

GRANDMOTHER READING THE BIBLE.

MUSH, little feet! go softly
Over the echoing floor,
Grandmother's reading the Bible
There by the open door.
All of its pages are dearer still,
Now she is almost down the hill.

Mellow September sunshine
Round her is gently shed—
Gold and silver together
Crowning her bended head—
While she follows where saints have trod,
Reading the blessed Book of God.

Grandmother's past the morning,
Past the noonday sun,
And she is reading and resting
After her work is done;
Now in the quiet autumn eves
She has only to bind her sheaves.

Almost through with trial,
Almost done with care,
And the discipline of sorrow
Hallowed by trust and prayer,
Waiting to lay her armour down
To go up higher and take the crown.

No little feet to follow
Over this weary road,
No little hand to lighten
Of many a weary load;
Children standing in honoured prime,
Bless her now in her evening time.

Grandma has closed the volume,
And by her saintly look
Peace I know she has gathered
Out of the sacred book;
Maybe she catches through that door
Glimpses of heaven's eternal shore.
—Selected.

TRUTH.

LOST your situation! How
did it happen, my boy?
"Well, mother, you'll
say it was all my old
carelessness, I suppose.
I was dusting the shelves
in the store, and trying
to hurry up matters,
sent a lot of fruit-jars smashing to the
floor. Mr. Barton scolded, and said
he would not stand my blundering
ways any longer, so I packed up and
left."

His mother looked troubled.
"Don't mind, mother, I can get
another situation soon, I know. But
what shall I say if they ask me why I
left the last one?"

"Tell the truth, James, of course;
you wouldn't think of telling any-
thing else?"

"No, I only thought I'd keep it to
myself, if I can. I'm afraid it may
stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do
right, James, even though it may seem
to sometimes."

He found it harder than he had
expected to get a situation. He
walked and inquired till he felt almost
discouraged, till one day something
seemed to be waiting for him. A
young-looking man in a clean, bright
store, newly started, was in want of an
assistant. Things looked very attrac-
tive, so neat and dainty that James,
fearing that a boy who had a record
for carelessness might not be wanted
there, felt sorely tempted to conceal
the truth. It was a long distance from
the place from which he had been dis-
missed, and the chances were slight of
a new employer ever hearing the truth.
But he thought better of it, and frankly
told exactly the circumstances which
had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have a great prefer-
ence for having neat-handed, careful
people about me," said the man, good-
humoredly, "but I have heard that

those who know their faults, and are
honest enough to own them, are likely
to mend them. Perhaps the very luck
you have had may help you to learn
to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I will try very hard,"
said James, earnestly.

"Well, I always think a boy who
tells the truth, even though it may
seem to go against him—'Good morn-
ing, uncle. Come in, sir.'"

He spoke to an elderly man who
was entering the door, and James
turning, found himself face to face with
his late employer.

"O, ho!" he said, looking at the
boy, "are you hiring this young chap,
Fred?"

"I haven't yet, sir."

"Well, I guess you might try him.
If you can only," he added, laughing,
"keeping him from spilling all the
wet goods and smashing all the dry
ones, you will find him reliable in
everything else. If you find you
don't like him I'll be willing to give
him another trial myself."

"If you think that well of him,"
said the younger man, "I think I
shall keep him myself."

"O, mother," said James, going
home after having made an agreement
with his new employer, after such a
recommendation from his old one,
"you were right, as you always are.
It was telling the truth that got it for
me. What if Mr. Barton had come
in there just after I had been telling
something that was not exactly so!"

"The truth is always best," said his
mother, "the truth, the whole truth,
and nothing but the truth."—*The
Standard.*

THE FIRST ICE-PALACE.

IN the construction of this work
the simplest means were used.
First, the purest and most
transparent ice was selected.

This was cut into large blocks, squared
with rule and compass, and carved
with all the regular architectural em-
bellishments. No cement was used.
Each block when ready was raised to
its destined place by cranes and pulleys,
and just before it was let down upon
the block which was to support it,
water was poured between the two;
the upper block was immediately
lowered, and as the water froze almost
instantly, in that intensely cold climate,
the two blocks became literally one.
In fact, the whole building appeared
to be, and really was, a single mass of
ice. The effect it produced must have
been infinitely more beautiful than if
it had been of the most costly marble
—its transparency and bluish tint
giving it rather the appearance of a
precious stone.

In dimensions, the structure was
fifty-six feet long, eighteen feet wide,
twenty-one feet high, and with walls
three feet in thickness. At each
corner of the palace was a pyramid of
the same height as the roof, of course
built of ice, and around the whole was
a low palisade of the same material.
The actual length of the front view,
including the pyramids, was one hun-
dred and fourteen feet.

The palace was built in the usual
style of Russian architecture. The
facade was plain, being merely divided
into compartments by pilasters. There
was a window in each division, which
was painted in imitation of green
marble. The window-panes were
formed of slabs of ice, as transparent

and smooth as sheets of plate-glass.
At night, when the palace was lighted,
the windows were curtained by canvas
screens, on which grotesque figures
were painted. Owing to the trans-
parency of the whole material, the
general effect of the illumination must
have been fine, the whole palace
seemingly being filled with a delicate
pearly light. The central division pro-
jected, and appeared to be a door, but
was, in fact, a large window, and was
illuminated like the others. Sur-
mounting the *facade* of the building
was an ornamental balustrade, and at
each end of the sloping roof was a
huge chimney. The entrance was at
the rear. At each side of the door
stood ice-imitations of orange-trees, in
leaf and flower, with ice-birds perched
on the branches.—*St. Nicholas.*

SPELL IT OUT.

