

THE PEACE OF GOD.
 We ask for Peace, O Lord!
 Thy children ask Thy Peace;
 Not what the world calls rest,
 That toll and care should cease,
 That through bright, sunny hours
 Calm life should flow away,
 And tranquil night should fade
 In smiling day;
 It is not for such Peace that we would pray.
 We ask Thy Peace, O Lord!
 Through storm, and fear and strife,
 Thy light and love, Thy peace,
 Through a long, struggling life,
 While no success or gain
 Shall cheer the desperate fight,
 Or nerve, what the world calls,
 Our wasted night;
 Yet passing through the darkness to the light.
 It is Thine own, O Lord,
 Who tell while others sleep;
 Who see with loving care
 What we can do, and what we may;
 They lean on Thee, O Lord,
 In calm and perfect rest,
 Give us that Peace, O Lord,
 Divine and true,
 Which keeps our hearts where love Thine best.
 —ABRAHAM PROCTOR.

AN EVERY-DAY STORY.
 "Jack, don't sit there and take it so to heart! We'll get along somehow. You know it is always darkest just before the dawn. Oh, my dear, dear boy, it nearly breaks my heart to see you so utterly forsaken!"
 And burying her pale face in her thin white hands, Fannie burst into sobs that shook her slender frame with their intensity. Jack got up from the chair by the pretty window with its wealth of blooming flowers, and going to her threw himself on the floor by her side, put both arms around her, and unable to say a word of comfort, cried with her.
 "Poor young thing! Trying so hard to battle with life under adverse circumstances."
 "Babe in the woods," Fannie laughingly said, "when the clouds were lightened a little, and a ray of sunshine peeped through into their tiny home. They were both orphans, married when almost children, and quite alone in the world but for the many acquaintances in the town where they had always lived."
 "Friends," Jack said they were, "when we were living with wealthy people before our marriage; acquaintances when we were left to take care of ourselves."
 "Jack was a good, steady young man, but not strong and unable to fill a position requiring severe application, either physical or mental; while Fannie, brought up in a home of wealth and refinement, was not used to hard work of any kind. The first year of their married life was bright enough, with a perfect round of gayety, and an aimless kind of life for Fannie in a fashionable boarding-house, while Jack endeavored to the best of his ability to fill a position in a large wholesale house."
 "At the end of the first year he was told that his services were no longer required. Proud and sensitive, he at once left the store, asking no explanations. To Fannie he made light of the matter, and she at first did not realize the full extent of the difficulty of again securing a position; the double difficulty for a young man without influential business friends, and no particular business training."
 "Jack tried manfully to find another place, while Fannie looked about and found a small, pretty cottage, and they went to house-keeping. She was far happier in a home of their own, away from the restraints of a boarding-house; but she missed her pleasant acquaintances, and the days were long with Jack away looking for something to do. Their bank account was running low, and winter was drawing near, when one morning, as Fannie was hastening home from market, she made a mistake on a bad crossing, fell and sprained her ankle severely. After that the bank account soon ran out altogether, for a while she had to be engaged, doctor's bills paid, and many little extras brought about by Fannie's accident now took all the savings."
 "Jack was too tender-hearted to see her face any thing, and after settling her comfortably for the day in her easy chair, with the poor lame foot on a cushion, he would give her a good-bye kiss, and start bravely forth to seek his fortune."
 "So time went on for nearly six weeks, when coming home on this particular evening, just one week before Christmas, Jack found himself too disheartened to speak in his usual cheerful tone to the station little who had been patiently waiting his coming so many weary hours, and planting himself heavily down in the chair farthest away from her, he gave way to a groan of despair."
 "Fannie, unable to leave and cheerful with the prospect of the winter, her ankle ached, her head ached, and, hard as it had to bear, her heart ached. Life was far from the pleasant, sunny affair she had dreamed of before she married. She was, like the station girl, a hearted little woman who she, she did not regret for one moment that she had married him, and that he was just exactly the dear, easy-going, tender-hearted fellow he was. His very tender-heartedness made him all the dearer to her, because she knew that it sprang from a pure, noble nature, too good and unselfish to be shrewd and scheming. Much of the talk about the smart, young business men of our times is entirely out of the way. Many of said men, who are looked up to and admired by some, envied by others, and imitated by their juniors, are men whose sole aim in life is to make money, utterly regardless of honesty and the old-fashioned Golden Rule. Money they will have, no matter how it is gained. Not so much by steady, persevering toil, and prudent savings of the income, however small, as by uncertain speculation, false dealing, and what is called in the business world, shrewdness."
