

The Family.

THE TEXT ON THE WALL.

Every day, or blue or grey,
Cloud of sun as may befall,
Turn I with the earliest ray,
To my text-roll on the wall;
Word of comfort, word of cheer,
Word of courage waits me here.

Sometimes 'tis a whisper sweet,
Sparkling like a drop of dew I
Just to sit at Jesus' feet,
Thence my loving Lord to view
And I meet the day untired,
With the Master at my side.

Sometimes 'tis a bugle note,
Clear and clear, serene and high,
Or a song that seems to float
Like a lark's from out the sky.
Sometimes 'tis a battle call—
That binds text upon the wall.

Now, in ringing phrase and terse
From the lips of prophet old
Meets my eye a warning verse,
Stern, defiant, eager, bold I
Nerved to date whatever foe,
Forward in that strength I go.

Sometimes when my spirit droop,
And the gathering tears are nigh,
Radiant as an angel troop,
Flits a single promise by—
Promise, herald of a train,
Swift to charm away the pain.

Every day, or blue or grey,
Sun or cloud, as may befall,
Turn I with the dawning ray,
To my text-roll on the wall;
Word of solace, word of cheer,
Word of faith awaits me here.

MUSIC FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

ONE of the results of the growing love for good music in this country ought to be a greater consideration for the musical education of children. This does not here mean the technical instruction given for the purpose of teaching the young how to play, though it has a serious bearing on that too. What I mean is the education of the aesthetic and moral faculties of the young through music. There is no doubt whatever that many fathers and mothers who would not dream of allowing a book of questionable morality or low literary quality to be put into their children's hands, and who would not debase their young people's taste by taking them to see badly painted pictures, do not hesitate to allow these same young people to cultivate a fondness for very poor music.

This carelessness must be attributed to a want of definite ideas about the relation of music to general culture. All intelligent people desire to see their children grow up to be refined, cultivated men and women. Now, Matthew Arnold, a wise and suggestive critic, defined culture as a "knowledge of the best that has been said and done in the world." Again, Philip Gilbert Hamerton has said in his *Intellectual Life*, that to have a real knowledge of any study one must live with it.

We get a knowledge of the best that has been said in the world of art and literature by seeing good paintings and sculptures and by reading good books. We are careful to direct the attention of our children to these things from their earliest days onward. We encourage them to visit the best collections of paintings, and we tempt their glowing young minds with the writings of the standard authors. We go even further. We urge them to study the history of art and literature; to learn how, when, and by whom these pictures, sculptures, and books were produced, and what effect they had upon the general intellectual development of mankind and upon the progress of civilization. But we trouble ourselves very little as to the kind of music they hear, and we do not urge them to study the history of this art, because many of us are unaware that it has a splendid history, full of intense interest, teeming with stories of gifted children who in later life overcame formidable obstacles and became men of noble character.

But music itself has a powerful influence on the development of taste and of morals. This is true of absolute music—that is, music which stands alone—and it is true of music associated with words in songs, cantatas, motets, masses, operas, or oratorios. The serpent was the subtlest of the beasts of the field, music is the subtlest of the arts, because it appeals to the emotions, and its effect is somewhat indefinite and extremely difficult to estimate. This is a truth all the more important for us to consider since the birth of romantic music, which is that of the present day.

The distinctive quality of romantic music is its subjectivity. It is introspective. It looks into the soul, and undertakes, not exactly to picture what passes there, but to produce in the hearer a similar strain of emotions. It strives not so much to represent to the mind the beauty and the grandeur of the world, as to lead the mind into the condition which they ought to produce. But it goes still further. In the domain of absolute music the romantic school seeks to join by an invisible bond the soul of the composer and that of the hearer, so that both shall experience the same emotions. Music cannot definitely express emotion, but it can produce it; and to open a certain channel of emotional experience, through which the hearer shall enter into the same current of thought and feeling as the composer has passed through in the construction of his work, is the aim of this modern school of romantic music. In open the prin-

ciple is the same, but the application different. The composer here seeks to place the hearer under the spell of the emotions of his character, not of himself. No means that can lead to these ends are neglected. Sometimes we have a mystic and indefinite style, as in Chopin's works, again, where the emotional conditions are less complex, and more completely the result of external influence, we have the purest of material tone-painting, as in the "Waldweben" of Wagner's music drama, *Stepfried*.

