

"What have you got ter do with it," demanded their mother: "did I tell you to say it? Wasn't I talkin' ter Sarah Maud?" The little Ruggleses hung their diminished heads. "Yes, marm," they piped, more feebly. "Now git up, all of ye, an' try it. Speak up, Sarah Maud."

Sarah Maud's tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Quick!"

"Ma thought—it was—sech a pleasant hat that we'd—we'd better leave our short walk to home," recited Sarah Maud, in an agony of mental effort.

This was too much for the boys.

"Oh, whatever shall I do with ye?" moaned the unhappy mother; "I suppose I've got to learn it to yer!" which she did, word for word, until Sarah Maud thought she could stand on her head and say it backwards.

"Now, Cornelius, what are you goin' ter say ter make yerself good comp'ny?" "Dunno!" said Cornelius turning pale.

"Well, ye ain't goin' to set there like a bump on a log 'thout sayin' a word ter pay for yer vittles, air ye? Ask Mis' Bird how she's feelin' this evenin', or if Mr. Bird's havin' a busy season, or somethin' like that. Now we'll make b'lieve we've got ter the dinner—that won't be so hard, 'cause yer'll have somethin' to do—its awful bother-some ter stan' round an' act stylish. If they have napkins, Sarah Maud down to Peory may put 'em in their laps 'n the rest of ye can tuck 'em in yer necks, Don't eat with yer fingers—don't grab no vittles off one 'nother's plates; don't reach out for nothin', but wait till yer asked, 'n if yer never git asked don't git up and grab it—don't spill nothin' on the table cloth, or like's not Mis' Bird 'll send yer away from the table. Now we'll try a few things ter see how they'll go! Mr. Clement, do you eat cramb'y sarse?"

"Bet yer life! cried Clem, who, not having taken in the idea exactly, had mistaken this for an ordinary family question.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS HEAVEN?

No one description of heaven, even though it be an inspired description, could satisfy all minds alike, or be to all an equally delightful anticipation. To speak of it as an enclosed city, with streets of gold and gates of pearl, does

not meet all the wants of a mind that has been shut up for long years in a busy city, where gold and pearls have failed of giving comfort or cheer. Even though music be made a chief attraction in heaven's joys, many a soul would confess to achings that no sweet sounds could lull. The best description of heaven is only a suggestion, and different natures and different needs call for different suggestions. Robert Hall, who suffered or years with acute bodily pain, said to William Wilberforce: "My chief conception of heaven is rest." "Mine," responded Wilberforce, "is love,—love to God, and love to every bright and holy inhabitant of that glorious place." Wilberforce enjoyed life, and realized what love meant; but even his conception of heaven would not suffice for every soul; for there are those whose experiences forbid their appreciation of abstract love; their longings are yet in the lower material realm, and are but negative at the best. A poor German woman lay dying in a garret, after a long struggle with poverty and suffering, through the intemperance of her husband. As the hope of heaven was held before her, her face lighted up, and she whispered feebly, "No want of bread there. No drink there." To her mind, heaven was simply a place where there was no rum, and where none need go hungry. "Don't nobody knock anybody about there? Aren't the children ever whipped in heaven?" asked a little boy in a mission-school; and when he was told that he was justified in his brightest anticipations, he added: "Oh! isn't it nice? I do hope I shall go there." The one thought of heaven for every soul is, "I shall be satisfied." And heaven is begun in every heart, when Jesus Christ is realized as the love and the life of that heart.—S. S. Times.

JESUS, LEAD ME!

Thou, the pure and flowing Fountain,
Jesus, wash my stains away;
Thou, the high and holy Mountain,
Jesus, be my rock and stay.

Into pastures fresh and vernal,
Lead Thy weary, fainting one;
Give me drink from spring eternal,
Jesus, be my light and sun.

Gentle Shepherd, ever lead me
By Thy strong protecting hand,
With the heavenly manna feed me
Till I reach the promised land.

—J. P. B. in the Family Churchman.

CUMBERED ABOUT MUCH SERVING.

CHRIST never asks of us such heavy labour
As leaves no time for resting at His feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation,
He oft-times counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear, our rapt attention,
That He some sweetest secret may impart;

Tis always in the time of deepest stillness
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,

That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer—and endure.

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing the little things, or resting quite

May just as perfectly fulfil their mission
Be just as useful in the Father's sight

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see.
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
As much as for a busy ministry.

And yet He does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful hand that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,
Be sure to such He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please Him, whatso'er He bids thee,
Whether to do, to suffer, or lie still;
'Twill matter little by what path He led us;
If in it all we sought to do His will.
—Selected.

RELIGION IN THE PEW.

THE spirit of Christ in the pew would insure much better preaching in the pulpit. Perhaps the Master may have realized how important is the service of good hearing when he repeated so often the words, "Take heed how ye hear." The grace of receiving is the complement of the grace of giving the word. What stirs to activity the mind and heart of a preacher and so kindles the fires of eloquence as the hungry look in the faces of a congregation.

On the other hand, the most careful preparation and the most fervent desire for utterance of a truth which has possessed the preacher's soul count for little when he looks into the face of men like Brother Nodoff and his weary relatives; when he turns toward Sister Listless, who is carelessly turning the leaves of her hymnal. Is the preacher dull? Has he brought little beaten oil to the sanctuary? Even so, the good hearer will discover an amount of truth which would surprise the preacher himself.—Christian Advocate.