 "To these the idea of laying up treasure in heaven is sentimental, and if considered at all, left for some one of less importance to practice. Their treasure must consist of this world's goods, bank stock, bonds, business blocks, houses, farms and western lands. And every conscientious scruple, if they ever have any, is sacrificed to secure this end. When finally the goal is reached, in many cases, health is wrecked by the mad race, and death claims the contestant, while the relatives, or the world, claim the wealth for the gaining of which his life has been sacrificed. Then comes

the saying, "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"
 Jack was not a young man of that stamp. He felt the necessity of money, especially since he had a wife to care for. But he also knew by heart the Golden Rule, and believed in laying up heavenly treasure. Many a time he had denied himself some comfort in order to help a less fortunate brother. Many a time he had sacrificed his own pleasure to promote the happiness of some one else. Fannie knew all this—Fannie knew, for Jack did not betray the secret of his heart to people in general. So, many many times he was misjudged by the worldly-wise people, and very often too by those less worldly, good, kind-hearted people who took a friendly interest in him for the sake of his family, which had been among the highly respected people of the place in an earlier day. The first mentioned folks would not hesitate to say outright: "That fellow doesn't amount to anything. He is a little, and generally goes for nothing. Don't see what his wife saw in him, anyway."
 The second class would shake their heads wisely, and say: "Too bad Jack hasn't more push. A good sort of fellow, but no business in him."
 Some one was always kind enough to repeat these remarks to Jack—all in a friendly way of course. He never replied except by a shrug of his shoulders, or a little sudden gleam in his usually mild blue eyes, causing the friend (usually) to say in speaking of it to some one else, "A queer fellow Jack Barrows is, anyway. Can't stir him up a particle; and he is so decidedly uncomfortable when he looks at you and never says a word after you have tried to brace him up a little."
 "Jack did not relish that kind of 'bragging.' A good, substantial business offer where he would have a chance to show his metal, or a word or two of cheerful encouragement, or a little praise for his good habits, his faithfulness to duty, his kindness to others, would not have been received in such a manner. He did not ask favors of any one; only a chance with the rest to make his way in the world. He knew his own failings, perhaps too well, a trifle of self-conceit would have been a help to him many times. But who can blame him for being exactly as he was?"
 Fannie understood all this thoroughly, and as we have said before, she loved him all the more for these traits of character which made the world shake its wise head and mourn over him. So when he came home that evening and betrayed his lack of success, his despair, she felt it keenly, more for his sake than for her own. She knew and appreciated him while he did not appreciate himself. She cried, quietly for a few moments with her head on his shoulder, then bravely wiping her eyes on his handkerchief, said cheerily:
 "Jack, dear, don't be discouraged. It will come out all right before long. See, dear, I have something for you; I know it will surprise you."
 Jack looked up, but his face was very doleful. Still it brightened as he met her cheerful smile. He watched her with a languid interest, while she drew from a drawer in the stand near the chair, a pocket-book, and opening it took out a roll of crisp new bank-notes, and laid them in his hand.
 "Why, darling," he exclaimed, "where did you get these?"
 "Never mind where," she replied, laughingly. "Just count them and see how rich we are."
 "Jack obeyed, his hand trembling slightly as he did so. Fannie sighed as she noticed how very slender his hands had become. She knew the reason. He denied himself even the proper food in order to give her little luxuries, such as California fruits, and now and then a cluster of roses or violets from the greenhouse."
 "The new bills rattled cheerily in his hands as if filled with a desire to brighten his low spirits, while he counted up to fifty."
 "Fifty dollars!" he said, laying them back in Fannie's hand. "Darling, tell me where did you get so much money?"