Now, the young do not analyze their emotions, they simply experience them. They are as wet clay in the hands of the potter. They are extremely impressionable, and offer little resistance. I suppose it is pretty generally admitted now that taste is chiefly a result of cultivation. Certain hereditary qualities have an influence upon it, but it is largely subject to education. It is not one of the innate ideas of the mind, but is a growth. We have passed that stage of thought which regarded education as the fruit of routine study. We know nowadays that the most influential and permanent education is that of daily habit and association, and we have learned that the home teaches with a greater power than the school.

Now, music, a subtle intangible agent acting upon the emotions, which play so important a part in our lives as motive powers, is undoubtedly one of the most powerful factors in the education that comes from habit and association. It is not necessary to point out the fact that there is healthy and unhealthy emotion. The object of parents in selecting music for the household should be to choose that which is, in the first place, artistic in form and quality, and in the second place, healthful in its emotional influence.

The child who is accustomed from his earliest years to read only good literature will turn with disgust from the tawdry tinsel of sensational novels in later years, because his taste will have been educated, so that he will have no patience with such rubbish. The same thing is the case with music. The child who hears only the noble elevated strains of the true tone poets from his tender years onward, will close his ears to the popular rubbish of the day when the time comes for him to choose his own music. This elevation of taste in music will tend to preserve the child's love for what is good in other arts, while a low taste in music will drag down the literary and artistic feelings in general.

But the influence upon the emotions which results in effects upon the moral fibre of the child, is the more insidious and alarming danger. In the earliest years of the young the remoteness of this danger is what makes us thoughtless of it. But consider this: the child's taste for good or bad music, as the case may be, grows and develops as its mind grows. The transition period from childhood to youth is one in which the emotions cannot be too carefully watched. The mind having been trained to the reception of music which exercises a bad influence, and the emotions being quickened into life, there is unquestionably a menace against the child's moral welfare. If this is true of a boy, how much more important is it in the case of a girl, whose nature is so eminently receptive, and who is so much more precocious in her mental and emotional development than a boy! May I not be pardoned for quoting a few lines from the Rev. Mr. Haweis.

"That girl who sings to herself her favorite songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, or Schumann, sings more than a song; it is her own plaint of suffering floating away on the wings of melody. That poor, lonely, little sorrower, hardly more than a child, who sits dreaming at her piano, while her fingers caressing the deliciously cool ivory keys, glide through a weird nocturno of Chopin, is playing no mere study or set piece. Ah! what heavy burdens seem to lift up and borne away in the dusk! Her eyes are half closed; her heart is far away, she dreams a dream as the long, yellow light fades in the west, and the wet vine leaves tremble outside to the nestling birds, and the angel of music has come down, she has poured into his ear the tale which she will confide to no one else, and the 'restless, unsatisfied longing' has passed; for one sweet moment the cup of life seems full—she raises it to her trembling lips. What if it is only a dream—a dream of comfort sent by music? Who will say that she is not the better for it? She has been taken away from the commonplaces and dullness of life—from the old books in the school-room, and the familiar faces in the school-room, and the people in the streets; she has been alone, but not fretting or brooding—alone with herself and the minstrel spirit."

This is hardly a fancy picture. Suppose, however, that the girl had been playing a Strauss waltz. Can anyone for a moment connect with that kind of music a train of emotions or thoughts such as Mr. Haweis has described? And yet, a Strauss waltz, which is dance music, pure and simple, is far more harmless than the great bulk of music which is not only admitted into the home, but which the mother herself plays or sings for the children.

