WAY OF PERFECTION.

Oh, how the thought of God attracts And draws the heart from earth, And sickens it of passing shows And dissipating mirth God only is the creature's home, Though long and rough the road;

Yet nothing else can satisfy The love that longs for God. Oh, utter but the name of God Down in your hear of hearts, And see how from the world at once

All tempting light departs! A trusting heart, a yearning eye, Can win their way above; If mountains can be moved by faith. Is there less power in love :

How little of that road, my soul, How little hast thou gone! Take heart and let the thought of God Allure thee farther on. The freedom from alcountful sin. The Christian's daily task -Oh, these are graces far below What longing love would ask.

Oh, keep thy conscience sensitive, No inward token miss: And go where gas e entices thee: Pertection her in this. Be docile to thine unseen Guide; Love Him as it loves thee: Faith and obedience are enough, And thou a saint snalt be. -F. W. Feaber.

WORDS TO WOMEN.

BY 'MRS. C. F. WILDER.

Dean Swift says that women employ "more throught, more memory and application to become tools, than would serve to make them wise and useful," and sometimes I have thought, in lignant as it made me to read it, that the witty man spoke the truth.

Not long ago, a friend was visiting me whose husband is a minister, regularly spending several hours each day in his study and growing away, in the intellectual life, from his hard worked "Hannah Jane" so rapidly that in a few years they will have nothing in common but their love for their children and the domestic economies of the household. Indeed. the latter will be "in common." for the devoted wife is assuming all that burden, to give 'her husband more time to grow away from her.

I know legions of women who find no more time for reading and study than this dear woman; but they do find leisure to ruffle and tuck, and trim with lace every scrap of their own and their children's clothing.

No woman can do everything, much as she may desire so to do; not a feminine soul living that -unless a seamstress is employed tucks and ruffles." gain information, or the pretty she don't know anything only think anything she touches must and mother and the girls "receive all the earnestness of her did not hear the remainder, but I to sacrifice to it!

The aim and purposes of the Every mother longs for wisdom mother are as plainly to be seen and knowledge, but she looks at "dear Aunt Franc."

ca; and the little niece can read. write, feather-stitch, work on ed" head or plainly-made white apron, than sit in as great state as

and knowledge.

But the hardest kind of selfdenial a mother can practice is to forego a present pleasure or seeming good for her child. In this matter of dress, the little ones know more than their parents. Their knowingness on the subject is absolutely something wonderful Not long ago I asked a little girl four years old what she learned in the Sabbath-school that day. The most important fact to her was, "Helen Green had on silk gloves." When our children ask for clothes like other little children, the mother thinks by granting the request she sacrifices her own present ease. Alas! she forgets she strengthens her child's love for this very thing, and teaches her, also, that mother's comfort is a thing of little account.

One cannot help feeling, sometimes, as though a law had been making a garment, "one ruffle more or less" makes but little ruffle more or less" not only has to be made, but washed and ironed all through the long hot summer, and somebody's back will ache "more or less" accordingly. In so many homes not only the making, but the washing and ironing, comes also on the housemother, and it certainly then makes a difference whether the ruffles are "less" instead of "more."

By and by, to these mothers who have made the ruffles, "more." instead of "less," will come their stop to answer questions." does not enjoy prettily trimmed what she thinks is, "How ignor-

-or else devote every minute of Fortunate the mother if her son And with the average mother it lad speak one evening as I was enis very easy to see which is of tering the book-store: "I tried more importance, the desire to to make the old woman see it, but garments-culture or work. The fashion and duds. Gracious Peter ! two need not be separated, but Sam, we have a dressmaker at our the American woman seems to house three weeks out of the four, nature, and it it is work, that re- know "mother and the girls," and quires a whole sacrifice; if it is they are like a great many others culture, all her energies are bent I know who "never have time" for reading, study, or rest.