 She shook her head playfully and laid her finger on her lips. Jack suddenly buried his head in her lap, and gave a little smothered sob.
 "Fannie softly stroked his way hair with her gentle hand, and went on talking in her quiet, cheerful way.
 "You must not ask me, dear, where I got the money. You must trust me. I am so glad to be able to help a little too. The bank will pay the rent for two months, and buy our groceries for a while, until you find something to do, for surely, dearest, you will find work soon. I'll be able to do my housework in a couple of weeks, that will be a great saving, and I won't need any new dresses this winter, because my lame ankle will keep me at home; but, you dear, must have a new overcoat. Poor boy; I noticed this morning how thin your coat is, and worried all over you account of the cold, because I was sure you were not dressed warmly enough."
 "Fannie," said Jack, looking up with his old bright smile, "do you know you could make sunshine out of a thunder storm? Why, darling, I am equal to tackling the whole world now and then."
 "Well then," she replied merrily, "suppose we begin by 'tackling' supper. I smell fried potatoes and toast, and I'm quite sure Mary is going to ring the bell in a minute."
 "Jack gathered her up in his arms, saying: "What do men do who haven't dear little unselfish wives?"
 "Once they don't have anything to do," she replied, then she replied, "I'll be his hair, as he safely landed her in her chair back of the coffee-pot, and carefully placed the lame foot on a cushion. They had a merry time over their supper, for good lights seemed, and spruce to see the bright side of life as the dark, especially when the heart is full of love."
 As Fannie predicted, that day was the darkest one; sunshine followed in the wake. The fifty dollars seemed to invite a turn in their fortunes. The very next day Jack secured a good position in the store of an old friend of his father's, a penniless old gentleman, but just as good as he was penniless. He talked plainly to Jack, said he would have to work hard, be prompt, willing and steady. Jack gladly promised all he would only give him a trial.
 The next week Mary left for another

place and Fannie again took up her share of work in the little home. Christmas came joyfully to the young folks and Jack made more so for the past hard experience.
 That evening they were invited to attend a small party at the home of Jack's employer, Mr. Hartwell kindly offering to send his carriage for them, as Fannie's ankle was not yet strong enough for her to risk walking on the icy-slidewalks. Jack was waiting in the cozy parlor, standing by the glowing grate fire, when Fannie came down dressed in her pretty wedding gown. She wore no ornaments but a beautiful cluster of La France roses at her neck. Jack looked at her admiringly, from the crown of her dainty head to the toe of her white slippers. "You are so lovely, darling," he said, "and oh, I am so proud of my beautiful wife!"
 She blushed at his praise, just as she used to in the days of their courtship, and held out her hand for him to kiss her glove. Suddenly Jack seemed to miss something.
 "Why, Fannie," he exclaimed, "where is your necklace your uncle gave you for a wedding present? You ought to wear that to-night, darling."
 Down went the pretty curly head against his arm, while she whispered so low he could hardly catch the words:
 "Oh, Jack, dear, I don't need it! The roses are prettier for a poor man's wife. Don't you think so?"
 Quick as a flash it dawned upon him what she had done. Now he knew where the fifty dollars had come from. The tears were in his eyes as he pressed a long kiss upon her sweet downy face, but all he said was:
 "God bless you, darling! With His help I promise that you will never regret the sacrifice."
 And she never did.—Standard.

The Magic Hammock.
 Such a queer hammock it was. Sometimes it was large enough to hold Ben and Benny and Bert, with plenty of room to spare for dollsies and kitties, and even Bert's pug dog, Popsy.
 Then the very next day it would be so small that only one child, or one dolly or kitty, could sit on it.
 "It is the way I found out about it," once said Bert and Popsy were having a nice swing in the hammock, and I sat on the porch watching them. Presently Ben came out with his Kitty Grey in her arms, and said: "Let us get in too, Bert."
 "No," said Bert, crossly; "there isn't room enough only just for Popsy and me."
 "Why, Bert," I said, "that is very strange. Is not this the same hammock that held all of you this morning?"
