

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—
It matters lit- if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful faces are those that show,
Like crystal pines where hearth-fires glow
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudences girls.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—Oo, beautiful sleep!
—Ellen P. Allerton, in "Household."

THE LITTLE DRUNKARD ASLEEP
IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A CHRISTIAN lady had collected
a lot of wild street boys into
a class, and was trying to
teach them, when, one day, she noticed
that one of them had fallen asleep and
began to snore.

"He's drunk!" said his ragged com-
panions, laughing. Of course there
was no use in trying to do anything
with him then, but three days after-
wards she saw and questioned him.

"Yes, I was drunk, that's a fact,"
said Johnny, as frank as could be. "I
didn't mean to let you see me, 'cause I
kind o' love yer, but I couldn't help it."
"Why, Johnny, you shouldn't say
so. You could help it."

"No; yer tee I've got so used to it
I can't stop."

"Oh, I am very sorry! What was
it that ever made you begin to drink?"

"I learnt it when I runned errands
for Mike Dooley, down in Willard
street. He keeps a liquor store, and
he gin me the rum and sugar in the
bottom of the tumblers for my pay."

"Johnny, it would be terrible to
have you die a drunkard. I can't bear
to think of it. Won't you try to give
up drinking, if I tell you how you
can?"

Johnny thought a minute. "I don't
believe I could, I've got so used to't, you
see. If I go without it I feel so gone
here," (putting his hand on his stom-
ach).

There were tears in the gentle
teacher's eyes. Johnny looked up and
saw them, and was touched. He be-
gan to consider.

"I—I dunno, but I'd try if I
thought 'twould make you feel better."

"God bless you, Johnny, do you
give me your hand on it, and say you'll
stop drinking, honest and true?"

There was a pretty long pause then.
Johnny was making a mighty effort.

"Yes'm," he said, and he drew a long
breath, "I'll promise never to drink
no more liquor—for your sake."

"It ought to be for Jesus' sake,
Johnny."

"Could he make me keep my
promise? You ask him, can't you?"

Hardly sure of the boy's meaning,
the question was so unexpected, the

kind teacher, nevertheless, knelt im-
mediately; Johnny knelt too, and when
she had prayed, he said he guessed he
would "ask Him himself."

"Lord Jesus up in heaven, please
help a little fellar as wants ter be good,
and don't never let me drink rum any
more. Amen."

That was Johnny's prayer. And he
meant it. All his conduct since has
proved how truly in earnest the poor
little street boy was when he asked the
Lord to help him keep a promise made
to his teacher, cause he kind o' loved
her." He is living in a good situation
in the country, and bids fair to grow
up a conscientious, upright man.—
Rescue.

SOME CURIOUS THINGS.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHEY.

MOTHER, wouldn't you like
to see a mouse's nest in a big
loaf of bread?" said Charley,
laying down the magazine he had been
reading with great interest.

"Not if it was my loaf," said
mother, smiling.

"I think I would be willing to go
without bread one dinner-time to see
such a curiosity. A lady put a big
loaf on her shelf, and the next day she
took it down and found a hole in it;
she cut the loaf in two, and there in
the centre was a mouse and nine little
babies of hers. She had torn up some
copy-book leaves to make her bed, and
dug out her home all in thirty-six
hours' time."

"She was an industrious little
mother, and what good calculation she
had. All her children would have to do,
when they got their teeth, was to go to
work and eat their house."

Charley laughed at the funny crea-
ture, but felt a little sorry to think she
was most likely handed over to the cat.

"But then think, dear, if she brought
up her children to follow in her ways,
and they were all as smart as she, they
could not keep bread in the house.
Father found a similar nest once in a
turnip he pulled in his field. A mouse
had hollowed out the inside and filled
it with lima beans from a stalk that
was standing near by. I suppose it
was a field mouse, accustomed to feed
on such things as he could get in the
garden, and not so dainty as his town-
mouse cousins."

"I knew a mouse do more mischief
than that," said Fanny, looking up
from her needle work. "My room-
mate, at the boarding-school had a
lovely new hat with a long white
feather, and when she went to take it
out one Sunday morning, behold, a
mouse had made a nest in it, cutting
up the feather and nibbling the trim-
ming some, but not the hat. Ella was
vexed enough: but she took out the
nest, took off the feather, and wound a
pretty veil around the hat and went to
church. The next day she trimmed it
over, and bought a trap to catch the
mouse. She did get that, or some other
one, and a great many of its rela-
tions."

"I can beat that story," said Albert.
"A mouse once went into a milliner's
shop in Cleveland and set up for him-
self in a pile of greenbacks. He nibbled
and tore his bedding in shreds; and
when they found him he was dead in
the midst of his hoard. The arsenic
in the green ink was too much for
him."

It was a pleasant way they had at
Charley's home of talking over what

they read, and much interesting infor-
mation was often gained by it. Charley
almost believed that his mother knew
everything; for no subject came up
about which she could not tell him
something.—*Methodist.*



WHAT A MOTHER DID.