in the child as in the parent. Not the car of Juggernaut loaded with long ago we visited friends near what she calls domestic duties, Boston, and the five-year old and as it approaches she cries out, daughter of a dear friend could "How shall I escape?" I most describe a well-tressed lady, using firmly believe that the average technical terms in regard to the mother does not want to escape. drapery and trimming that put But to those whose cry is real, we my unsophisticated knowledge of see but one way to avoid destrucsuch things to shame. This child tion, and that is, leaving somewould "take in" a lady at a thing undone that will not mar stance, from the French feather the beauty or comfort of the home to the Burt boot, and tell the num- life. But to solve the problem of ber of buttons of the glove, and what that "something" shall be, whether the seal skin was of the requires the wisdom of Archimeants with cracker-crumbs or rock for the cake insie at of taking his | was before him. herself and dolls in the hammock after-dinner nap some day when with never a thought of "shingl- the spring weather is particularly portions which he had not previ- you what, my dear Countess, you "Why, mother, then God is

children .- Zion's Herald.

CAPTURING WILD HORSES.

A large mob of wild horses is sharply on one side, and with chapel in the attic. manes and tails streaming ir the wind, and their flanks shining passed, "No child shall appear in with moisture, they gallop off in the street without elaborately another direction, but only to find trimmed garments," and the law enemies wherever they turn. At Plows seaward, how lonely soever its con was obeyed in the letter and last, in desperation, they make spirit. Look at the little girls in straight for the widest gap they And set without influence somewhere. Who the school-room-not one dress see in the circle. The two men without its braiding, tucks, or between whom they hope to escape ruffles, and most of the work was leap off their hack-horses, which done by the mother at night, or they quickly hobble and leave when she "sat down to rest" in loose and mounting bare backed the time sandwiched between bak- on the spare one, wait for the right ing, washing, ironing, sweeping moment for closing in on the flyand dusting. Even sensible ing and already distressed baguales mothers dread to have their child- as they make their final rush. If ren go forth in plain array. When they do so too soon, of course the mob swerves to one side and passes behind the hunter; but if they, difference, forgetting the "one manage well, the two simultaneously close in on the dove, boleadoras in hand, ready to cast; and at the moment the horses pass. each singles out a god-looking colt, whirls the balls round his head, and letting fly, entangles them about both hint-legs so effectually that the vicim, after struggling onward some fifty yards, is obliged to sumit, and falls heavily over. After the first cast the hunter passes in close to the heels of the escaping mob, and loosening his second pair from sons and daughters with questions | round his waist, ofter secures in the sciences, in mathematics, another colt. Then he demounts, in history, and all the mother can | and, after tying the protrate anisomething must be left out. There say is, "Run away, dear, I can't mal's fore-hoofs close together But with some of the many rawhide thongs about his person or his and delicately, made garments, but ant I am! all I learned at school horse, he leaves it struggling but one must either wear plain clothes is buried deeply under house-work, secure, and resumes is place in the circle as before, it case there is more game within it. After leisure time to needle and thread. does not speak of her as I heard a all the baguates inclosed have escaped or been caught, we look after the ostriches which have as a rule remained hiding themselves about the middle of the wirele. Any who have singly tried to run off previously have been allowed to do so; but if a troop should have made a rush (during the horse hunt) three or four of the men pursue, and generally bag one apiece. Many others will drop into the low grass, hoping not to be seen; but the corrodores are too keen-sighted and experienced, and galloping up and down, they beat the ground like spaniels, shouting and whistling, until the birds are flushed, one by one, and have to run for it. On these expeditions any deer and guanicos

OVERWORKING THE BRAIN.

(a species of llams) are not bant-

ed; only so when neither baguales

or ostriches have been inclosed.