Languid sentimentalism, exaggeration, unnatural feeling—these are characteristics of much of the popular

music of the day. The common type of the ballad turned out in scores weekly by our music-publishing mills is an outrage upon good taste and decent feeling. And yet people buy these things, take them into their homes, and feed the imagination of their children on them.

Why should this be done when there are hundreds of good songs by good writers? Why should not the mother sing the pure and elevating songs of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Franz, and other standard song writers to the children? It is a grave mistake to suppose that these things are above the child's intellect. The great musicians get right down to the fundamental elementary feelings of human nature, and for that reason their work is true and appeals to all. The dignity, the pathos, the lofty sentiment of the master songs are bound to work a good work with the young.

If this course is to be followed in the music which the child hears, it is even more imperatively necessary that it should be followed in regard to that which the child performs. And it is here that parents can advantageously pay attention to the technical musical education of their children. This whole matter is usually left to the teacher, who selects the music which the pupil is to learn. Now, the teacher may be a person of good or bad taste; national prejudice may affect his judgment; or, what is not uncommon, he may be under obligations to some music publisher, from whom he will purchase all the latest rubbish for the child.

There is no reason why the young should be set to learn the intolerable nonsense which is published by the ream. It is just as full of false sentiment and exaggeration as the songs, and its influence on the young student is harder to detect, because it lacks in definiteness imparted by words. There are plenty of easy compositions by good writers; and it would be wiser to keep the child at work on technical studies until he is able to play these simpler works, than to give him the execrable stuff of the weekly music mills by way of recreation.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE GUEST-CHAMBER.

THERE was not a happier woman that May morning in the village of Grantley than Anna Joyce. The birds in the orchard chirped and fluttered about their newly-made nests, and she, too, chirped and ran to and fro, her eyes bright and her head on one side like a watchful, prudent, excited little bird. Was not her nest newly made? Her heart was so light and her body so restless that she would have danced, had not dancing been only fit for the wicked.

The house to which this bride of a week had just come home was a little Queen Anne's villa; new, from the pepper-box tower to the cemented cellar. Anna, who had always taken the first prize at school for her clean and orderly habits, rejoiced that there was not an old or second-hand thing in it; nothing with an unpleasant association; all new and fresh for the new, fresh life which she and Harry were going to begin.

She walked beside him now in her dainty breakfast gown of pale blue, through the orchard, to see him take the train, her fair hair was smoothly banded over her forehead and her eye-glasses poised on her slightly hooked nose. Harry wanted her to run here and there to look for arbutus, but she kept primly to the path. One of her new wifely rules was to walk with him daily to the gate; but as for soiling her cashmere gown on the wet grass—that was childish.

Harry eyed her smooth hair with a quizzical scowl as she kissed him goodbye in the shadow of the trees. The New York train puffed up and stopped. He started towards it, then dashed back, and with a quick pull rumpled her hair, knocked her glasses away, kissed her, and with a loud laugh was off.

Could the men on the train have seen him? She trembled with a gust of shame and rage. Harry was apt to break out into these odd, wild capers. Now, odd and wild behaviour was wholly unknown to the Steele family to which Anna belonged. She loved him with all her heart. But she felt at times a cold terror—was this some wild animal that she loved? When he was happy he burst into rollicking songs, he told funny stories of Indians, Mexicans, cowboys. He had fellowship with all kinds of queer people, and found plenty of good in them all; he was fond of bright colours; even when he read the Bible to her it was with an awe, a passionate reverence, that frightened her. When she thought of her mild, decorous, piping-voiced brothers, and of the other members of the Religious and Literary Circle in Steelville, it seemed to her that there must be something unchristian in bass choruses and Alaskan anecdotes, and blue neckties.

Harry Joyce was a civil engineer, who had come to Steelville last fall, and had seen, wooed and won Anna with a fiery energy which left her placid kinsfolk breathless.

