' said Nell, with conviction, 'for I raise an awful dust.'

'Suppose that staying where I am, I give you a lesson in sweeping.'

'O grandpa! An old and famous surgeon give sweeping lessons!'

'Why not, if I know how? At that time I told you of just now, my mother, as she lay in bed, taught me how to sweep. I swept her room regularly. She taught me so well that I have never forgotten. Now I will pass the lesson on to you, as a legacy from your great-grandmother. You hate to sweep, you say, but it will often come in the line of your duty. Why not learn to do it perfectly and cheerfully, and lay this common duty well performed as one of the simple little sacrifices with which God is well pleased on his altar.'

'Well, I will!' cried Nell. 'So, Doctor Graham, watch me, and if I go wrong instruct me.'

'There! I said there would be a horrid dust'—added Nell, as she gave the broom a long, reckless bang against the carpet, and the dust flew.

'In March,' said grandpa, 'carpets are likely to be at their worst after the long winter's use, and owing to Maggie's sickness, this room has not been swept for three days. Now, Nell, if you raise a dust over all this furniture, you will have a hard time dusting it. Begin right: dust all of the chairs and light articles, and set them in the hall. Take off the table-covers and lounge pillows, shake them out of doors, and leave them on the porch to air. All this is easier done first than last. The table you cannot move out, but dust all the little ornaments and lay them upon it, and then go bring some of the sweeping sheets to cover them.'

When this was done, grandpa told Nell to take the feather brush and dust the pictures, walls and curtains, and loop the curtains up out of the way.

'Now, get a short brush, and brush out all about the edge of the carpet round the whole room, brushing hardest in the corners and at the thresholds.'

'There, now,' said Nell, 'that's done!'

'Sweep the room from all sides toward the centre,' said grandpa. 'If you do that you will not be working against yourself, by driving dust upon places which you have swept. If you sweep toward the side or to a door, you drive dust into cracks whence it is hard to dislodge it. There, lay a bit of paper or a broom whisk in the centre of the room, and do all your sweeping towards that in circles. Another thing to remember is, to sweep holding the broom firmly, with the whole bottom edge of the broom to the carpet; do not use it sidewise, making it crooked: that spoils the broom, and is much less effective sweeping. Do not toss your broom up at the end of a stroke, sending the dust into the air; make a short even stroke, with the broom held gently but firmly, to the floor. It is well to have two or three windows open while sweeping, if there is no wind to drive the dust about. As I am here, and cannot stand a draught, open only one window. As my being here makes it necessary to raise as little dust as possible, take the broom to the hydrant and wet it thoroughly, shake it then as dry as you can, and then begin to sweep. The dust will stick to the broom. When you have swept part of the room, go wash the broom out, and shake it, so you can go on with the rest. Sometimes you can improve your sweeping by having a half a pail of warm water, with half a pint of turpentine in it, to wet your broom in. The turpentine brightens the colors of the carpet, kills moths and destroys many germs of disease. As a doctor my opinion

is, that a free use of turpentine in a house is healthful, and prevents fevers.'

'I see,' said Nell, 'I am getting on better, and the carpet begins to look fine; all the same, grandpa, I like work that I can think thoughts about, and that is not mere routine.'

'You can think thoughts about the sweeping,' said grandpa.

'Who sweeps a room as in God's cause, Makes it and the action fine.'

'Bunyan, in his "Pilgrim's Progress," says that Christian was led into a room that had never been swept, and when the sweeping began the dust flew about so that he was almost choked thereby. Then a damsel sprinkled the room, and swept it easily. This typed the work of the law discovering our sin, and the gospel gently cleansing the soul.'

'Christiana saw a man with a muck rake gathering sticks and straws from a floor, and ignoring a fair crown held over his head. John the Baptist said: "Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly cleanse his floor." This is spoken of the fanning of chaff from a threshing-floor, but may be also suggested by your sweeping. Christ made parables from very homely and simple things, and you can find plenty of parables for yourself as you sweep and dust, and do other humble work; parables that shall tell upon your higher mental and spiritual life. High and low are very near together in this world. If you want to go farther afield, you can let the word "sweep," leave the broom and carpet, and you can think of the grand "sweep" of the storm clouds; of the "sweep of all-embracing laws"; of the "gale sweeping with shadowy gust, the field of corn"; of the wild geese, which Shakespeare says "sweep madly through the sky"; all of which different uses of "sweep," have their affinities with the action of your broom.'