 "Yes," said Bert, hanging his head. "I will tell you how it came to be so small. When the window was all shut, then he was knitting. "It is a magic hammock, with a puckering string. Two fairies take care of the string. One fairy always lets out the string as far as she can, and the other always lets in. She is a good fairy, and her name is Love. The other is a bad fairy, called Selfishness. She always draws up the string so tight that only one little boy or girl, with his own pet dog or kitty, can possibly sit on it. The good fairy always lets the string come at the children's call. I think Bert made a mistake just now and called the wrong one."
 Bert looked so red and ashamed that I said: "Shall we call the other fairy, Popsy?"
 He nodded his head, and I called softly: "Come, Love; come Love!"
 And, if you will believe it, the moment I spoke the words the hammock flew up open, and Ben and Kitty Grey sprang in. Bert's face was all smiles, and the hammock swung so gaily that I feared the children would be carried out. Did I see the fairy? Oh, no! Fairies are too small to be seen with our eyes. But when I saw the string, and that was enough.—Our Little Ones.

The Sound of a Sunbeam.
 One of the most wonderful discoveries in science, that has been made within the last year or two, is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight, shown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lamp-glass colored silk or worsted, or other substance. A diaphragm, or other substance, in its beam of light, so as to cut it up into a series of thin plates, and through a shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel, strange sounds are heard so long as the shining beam is falling on the vessel. Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is shown through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum, or rainbow.
 The diaphragm is turned, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard if the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound at all. Green silk gives sound best in a red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others.—Watchman.

Robbie, the Volunteer.
 Back and forth, back and forth, rolled a large arm chair, in which sat a man, not old, but helpless. It was pushed by a delicate looking woman who often stopped and rested, for she was very weary.
 The snow was falling fast, and the footsteps of passers-by were not heard; but when the lower door of the house opened and shut with a bang, and there came a rush of noisy feet up the stairs, she looked eagerly at the door of her room. It opened, and the face of her nephew, Robbie Stanley, looked in.
 "Hello, auntie, how's uncle today?" going to the invalid and gently taking the hand palmed hand in his soft, warm, plump ones. Then after a silence in which the two looked into each other's eyes a moment, with pleased interest on the one side and boyish sympathy on the other, he turned to his aunt saying, "Mamma sent me to say that she can't come over to-day as she meant to, and help you take care of uncle, 'cause the folks from townly have come in, and she's got to go to the store and help them shop, buy dresses and things for Lizzie who is going to get married. She says she's awful sorry, but she'll come tomorrow, sure."
 Robbie, left her not to worry, I shall get along."
 Something in the patient voice made Rob look at her earnestly. Thoughtless, often careless, he had a heart, and when it was touched, it made him very uncomfortable. He felt that he was sorry when people had trouble, he was not sorry enough to sacrifice his own pleasure to relieve it. If he was fairly asked to do a kindness, he usually did it, not always with a bad grace either. But he was a volunteer.
 Mamma had often talked with him about being unselfish, and told him of the noble men who left their homes in that way and went away to die for their country. "No, they were compelled to go, they were volunteers," she said.
 Robbie felt that it was all very fine, but very tiresome to go where there was so much danger, when they could have staid at home, and he said frankly that he did not think he should have volunteered. His mother never replied to this remark. She preferred that it should be the last sound in his ears; perhaps the echo would not seem nice to him.
 Robbie looked at his aunt, and saw that her eyelids drooped, and that her hands trembled, and her voice, usually so cheery, was low and sad.
 He felt sorry for her, and he took up his cap and hat, and opened the door, saying, "Well, good-by, uncle, good-by, auntie; mamma will be sure to come tomorrow," and then he went slowly down the stairs, and looked for his sled where he had hid it. Then he laid it carefully down on the curb, and picked up a little, round figure, well-covered in the snow, and was crying pitifully, but the boy spoke cheerfully to her, brushed off the snow, and putting his hand in his pocket, found a peanut, just one, and gave it to her, saying, "There it is, and that's all you've got now, is there you live?" and he was off, calling loudly, *Tribune, World, Star*.
 Robbie stood still. "He is a volunteer," he said half aloud, "and I'm convinced, giving a contemptuous glance at his well-rounded figure, well-covered feet and hands, 'am about as mean a sneak as ever was.'"