Board of Directors for the care of training you from acquiring the best, or the lace real. And this des. Two things home-mothers the poor last week took into cas-books, nay, I urge you to it and little girl was not different in this can do to make life easier ub tody Jairus S. Fisher, aged exceedingly desire it, but I would respect from the average child of stitute plain cooking for the elab- twenty-six, a theological studest, that their words and thoughts most of my dear five hundred orate dishes heretofore served, and who became violently insane. He were carried about in your hearts, friends. The g entert compliment have only plainly-fashioned gar- commenced his studies five years so that through the understandwhich a niece of this same age ments for self and the children, ago, and his avowed object was ing of the Scriptures your hearts could give my baby girl was the The husband may rebel at the less to obtain a complete mastery of may be cleansed. expectation that when the baby of his griddle-cakes and steals for the Bible. He had a wonderful became a woman, she would have breakfast. It'so, let him breil the memory, and it was an ordinary more "style" about her than steak, fry the potato puffs to the stack for him to repeat the complete My own little girl, about the same age as my niece, looked like a field daily beside a rare japoniend of that time nothing will take the Old Testament. For five years Princess Royal when she first so good as a dish of out-meal por he prosecuted this tusiness with went to her home at Berlin : A ridge, with dry toast and eggs, a fixed determination to demon. Prussian Princess for instance, card-board, keep her clothes with- He may groan over the loss of the strate the power of mind over is not allowed by her mistress of out spot or wrinkle, her curls in trosted cake and the "everlasting" matter. Up to within a few the robes to take up a chair, and, perfect order, and sit quietly in pie, but give him plenty of apples. months ago he challenged any after having carried it through the parlor while her mother en- oranges, and fruits, raw or cooked, visitor to the home of his parents the whole breadth of the room, tertains company. My little with good sweet bread and butter, to start him at nearly any place to put it down in another corner. daughter knows mere about sand- and if he still complains, give him in the Old or New Testament, and It was while committing such an pies and clay biscuit than she does a chance to get his first back-ache he invariably took up the text act that Princess Victoria was about feather-stitch or card-board. by rolling the pie-crust for a dezen and went on reciting it as rapidly lately caught by Countess Per-And she had much rather feed the pies and whipping the frosting and as cor. ectly as if the print poncher. The venerable lady re-

But many a time I keenly felt equal in the intellectual life. The house, preached to imaginary assent. "Well," resumed the "Yes, dear," said her mother; But many a time I keenly felt equal in the intellectual life. The congregations, and led the singthe difference in the children, the hope of future generations is in congregations, and led the singthe difference in the children, the hope of future generations is in congregations, and led the singthe difference in the children, the hope of future generations is in congregations.

His presching conyes to your another fact when do for Him and the singthe difference in the children, the hope of future generations is in congregations. the difference in the children, the nope of litture generations is in consider the mothers. The mothers should ing himself. His preaching converse full of sense Majesty the Oueen of Great Rei do them in and plenty of time to niece seemed so much the wiser the mothers. The mothers should be capable of imparting instruction and more lady-like child. I tried be capable of imparting instruction and his contour was tain and Traland has not tried be capable of imparting instruction. and more lady-like child. I tried to capable of imparting instruc-to console myself by hoping when their daughters and sons and thought, and his oratory was tain and Ireland has not once, rections to show us how to do to console myself by hoping when then to their daughters and sous to do the girls were ready for the "Har- in their search after knowledge good. However, he became so but very often, so far forgotten them. Every day we can tell Him vard Annex" my daughter would until they graduate from college. violent that it was determined to herself as to take up a chair. I to help us. And when He calls be her cousin's equal in health If in the past the reading and study send him to the hospital. He speak from personal observation, us home to Himself, we shall have has been neglected, thankful are anticipated the coming of the di- I can assure you. Nay, if I am great joy in telling Him what we we that it is never too late to rectors, and when they arrived not greatly deceived, I noticed, have been trying to do for Him." begin to live a nobler life. With he fled to his chapel and one day, my mother carrying a "I like that," said Hester. "It the helps derived from the books locked the door. He chair in each hand, in order to is very pleasant to be sallowed to now published in every form, on was finally captured, and, after a set them for her children. Do do errands for God." art, literature and science, no desperate struggle, was shackled. you really think that my dignity "One of my errands," said her woman, with one hour a day at After some time he was pacified forbids anything which is fre- mother, "is to take care of you," her command, but can rise above by the directors telling him they quently done by the Queen of "And one of mine, dear mother, the life of "never-ending-ness of were going to take him to a neighwoman's work," and become bet- boring town, where he was wanted ed again and retired, perhaps not Godgives us very pleasant errands ter qualified to be a companion to to preach. He was attired in a without a little astonishment at to do. her husband and a mother to her suit of black broadcloth, with the biographical information she "You know that nothing makes white tie and gloves, and it was had heard. However, she knew us more happy than to do any. thought he would go peaceably. her office, and resolved to prove thing for a person that we really He, however, resisted frantically, not less staunch to her duties love. This is what Jesus meant and had to be lifted into an ambu- than the Princess to her princi- when He said, 'My yoke is easy lance. His screams for his faith- ples. ful old mother could be heard for squares. The young man had descried, coming toward the riders, quite a brilliant mind, and his over a distant rise. As they draw system for study embraced sixnear, and see themselves headed teen hours per day, and nearly all by mounted men, they wicel of this time he was alone in his