'There!' said Nell, taking up the last particle of dust from the centre of the room; 'how well that carpet looks, and it took such a little time.'

'Now, dust the wood-work, windows and tables. Shake out the curtains and bring in the furniture; that is all clean and ready to go into place.'

Nell finished the room, and stood broom and duster in hand, to take a satisfied survey. She looked much more cheerful than when she had come in to announce her task.

'I shall always know how to sweep a room after this, and not hate so much to do it!' she exclaimed.

'Get equal knowledge of the best ways of doing all kinds of housework, and then you shall not be so afraid of any of it,' said grandpa. 'These little duties are always meeting us at unexpected turns, and it is open to us to make drudgery and burdens of them, shadowing whole days with them, or to lift them into the cheerful region of willing and earnest service, of God and our fellows.'—'Christian Observer.'

There is sunlight on the hill-top,
There is sunlight on the sea,
And the golden beams are sleeping,
On the soft and verdant lea;
But a richer light is filling
All the chambers of my heart,
For thou art there, my Saviour,
And 'tis sunlight where thou art.

'Lord Jesus, thou hast bought me,
And my life, my all, is thine;
Let the lamp thy love hath lighted
To thy praise and glory shine,
A beacon 'mid the darkness,
Pointing upward where thou art,
The smile of whose forgiveness
Is the sunlight of my heart.'

—'Wait.'

His Wife's Comforter.

'John, whatever are you doing?'

He had come in from the shop to the little back parlor, and was standing with his apron on before the open cupboard adjoining the fireplace. With my own eyes I saw him toss off a glass of wine, and had just poured out another when he was startled by my exclamation. He blushed as he glanced round, and there was a look of annoyance on his face that he tried in vain to hide.

'Is that you, auntie?' with a forced kind of laugh. 'I was just having a short interview with my wife's comforter.'

John Sinclair was my favorite nephew, with whose early training I had much to do his mother having been for years a great invalid. That I took the deepest interest in his welfare goes without saying, although since his marriage, some two or three years before, I had not seen so much of him as formerly; nevertheless, I occasionally paid a visit to his home which sometimes extended over a few weeks. He was doing a fairly good business as a grocer in the small provincial town of Boreham, and I must say that both himself and wife always gave me the warmest welcome. There were no children. I have often wished there had been, for then the trouble that came would not have been so likely to happen.

'But, John,' I replied, in astonishment, 'I thought you were a teetotaler!'

'And so I was, auntie, until I married and settled down to business in this quiet hum-drum little town. Rest assured, however, that your early training has not been thrown away, for, during my apprenticeship and city life, teetotalism saved me from falling into many a temptation.'

'Then, why depart from it now, my dear boy?' I asked.

'Well, you see, auntie dear,' he laughingly replied, 'there are no temptations here, so I thought I might as well keep the wife company over a glass of wine. It is a great comfort to her after one of her bad turns or when she feels a bit below par, only she can't bear to be the only one in the house that takes it. And teetotalers may say what they will, but there really is at times no little comfort in a glass of wine. Now, this morning, what with one thing and another, I was nearly worried out of my life, so I just came in and had a glass of wine, and as the effect of that little intoxicant, feel quite another man.'

'But this is not in accordance with the teaching you received in the Band of Hope, of which you were for many years a member, to say nothing of my own, which I feel to have all been wasted when I see the bottle in your hand. This has quite upset me, John,' and what with grief and vexation I could not prevent the tears from coming to my eyes.

'Nonsense, auntie mine. For the Band of Hope teaching and your careful training to be wasted is simply impossible. I remember all about it. In the first place I was taught that all alcoholic liquors were bad quenchers of thirst, and therefore, never dream, even in the hottest weather, of seeking a thirst-quencher either in malted liquors or wine. I had also well drilled into me the fallacy of taking brandy to keep the cold out, and have never therefore, even when shivering in the bitterest of weather, thought of taking a "nip," for that purpose. Then I am thoroughly convinced that there is no nourishment whatever, or, at least, not worth speaking about—in ale, stout, or anything of the kind; consequently neither the one nor the other is ever seen on my table. I have learnt the evils of which drink is the cause, especially among young men in our