

A GARDEN IN THE HEART.

Oh dear! Oh dear! I don't believe I've got a single thing growing in my heart except great ugly weeds, mamma?"

Mamma had been having her Sunday evening talk with the little ones, and when the others had gone to bed, Madge sighed out this pitiful opinion on her shoulder.

The talk had been about the beautiful flowers and the ugly weeds which each little child is cultivating in the garden of the heart. Mamma had likened a spirit of love, gentleness, and modesty to the dear little violets, harebells and lilies of the valley, which are humble and delicate, seeking the shade. Kindly temper, helpfulness and cheerfulness, she thought, were like roses and heliotropes and verbenas or anything else bright and lavish of bloom, or of sweet perfume; while truth and perseverance and generosity are surely like grand trees of sturdy growth and widespreading shelter.

But when she came to the weeds, what a dark list it was! Ill-temper, envy, selfwill, pride, falsehood, selfishness, vanity—ah, me! No wonder the poor little gardener felt discouraged as mamma pictured the thorns and thistles and coarse unsightly roots choking and enfeebling the tender flowers. And the very saddest part of it is that these weeds seem to come up of themselves and thrive without a bit of care, in spite, indeed, of a good deal of stamping down. Sometimes they will spring up all at once when you think you have quite killed them out, while all the time the flowers have to be patiently and carefully tended.

Madge began jotting off on her fingers:

"Pride; yes, I know it's pride when I feel ever so much better than poor Nettie Gibbs because I get higher marks at school than she does, when all the time I know she has to help her mother and don't have so much time for study as I have. Self-will—that's when I think I know better than you, mamma, where I ought to go and what I ought to do and want to have my own way and not give up. Ill-temper—yes, that comes along with the self-will—when Missie can't have her own way! Vanity? Yes, indeed; I was pleased enough when I went to Sunday-school this morning and saw that my new dress was finer than Lucy Rand's and that she thought so too. Falsehood—I don't tell lies, do I, mamma?"

"No, dear, you do not; but be sure not to let any little shoots of deception spring up about your studies or anything else, for they strengthen fast into vigorous habits of untruthfulness."

"I'll be careful, mamma; I have so many weeds growing I can't afford to raise any more, I'm sure. Then there's selfishness—oh, dear! I do like the best place at the study-table, and the biggest dish of berries, and I hate to divide my candy, and I hate to give up a comfortable seat and a good book to oblige any one. Nothing but weeds, you see!"

"Don't be discouraged, my dear little daughter. Any one so industrious at spying out her own weeds must surely find a way of rooting them out, and must have been, I think quietly cultivating one lovely little flower called Candor."

"Oh, mamma, how can I make all these flowers grow in my heart?"

"You can only do it by the help of the great Gardener, who alone can plant seeds of beauty and goodness there. He waits to hear every earnest prayer for help. He will water the tender plants with the dews and showers of his grace, and beam upon them with the sunshine of his love. But you must watch continually against the enemy, who is always on the alert to sow the seeds of all evil. It is a warfare which must go on as long as life lasts, for the soil of human nature in these poor hearts of ours is much better adapted to the growth of weeds than of flowers—to the fostering of evil rather than good. When we trample down a vile weed, it will be sure to start up afresh—even if we tear out the very roots of some favorite sin or cherished indulgence some other will start up in its place."

"So there never will be any rest from pulling up, or trampling down, or tearing out, mamma?"

"Never, dear, till these flowers of the heart shall be transplanted to the gardens of the Lord, to bloom in the brightness of eternal day."—N. Y. Observer.

SECRET OF TRUE LIFE.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, gives in one of his lectures an account of a saintly sister. For twenty years, through some disease, she was confined to a kind of a crib; never once could she change her posture for all that time. "And yet," said Dr. Arnold, and I think his words are beautiful. "I never saw a more perfect instance of the power of love, almost to annihilation of selfishness; a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early formed resolution of never talking about herself—save as regarded her improvement in all goodness wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high minded, whether in God's work or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the fulness of the promise; and preserved through the valley of the shadow of death from all fear of impatience, and from every cloud of impaired reason which might mar the beauty of Christ's glorious work. May God grant that I might come within one hundred degrees of her life in glory!"

Such a life was true and beautiful. But the radiance of such a life never cheered this world by chance. A sunny patience, a bright hearted self-forgetfulness, a sweet and winning interest in the little things of family intercourse, the divine lustre of a Christian peace, are not fortuitous weeds carelessly flowing out of the life garden. It is the internal which makes the external. It is the force residing in the atoms which shapes the pyramid. It is the beautiful soul which forms the crystal of the beautiful life without.

I WONDER we are not always tender and thoughtful of the old! I wonder why people forget so, and seem to think that the romance and the dream days all belong to the young, none seeming to have a thought for the stories written on hearts that are hidden by wrinkled careworn faces—never seeming to think of the pathos of lives grown silent and tired with the long journey—never thinking of the struggles, the noble deeds which are written in the old faces looking from dim eyes, sound-

ing in voices from which the music has gone, in steps grown slow and halting, hands trembling and strengthless. Oh! I wonder we forget all this! I wonder we are not always tender of the old.—Rose Porter.