It was now only six months since she had first met him, and here she was—his wife! The surprise of it thrilled her even yet, as she walked back to the house—her house! She took off her

pale blue gown and carefully hung it up in a muslin bag; then, after dressing herself in a brown calico and white apron, she began at the attic to go over her home. The Steele women were famous housekeepers. Her inmost soul triumphed in the snowy piles of sheets and towels, in the cupboards full of china, the shelves of jam and jellies. It was all complete, from the little library with the wood fire to the kitchen with its shining tins. Anna paused longest in the guest-chamber. It was small, but pure and sweet, fitted up in pearly gray and rose, the sheer lawn curtains held back with pink ribbons.

The little wife looked at it, her calm blue eyes triumphant. She thanked God for her husband and her home. He had rewarded her. She could not but feel that she had deserved the reward. Steelville religion made the outside of the cup and platter of life very clean indeed, and Anna had been brought up in its strictest sect. She had been trained to teach in the Sunday schools, and to visit the poor, just as she was taught to hemstitch her sheets, or to make jelly. As she looked over her stores, and remembered how skilful a sempstress and housekeeper she was, and how efficient a worker in the parish, a glow of spiritual well-doing filled her soul. No wonder God had rewarded her!

Her jams should always be made of the best sugar. Her servants should be trained to obey a look. She would make Harry take a class in the Sunday school. First of all, he must be brought to Christ. As for this pretty guest chamber, she would make it a rule to give not only her hospitality to those who came into it, but spiritual help. They should be strengthened by her prayers and counsel, as Christian had been in the Chamber of Peace when he slept in the House Beautiful.

Her face shone as she thus pictured herself a Lady Bountiful to souls. She hurried now to dress the luncheon table with flowers. Harry's mother was coming. She had never seen Mrs. Joyce, but Harry always spoke of his mother with a peculiar tenderness, and Anna fancied her a venerable, noble woman, fit companion for herself. This aged mother, giving her blessing to their home, was all that it needed to make it perfect.

"Aha!" cried a shrill, rasping voice behind her. "Give us a glimpse of your face, young lady!"

Anna dropped her roses and turned to meet a large woman dressed in green cotton velvet, gaudy with cheap lace and jewelry. Her fat, red face beamed with a smile which to the woman before her seemed a hideous leer.

"So! this is Nancy?" she said, pawing Anna's shoulders with her dirty, ringed hands. Anna drew back. "Who are you, madam?" she said.

"Who am I? Well, that is funny! I'm your mother, my dear. I'm Mrs. Joyce. Well?" holding her at arm's length. "So, so? Harry has a keen eye for a pretty girl! Nothing half cut about you! Give me a kiss, Nancy."

Anna shuddered as she was clasped to the greasy bosom. Was it true? This tawdry creature, her breath heavy with brandy, Harry's mother?

"Well, where is the boy?" she said, looking around eagerly.

"He did not expect you until luncheon. He will be back then."

"Yes, yes! The dear fellow! He's been a good son to me." Her face grew redder, and she gulped down a sob of real feeling. "Sit down, child, sit down," dropping heavily into a chair. "I suppose Harry has told you of my troubles."

"He has told me nothing." Anna remained standing, her cold blue eyes fixed on her guest, full of the contempt and dislike which she did not care to hide.

"It's queer he didn't tell you. He shared them all, poor boy. When Joyce left me, Harry was sixteen. We've pulled along together ever since I got my divorce. I let most of the money go for his education, of course. I've lived in all the cheap boarder-houses in New York while he was at school, to save for him. But I always tried to dress in the style, and be tony. I like it, and I didn't want him to be ashamed of me—nor his wife when he got one."

Anna stared at her without reply. Her delicate face, with its hooked nose and compressed lips, bore an odd resemblance to some cruel bird of prey. A divorce! The fashionable woman of low boarding-houses! She recalled herself with a start. It was Harry's mother.

"Give me your bonnet," she said, "and excuse me for one minute." "Certainly, my dear."

