

The Family.

THE MASTER AND THE REAPERS.

THE MASTER called to his reapers: "Make scythe and sickle keen, And bring me the grain from the uplands...

But the master said: "O foolish! For many a weary day, Through storm and drought, ye have laboured...

There comes the pale green sedge, And the flies that buzz and flow, And the bling breath of the sea-wind...

"They have drunken of bitter waters, Their food hath been sharp sea-sand, And yet they have yielded a harvest...

But the master said: "O foolish! For many a weary day, Through storm and drought, ye have laboured...

LITERARY DRAM-DRINKING.

THE mischief of voracious novel-reading is really much more like the mischief of dram-drinking than appears at first sight. It tends to make all other literary nourishment intolerable...

So far as we know, the only effective cure for this habit of literary dram-drinking—a cure not always forthcoming—is a moral shock of some kind...

sold food, and to instill it so thoroughly as to make them dislike the merely stimulating diet of unadulterated fiction. This is just as possible as it is to make the young dislike, as they usually will, highly stimulating drinks...

REVERIES OF A YOUNG MAID.

MYRTILLA is not old, nor even middle-aged. Nevertheless, youth is slipping away from her. She is going to be, as she frankly tells herself, an Old Maid!

Seriously reflecting upon the problem, she decides, at length, that it is because she shall not know what to do with herself. A giddy, giggling old maid, clinging pitifully to the pleasures of a lost youth, she does despise; such she will never be!

Perhaps she might learn better in time, but not unless she gave her whole soul to the work, and was prepared to endure many mortifications.

In this she is right; but escape is open to her. If she is unfitted for a life of renunciation, she is not bound to adopt it—much less bound than most wives and mothers are.

WHAT BOTH THOUGHT.

It was twenty-five minutes past seven. The buggy was at the door to take him to the train. His hand was on the knob. "Good-by," he called out.

thing for me any more. When we were first married he never would have gone off in this way with a careless "Good-by," tossed up-stairs. He would have found time to run up and bid me good-by, and tell me that he missed me at his breakfast, and ask if I had a check.

Oh! husbands and wives, will you never learn that fore often dies of slightest wounds; that the husband owes no such thoughtful courtesy to any other person as he owes his wife; that the wife owes no such attentive consideration to any guest as she owes to her husband; that life is made up of little things, and that oftentimes a little neglect is a harder burden for love to bear than an open and flagrant wrong.

THE HOME DRESS.

THE wife who wishes to be pleasing in her husband's eyes, the girl who likes to make a good impression, the mother who would retain her influence over her young people, growing up into independent lives, will be careful about her dress at home.

The housekeeper, who is over-occupied, burying in the morning to get breakfast for a husband or son, due at the place of business at an early hour sometimes carries her careless half-toiled gown, her unkempt hair, and general untidiness, on the score of haste and deficient strength.

A pastor not long ago had occasion to call on a recently married member of his church. Coming home, he observed to the always neat and bright-looking lady at the head of his table, "I feel sorry for you, B—, your wife was standing in the doorway when I called, making a bargain with one of those street vendors of berries, so I escaped the misfortune of having to wait while she got herself up brilliantly for my benefit.

There is a certain pleasing quality in daintiness and perfection of appointment. The young woman, or the older one, who takes half-worn good gowns, to wear in the kitchen, may suppose herself economical, but she is really guilty of extravagance.

Apart from the moral effect on one's own individual self, involved in and proceeding from any careful everyday dressing, the effect on one's home and household is pronounced in the right direction. The matron who dresses herself neatly will not be contented to have her apartment dusty and disorderly, her kitchen closets and cellar neglected, her bedrooms untidy.

A greater degree of responsibility than we are willing to admit, lies at the door of some of us, with regard to our way of dressing in church, and on the promenade. While I am old-fashioned enough to like the custom of keeping best clothes for the Lord's day, I do not think gay and elaborately trimmed toilettes in good taste in the sanctuary.

where they will not tempt the shop girl, nor the washer-woman, nor the seamstress to buy what she cannot pay for, and they should not air their costly finery where it gives poorer women an excuse for absence from God's house.

Costly combination gowns, stiff with embroidery, glistening with jet, only detract from the teacher's power to impress as she ought the listening class.

ALL OUT OF AN ASH-BARREL. WHAT does the rag-picker want from the ash-barrel? Have you never wondered why a ragged, miserable-looking creature should go about sticking a long hook into ash-barrels and dragging out hoard treasures?

You'll be surprised to know what comes out of that dreadful looking place. Let me tell you a few of the things the picker finds, and you'll see that the fables of the story-books never performed any greater marvels than every day come from the hands of common workman.

But you needn't peep into it and see all these objects. You would find only dirty rubbish—bits of rags that you wouldn't touch, worn-out gloves, discarded shoes, tin cans, dead cats, broken dishes and bones.

The old kid gloves, for instance. The choice part of these is the thumb, made of skin that grew on the back of a rat, as perhaps you have heard.