OVERCOMING.

No stream from its source But what some land is glaidened. No star

What earth needs from earth's lowest creature. No life Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, And all life not purer and stronger thereby The spirits of just men made perfect on high. The army of martyrs who stand by the

throne And gaze into the Face that makes glorious their own Know this surely at last. Honest love, honest Honest work for the day, honest hope for the Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary, The heart they have saddened, the life they

leave dreary? Hush! the seven-fold heavens to the voice of tte spirit Echo: He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit. - Owen Meredith.

CHRISTIANS OF OLD TIME.

In the fourth century there were, even as there are now. some who failed to make a rightful use of the opportunities they customs of the professing Chris-

least, with but few; and even curred to himself. It was a very not, since they tie them up and Those who knew Lord Palmerand the beauty of the letters, and all men. As his coffin was lowernot about reading them. They ed into its last resting-place in the purpose of profiting by them, Autumn day of 1865 a gentleman but so great is the extravagance of their vanity they have been with two or three other trinkets, eager about them only to make a into the open grave. proud display of their wealth. I hear of no one who is proud because he knows what is contained in them, but only because they are written in golden letters. What is the gain of this? tell me. The Scriptures were not given that we might have them in books only, but that we might engrave them on our hearts..... Near Reading, Pa., the County And I am saying this, not as res-

AN UNCEREMONIOUS

monstrated with a considerable He was about mastering some degree of earnestness. "I'll tell enervating.

There is not a mother in the land but should be her husband's ehspel in the attic of his father's England?"

The Counters bowed that I am God's little errand-gir'l.

LORD PALMERSTON.

A London paper says: "Lord Palmerston had been a poor man in his younger days; had learned some bitter lessons and lost many illusions. A triend of mine called upon him by appointment and found he was out, a sudden summons to the palace being the reason of his inability to keep his engagement. A servant explained for his keenness in discerning charthat my lord would probably be acter, was seated at his desk one back in an hour. "Very well," day, when a young Irish lad said the visitor, who was on inti- came up and took off his hat, mate terms with Palmerston, "I'll wait. Meantime (it was about luncheon time) I'll take a glass of sherry and a biscuit." The servant looked rather confused and ended I do now, and you are the boy." by stammering out that neither sherry nor biscuit were to be had in the house. The fact was his lordship kept the key of the cupboard. Cellar there was evidently none. Palmerston came back by and by, clerk, and is now a successful and was laughingly informed of merchant. the incident. He observed in rather a dry tone, "I should think I did keep the key of my cup worth attention. Thirty years board." Ultimately his fortunes mended, and he was comparatively rich when the Queen politely, but firmly commanded him to get married. Lord Melbourne was a confirmed widower, and if the ForeignSecretary continued a bachelor there would soon be a serious difficulty about the reception of possessed, and these the teachers | Embassadresses. 'May it please of the Church were not, slow, in pyonn Majesty, said Lord Palmerwarning of their neglect. Chry- ston, I should be only too happy to sostom, whose sermons abound in marry if I knew any one who vivid pictures of the manners and | would have me.' "The Queen graciously replied that there would | week." tians of this day, pointedly ad- be no difficulty on that head, and dresses some of these carless ones: that if it were necessary she "Who of you on reaching home | should take upon herself to find a took into his hands a Christians lady both ready and willing. So book, and went over what is con- Lady Cowper was sent for from tained therein, and searched the Rome to reign for thirty years the stranger who was a little ir-Scripture? None of you could ove London society. It is said, say that you did. Draughts and by the way that this lady decided dice we shall find in most of your that her husband was to be Prime houses, books nowhere, or, at Minister long before the idea octhey are just as if they had them happy match, indeed a love match. lay them altogether aside in their ston best sometimes fancied that chests, and all their concern is they detected the traces of a great about the fineness of the vellum sorrow carefully concealed from have not possession of them for | Westminster Abbey on that cold