TWO WAYS OF ASKING.

THE following true story is told by an Englishman. It is a story which ought to bring to some Americans as strong a lesson of reverence as the story is pointed to:

"There was an old clergyman who was much troubled because his wife would sit in Church instead of kneeling. He spoke about it to her, but she gave no heed. No; she was more comfortable sitting, and she thought she could pray just as well in one position as another. 'You may pray as well,' he said, 'but I doubt your being heard as well.' However, it was no good; he might just as well have spoken to a stone wall. So then he went one day to his wife's old servant, and said to her, 'Hannah, I will give you a crown if you will go to my wife, and sit down on the sofa at her side, and ask her to give you a holiday to-morrow, because you want to go home to your friends.' Hannah was shy, however the prospect of the crown encouraged her, and she opened the door timidly, went in, and walking up to the sofa, where her mistress was knitting, sat down at her side. The old lady looked up in great astonishment, and asked what in the world she wanted. 'A holiday to-morrow, ma'am.' 'Leave the room instantly, you impudent woman,' exclaimed the old lady, 'and if you want to have a request granted, learn to ask it in a proper manner.' Then the husband put his head in, and said, 'My dear! is not this preaching to Hannah the lesson I have been preaching to you for years? If you want to have a request granted, learn to ask it in a proper manner.' Next Sunday and ever after, the old lady knelt in Church. She saw it would not do to treat Jesus Christ in that way in which she did not like at all to be treated herself."

ENGLISH THE WORLD'S LANGUAGE.

A Russian priest who has been making a tour around the world told a New York reporter that what struck him most during his tour was "the fact that English-speaking people have taken everywhere. English has become the international language. With my limited knowledge of English during my trip I have been far better off than any of my occasional German and French friends." English has a glorious future. It is bound to become the universal language of science, trade and industry.

There have been three great epochs in which all the educated men talked Greek, Latin and French respectively. Now we are entering the epoch of English. The Greek world was too limited in both area and age. The Latin world was larger than the Greek, but its field, politics, was too narrow. The French epoch was diplomatic. Now the English, or rather Anglo-American, epoch will embrace the whole world. The English-speaking nations lead the world in the higher politics and in industry and trade, and they are unsurpassed by any nation in scientific, religious or philosophical thought. Our German friends object

to English on the ground that it is in their opinion not an original language, being rather a mixture of German and Latin. In my opinion this is an advantage.

[Cincinnati, Irish Citizen.]
EUREKA!

READ AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

As a general rule we do not pin our faith to specific remedies; but there is no excuse for skepticism in well developed and authenticated facts. Since its introduction to the American public, the great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, has advanced with more rapid strides in the estimation of the public than any thing of a similar character ever brought into notice by the aid of extensive advertising. We write this for the benefit of those who may be afflicted with the divers ailments for which the oil is announced as a specific remedy, and we are induced to do this in consequence of the proof of its curative power brought to our notice; proof voluntarily and gratefully brought by people who have tested its merit and are anxious to acknowledge the great benefit derived. In the enumeration of such people it is necessary to be specific, and to this end we have obtained their permission to give their names and addresses, in order that the afflicted may have the advantage of a personal interview or postal correspondence, and in evidence that what we write is a candid statement and not a mere puffing advertisement. Mr. Frank Letcher, of No. 432½ West Fifth street, assures us that for a series of years he was prostrated with rheumatism until life became emphatically a burden. He had exhausted the advertised remedies, and had lost all faith in the efficacy of any thing to afford relief when a friend, who had tested the virtue of the oil, made him a present of a bottle, and, to Frank's wonder and delight, the first application afforded sensible relief; while before the bottle was exhausted the pains and aches had disappeared. He is a new man, and a walking advertisement of the infallibility of St. Jacobs Oil. Aloysius Reidy, on the corner of Eastern avenue and Lewis street, was afflicted for three years in a similar manner, and is now hale and hearty, although he still continues the use of the oil.

C. O'Callahan, of 171 Sycamore street, is another grateful witness to the infallible power of the remedy, which, he says, has made a new man of him.

Thomas Lewis, of 62 Butler street, was for seven years afflicted with that dreadful malady, Sciatica, and being induced to try St. Jacobs Oil, found almost immediate relief therefrom, and is now perfectly cured. He is prepared to substantiate this statement under oath.

John Miller, of 54 West Fifth street, was cured of a complicated case of rheumatism of ten years' standing, and George Hollinger, who lives on the corner of Torrence and Columbia avenues adds his testimony to its efficacy, and has assured us that his pains were relieved as if by magic.

The above statements are by well known and respectable citizens of Cincinnati, and with all who know them will carry conviction upon the fact. Hence it is we deem it a matter of duty to suffering humanity to give them all the publicity in our power.