Mrs. Joyce looked after her with a shake of the head, the tears oozing up into her black eyes. Vulgar, gross and drunken as she might be, she was an old woman, who loved her boy better than anything on earth. She had hoped his wife would care for her in her old age. She knew of nothing in herself unworthy of love.

"Decided action now would save them both years of misery.

Mrs. Joyce jumped up to meet her. A jaunty gaiety, she thought, might propitiate this haughty new daughter. But as she crossed the room, she staggered, and fell on a lounge. Anna's quick eye saw her greasy finery rub against the satin cover.

"Are you ill?" she said. Mrs. Joyce's eyes were closed; the blood settled in purple spots on her face.

"Excuse me," she said, trying to laugh. "The walk was a little too much. You know? Harry told you my trouble?" "No; you are all quite new to me," Anna said, with a bitter smile. But she bent over her, bathing her face. She knew that the woman was really ill, and Anna was a born nurse. Inside of her hard system of life beat a tender heart.

After a spasm of pain Mrs. Joyce, exhausted, sank back, nodding to her. She bent her ear closer.

"It is"—the rest was whispered. Anna, with a cry of pity, threw her arm about her.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! You have had advice? It may not be that. Does Harry know?"

"He doesn't know the worst. I had Doctor Byrd. He says I may live for years, or only for a month or two. So much depends on the nursing! When it gets worse I'll go into a hospital. But I do hate them so! There, there, child! Don't cry. I'm sorry I worried you, dear."

Anna brought pillows, and, not without a wrench at her heart for the blue satin, lifted her muddy feet up on the lounge.

"Try to sleep," she said. "You will feel better when you see Harry."

Mrs. Joyce soon was quiet and snoring, and Anna, creeping out of the room, went to her guest-chamber and locked the door.

She could not do it! Bring this gross, unclean creature into her pure home! The very servants would laugh at her. She would disgrace Harry in the eyes of all the Steeles.

"I cannot do it!" she cried, standing in the middle of the room, pale and motionless. "God cannot requit of me!"

This very room, with its dainty white and rose, the linen she had hemmed with such loving care, to be polluted by that wretch!

After awhile Anna sank on her knees. Not to pray; she could not pray. This was Harry's mother. She was a woman dying of a horrible disease, needing love and care.

"And I am turning her from my door! I am driving her, body and soul, to death, to save my own comfort and sheets and pink ribbons! And I call myself a Christian!"

An hour later, Anna came down the path in the orchard to meet Harry. She was a little paler than usual, but her eyes had never shone with so soft or tender a light.

"Your mother is here, Harry. She is ill, and I have put her in the guest-chamber. I think she had better stay there, dear; live with us, I mean."

Harry kissed her again. "I thought you would ask her to do it, Nan. It seems the natural place for her, eh? Poor mommy! She has her funny little ways, but you and she will hit it off nicely together. She has the biggest heart of any woman living."

Anna was silent. But what did it matter that her sacrifice was no sacrifice at all in Harry's eyes? Her heart beat warm and full, as if the hand of her Master, which awoke the dead girl centuries ago, had given to it new blood and life.

The first year of Anna Joyce's married life was given to nursing the dying woman.

Her house was often out of order, her maids unruly, her jams badly made, her own temper fractious and uncertain as never before. Nor did she bring her husband to Christ. It was Harry who was strong and forgiving, it was Harry who cared for both women as a nurse for two fretful children, it was Harry who, kneeling by his mother's bed every day, made them feel that God was a Friend, dear and near at hand.

When Mrs. Joyce was gone, the little guest-chamber, soiled and worn, was a sacred place to Anna, for it was there, in pain and humility, she had first learned to know her husband and her Saviour.—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in Congregationalist.*

REVEALED.

A DETECTIVE, who had been very successful in discovering and arresting criminals under every disguise, said, lately, "I have but one rule to guide me. I obtain a picture of the man and examine his eye. Then I search for that eye. Every other feature of his face, together with his height, his size, his dress he can alter. But his eye he cannot change. That tells the story."