 It took but a moment for Robbie to retrace his steps back to the house he had just left, and he went straight to the open door of his aunt's room—very softly this time.
 He saw that she was sitting on the lounge, still holding on to the chair, but not moving it—her head was bowed—she was making a little, round figure, rumming with his feet for the accustomed motion.
 "Auntie," said Robbie, gently touching her arm.
 "Why, Rob, is that you, what is the matter?"
 "I am going to take care of uncle this afternoon, and you must go and lie down. He likes me, you know, don't you?"
 "Oh, Robbie, I am so glad; yes, I am very tired for I was up almost all night, and then true to herself, even in extreme exhaustion, she opened a closet door, saying, "Get whatever you and uncle need, and dear; I shall only sleep an hour or so."
 "Yes, auntie, why will you not? I shall stay till dark anyhow, you know."
 Robbie never forgot that afternoon. It was rather stuffy, to say the least, shut up with an invalid in that little back parlor, with nothing to look at outside but the flying sleighs in the distance, bringing his own expected pleasure vividly to mind; yet, somehow, Robbie felt happy. A new strange sort of happiness, which he could not understand, but he guessed it was like what his mother had told him about the volunteers doing their duty, and it made him think about some other things she had told him too, about one who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and it seemed to him he had never been really thankful to Him before.
 About five, his aunt came out, refreshed into her own bright self, and Robbie found there was still time for a few good coats before going home.
 At bed-time, when the books were put away, and he came to say good-night, he lingered a little, and then told her of the afternoon, and how ashamed the little newsboy had made him.
 "And mamma, if ever you see me going to be a deserter, you just stir me up, will you? I do want to be a volunteer, but papa will be so awful hard sometimes."—Watchman.

The Fairy that Came in the Window.
 Softly Aunt Dean opened the door of the little white room, where Agatha and Muriel slept. It was the prettiest room in the great, new house, at least the little girls thought so. Aunt Dean thought so too, as she stood in the doorway, gazing into the softly lit, snowily-draped chamber; but it was not the white and gold wall, or the white enameled furniture, nor the glistening, gilt-framed mirrors, that brought that soft glow to the kind old eye, it was the sight of the two little girls themselves, in the white bed sleeping and dreaming like two tired cherubs. But suddenly, some disquieting thought seemed to trouble the watcher; she came up to the sleepers, and gazed intently into their faces—their flushed faces—around which the damp curls clung. While she stood over them, Agatha moved and turned restlessly on her pillow; presently Muriel rose, she quit, off, and then threw out her arms.
 "No wonder," murmured the old lady to herself, "no wonder Agatha hates her breakfast, and Muriel feels too tired to go to school, and if close room is wilting my pretty plants!"
 She stole softly to the end of the little chamber, and like a burglar for carelessness, raised the wide shade a whole foot; then tip-toed out, leaving it up.
 "I did, indeed," owned Aunt Dean. "I left it open for the fairies, and they brought you the presents I spoke of, I'll bring you each a new doll."
 It was a bargain—the old Auntie went off on the long journey, and the window of the little white room staid up a foot every night, but the fairies did not, Agatha and Muriel see.
 "So you think my fairy is a humbug?" said Aunt Dean, when she got back from Edgely, "big box, little box, bundle." "Now I see several things she has brought while I was away."
 The children looked around the room with wide open eyes.
 "In the first place," said Auntie smiling, "Agatha's night, but, course, if the window's open she can't get in, and so she flies away. Now I want to make a bargain with you. I am going to Edgely to-day, to stay a month. I want you to leave your window up that size to every night, and if the fairies don't bring you the presents I spoke of, I'll bring you each a new doll."
 "I can't tell you her name just now, it's a secret; she comes to little girls' windows with presents for each one; she comes every night, but, course, if the window's open she can't get in, and so she flies away. Now I want to make a bargain with you. I am going to Edgely to-day, to stay a month. I want you to leave your window up that size to every night, and if the fairies don't bring you the presents I spoke of, I'll bring you each a new doll."
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