

### Mother's Way.

Out within our little cottage,  
As the shadows gently fall  
While the sunlight touches softly  
One sweet face upon the wall,  
Do we gather close together,  
At this closing of the day,  
Begging God for grace and favour,  
As was once our mother's way.

If our home be bright and cheery,  
If it hold a welcome true,  
Opening wide its doors of greeting  
To the many—not the few;  
If we share our Father's bounty  
With the needy day by day,  
'Tis because we all remember  
"This was ever mother's way."

Sometimes when our hearts grow weary,  
Or our task seems very long,  
When our burdens look too heavy,  
And we deem the right all wrong,  
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,  
As we rise and brightly say,  
"Let us do our duty bravely:  
That was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,  
While we never cease to pray  
That at last when lengthening shadows  
Mark the evening of life's day,  
They may find us waiting calmly  
"To go home our mother's way."

### What She Did.

MANY stories are told of the courage of the women of that early generation who first broke ground in the forests of Pennsylvania and Virginia. They were in constant peril from wild beasts and from hostile Indians; but with heroic patience endured hardships, labour, and disease.

An example of another kind of courage is preserved by the descendants of Christiana Dickson, the wife of one of the first settlers of Erie County, Pennsylvania. She was a small, blue-eyed, low-voiced woman—extremely timid by nature. On only one point she was resolute—she had a horror of drunkenness.

She lived in the days when the use of liquor was universal. Whiskey was as common a drink as water among these hardy, hard-working pioneers. A temperance or abstinence society was unheard of.

But when her sons were born she resolved, as far as she could, to put a stop to whiskey-drinking in her home. Her husband being absent from home, her brothers called for the help of the neighbours—according to the custom of the time—to put up a barn needed on her farm. They all assembled and went to work, while she prepared a great dinner. After an hour or two whiskey was asked for. One of her brothers came to the house for it, to make her friends drunk.

Her other brothers, and at last an elder in the Church, came to reason with her—to tell her that she would be accused of meanness. Without a word, the little woman went out to the barn, and, baring her head, she stepped upon a log, and spoke to them in a modest tone: "My neighbours," said she, "this is a strange thing. Three of you are my brothers, three of you are elders in the Church, all of you are my friends. I have prepared for you the best dinner in my power. If you refuse to raise the barn without liquor, so be it. But before I will provide whiskey to give you, these timbers shall rot where they lie."

The men angrily left the work and went home. The little woman went to the house, and for hours cried as though her heart would break. But the next day every man came back, went heartily to work, enjoyed her good dinner, and said not a word about whiskey.

Afterwards the use of whiskey at barn raisings was discontinued in the county. Her sons grew up strong, vigorous men, who did good work in helping to civilize and Christianize the world. Their descendants are all of a high type of intellectual men and women. If she had yielded this little point they might have degenerated, like many of their neighbours, into drunkards and spend-thrifts.

Our stout-hearted pioneer forefathers redeemed the land, and drove out the wild beasts and serpents; but there are still vices and malignant customs to be conquered, and for the work we need women of high souls and gentle spirits, like Christiana Dickson.—*Companion.*

### The Paris Exhibition of 1889.

THE year 1889, which will be the one hundredth anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, from which the French Republic dates its history, will be celebrated by a world's fair in Paris—an international exhibition of industries and arts, which will have several features new to such exhibitions.

One of the remarkable features of the fair of 1889 will be the Eiffel Tower, a gigantic structure of tapering trestle-work, which will reach a height of one thousand feet, and to whose summit passengers will ascend by means of an elevator. This enormous construction, the building of which was opposed by almost all the French architects and artists, who felt that it would be in bad taste, and disfigure the city, is now very favourably spoken of. It will be by far the tallest structure that has ever been erected by man.

Another interesting feature of the exhibition of 1889, will be a series of buildings to be erected on the Quai d'Orsay, along the Seine, representing the habitations of different nations in all times. It is called the "History of the Habitation," and is designed by a famous French architect, M. Charles Garnier.

The series of habitations of man in all ages will begin with the dwelling-place of pre-historic man—a mere shelter or cover under trees and rocks. Then comes the grotto of the Troglodytes, or cave-dwellers of the early Stone age; the "lake-dwelling" of the later Stone age, built upon piles over the water; and then the huts of the Bronze and Iron ages.

After these follow, in order, the dwellings of the historic period, with representations of the houses of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, and others. From these the dwellings pass down to the present day; and the houses of the Iffas and the Aztecs, the wigwams of the Indians, and the huts of the African are represented.

In very many respects the exhibition of 1889 will be the most instructive ever held, as it will mark a more advanced epoch of the world's industrial history than any other.

### The King's Son.

THERE was once a king's son, who heard that the people in one of the king's countries a long way off used to be afraid of the king, and used to say that the king did not care for them. So he thought to himself, "I will go and teach them better." But he said, "If I go in my fine robes and crown, they will say, 'What do you know of a poor man's life? You do not know what it is to be cold, and half-naked, and hungry.' I will put off my royal dress, and I will wear clothes like the poor people, and live and eat as they do." So he changed his clothes and left his palace, and went to that distant country, and there he lived among the poor, leading a harder life than any of them. And yet, though he

was often hungry and cold, and sometimes did not know where to find a night's lodging, he never complained, and never broke the laws.

After he had lived in that country for some time, he went back to the king at home. It happened that, soon afterward, the people in the country sent messengers to the king, to complain that the laws were too hard. The king's son then said to the messengers: "Believe me, the laws are all for the best, and the king loves you as though you were his own children."

"Ah," said the messengers, "but you do not understand our way of life—how poor and miserable we are, and how hard it is to live."

"You are are wrong," said the prince. "I understand your life quite well, for I lived myself as a poor man among you for a long time. I know you have suffered a good deal; every one of your troubles is known to me, for I have suffered the same things. Yet still, I assure you that the king is very fond of you, and will make you perfectly happy in the end."

Then the people, when they heard that the king's son had lived amongst them, and knew all about their troubles, began to be more hopeful, for, they said, "He knows what it is to suffer, and he will surely help us."

The king's son is Jesus, who is the Son of God the Father. Jesus was, as we are, tempted to do wrong. He knew what it was to be poor, and hungry, and homeless—he felt the bitterness of death. More than this, he knew what it was to be persecuted by enemies, and to be misunderstood and deserted by his dearest friends. Do not fancy, then, when you have your little trials and troubles that Jesus knows nothing about them, and cannot understand them. Jesus was a child as you are, and he has never forgotten that he was a child. You may tell him of all your troubles—he will understand and sympathize with them all.

### Things One Would Never Guess.

GOLD-BEATERS, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch; yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes that one of them, laid on any surface—as in gilding—gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin, that, if formed into a book, 12,000 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper; and an octavo volume of an inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked library of 1,500 volumes, with 400 pages in each. Still thinner than this is the coating of gold upon the silver wire of what is called "gold lace." Platinum and silver can be drawn in wire finer than human hair. A grain of blue vitriol, or carmine, will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the colour may be perceived. A grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years, and will in that period have lost little of its weight. A burning taper, uncovered for a single instant, during which it does not lose one thousandth part of a grain, would fill with light a sphere four miles in diameter, so as to be visible in every part of it. The threads of the silkworm are so small that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread; but the thread of the spider is finer still, for two drachms of it by weight would reach 400 miles.

WHEN you have learned to submit, to do faithfully, patiently, duty that is most distasteful to you, God may permit you to do the work you like.

MANY are very careful to have a fair and well-printed Bible, but the fairest and finest impression is to have it well printed in the heart by the Spirit.