A gentleman, who has long made a study of amateur photography, asserts that its chief interest to him lies in the unconscious revelation of character in a photographed face. "If a man have any noble or mean trait latent in his nature, unknown to the world it comes out in his photograph."

Hawthorne declared that dominant family traits and likenesses were always revealed in these sun-drawn pictures, even though they might not be visible on the real faces of the sitters.

These assertions if correct, only illustrate a truth which is as old as mankind—that, as years go by, the character of a man writes itself indelibly upon his face.

Not only the action, whether mean or noble, but the secret thoughts which are never put into deeds,—the sensual imagination, the cruel purpose, the lofty hope, the kind feeling, all these record themselves upon the features, or at some unexpected moment peep out at the world from behind the eye.

The sin which we welcomed as a pleasant guest in youth may be hateful to us in middle age, but we can never again make it a stranger to us. Some look or mark in our faces betrays to a keen observer that we were once familiar with it.

Among the superstitious legends of the Scotch there are many stories of an unclean, wicked little fairy, who obtains entrance to a house, and lives there after in the cellars and coal-bins, taking a mischievous part in the family life.

His persecutions became so intolerable to one household, we are told, that they hired a new dwelling, and at great loss "fitted" from their old house, going secretly by night, to escape their tormentor. But when the cart with their movables entered the gate of the new home the shrill, hateful voice of the wicked fairy was heard from among them, crying, "Here we are!"

The legend hints at a terrible truth. How many hints have rushed from one occupation to another, from home to home, from country to country, to escape some vice or habit which had grown loathsome to them! Alas, they could not travel away from themselves.

God's grace it is true, can banish the evil spirit from the heart, but the mark of its footprint remains upon the threshold while life lasts. It is in youth that we must shut the door if we would keep that inner chamber undefiled.—*Youth's Companion.*

I SAID unto myself, If I were dead, What would befall my children? What would befall me? Their fate who now are looking up to me? For help and furtherance? Their lives, I said.

Would be a volume wherein I have read? But the first chapter, and no longer see To read the rest of their dear history, So full of beauty and so full of dread. Be comforted: the world is very old, And generations pass, as they have passed, A troop of shadows moving with the sun. Thousands of times has the old tale been told. The world belongs to those who come the last, They will find hope and strength, as we have done.

THIS present is an excellent time for obtaining new subscriptions to THE REVIEW. For remuneration for this work see the Premium List.

The Children's Corner.

WHAT WAS IT?

GUESS what he had in his pocket. Marbles and tops and sundry toys Such as always belong to boys, A bitter apple, a leathern ball?—Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket? A rubber pipe, and a rusty screw, A brass watch-key, broken in two, A hair book in a tangle of string?—No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket? Ginger-bread crumbs, a whistle he made, Buttons, a knife with a broken blade, A nail or two and a rubber gun?—Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket? Before he knew it slyly crept Under the treasures carefully kept, And away they all of them quickly stole—'Twas a hole! —*Sydney Doyle, in N.Y. Independent.*—*Lantzfillou.*

A GIANT NURSE.

IN India, where the elephant is treated by his mahout almost as one of the family, the grateful animal makes a return for the kindness shown it by voluntarily taking care of the baby. It will patiently permit itself to be mauled by its little charge, and will show great solicitude when the child cries. Sometimes the elephant will become so attached to its baby friend as to insist upon its constant presence. Such a case is known where the elephant went so far as to refuse to eat except in the presence of its little friend. Its attachment was so genuine that the child's parents would not hesitate to leave baby in the elephant's care, knowing that it could have no more faithful nurse. And the kindly monster never belied the trust reposed in him.

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY

"TELL us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him. "What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"O, about something that happened to you," said Rob. "Something when you were a little boy," added Archie.

"Once when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil. "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.

"No; but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes; so we went and had a good deal of sport."

"After a while I took a shingle for a boat and sailed it along the bank. At