SOME one who had noticed
the influence of wives in
promoting the good or evil
fortunes of their husbands,
said, "A man must ask
his wife's leave to be rich."
Wedoubt not that a similar
observation of the influence
of mothers upon their sons would justify
the remark, "A man must ask his mo-
ther's leave to be great."

Years ago a family of four, a father,
a mother, and two sons dwelt in a
small house, situated in the roughest
locality of the rocky town of Ashford,
Conn. The family was very poor. A
few acres of stony land, a dozen sheep
and one cow supported them. The sheep
clothed them, and the cow gave milk
and did the work of a horse in plough-
ing and harrowing. Corn bread, milk
and bean porridge was their fare.

The father being laid aside by ill-
health, the burden of supporting the
family rested on the mother. She did
her work in the house, and helped the
boys do theirs on the farm. Once, in
the dead of winter, one of her boys
required a new suit of clothes. There
was neither money nor wool on hand.
The mother sheared the half-grown
fleece from the sheep, and in one week
the suit was on the boy. The shorn
sheep was protected from the cold by
a garment made of braided straw.

The family lived four miles from the
"meeting-house." Yet every Sunday
the mother and her two sons walked
to church. One of these sons became
the pastor of the church in Franklin,
Conn., to whom he preached for sixty-
one years. Two generations went from
that church to make the world better.

The other son also became a minister,
and then one of the most successful of
college presidents. Hundreds of young
men were moulded by him.

The heroic Christian woman's name
was Deborah Nott. She was the mother
of the Rev. Samuel Nott, D.D., and of
Eliphalet Nott, D.D., LL.D., President
of Union College.

"Honour and fame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all true honour lies."
But then, a man who has and accepts
his mother's aid is more likely to act
well his part than one who has it not,
or having, refuses to accept it.—*Youth's
Companion.*

PEOPLE who do not believe in prayer
lose a wonderful rest and refuge. When
time and space, the wants, the bitter-
ness, or the duties of life, separate us
from those we love so far that our help
is useless to them, our voices silent,
our eyes blind; when we know that
suffering, illness, danger, death, may
lie in wait for them every hour, and no
strength or longings of ours can avail
to help them, where do they fly, what
hope or comfort do they have, who can-
not give their beloved into the safe-
keeping of an omnipotent God—who
cannot pour out their tortured and
anxious hearts to him who heareth and
answereth prayer?—*Hope Ledyard.*

The path of the just is as the shining
light, that shineth more and more unto
the perfect day.

THE LADDER TOO SHORT.

DR Taylor, of New York, tells
the following story. Years ago,
the Sailors' Home in Liverpool
was discovered to be on fire. All the
inmates had retired to rest, when the
terrible alarm was sounded. In a
moment the building was enveloped in
flames, and past all possibility of being
saved. Ninety-seven of the inmates had
been rescued, and it was supposed all
were safe. Suddenly, a piercing shriek
was heard high over all the noise of the
multitude, and yonder, on one of the
upper ledges of the building, five men
were seen calling for help. A long
ladder was found. It was too short
by twenty feet. "Stand back!" cried a
resolute voice, and a man with another
ladder on his shoulder ascended the
first ladder and commenced to fasten
the two together. The two were still
too short. There was no time to lose;
so taking the ladder up, he raised it
until it rested upon his shoulders, and
there, at the height of well-nigh fifty
feet from the ground, standing on one
ladder and adding his own length to
the other, which he carried, he cried,
"Come down over me;" and, one by
one, they came down over him, until
all were saved.

The solution of the home missionary
problem, the solution of the race ques-
tion for our Republic, the great future
of the American people by the Atlantic
sea-board, on the prairies, between the
mountains, by Puget Sound, even to
the remotest extremity of Alaska, de-
pend upon how many of the ministers
and laymen of the American churches
are willing to add their own length to
the ladder, and take up that voice that
throbs with the tenderness of Christ,
"Come down over me."—*Rev. A. H.
Bradford, at Chicago.*

DON'T SMOKE.

WHAT not? From the fact that at
Yale College an investigation
has just been made into the
influence of tobacco on the scholarship
and standing of the students who use
it. The results are as follows: Each
class is graded into divisions according
to scholarship, the best scholars being
in the first grade, and so on down to
the fourth, where they are, in the slang
of the campus, "not too good" scholars,
but "just good enough" to keep hang-
ing by the eyelids. In the junior class
it was found that only ten out of forty
in the first division were addicted to
smoking; eighteen out of thirty-seven
in the second; twenty out of twenty-
seven in the third; and twenty-two out
of twenty-six in the fourth. The pro-
portion of smokers, it will be observed,
increases in regular ratio with the fall-
ing off in scholarship. These figures
are exceedingly suggestive; but no one
who has paid attention to the scientific
evidence of recent years, which estab-
lishes the deleterious influence of the
weed, will be surprised at it. Of course
we shall hear the usual twaddle about
the Germans, the finest scholars and
the greatest smokers in the world, just
as we have heard the strengthening
properties of beer demonstrated by the
incessant use of it by the same people;
but careful observation and scientific
study of the question have proved that
the German people are great not because
of but in spite of their tobacco and beer,
and that immeasurable progress awaits
them and every other nation which can
be persuaded to give up these vices.—
American Journal of Education.