Bones thrown out by the cook or discarded by the dogs go to the ivory worker, who turns them into a thousand and one pretty things we like to buy.

An unfortunate dead pussy is another treasure. The skin—if good enough—is used for fur, her flesh for soap, her intestines for violin and guitar strings, and her bones also go to the ivory man.

Woolen rags are washed and scoured and ground up to make felt, or mixed with fresh wool to make heavy beaver cloth. Bits of metal, brass and copper, go to the metal workers, who melt them to use again.

In fact, there is not one thing that goes into the ash-barrel but goes through changes so wonderful that we are glad to pay a great price to get it back into the house in its new shape.

In London, ash-barrels are not put out in a hideous row on the sidewalks; they are called dust bins, and kept out of sight in the house. No rag-picker goes about pulling them over, but when taken away they are emptied into a vacant lot out of the city, and there men, women, and children, spend their lives sifting the ashes and sorting the refuse.

Sometimes the rag picker finds a silver spoon that was carelessly thrown away, or a bit of money or jewellery that went out in the sweepings, but usually he makes his living by selling the things you see him drag out on his hook, and he probably doesn't know now any better than you did yesterday what becomes of the things he carries off and sells.

UNMISTAKABLE CANT.

THERE is a great deal of talk, some of which perhaps is justified, about "cant" among religious people; but we do not know any cant which exceeds that which may be found among people who are not religious.

What he has to fear is not so much idle impulses as idle actions. His impulses, it may be, he cannot help; his actions, like the gymnast's, are within his own power.

If the workingmen choose to say, "I do not want to go to meeting; I would rather do something else with my money; I am not interested in the preaching; I am quite willing to have the Sunday-school and the church relieve me of the care of my children on Sundays, but I am not willing to pay anything toward it myself; I am willing to be religiously a tramp and a pauper."

WHAT SHE SAID. A YOUNG man decided to make a young lady a formal offer of his hand and heart—all he was worth—hoping for a cordial reception.

He thought it a wife's duty to make home and wishes concerning her associates and pursuits in life? Was she economical? Could she make her own clothes? etc.

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HOW TO CURE FICKLENESS.

A CORRESPONDENT is in trouble—trouble of a serious but not an uncommon sort. He writes:

"No matter what I take in hand, I am sure to fail. I am an experienced mechanic; have worked many years at my present trade; but a wandering inclination—a constant hankering for change—makes it impossible for me to concentrate my energies upon my work.

The result is that I have never acquired first-rate skill, and consequently cannot earn first-rate wages. My natural capacity is good enough, but this fickleness seems likely to be my life-long curse.

Can you tell me, as well as thousands of other readers, how to acquire the ability to stick to one thing? If so, you will do us an incalculable favor.

Evidently our correspondent needs no homily upon the mischievous effects of fickleness and indecision. So far he is better off than some of his companions in misery.

He has settled it that his present occupation is one for which he is well fitted. Very well. Now let him act accordingly, treating all impulses to change as so many temptations to foolhardy. What if he has forty such impulses every day? He may still keep at his work, determined to excel in it.

The Children's Corner.

"THE ONE TALENT." In a saphir smooth and white hidden from all mortal sight, My one talent lies to-night.

And I know life will demand Every farthing at my hand; When I lie in life's prison stand.

What will my grief and shame When I hear my humble name, And cannot reply His claim!

Some will doubt what they hold; Others add to it tenfold; And pay back in shining gold.

Lord, oh! teach me what to do, Make me faithful, make me true, And the sacred trust renew.

A FAIRY CRADLE.

ROBBIE found some queer things that looked like dry leaves rolled up. "I wonder what they are!" he said.

Mamma had told him a fairy-story the night before. He took them into the house to show to her; but she was out. So he put them in a little paste-board box, which he set on the closet-shelf in her room.

The queer little rolls stayed there for two or three months, till the pleasant fall weather was over, and winter had come. But mamma's room was always warm.

She looked about the room, and opened the closet. She found the tapping was inside the little box.

"What can it be?" she thought. She lifted the cover, which was not very tight; and out flew something as beautiful and bright as a fairy. It was a large butterfly, blue and gold and black and crimson; one of the prettiest she had ever seen.

It was very strange to see a live butterfly in winter. What Bobbie found was a chrysalis.

The caterpillar spins threads around itself, and makes a cradle or nest. In this it sleeps all winter, and in the spring is changed into a butterfly. But the warmth of the room had made this one come out much sooner.

SAFE LITTLE EFFIE.

SHE came bounding down the steps ready for school. "Come across," called her little friend, Johnnie Bates. "I'll wait for you." Right in front of her were two prancing horses.

"I can't come across the street," said Effie, "till the horses pass."

"Oh, pooh!" said Johnnie, "step across. You'll have time; the horses are standing still. They don't mean to go on yet. 'Fore I'd be such a coward!"

"Down sat Effie plump on the stone steps. "I can't come across till the horses go by, not if they don't go in a week," she said. "My mamma said never to cross a street alone, if there is a horse to be seen, and I'm not going to."