OUR YOUNG POLES

BABY'S MISSION

What can you do, you dearest of babies,
You sweet, lazy baby, say what can you do?
Mother and father and brither are working,
All of us working, sweet baby, but you,
Sitting all day a blinking and winking,
Winking and thinking the whole day long,
Nursy to hold you, so one to sould you,
Crowing and crooning your awart little song.

Crooning and tuning my of to the bessons
That seemed very strange to me, fresh
from the skiet, from this skies,
Learning your imguage, and learning to love you,
Watching you all with my bluthaby eyes;
Then when I've grown as wise as my brothet,
These dimpled white hands as stronger his Oh, then I will help you. Now, thinking life wife, bearing him, gave a and loving sorrowful laugh. "There's as Are surely enough for a buby to de. Now York Obrarves

sus by seeking to please Him in it can be inculcated by parents all she did. She loved to do er- and acquired by a boy, if he choosrands for her mother, and to have ; en to keep his eyes open and to act her mother say she was a taithful as promptly and boldly in every servant when she did them well. | emergency.

One day she had been talking with her mether about God. As they got through, she looked up her eyes and said.

and My burden is light.'

This is what the apostle John meant when he said that "His commandments are not grievous." His people serve Him from love. and that makes everything they do for Him light and pleasant to

BOYS WHO SUCCEED.

The head of a large business firm in Boston, who was noted smiling.

"Do you want a boy, sir." Mr. J. looked at him.

"I did not a minute ago. But

He said afterward that he was completely/ captured by the honest, frank, all-alive face before him. The boy entered his service, rose to be confidential

Here is another story in which boy readers may find a hint ago Mr. H., a nurseryman in New York State, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather and not the season for sales, but a customer arrived from a distance. tied up his horse and found his way to the kitchen of the farmhouse, where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Mr. H. at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut. "When will he be back?"

"Dunno, sir. Mebbe not for The other boy, Jim, jumped up. and followed the man out. "The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner that ritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery, examined the trees and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had for this season Jim," his father, .greatly pleased, said to him on his re-

"I'm sure," said Joe, sullenly, "I'm as willing to help as Jim, if I'd thought in time.'

A few years afterward, these two boys were left by their father's failure and death with stepped forward and flung a ring, but \$200 or 300 each. Joe with them bought an acre or two near crops scanty, the market low. He has worked hard and fuithfully, but is still a poor, discontented man. Jim bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle-driver for a couple of years, with his wages bought land at 40 cents an acre, built himself a house and married. His herds of cattle are numbered by the thousands, his land has been cut up. for town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the State.

"I might have done like Jim his brother said, lately, if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him."

good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made," she said, DOING GOD'S ERRANDS.

Hester was a little girl who was trying to love and serve Jesus.

And she showed her love for Jecharacter is partly natural. But

Christian living and Christian with a bright thought beaming in character without Christ are an impossibility-with Christ they have been made a reality, beforeVer. 4

seems noise of he natu thing would the tun Jesus (doubt name, immed so, but the cla believe

Jesus ! cry w attrac Lord digni name lar de Propu his pe think the S not that. Was s

and But easil likel ing and did was

in t exa arı Pla It