

The Family.

THE BROTHERS' PROMISE.

In a dark and dreary garret, O'er a dusty London slum, Where the blessed light of Heaven...

All alone save one—his sister— Younger still than he, who tried, All in vain, to drive the anguish...

"I am dying, sister Nellie, And when I am cold and dead, I shall be at rest in Heaven...

"And if father comes to-morrow When he sees me lying dead, He'll know, then, that I am shamming...

"We have been good friends, my sister, In our short life's pain and weep, Though we've braved it both together...

"Don't cry so, my darling sister; Though I in going, far away, I shall be a loving angel...

"So, when I am up in Heaven, In that place so far to see, I will look down, dear, upon you...

In a damp and dismal graveyard, Where the bones of paupers lie, Mids a crowd of gaping idlers...

—Castell's Family Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF JANET HAMILTON, THE SCOTTISH POETESS.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF JOHN BRIGHT'S VISIT TO JANET'S HOME.

"The most remarkable old lady that I have ever heard of."—John Bright.

"This grand old woman has well earned a niche in the temple of fame."—Punch.

I CAN well remember the first time I saw Janet Hamilton. From my earliest years I had a great love for poets...

O God of Bethel! by whose hand Thy people still are led; Who through this weary pilgrimage...

The simple service overcame me, and I could not think of disturbing the peace that was brooding over the quiet circle of devout worshippers...

A few days after having beat my hasty retreat, I again went up and purchased Janet's volume. She thought I was young to have such a notion...

JANET HAMILTON'S BIRTHDAY. When the leaves frae aff the branches fa', And robins gie us money a ce,

Her father, decent, honest man, Made thoon to fit the human clan Frae thoon and to ower the spin...

He sat fu' constant on his stool, Wrocht in the "way an' wi' the will," An' tho' it was whines gey uphill...

She laughed very heartily at my youthful production, adding, "Ye maun pit in my mother, t' o, Joseph..."

It has been supposed by some that I was the first to bring Janet Hamilton under the notice of John Bright. This is not the case...

He slunk away, a strange burning in his heart as if a red-hot wire were twisting there. If his father had used his eyes earlier and to better purpose...

By the time he had bolted his breakfast, Sadie hurried him off with three notices to her bosom-est friends, charging him to wait for answers...

* Janet Hamilton was born in the parish of Shotts.

up the dobris of the auld kist in search of a piece of autographic writing! It was a nice picture. First came a pair of auld specs, with thick iron frames...

"CUB"—A STORY FOR ELDER SISTERS.

BY MARIAN HAMLAND. (Continued)

"Not a bit of it, Katy! I'll tell you all about what I am doing some day—don't you be frightened!"

He grew stouter, taller and ruddier every day, moved more briskly, and also more heartily.

"Does he care for anything, or to go anywhere?" he asked, hardly lowering his tone.

The bantering accent was lost upon the person addressed. His heart stood still in full bound.

"I don't know, sir," he stammered, chafing his knuckly fingers and hanging his head.

"You don't know!" mimicking his faltering enunciation. "My dear Mrs Rhett, let me inform you that we have reared at least one fool."

He slunk away, a strange burning in his heart as if a red-hot wire were twisting there.

The most hurtful influence of the repression and depression of slow-witted children is the lowering of the standard of belief in one's own powers...

Twenty working days at seventy-five cents a day brought in fifteen dollars, and in five days after his parents' return from their month's stay in the mountains...

"Well done, my lad! A fellow that can stick to a purpose as you have done, is bound to get on in the world."

Oliver lighted a candle, and the two boys went up to the garret to inspect the hardly-won treasure.

"Father thinks you'd better take the money home with you," said Oliver, on their way down stairs.

He escorted the dollars and their owner to Mr. Rhett's back gate. Cub heard his clear whistle of "Swance River" far down the street as he turned...

Cub slept with the rouleau of dollars under his pillow, holding it in his hand all night, conscious, even in his dreams, that it was there.

By the time he had bolted his breakfast, Sadie hurried him off with three notices to her bosom-est friends, charging him to wait for answers.

an hour. Before he had gone two blocks, Sadie, in passing through the third-story hall, the elder daughter fever of reform rising within her, pushed open the door of the cubby-hole.

"Katy was watching for the unsuspecting owner on his return and met him with a frightened face. 'Ye're go right into the library! Yer papa has stayed from the store a-purpose. Miss Sadie has spied out somethin' wrong. Put on a bowld face, mo'by!'"

(To be continued)

"LADIES."

CULTIVATION alone will not make a lady of a vulgar woman, nor a gentleman of a boor. Innate vulgarity will manifest itself in spite of all forms of politeness and etiquette.

"Me and another lady was a-having a few words, and she called me a 'hundred-dollar' and I ups with a pail of water, and chucked it all over her, and that began the row between me and the other lady."

The following notice was once put up over the door of a saloon:

"No lady or gentleman admitted into this show in a state of intoxication." A hand-bill in St. Louis read:—"One hundred rats to be killed by one dog in ten minutes. None but gentlemen are expected to be present on this occasion."

"Tickets admitting both gentleman and lady can be had for one dollar."

"A very elegantly dressed woman once rudely pushed a man from a crowded sidewalk, saying as she did so—

"Ain't you got any more manners than to stand right in front of a lady?"

"I beg your pardon, madam," said the poor woman in the most humble manner.

"You clumsy thing!" angrily retorted the elegantly clad woman.

Which was the lady?—Youth's Companion.

AN AFRICAN NEW-YEAR'S CARD.

OF course all boys and girls know what the cactus is—a green, grotesque-looking plant, almost covered with sharp spines and bearing a most gorgeous flower; but I am sure they do not know all of the uses to which the cactus can be put...

It is a native of America, but it has been taken to Europe and Africa, and now grows in the latter country in great profusion.

When a lady calls she has only to draw out one of those ever ready hat pins, with which ladies are always provided, and with the sharp point scratch her name on the glossy, green surface of a leaf.

There is one cactus, not so plentiful as that just described, which is of a very accommodating character. It not only has smooth leaves, but the spines it has are so large and stiff that they can be used as pens for writing on the leaves.—J. R. Coryell, in St. Nicholas for January.

SPIRITUAL PREACHING THE CURE FOR MERCANTILISM.

THE Rev. Edward Hungerford, in an essay entitled "Spiritual Preaching for our Times," in the January Century, says: "Science has grandly stimulated industry by increasing its rewards. The prizes of enterprising labour are great, often glittering. The power of wealth is fascinating. The successful producer or dealer of to-day is a prince. The industrious labourer is rich. And the result of all this is that laziness is ceasing to be fashionable;—the nobility of England are learning to make themselves useful. Science sets the world astir. The goal of its motion is gain. The race is eager. Hence mammon-worship. Hence mercantileism, the inordinate estimate of wealth; the grading of all things at a value in cash; society graded on a cash basis; idealty sacrificed to material good; virtue, patriotism, heroism, manhood counting for less, money counting for more; votes, offices, justice having their price. This is mercantileism, the great danger to society; greater because more subtle than nihilism. It creeps into literature, science, art, politics, the state, the church; and here arises the demand for that spiritual teaching which fell from the lips of Jesus, the antidote for inordinate worldly care and worldly striving; the lofty view of a life which is more than meat; God coming in among the elements of this world, clothing lilies, feeding birds, summoning man to the glory of an ideal kingdom and to the attainment first and foremost of character, rooted in God and God's righteousness. The cure for the mercantile spirit is not ethics, but faith. It is not a moral code but the divine Fatherhood. It is not even the golden rule, except as the golden rule is formulated out of the spirit of Christian Brotherhood."