- A was a monarch, who lived in the East.
—Esther i. 1.
B was a Chaldee, who made a great feast.
—Daniel v. 1-4.
C was veracious, when others told lies.
—Numbers xiii. 30-33.
D was a woman, heroic and wise.
—Judges iv. 4-14.
E was a refuge, where David spared Saul.
—1 Samuel xxiv. 1-7.
F was a Roman, accused of Paul.
—Acts xxvi. 24.
G was a garden, a frequent resort.
—John xviii. 1, 2; Matt. xxvi. 36.
H was a city, where David held court.
—2 Samuel ii. 11.
I was a mocker, a very bad boy.
—Genesis xvi. 16.
J was a city, preferred as a joy.
—Psalm cxxxii. 6.
K was his father, whose son was quite tall.
—1 Samuel ix. 1, 2.
L was a proud one, who had a great fall.
—Isaiah xiv. 12.
M was a nephew, whose uncle was good.
—Colossians iv. 10; Acts xi. 24.
N was a city, long hid where it stood.
—Zachariah ii. 13.
O was a servant, acknowledged a brother.
—Philemon i. 16.
P was a Christian, greeting another.
—2 Timothy iv. 21.
R was a damsel, who knew a man's voice.
—1 Kings xi. 4-11.
T was a seaport, where preaching was long.
—Acts xx. 6, 7.
U was a teamster, struck dead for his wrong.
—2 Samuel vi. 7.
V was a cast-off, and never restored.
—Esther i. 19.
Z was a ruin, with sorrow deplored.
—Psalm cxxxvii.

DEATH IN THE PALACE.

THE President of the Wes-
leyan Conference, in preach-
ing in Glasgow, gave beau-
tiful expression to the national
sympathy. He said: "I need scarcely
ask, dear brethren, for your sympa-
thies and prayers on behalf of our
beloved sovereign—our greatly afflicted
Queen—and the newly-made widow,
the Duchess of Albany. When you
heard the unexpected tidings that the
Royal family was suddenly bereaved
of one of its choicest members, I am
sure that, after the first shock caused
by the almost incredible news, your
sympathies ran unbidden to the palace
and the throne. One has heard in
connection with this sad event the
strange exclamation, "The poor
Queen!" Strange, indeed, that the
greatest potentate on earth, the sover-
eign ruler of an empire upon which the
sun never sets, the Empress of India,
the mistress of conquering legions on
the Ganges and the White Nile, should
be spoken of pityingly as an object of
commiseration. But in the presence
of death all distinctions are levelled—
the rich are poor, the strong are weak,

the great are little. Her Majesty the
Queen is worthy of the loving sympa-
thies of her loyal subjects. There is
no truer woman in her dominions than
this first lady of the land, faithful as a
wife, devoted as a widow, and as affec-
tionate a mother as God ever blessed
with children. Some of us remem-
ber the 14th of December, 1861,
when the great bell of St. Paul's
sounded forth the death of the Prince
Consort, and then on the same date a
few years ago the Princess Alice passed
away; and now the Royal mourner on
the throne is overwhelmed with this
new grief, caused by the decease of her
favourite son. If David the King
could say of a wicked, undutiful child,
"O my son, Absalom, my son, my son
Absalom! would God I had died for
three; O Absalom, my son, my son!"
how must Queen Victoria feel in
sorrowing for a child, greatly endeared
by his noble qualities of mind, his
intellectual pursuits, and additionally
endeared, alas! by his delicacy of con-
stitution. The Queen's bereavement
and the Duchess of Albany's bereave-
ment is the nation's bereavement.
From the pursuits of peace and of in-
tellectual and social improvement, to
which the young Prince was devoting
himself, following in the footsteps of
his father Albert the Good, much
benefit to the country might be ex-
pected in the future. It was my
happiness to hear the last, or one of
the last, public addresses of the Duke
of Albany, delivered at Liverpool two
months ago. The superior qualities
of mind, the practical good sense, and
the kindly interest in the poor, which
the address displayed, greatly raised
his Royal Highness in the estimation
of all who heard him. But our antici-
pations of his future career of use-
fulness are soon ended.—*Halifax
Wesleyan.*

A MAN OF HONOUR.

A CLERK in the Treasury De-
partment at Washington
often knows an official secret
which is of such pecuniary value that
he could make himself a rich man by
telling it. It is said that when the
Ways and Means Committee decided
to increase the tax on whiskey, a
small circle of men made their fortunes
by becoming possessed of the official
secret. *The Manhattan* tells the fol-
lowing anecdote of an honourable
clerk:

In the dark days of '64 a Treasury
clerk kept for twenty-four hours a
secret known only to President Lincoln
and Secretary Chase besides himself.
When it became officially known it
sent gold flying up, and the country
was in dismay.

It was a secret, too, that could have
been passed on without harming the
Union cause. It was simply a ques-
tion of keeping faith till the time
came.

An hour after the news broke the
clerk fairly staggered under a terrific
slap on his shoulder. He heard and
saw a banker whom he knew well.

"You miserable fool!" cried the
banker. "I'd have given you one
hundred thousand dollars to have
known this twenty-four hours ago!"

And the banker could have well
afforded to do it. But the clerk had
the satisfaction of knowing that he
had done his duty, as many another
Government officer has done under
circumstances of temptation.